

# A 250-year history

## Blue Run churches trace roots to 1769

Anthony pastors Blue Run,  
Barboursville, his childhood church

**BY HILARY HOLLADAY**

Staff Writer

Pastor Robert Anthony of Blue Run Baptist Church, Barboursville, has history on his mind. The church he has led for the past year will celebrate its 250th anniversary on Sunday, June 23, and Anthony wants people to know how rich and complex its history is.

The complexities begin with a stone crypt on the church's front lawn. A white woman named Jane Webb is buried inside it, and the epigraph inscribed in the stone reveals she was thrown from a horse in her 43rd year on that very spot in February of 1783.

Anthony said Webb's family was instrumental in acquiring the land for the church, and enslaved people built her tomb. Those long-ago laborers may well have included the two men whom Webb herself owned.

Tracing its roots to 1769, the church counted both white and black parishioners among its members for more than 100 years. Until the abolition of slavery, the black members were mostly, if not all, slaves whose masters allowed them to go to church.

Drawing on a history of the church published by Garland Tyree, Anthony said, "The church allowed slaves to become members, but they had no voice.

They were able to come and be baptized and become members of the church."

Anthony notes that no enslaved people held offices in the church during its first century.

"Blacks had no say, no voice at all," he said. But as the local enslaved population increased in the years leading up to the Civil War, the number of black members at Blue Run also grew.

During the antebellum period, Anthony said, "There were more blacks in the church down through the years than white, because there were so many slaves and [the white masters] were allowing them to become a part [of the church]."

If all of this conjures up a picture of benevolent white folks sharing the pews with their enslaved brethren, the minister hastens to explain that enslaved men and women only got to attend church if their masters gave them permission: "If you're a slave, they'll let you come when they want you to come"—but not if there was work to do on the plantation or if a slave was being punished.

But Anthony's point is not just to excoriate long-gone slave masters. He is equally interested in Blue Run's white ministers of the 1700s and 1800s who welcomed black parishioners into the church.

He said, "There were some folk who knew the Lord and knew that they were no better than the slave. The slave had a spirit just as well as they did. The slave's spirit had to be saved as well as theirs. So there was somebody that had that much influence, and I think it was the word of God himself speaking. And these preachers were really serious back in that day to incorporate that into their preaching."

### The "black" Blue Run and the "white" one

Anthony said that at one point there were about 100 black members of the congregation. After the Civil War, the white membership gradually dropped to zero. Meanwhile, another Blue Run Baptist Church had taken root in Somerset.

So there are two churches with the same name in the same county, only a couple of miles apart, but the one on Route 20 is the de facto "black" church and the one on Route 231 is the "white" one. Anthony, who grew up in Barboursville attending the church he now pastors, finds the whole thing fascinating, and he has no

intention of erasing any of the history that binds the two churches.

“When our history is celebrated,” he said, “I want it to be celebrated for all who attended, black and white.”

Wearing black glasses and a short-sleeved clerical shirt, Anthony sat in his church office on a recent morning and talked race and religion with blunt good humor. He wants the two Blue Runs to acknowledge their shared past and avoid presenting a “partial history” as the whole story.

“Of course, you can’t change history,” he said, a smile flickering across his face. “You can pick your friends, but you can’t pick your family. We’re family, whether some like it or not.”

### **A Barboursville childhood, a career in Charlottesville**

Anthony’s personal history also is compelling and complicated. Born in New Jersey, where his father was from, he moved to Barboursville as a young child after his parents split up. There, on his mother’s home turf, he grew up working on a horse and beef farm in Albemarle County.

He and his mother, a short-order cook at the old People’s drugstore in Charlottesville, would catch a ride to their respective jobs. At 13, he painted fences and mucked out stalls. In time, he was driving tractors and exercising the horses.

He attended segregated schools, including the old George Washington Carver School in Culpeper County, but graduated from the integrated Orange County High School in 1968. He was drafted into the military, but bad knees prevented him from serving in the Navy, as he had planned.

Back home after a brief stint in basic training, he worked for Webster Brick and rose to the rank of supervisor. The job paid well, but after he was laid off, Anthony had to scramble. When he was offered a minimum-wage job at Martha Jefferson Hospital, he snapped it up, happy to have a regular paycheck, no matter how small it was.

Again he rose through the ranks and became a supervisor in charge of purchasing and receiving in the food service department. He retired in 2013 after 31 years.

### **A “great big cross” in the sky**

He gradually began to sense a call to the ministry.

“It dawned on me,” he said, that “the Word, the spirit of the Lord, was really working on me, that I could, I *should*, be doing more.”

Then, while reading in the Bible about the Apostle Paul’s journey on the road to Damascus, he said, “I caught on fire with that scripture. ... I need to go and tell the Word; I need to go and speak and teach the word of God.”

He bided his time for a couple of years because he wasn’t yet ready. He thought of how Paul had received holy inspiration from a bright light on the road. He wanted a sign of his own.

When the sign came, it was impossible to ignore. As Anthony drove home from Charlottesville one day, he spotted “a great big cross” in the sky. He checked to see whether other drivers were slowing down to look at it, but he soon realized he was the only one who had slowed to a crawl.

As he approached Ruckersville, crying as he drove, he took a turn on the road. With that, the cross suddenly vanished from his view.

“I got home and I kept thinking about that. I said, ‘What more do I need him to show me?’”

Still Anthony waited, keeping his astonishing experience to himself, unsure whether he could do what God wanted him to do. Finally, late one night, sequestered in a back room at home, he got down on his knees and crawled, crying, into the living room.

He had made his decision and he spoke it aloud: “‘Lord, I’ll go, I’ll do whatever you say.’”

The next step was to wake up his wife, Sarah, and tell her his news. Then he told his pastor at Chestnut Grove Baptist Church in Barboursville. In 2005, he shared his revelation with Chestnut Grove’s congregation and began taking classes to prepare for a career in the ministry.

Before coming home to Blue Run, he served as pastor for a church in Dyke. These days, he is delighted to be back in the church of his childhood. As he looks to the future, he hopes to increase the membership and provide more activities for the youth in the church. He said around 25 to 30 people come every Sunday, and there are often visitors who swell the ranks.

### **“Until we come together ...”**

As the big 250th anniversary celebration approaches, however, Anthony is thinking about the past as much as the future.

In helping to write up a history of the church to share on the celebration day, he is determined to keep both Blue Run Baptist churches firmly in mind.

“We’re not going to figure out when the first black preacher took over, because the church came up through slavery. We’re going to go as far back as anybody else went back. So the church down the road—their history is our history.

“They’ve got a partial history. They’ve got part of it and we’ve got part of it, and until we come together and be one big Blue Run Church where we all live under the same roof, we’ll always have a partial history. But once we bring it all together, we’ll start having one history together, and we can say we have the history of Blue Run.”

Anthony said emphatically he would like to see the two Blue Run congregations combine someday: “And not just that. I would like to see the majority of the [small] churches combine,” and pool their resources to pay burdensome bills.

“If you can put it together,” he said, “you can have a greater ministry.”

# Why did the minister cross the road?

Vogt finds spiritual direction as  
CVRJ chaplain

**BY HILARY HOLLADAY**

Staff Writer

Sometimes when you're not sure where your life is headed, it's a good idea to look right in front of you. So it was for Gregory Vogt, then pastor of Orange Assembly of God, when he stood in front of his church and looked across Route 15 at a facility most people try their best to avoid.

This was about two decades ago, and the trees along the median strip hadn't yet obscured the view of the Central Virginia Regional Jail (CVRJ). Vogt, then a new minister at the church, and his leadership board were discussing areas of outreach they could pursue in the community. The pastor's gaze landed on the jail.

A passage from the Bible came to his mind. Matthew 25:36 states that those who help people in need are helping Jesus himself: "I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me."

Because he was still a new minister at Orange Assembly of God, Vogt decided to confer with Pastor David Sterling, a predecessor who saw the church through its move to its large new home on Route 15. Sterling reassured him outreach at CVRJ, which serves Orange, Madison, Greene, Fluvanna and Louisa counties, was part of the church's plan.

"So I felt encouraged and confirmed that that was an unfolding vision, greater than myself—a

continuance, if you will. Little did I realize that 20 years later, it would actually not just be something I did as part of my ministry; it would become the main focus of my ministry."

In the beginning, Vogt helped prepare Christmas packages for the inmates and sang Christmas carols at the jail. He gradually increased his involvement. His wife and co-pastor, Denise Vogt, also pitched in. She served as a volunteer chaplain and GED proctor at the jail and later held a paid, part-time position as chaplain. Gregory Vogt took over her position when she left to become a chaplain for Hospice of the Piedmont.

As he spent more time counseling inmates, Vogt saw that he was doing what Jesus wanted him to do.

His gentle voice inflected with a note of wonder, Vogt elaborated on what he understood Jesus was telling him: "He said, 'The thing that you're trying to find as far as a place to have significant ministry with people is right there, within your sight. You're looking at it.'"

With that in mind, he opened himself to the possibility with all his heart.

"I just said, 'Lord, if a door opens, I'll walk through it.'"

To prepare for a possible career shift, he began attending chaplaincy conferences, taking classes and getting trained in crisis intervention.

Three years ago, when the jail's population was approaching 400, the authority overseeing CVRJ advertised for a full-time chaplain.

Superintendent Frank Dyer called Vogt and invited him to apply. He thought it over while he was out of town at a chaplaincy conference and submitted his application when he returned.

"And here we are," Vogt said with a smile as jail staffers milled around him. As they drank coffee and talked loudly among themselves, Vogt appeared entirely at home, quiet and calm. He exudes a sense of peace and quiet acceptance of the environment he has chosen as his work home.

Vogt grew up in the Unionville area and attended Orange Assembly of God when it was located at the corner of Nelson and Bellevue in a

space now occupied by the Church of the Nazarene. He went off to Zion Bible College, now Northpoint Bible College, in Haverhill, Mass., where he met his future wife. After graduation, he served as a youth pastor at a church in Laurel, Md., and then as senior pastor at Evangelist Assembly of God in Aberdeen, Md.

When the opportunity arose to come home to Orange County and serve the church in which he had grown up, Vogt accepted while knowing that the beautiful new building had left the church with a sizable debt. He got the church to the point where it is now debt-free.

“It was a blessing to be able to do that, to see that through—and to help the church that was part of my calling and my formation for the ministry,” he said.

As he matured as a minister, he found that working one-on-one with parishioners—“where you meet people at their point of need”—was one of his strengths.

Now, as a full-time chaplain at the jail, he devotes most of his time to individual counseling. He said that one of the key challenges of his job is helping inmates feel like they can trust him.

Many of them are in jail for the first time and have no idea what a chaplain might offer them.

“Of course, there’s a fear factor,” he said. He sees inmates looking at him with a question written pretty clearly on their faces: “Are you really here to help me with my spiritual difficulties?”

He knows he has to act fast to establish a meaningful rapport.

“You have about five minutes to show them that you’re not the institutional chaplain, that you’re actually *their* chaplain,” he said. “You’re not just a staff chaplain; you’re actually here because they have a need and you desire to meet it.”

During a first meeting with an inmate, the message he aims to convey is, “Hey, I’m here agenda-free; I’m here to talk with you if you want to talk.”

Inmates seek out Vogt for various reasons—sometimes because they’re having difficulty adjusting to jail and need a sounding board. Other times, they have received bad news of one

kind or another and desperately need spiritual counseling.

“My office is a safe zone. It’s confidential. There are no listening and/or recording devices. They come; what they share with me stays with me,” Vogt said.

An exception to that rule, he added, is if he thinks an inmate might be at risk of harming himself or herself.

Vogt is part of a large team of men and women involved with the jail ministry. He said CVRJ hosts volunteers from 22 area churches of many different denominations who work with inmates in a variety of capacities, including Bible study, worship services and one-on-one meetings.

The volunteers all come in the name of offering spiritual aid to men and women who find themselves locked up in an otherwise cold and punitive environment—it is jail, after all.

Vogt speaks with pride of the expansion of the GED program and the recovery programs aimed at helping inmates conquer alcoholism and other addictions. CVRJ hosts Alcoholics Anonymous meetings and “Celebrate Recovery,” which has a religious component. Along with the jail ministry, these programs offer inmates some much-needed hope and the chance to better themselves.

He said that in his individual counseling, he meets with many inmates who have grown up going to church and want to renew their faith. He sees others who have never been inside a church and know nothing about Christianity. He helps them all as best he can.

The inmates at CVRJ are there for many reasons, none of them good. But with Vogt and numerous big-hearted volunteers involved in the jail ministry keeping an eye out for them, they are not as alone as they sometimes may feel.

Vogt said that he resists the temptation to judge on the occasions when he’s aware of the crime an inmate has committed or been accused of committing.

“I try to remind myself of the Sunday School teacher who had the greatest impact on me when I was about 8 to 12 years old—Sister Pound. She used to say, ‘Remember, but for the grace of God, there go you.’ I remember that.”

# Corbin comes home

## Police chief pastors childhood church

**BY HILARY HOLLADAY**

Staff Writer

When Clay Corbin was a little boy, he and his brother used to sit in the balcony at Somerset Christian Church on Sunday mornings. From that vantage point, they gazed down at the congregation and listened to the minister's sermons.

During an interview last week in the church's worship hall, Corbin sat in a chair in front of the altar. That's where he's been on Sunday mornings for the past three years, because now *he* is the minister.

"Since I was a child sitting up there," he said, looking up at the balcony, "I always thought about sitting down here."

Corbin, 41, grew up in the Town of Orange and is well known in Orange County. Slim and erect, his eyes alert to everything and everyone around him, he is the police chief of Gordonsville as well as the pastor of Somerset Christian Church. He and his wife, Carrie, a nurse at Dogwood Village, have six children, ages 9 to 22.

Considering his two positions of authority in the community, one might assume Corbin excelled in school and showed leadership potential from an early age. But he is quick to dispel that notion.

He was diagnosed as having dyslexia, a learning disability that makes reading and writing difficult.

"It really caused me to have a lot of struggles and troubles in school," he said, admitting he felt cursed.

As a boy, he asked himself, "Why would God put this on me?"

When he was in eighth grade, he took an achievement test. "I failed the literacy portion by one point—twice." He and his parents were informed that the best he could hope for was a certification of completion rather than a high school diploma.

But dyslexia is a complication, not an insurmountable barrier to success. Corbin earned his GED diploma at age 17 and started out working in construction. He later moved to Portsmouth, where he was head chef at a restaurant and met his future wife.

His father, grandfather and an uncle all had served as law enforcement officers, and he gradually realized he wanted to go into the same line of work. His first position in that field was at the Central Virginia Regional Jail in Orange. Corbin prayed to God when he was considering the job.

"I said, 'Lord, you know, if this is what you want me to do, then I'll go do it.' And I did it. I learned so much about life and about struggles and troubles."

He then became a police officer in the Town of Orange. After several years patrolling the town and writing countless citations, he was selected to be chief ranger, a law enforcement position, at Lake Anna State Park.

Given his rapid rise in a challenging line of work, it seems dyslexia hadn't held him back.

"I was holding myself back," Corbin said emphatically. "Over all those years, I held myself back because I didn't think I was good enough."

But he realized someone thought he was good enough; someone had chosen him to lead and succeed.

"All I had to do was look at the Scripture and see all those people that God used that no one else wanted," he explained, citing the example of the apostle Paul.

According to the Bible, Paul persecuted Christians before experiencing an abrupt change of faith.

The way Corbin tells it, God "was standing in front of Paul on that road to Damascus and saying, 'Paul, you've done these things, but you need to do this for me,' and Paul accepted it. And that's what I had to do."

Corbin says there are times he knows he has fallen short in word and deed. He believes the trouble starts when “you push away the Holy Spirit that’s in you, reminding you every day that he loves you, that no matter what happens to you, you belong to him.”

He knows that people sometimes think, “‘If I come to God, I have to lose the world. I have to give up on these things that I want to do.’”

But that’s not how Corbin sees it. “You know, the greatest thing I can ever do is give up on myself, to let go of my own abilities and take on what he’s asked me to do—and to do it bravely and boldly.”

In 2011, at age 33, Corbin became police chief in Gordonsville. Surprisingly, for someone with a strong faith, he rarely went to church, but he was intent on teaching his officers to bring grace and mercy to their dealings with the public. He said he believes in enforcing “the spirit of the law” above all else, and he is open about his Christian faith with all who come his way.

“I’ve arrested hundreds and hundreds of people. I’ve written 10,000 summonses. None of those changed anybody,” he said.

In his view, the one who can change them is God. As a police chief and a man of faith, he approaches his secular job with this belief in mind: “You really have to love people. You really have to care about what happens in their life.”

A few years ago, he began to feel he was failing to get across the message of mercy to his officers. Filled with despair, he turned to God for help.

“I began to pray about it and he said, ‘What did I tell you to do 20 years ago? You were sitting on your dad’s couch 20 years ago.’ He brought this to my mind and he said, ‘What did you say to me?’ And I can remember exactly what I said: that I would do his will, and I would preach his gospel and his truth.”

He had not been to Somerset Christian Church in nearly 25 years, but in his recollection, God told him to “go home” to fulfill his destiny as a preacher—and Corbin knew where home was.

With the encouragement of friends who belonged to the congregation, he went to the church one Sunday. The minister at the time invited him to give a guest sermon two weeks later. Soon, he was preaching there regularly.

With the hand of God seemingly guiding him every step of the way, he was ordained and became the church’s minister. He said he’s been asked where he went to school to qualify for his position, and he has replied that he went to “the school Christ sent me to.”

For Corbin, staying humble is essential to his job at the church.

“If we recognize that we are the chief of all sinners—if we put ourselves beneath those that we serve—then we accomplish God’s will,” he said.

He is well aware that sometimes people are gravely disappointed in their faith leaders.

“You have to have faith in God. You have to have faith through Christ,” he said, his voice growing louder in the stillness of the church.

“Don’t put any man between you. That’s what I tell my parishioners, ‘Don’t follow me, I can fall and you can trip on me. Follow Christ. Follow who I follow: the Lord Jesus Christ.’”

# Answering the call

## Shady Grove's Moore blends art, music, ministry

BY HILARY HOLLADAY

Staff Writer

The Rev. Joseph Moore's father was a Baptist preacher in and around Lynchburg for 43 years. He started out serving four churches in a time when small congregations often shared a pastor, and then became the minister of Fifth Street Baptist Church in Lynchburg.

Father and son had a good relationship, but because his father was busy with his ministry, they were not especially close when young Joseph was growing up. Even so, observers saw a deep kinship.

"Throughout my childhood, people would say, 'You're going to be just like your father,'" recalled Moore.

Those people were both right and wrong. The younger Moore, an only child, eventually went into the ministry, but he was his own person, initially determined to do "the opposite" of what his father had done.

As a boy, he moved with his parents, Joseph and Marian Moore, from Washington, D.C., to the Lynchburg area. He began learning the violin when he was in third grade and found that playing instruments came easily to him.

"I started messing around with keyboards when I was 12," said Moore, a bearded man dressed in a gray zip-up sweater during a recent interview.

By the time he graduated from high school, he could play any woodwind instrument he put his hands on.

Moore, 63, didn't like high school. Eager to escape and get on with his life, he attended summer school and graduated early at age 16.

His next stop was Virginia State University (VSU), where he majored in fine arts education after a musical audition didn't go as planned. He had enjoyed drawing in high school, but now he had the opportunity to study painting, ceramics, jewelry making and textiles, among other subjects. In his free time, he played keyboard for a rhythm and blues band called Infinity.

VSU was the first predominantly black institution he had attended.

Moore said, "It was good for me to expand my horizons of understanding my own people. Such diversity of talents, skills, knowledge in professors and students—it was a very good experience."

He graduated in 1978 and married Sylvia Jean Smith of Lynchburg the same year. Becoming a minister was not yet on his radar. He taught school and worked for a couple of companies that sold musical instruments. He sold insurance.

No matter where he worked, he continued playing in a band and performed as a musician at various churches.

### "I felt this inspiration ..."

Then, when he was in his late 20s, something entirely unexpected happened on his way to see an insurance client in Amherst County.

"Traveling around one day, I felt this inspiration to speak of explanations of God's word," Moore said.

The unearthly experience continued for several days. He heard a voice inside his head, "a driving inspiration to expound upon God's word. It created somewhat of an utterance in me, almost like preaching to myself."

The utterances subsided, but Moore didn't know what to do.

Adding to the drama, he began to have visions: "I would visualize myself, see myself in my father's place while he was still up in the pulpit."

He and his wife had their first daughter by then and would soon have their second. But Moore hadn't fully settled down. He enjoyed the club



scene and, in retrospect, felt he still had “some of that college stuff in me.”

He was not sure he wanted to devote himself to studying the Bible and leading a church.

“I was not an avid Bible reader at the time,” he admitted.

A bit of research was in order. He was a musician at a Methodist church in Pittsylvania County, so he asked the pastor there, “What is a calling like?”

In Moore’s recollection, “He kind of laughed and said, ‘What are you experiencing?’”

Then he offered Moore the chance to speak from the pulpit one Sunday.

Finally, about three months after his uncanny experience in his car, he asked his father what a calling felt like.

“He said, ‘I can’t define that for you, but you’ll know when God is speaking.’”

### **“I have greater work for you”**

A still-ambivalent Moore went about his usual business until one Sunday at Fifth Street Baptist Church in Lynchburg—his father’s church—God spoke to him again.

“I was trying to play music for the choir on keyboard, and I went blank at the beginning of the service,” Moore recalled.

As everyone regarded him expectantly, his fingers froze.

“It was almost like I couldn’t function. I was blank.”

The discomfiting situation brought the message home in unmistakable terms. Moore said it was then he accepted what he felt God was telling him: “Don’t play both sides of this thing. I have greater work for you.”

Once he committed himself to the ministry, so many churches invited him to speak that he preached every Sunday for an entire year.

In 1985, Moore was ordained by his father at Fifth Street Baptist Church and became pastor of Mt. Shiloh Baptist Church in Monroe.

Moore said his wife was “curious but, I think, excited” by the new direction in their shared life. Sylvia Moore would soon embark on a career as a schoolteacher, and with two young daughters,

Keyasa and Tanell, the couple had an extremely busy life.

Moore left his first pastorate and became minister of Nazareth Baptist Church on Church Street in Orange in 1990. He launched a street ministry and did what he could to meet the spiritual needs of the suffering people he encountered on Church Street and elsewhere around town.

Moore stayed at Nazareth Baptist until 1995. Two years later, at the invitation of the Rev. Edward White, he became director of Christian education at Shady Grove Baptist Church in Orange. In 2001, he was named pastor-elect and in 2004, he officially became the church’s 13th pastor.

### **A storied history at Shady Grove**

Shady Grove has a storied history dating back to Reconstruction. According to the history on the Shady Grove website, a group of formerly enslaved people “left the balconies of North Pamunkey Church and Macedonia Christian Church and organized a worship area of their own.”

In the beginning, that area was a bush harbor under a black oak not far from the current church. A bush harbor (known variously as a bush arbor or hush harbor) refers to a woodsy place where enslaved people would gather for secret worship services.

According to the church history, early members “continued to hold worship services in the bush harbor for one year, as a growing membership soon enabled them to construct a building that faced west. In 1872, the Rev. Coleman Gillum proudly led the congregation from the bush harbor into the church.”

The current church building was established in 1997. The old church was torn down in 2014 due to structural issues. Its stained-glass windows were saved for installation in the current building’s Florence Esther Willis Hardman Jubilee Education Wing.

Moore said a typical 11:15 a.m. Sunday service draws 75 to 100 people, while the early service at 9 a.m. attracts a smaller number. Sunday School takes place at 10:10 a.m., and Bible study meets at 7 p.m. Wednesday.

Behind the church stands the Shady Grove School, built around 1923 and one of the oldest school buildings in the county. No longer in use, the former school for black children is recognized with a state historical marker. Moore said the church would like to repurpose the building as a museum.

He cites Shady Grove's annual health fair in October as a signature church project. The popular event has been a mainstay in the community for 20 years and typically draws a large crowd.

He said the church also runs a tutorial program for children in all the elementary schools in Orange County, and he hopes to start a Shady Grove Academy someday.

### **A versatile man and a cohesive life**

A resident of Fredericksburg since 1990, Moore has held two jobs throughout most of his career as a minister. He has taught art and special education in several area school divisions, including Orange County, Spotsylvania and King George. In 2016, he retired from the Fredericksburg Public Schools, where he taught art at Walker-Grant Middle School.

In addition to rearing their daughters, the Moores have fostered numerous children and adopted some of them. It was Sylvia's idea, and Joseph quickly saw the positive impact they were having on the children they cared for.

In a surprising twist, Moore—the only child in his family—acquired 10 brothers and sisters at age 50 when his widowed father remarried.

Having a crowd of stepsiblings has been “quite interesting” and “wonderful,” Moore said.

A versatile man who figured out a way to combine his many interests into a cohesive life, he derives great satisfaction from his career in the pulpit.

On one occasion he remembers fondly, a child approached him and said, “Thank you, Reverend, for helping us.”

In his understated way, Moore remarked, “That's what it is—a helping.”