

Glenda Harris Gambill



My mother, Glenda Harris Gambill, has devoted her life to teaching, raising her family, and using her musical talents for the glory of God.

She was for many years the choir director at Faith United Methodist Church in Cartersville, Georgia. She was one of the musicians at Indian Springs campmeeting for 22 years, from 1959—1981, for song leaders Clay Milby and John Lindsey.

She has helped to guide me throughout my life with her constant, steady faith in Jesus. Through prayer and faithfulness, she has made a significant mark on my life. Without her I would not be the man I am today. Her love for church and especially Indian Springs is second to none.

Her favorite Bible verse is Romans 8:28, “For we know that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord, to those who are the called according to his purpose.” She has a wonderful outlook on life. Many, many times I have heard her say “It’s not what happens to you, but how you handle it, that really shows who you are.” A piece of sound advice which she has given me over the years is “When people show you who they really are, believe them.”

Each year she anxiously anticipates the coming of camp meeting. She always finds ways to make our time at Indian Springs special by helping to cook meals and manage the day-to-day functions of our cottage.

Often times she will reminisce about her experiences growing up on the Campground and the many people who have made Indian Springs special throughout the years. No doubt her love for Indian Springs is a reflection of the same love she saw exemplified by her parents, Frank and Frances Harris. After she and my dad, Bill Gambill married in 1967, he also became a part of the Indian Springs family.

As I reflect on the love of my mother, I am so thankful for the sacrifices she has made so that I might be the husband and father I am today.

Written by her son, Matthew Gambill



Jane Davis



In 1926 our parents first attended Indian Springs Camp Meeting. They stayed at the Flovilla Hotel with our oldest brother who was a baby. Under the preaching of Dr. John L Brasher, Daddy received such a blessing that they continued to attend until death took them from us.

Mother attended until 1996, when she was so sick she could hardly walk. She made it to only a few services then. She had to be taken to the hospital and was diagnosed with cancer. She lived only a few days after that. Camp Meeting was her last event, and she would have wanted it that way.

Through the years our family stayed at places provided for ministers. For the younger three of the children, that was across highway 42. Daddy bought the place from the Camp-ground in 1950, giving the family "a place."

The only fast food place was Fresh Air Bar-B-Que, and we ate there once during Campmeeting each year. After all, the sandwiches were 35 cents! Mother would buy fresh vegetables from farmers who came by, and we would have a full meal, cooked on a kerosene stove. The iceman delivered ice for the icebox and Mr. Browning delivered milk – the best chocolate milk a cow ever gave! Our running water was in a bucket and we did the running down the hallway. Mother made it home away from home, and a time of spiritual growth and renewal.

We sold the place after Daddy's death in 1964, but Mother continued to attend as some of us could take her. She stayed at the hotel or motel, and attended every service. She insisted that everyone "get the good out of it." Three times a day no one would sit at the cottage or in a room and not go to services!

Mother left her last meeting because of sickness. She went with a wish that a tree be planted and named Jane. That was her last wish. She would be happy to know that her great grandchildren now play around this tree after attending children's services, just as we played around the old oak tree across the road.

Written by the Charles Davis Family:
Betty Davis Berkner
George Davis
Ann Davis Leftwich
Paul Davis

