



John Jordan Cooper fourth son of James Fountain Cooper- 1964

JOHN JORDAN COOPER

Mar 5, 1889 - Apr 14, 1968

John Jordan Cooper was the fifth child, fourth son of James Fountain Cooper and Lucyann Missouri Levins Cooper. John was born at his father's homestead in Harold, Florida on March 5, 1889. His siblings were: Charles Robinson Cooper born 1880, George Washington Cooper born 1882, James Urwin Cooper born 1884, Lorina Cooper born 1886, Bessie Elizabeth Cooper born 1891, Thomas David Cooper born 1893, Arlie Olevia Cooper born 1896, Susie Idell Cooper born 1898, Andrew Jackson Cooper born 1901 and Leila Agnes Cooper born 1904.

John married twice. His first wife was the younger sister of one of his brothers-in-law, Matthew Cornelius Wilson. John married Katie Frances Wilson on September 6, 1908 and they had two children together, James Clarence Cooper and Etta Lucille Cooper. John's first marriage ended in divorce. John's second wife was Mable Marie Barnes, which he married in March of 1938. They had five children, John Jordan Cooper, Jr., Glenda Jean Cooper, Charles Barney Cooper, Nancy Jane Cooper and Marsha Lynn Cooper.

John received his early schooling from his Aunt Dollie Cooper, wife of his Uncle Michael Raleigh (Ike) Cooper. John, in his earlier years, owned and operated a livery and feed stable and had the stage line that ran between Holt and Atmore, AL. John raised pecan trees and scuppernongs on his farm and was reputed to have the largest pecan orchard on the panhandle. Unlike his father and mother, John wasn't a member of the Reorganized Later Days Saints Church but chose to become a Baptist Preacher. John was also nicknamed the walking preacher because one year he walked over 1200 miles to attend and preach at the churches in the surrounding communities. He was a stern and very religious man that stood his ground when it came to his belief. He was also known to be very frugal. A few of the churches that he ministered to were the Argyle Baptist Church, Holt First Baptist Church and Hickory Hammock Baptist Church.

Barbara Jean Cooper Fair, recalled that when her Grandfather John was pastor at the Hickory Hammock Church around 1935-1937, she would crawl around his feet while he preached there. He also preformed the marriage ceremony for his granddaughter, Barbara Jean Cooper in 1952.

This was a story told to me (MDC) by David Davis, one of John's grandnephews. " My grandmother, Susie Idell Cooper Carr, told me that my Granduncle John had some peas in his field that needed to be picked and if I wanted to earn some money I should walk over to his farm and talk to him. It was summertime and one of my friends and I decided since there wasn't much to do anyway that we would do just that. Uncle John told us where he wanted us to pick so my friend and I picked peas all day and at the end of the day we walked back up the Uncle John's house and told him that we had finished and asked if we could get paid. Uncle John reached down into his pocket and pulled out a quarter and handed it to me. He then said that we could split the quarter and not to spend all of it in one place. My friend and I just looked at each other in amazement, thanked him and walked off."

I (MDC) remember in the late 1950s and early 1960s, when my family would go on vacation to the panhandle to visit our Grandaunts and Granduncle John, that we would always spend a lot of time with our Uncle John. I remember running around his pecan orchards and eating scuppernongs right off the vines until my siblings and I were about to pop. One of the things that fascinated my brother and me was Uncle John's outhouse. It was backed-up to the cornfield behind the house. Uncle John didn't have inside plumbing then and even though we knew a few people that still had outhouses you were seeing fewer and fewer every year. The thing that sticks in my mind the most was that Uncle John gave the longest blessing at mealtime that I have ever experienced. It seemed to be an hour long. I remember Aunt Marie would wait until Uncle John finished his blessing before putting the food on the table so that the food wouldn't get cold. I also remember for many years, Uncle John would send us a large box of pecans from his orchard at Christmas.

*Compiled by: Miles Davis Cooper, grandnephew of John Jordan Cooper.
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