

The Story of Jimmy Moore III

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Stories are a bit like yarn. Without a teller, a story is no longer a story; it is simply a modicum of frayed fibers that drift loose in the subconscious. Even memory is an interconnection of neurons woven by the mind, each thread building on the other.

Eighteenth century sailors likened stories to yarn, tying it to a very specific, labor intensive task usually reserved for long doldrums at sea. When the ship's tar-coated rigging became slack from incessant rain, it was replaced. The old rigging would then be cut into short strands, picked apart, and woven back together for nets. The arduous process invited bored, unhappy sailors to spin colorful narratives of dramatic shipwrecks, bloody battles, and insurmountable odds for an entertainment-starved audience.

Jimmy Moore's story is redolent to yarn. It is a collation of a thousand tiny fibers that takes time to weave into a singular narrative. Some speak to experience. Some wisdom. Some to wit and humor. Most illustrate his dedication, heart, and unyielding desire to serve throughout his life.

This is the story of Jimmy Moore.

At the young age of 89, Jimmy remembers growing up in Grimboll Point, Savannah.

"I was born in the Savannah hospital, but we actually lived at Grimboll Point, the northern tip of the Isle of Hope. We could see the bridge going from Thunderbolt on down to Tybee across the marsh there, and Herb River was on one side.

We had salt water there, and we crabbed. There was one caveat: 'you don't catch more crabs than you pick.' That was my mother's requirement. Mother also said that the best way to crab is to put your foot down on one, let it grab you, then lift.

We also had some land that we planted. We raised potatoes. We had rows of pecan trees, and we had to go harvest them. We could swim in the river, except there was a mud bank there. On Saturday night, if you wanted to bathe in the river, it didn't do any good when you came back out and you were covered with mud. You can't have everything."

Growing up, Jimmy had quite a few adventures, but one particular collection of fibers tells of the time he broke his leg and decided to weave a shrimp net.

"I wanted to go into the Boy Scouts. They were having a meeting in a tree house at one of the scout member's homes. There was a pipe coming down that you could get in and out. Well, when I came down the first time, my leg gave way. The next day, I was taken to the doctor, and it was broken. That put a quiet on scouting.

While I had the cast on my leg, I decided to make a shrimp net. Now this is one of the kind you take a string on a scuttle, and you make netting. You then put a piece of rope around the bottom of it, and the rope has these lead pieces on it. It also has strings going through a little central hole, and it makes a basket."

Jimmy preserved the net for many years as a keepsake, though he never aspired to be a shrimper. Instead, he moved to Atlanta to attend college.

"We graduated in the year 1950. I went to a place called Georgia Tech, and my

wife went to Agnes Scott College. I also attended Agnes Scott in the evenings . . . to help her with her homework. Her father thought it best if we married after graduating college. He had some pretty good ideas. I tried to work with him, and he worked with me."

In 1951, Jimmy joined the Rotary Club, a decision that would forever shape his morals and distinguish his level of dedication. He has been a member for 65 years and counting—58 with perfect attendance: "That is the most any member of Rotary has in East Point. So I still got that distinction," he says admiring a rotary pin on his suit jacket lapel.

Jimmy made his way to Northside in 1955, and he wasted no time getting involved.

"They were asking me if I could participate in visiting the people that had come to the church, and so I got started doing that. I got involved in visitation and evangelism, and would you believe that there are still people in our church that can remember when I came to visit them and they joined the church? Now this was a good many years ago."

Since then, Jimmy has served on the Administrative Board, as a delegate to the annual conference, as chairman of the Board of Trustees, and as the manager of Northside's softball team. He also spearheaded Sunday collections, even before the church owned a safe.

Here he recounts being involved with Sports & Rec and the time the gym was flooded on his watch:

"I was there at the church one weekend, and while the sermon was going on, the Northside bus drivers were throwing up basketballs. One of them hit the sprinkler on the surface of the roof there, and I didn't know where to cut it off. I just told

people we were trying to see what it would do for a swimming pool there, but it didn't work too well. They had to put a new floor in."

He also served as the district's Advancement Chairman for Eagle Scouts.

"My son wanted to be a Scout. The wife said you're going to help with that, so I got permission to work with the Cub Scouts. He finished that, and then I moved over and started helping with the Boy Scouts. I didn't break my leg this time.

Anyhow, the fella who was the executive that worked with the boys in our district needed somebody to head up the Advancement Chairman position for the district. The Eagles have to go through certain steps, and part of it was getting approved. They wanted me to take that job. I think in total, I probably reviewed about 900 boys for Eagles."

Jimmy Moore now takes up Sunday school collections and shows no signs of stopping. When asked why he volunteers so much and so passionately, he offered this:

"Doing things for so many years is maybe where I have a fault, when I don't tell them I've done it enough. I just like to be needed. Essentially, they asked me, and I told them I would, but above all I've just enjoyed working with people."

Jimmy Moore's story is an illustration of what it means to have a servant's heart. It's like yarn, woven and no doubt entwined into the story of Northside, and we are forever grateful for his service. ☪

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