

CECIL H. HENDERSON OBITUARY
December 3, 1939 - March 10, 2005 (Age 65)



Cecil H. Henderson, 65, a loving husband, father, grandfather, brother and friend and a Baptist missionary, died Thursday, March 10, 2005, in Arlington, Texas.

Funeral: 10 a.m. Monday at Shannon Rose Hill Funeral Chapel. Burial: Shannon Rose Hill Memorial Park. Visitation: The family will receive friends 2 to 4 p.m. Sunday at the funeral home.

The Rev. Henderson had been a Baptist missionary to Brazil for the last 39 years. He was founder of five independent churches throughout Brazil. He was co-founder of the Bible Baptist Institute of Amazonas in Manaus, Brazil. The Rev. Henderson was the active pastor of the Portuguese Ministries, graciously hosted at Temple Baptist Church in Fort Worth.

Survivors: Loving wife of 41 years, Sandra Henderson; children, Sundae Urquhart, Rachel Henderson and Lucas Henderson, all of Arlington; grandchildren, Justin and Brittany May and Emma Lauren Johnson; sisters, Frances Goodwin and Glenda Cranfill of Odessa; brothers, Tommy Henderson of Odessa, Jerry Don Henderson of Lufkin and Michael Kent Henderson of Hahnville, La.; and numerous nieces, nephews and friends throughout the world.

“He Will Be Missed”

Taken from “The Fundamentalist” March-April 2005, written by Wendell Hiers

The year was 1966, and Lyndon Johnson was president. The voices of Goldwater and Dirksen governed the Senate. Watergate was still a Washington D.C. place to live, and the best recognized Bush was one that addressed Moses in the desert. Hippies and Vietnam were daily headlines, and Woodstock was just a farm, and the Cecil Henderson family was appointed missionaries to Brazil.

President Johnson returned to Texas, and Watergate became Nixon’s Waterloo. Goldwater and Dirksen moved out and the Bushes moved in. The flower children, Vietnam, and Woodstock grew fainter, but Cecil Henderson stayed a WBF missionary for thirty-nine years.

The American economy rose and fell and rose again. The Beatles were here today and gone tomorrow. A lot of things changed, but there was always Cecil living in the land God had called him to serve – there was the apartment above the bakery and a place he affectionately called “Coocooville.”

Until March 10th he had crammed over sixty years of life into his computer's memory banks. That day the movers, the angels, loaded over three decades of mission work and his earthly tabernacle was dissolved. Brother Neil Jackson, one of the missionaries who had welcomed Cecil to Brazil, was there to welcome him Home. I can only imagine what those two along with Brother Leonard Brown had to talk about.

The check out was bound to happen. It had to take place. But still it's hard to see it occur. Change! Not too many of us like it, but Cecil could tell you about change. He would tell how his body had changed. During the weeks of hospitalization his body had been treated like a pincushion. He would tell you how he had come home to a changed America. I'm sure there were times he wished he could freeze-frame the video of his world. Like most of us though, he knew that about the only place on this planet where you would seldom encounter change was a vending machine.

With all the fear, insecurity, sorrow and stress that come with change Cecil refused to hibernate. He wasn't one of those who for fear of failing took no risks, or for fear of losing would give no love. He did not opt to hold back. He had set his bearings on the one and only North Star in the universe, the One who had said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" – Jesus Christ. Cecil had read those eye-popping claims in the Word about the permanence of God and His Word.

Cecil knew he would never catch God in transition. Won't happen, couldn't happen. Fear God-changing – a minnow will swallow the oceans of this world first! "God is not a man, that he should lie, neither the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? Or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" (Numbers 23:19)

"For the LORD of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? And his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?" (Isaiah 14:27). Thanksgiving and Christmas meals, dinner-table laughter, and warm hugs will be different without him. Yet another invariable becomes a change, but I'm certain that Brother Henderson would remind us that with change comes the reassuring appreciation of heaven's permanence. "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure..." (II Timothy 2:19). He served the LORD of hosts who declared, "For I am the LORD, I change not...." (Malachi 3:6).

Cecil knew that "...our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" (II Corinthians 4:17). He knew that God did not always remove the afflictions. No, God rather than eliminate them offsets them. The words "weight of glory" indicates that the heavy becomes light when weighed against eternity. If life is "...but for a moment..." then we can endure any challenge for a moment. We can be sick for a moment. We can be lonely for a moment. We can struggle for a moment. We can even face the death of a dear friend for a moment.