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**Eastern Pennsylvania Conference  
The United Methodist Church**



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**Charles E. Weigel, Jr., Editor  
George S. Rigby, Journalist  
Jack T. Buttimer, Photographer  
James B. Todd, Photographer**

## 7.12 Eastern Pennsylvania Conference Journal 1988

He appreciated and loved children. He enjoyed doing children's "sermonettes." Dick was featured in a news article in a Lebanon newspaper in which the reporter and photographer covered a story of children visiting residents and patients at Cornwall Manor, where Dick spent his last few years. Beneath the picture of the "Rev. Richard Jones" with some of the children, the reporter wrote: "This resident of Cornwall Manor looks forward to the children's visits," and quoted Dick as saying: "I love with the kids come. I wouldn't miss it. They shake my hand. We put our arms around each one. This is one great-grandparenting party. I wouldn't miss it for \$10,000."

Among Dick's gifts and graces were love of life, gracious manners, respect for other people, diligence, fine speaking ability, intelligence, and commitment. His faith was exemplified by his favorite hymn: "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,.... I once was lost, but now am found,.... Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,.... I shall possess within the veil, a life of joy and peace."

In addition to his regular preaching, Dick was well-liked as a speaker on the Masonic and Rotary circuits. One thing that would shine through was his sense of humor. He was a man of many good stories.

He served on numerous committees of the United Methodist Church, including two terms as president of the United Methodist Social Union.

Many times, Dick would mention in his funeral sermons: "When sorrow comes, we are sure that we will never smile again, that the sun will never shine again and the stars will never twinkle,....then, gradually, and quietly, as the flowers bloom, we feel the power of the passing years, and we do smile again, the does shine and the stars do twinkle."

"Be still, my soul; when change and  
tears are passed,  
All safe and blessed we shall meet at  
last." --von Schlegel

"Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea." --Tennyson

William H. Garrett

## Robert M. Anderson

Robert M. Anderson was born in Bridgeboro, New Jersey, April 4, 1903, son of George B. Anderson and Emma Vernon Anderson. During his early years, he was active in the Methodist Church and Sunday School there. In 1918, during a severe illness, he felt called to the ministry. He enrolled in Asbury College, Wilmore, KY, and graduated in 1926 with an A.B. degree. Then he went to Princeton Theological Seminary, where he graduated with a Th.M. degree in 1931.

He entered the Eastern Pennsylvania Conference in 1929. The churches he served were Sanctuary (Philadelphia), Bethel, Mt. Hermon (Philadelphia), Prospect Park, Oxford, 43rd Street (Philadelphia),



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committees of the United Methodist Church, including two terms on the First Social Union.

mention in his funeral sermons: "When sorrow comes, we are reminded that the sun will never shine again and the stars will not twinkle quietly, as the flowers bloom, we feel the power of the past and the future does shine and the stars do twinkle."

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All safe and blessed we shall meet at last." --von Schlegel

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And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea." --Tennyson

William H. Garret

erson

born in Bridgeboro, Delaware. George B. Anderson spent his early years in the Methodist Church and Sunday School. After a severe illness, he felt called to study in Asbury College, Kentucky, where he received a B.A. in 1926 with an A.B. degree in Theology from Theological Seminary. He received a Th.M. degree in



sylvania Conference. He served as pastor of the First Methodist Church in Philadelphia and as pastor of the First Methodist Church in Philadelphia.

Garthsemane (Philadelphia), Thorndale and Village Chapel, Thorndale and Cain, Valley Forge and Malvern, Christ Church (Philadelphia), Arch Street (Philadelphia) Assistant. He retired in 1968 and continued at Arch Street as Pastor Emeritus.

He was talented in music. He sang solos and was in male quartette, played the trombone, and composed some music for church.

He was very interested in missionary work. During several years he spent several weeks in Cuba, helping the missionaries there reach people who had never heard the Gospel. For thirty years he was Chaplain at Lankenau Hospital and visited, on a volunteer basis, all the Methodists and others.

During World War II he served with the Coast Guard. Later, he became a Major in the Civil Air Patrol. For thirty-five years he was active in the Military Chaplains' Association.

On September 15, 1930 he married Margaret Mitchell, a school teacher. They were the parents of three sons, Robert, Jr., now living in Worthington, Ohio; George, in Houston, Texas; and William in Carmel, Indiana.

After a year of heart problems, he died November 21, 1987, at Lankenau Hospital. On November 24, 1987, a private funeral was conducted by Dr. William T. Cherry at the Minshall Shropshire Funeral Home, and burial was at Middletown Presbyterian Cemetery, in Delaware County. On Sunday, December 13, 1987, a memorial service was held at Arch Street Church, conducted by Dr. William T. Cherry, Rev. Charles B. Casper, Rev. James Haney, and Military Chaplain Wilbur Laudenslager.

When Rev. Anderson learned that one of his former churches had been closed, he wrote the following poem:

THE LASTINGNESS OF PRAYER

The old church may turn to a shadow  
It formerly was, and still  
It's doorway be curtained with ivy,  
While moss over-runs the sill.

And spiders with webs trying vainly  
The half-broken panes to restore;  
And green mould be busily weaving  
A rug for the tattered floor.

Thick dust may cover the organ,  
The choir loft stand empty and bare,  
And dog-barks may shatter the silence  
That filled the revered air.

Yet prayer offered up by its members  
Are stored in that City Above,  
And pour out like incense unending  
The blessings of Infinite Love.  
R.M.A.

Margaret M. Anderson