A young ministerial student at Mercer University in Macon, Georgia wrote this song after a weekend trip back to his hometown, Draketown, Georgia. James Moore's father, C.R. Moore was a well-trained singer and song leader. But on a Sunday in 1914 in a small Baptist church in Draketown, the younger Moore was touched and saddened by the breaking voice of the senior Moore. He knew that age was catching up, as the capable singer could not keep the pitch of the songs.

James Moore wrote a song and called it, "Dedicated to My Father and Mother." The permanent title became, "Never Grow Old." For the next 70 years it would be sung at funerals in America probably as much or more than any other gospel song. One example of the love and many funeral requests for "Never Grow Old" is recorded by hymnologist Clint Bonner in his book, A Hymn Is Born. Clint Bonner often rode the circuit with his Methodist minister father, who looked at Clint during his last sermon and said, "To me, 'Rock Of Ages' is the greatest hymn, and I also love the more recent song, 'In The Land Where We'll Never Grow Old.' I want both sung while I cross over the River Jordan."

I am confident that such emphasis on wonderful old hymns is why Clint Bonner did extensive research to write and speak about hymn backgrounds.

Allow me to share Clint Bonner's book dedication. Please note the place of singing in his family.

Dedication
To two noble souls who taught me to love the hymns of the church
- my mother and my father - the latter being

A PREACHER I KNEW
There are men, who toil to build a name,
Who squander life for wealth and fame.
I knew a man who had no gold,
Whose treasure was a brother's soul.
For three score years and more than ten
He lived his life for other men,
In modest church and humble home
With scarce a day to call his own.
No choir in robes behind him sang;
No chime in roof above him rang;
He said no lines that men prepare,
But from his heart he read his prayer.
The hymns he sang were those I know -
The ones he taught me years ago -
"On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand"
And "Hold to God's Unchanging Hand."
Beside the tomb where teardrops start
He gently soothed a broken heart;
And children gathered at his knee
To hear him tell of Galilee.
A thousand souls were waiting there,
The day he went their joy to share;
A thousand souls he showed the way
To life and love and endless day. 1959

Prayer Focus:
In view of this passing world,
it is right to dream of the promised land
where none will grow old.

Excerpt from the book, Psalms, Hymns and Spirituals with Graham McKay