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(Being also the 71st year of the organization of the Blue Ridge-Atlantic Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the 59th year of the organization of the Western North Carolina Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the 121st year of the organization of the North Carolina Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church.)

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Edited for the Conference by
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WESLEY MEMORIAL METHODIST CHURCH
High Point, North Carolina

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AWAY!

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead! He is just away!
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land.
And left us dreaming how very fair
It must be, since he lingers there.
And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,—
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;
Mild and gentle as he was brave,—
When the sweetest love of his life he gave
To simple things:—where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,
The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed.
Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away!

—Gilbert Miller

HENRY CLAYTON BYRUM

February 25, 1875—April 13, 1948



Rev. Henry Clayton Byrum was born near Wesley's Chapel in Union County February 25th, 1875. He was the son of John W. and Henrietta Moore Byrum, from whom he inherited much. The sanctities of life, the love of home, the fear of God, and the social qualities made him an expert in finding the path and speaking the language of the common man.

He grew up on the farm in a community where all men were equal, held to the common level of the soil, and where "Equality and Fraternity" were imposed, not by the sanctions of dialectic, but by the discipline of necessity. He could speak to every man in the "Tongue in which he was born."

Religion was the paramount interest of his childhood and youth. His mother's "adornment of a meek and quiet spirit" the tears and prayers of our superintendent at Sunday School,

and the certainty and finality of what was sounded on preaching days, were, to him, as summons to the judgments of the great day. And when the revival season came round, the tenderness of appeal, the rejoicing of saints and the "Strong toil of Grace" were irresistible. He responded to every invitation given and was glad to get it.

Socially, Brother Byrum was "Gifted" beyond most men. He wrote often for the favorite county paper, the Monroe Journal, and everybody stopped to read "Brother Byrum's piece," then went on to his task smiling. He spent a lot of time talking, mostly in cheerful mood, to old or young, rich and poor, white or colored; whether at home with his family, among the preachers at conference, or where two were "together in the field," and invariably left them with a smile. It may be that when he slipped away and left us weeping, all the angels began to smile to see him coming.

As a workman, he needed not to be ashamed. Having been occupied several of the later years of his life in what some thought were nominal or mere "Fill-in" appointments, there was here and there an impression that he did not front the ranks in the true tradition of crusading itinerants. But from the vantage-point of life-long and intimate friendship, the writer observed that his work was consistently constructive, valuable, and enduring.

A few examples are recalled: When he was pastor at Kernersville years ago, he found an old church of another denomination which was inactive and without a pastor. He visited in the community, offered to help reorganize the Sunday School and preached for them several times. The result was that church building and membership were transferred bodily to the conference and today there is a modern building and a growing pastoral charge. Years before he went to Cooleemee, learned the names of all the young people, organized them into two large adult classes, built new Sunday School rooms. Here he learned that two boys would be interested in going to school and becoming ministers of the gospel. He helped them make financial arrangements, took them to Weaver College, introduced them, and placed them in school. Both became honored members of the conference.

It was the same particular interest in individuals that enabled him when pastor of South Main Street, High Point, to organize the large group of young people, work out a financial plan and pay off what had come to be a hopeless indebtedness. So with additions built to the church at Old Fort, at North Morganton; he added something permanent. "This man began to build," and finished it. "Well Done."

For the past twenty-five years he had an absorbing interest and took great delight in the old camp-meeting ground in Union County. He was largely instrumental in rebuilding it and his untiring zeal accounted very largely for its success. The "Patron Saint" of the camp ground, his delight knew no bounds when the annual season returned for the people whom he had known from childhood to come together, fill the tents, worship under the old arbor which had sheltered their forefathers for more than a century, or sit under the shade of the great oaks while the "Spirit of Almighty God hovered round for a little season."

Brother Byrum joined the Western N. C. Conference in the fall of 1902, and never missed a conference roll call for forty-five years. Most of the last years of his life were spent in High Point, serving churches in and around the city. His was the first suggestion, and he called the first meeting that resulted in the organization of Ward Street Church. He served the first four years after Calvary Church was built, and led in closing up the financial obligations incident to its completion. He lived to see both these become strong and growing churches.

His home life was blessed. He was married November 17, 1903 to Miss Frieda Badgett of Jackson Hill, Davidson County. She has been his guide in counsel through the years, meeting every problem of life with poise, with discriminating judgment and calmness. He properly knew what he owed to her companionship, her loyalty and devotion. To him, "Her price was above rubies." She survives him, also the seven children, Dorothy (Byrum) Hendrix, Frances, Mary Badgett (Mrs. Chas. B. Kearns), James, David, Robert and Lawrence. Four brothers; Frank, John, Zeb, and Gray Byrum and a sister, Mrs. Sam Marze also survive. There are also seven grandchildren who will miss him daily. He may miss them.

He died unexpectedly early on the morning of April 13th, 1948. All had been as usual the evening before—no omen of evil or word of complaint. The family had retired with cheerful conversation. In the morning when they woke, "He'd passed all earthly nights."

The funeral was held at Wesley Memorial Church with Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., Pastor, in charge. Dr. W. A. Lambeth spoke freely of Brother Byrum's life and unique personality. His words were especially well chosen and appropriate. The prayer, made by Rev. E. M. Avett, was impressive in simplicity and sincerity.

The body was laid to rest in Guilford Memorial Mausoleum in the center of the County where he had spent so much of his life and labor.

Friends from former charges where he had served, neighbors from "Down Home," whom he had known from childhood, from Monroe and else-where came bringing a whole garden of flowers to his burying, gathered close and stood and wept.

To the writer who had loved him and lived with and walked life's long path with him in unbroken friendship, it was a most impressive moment, standing hushed amid the silences of eternity, reading what was written in the faces in that circle, bathed in the

fragrance of flowers: How beautiful and eloquent; speaking of life and love and friendship, as if to say, even in the presence of death:

"Awake O north wind, and come thou south, Blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out."

"The spirit lingers,

Round the dear objects it has loved so long;
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers,
Our love to Thee, makes not this love less strong."

"Strong is thy hold, O Mortal flesh!
Strong is thy hold, O Love!"

Thomas R. Wolfe

GEORGE ANDREW BROADUS HOLDERBY

July 4, 1869—January 8, 1948



The Rev. George Andrew Broadus Holderby, son of Hiram and Frances De Jarnette Holderby, born July 4, 1869, passed from this life to his eternal reward on January 8, 1948. He had lived a life of seventy-eight well spent years. He was fortunate to be born in a Christian home where devout parents loved their church and taught their children to love and serve God. Consequently, at an early age he was converted and joined the Methodist Church. In 1910 he became a member of the Western North Carolina Conference and served faithfully the following charges: East Spencer and North Main Street, Salisbury; Kerr Street and Harmony, Concord; The Clyde Circuit, McAdenville; Robbinsville Circuit; Murphy Circuit; Fairview Circuit; Rosman; and the Asheville Circuit, from which he retired because of failing health. Brother Holderby was also the organizer of the Cramerton church while he was the pastor at McAdenville.

In 1893 Brother Holderby was united in marriage with Miss Martha Jones of High Point, and for just short of fifty-five years they lived in the love and companionship of a Christian home. This union was blessed with the following children: Mrs. Margaret Pfister, Mrs. Pauline Goodison, Pryor Holderby and Howard Holderby, who, in addition to the widow, survive this consecrated servant of the Kingdom. Funeral services were conducted at Central Methodist Church, Asheville, Sunday afternoon, January 11th, with Rev. T. A. Groce, Rev. Clifford H. Peace and Rev. Lee F. Tuttle officiating.

Brother Holderby having descended from a Pioneer Family of North Carolina and Virginia, many of whom were statesmen, inherited the steady qualities of the builder. This trend of character proved itself in his work in the Western North Carolina Conference. As a result of this spirit, every church to which he ministered went forward both spiritually and materially. It was his lot to be called upon to serve a number of churches on the verge of closing their doors because of the lack of interest or funds to carry on the work. Today these same churches are again firmly established. Such service can be adequately measured only by the infinite wisdom of God.

Brother Holderby was a GOOD preacher; a BETTER pastor; and one of the BEST Christians, who lived daily the spirit of the Master whom he loved and served. He was an optimistic spirit, always cheerful and kind to his fellowman and freely giving in his service. One of his favorite bits of verse, indicative of his outlook and attitude, was

"Do not look for wrong or evil,
You will find them if you do.
Look for goodness, look for gladness;
You will find them all the while.

If you take a smiling visage
To the mirror

Always you will meet a smile."

Frequently Brother Holderby was asked to assist his fellow ministers in their revival meetings. He always found this to be a delightful service and one in which he was particularly effective.

While living in Asheville after his retirement from active service he was as useful and obedient to every call as his failing health would permit. Scholarly and well-balanced in his preaching, friendly and sympathetic as a pastor, he was exemplary in his spirit and conduct and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. His noble spirit left a benediction upon all with whom he came into contact.

Of all the old hymns which he loved, perhaps his favorite was "Amazing Grace." One verse of this hymn was a favorite and is peculiarly descriptive of the faith which characterized his whole earthly life:

"The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures."

Rev. Lee F. Tuttle

ALFRED OSCAR LINDLEY

September 12, 1871—January 5, 1948



My long-time friend, seminary and conference classmate, and comrade in the ministry for 40 years, Reverend Alfred Oscar Lindley, is with us now only in spirit. After more than three quarters of a century of useful and honorable living he laid aside the robe of flesh and went serenely and triumphantly to receive the "well done" of him by whom he was called to be a minister.

Our departed brother was one of several children born to James Meacham and Louise Glenn Lindley. His birth date is September 12, 1871. The early years of Brother Lindley were spent with his parents on the farm in southern Alamance County, N. C. As a child he was religiously inclined and when he was very young he accepted Christ as his Saviour and united with the family church, Center Methodist Protestant. His formal education began in the public schools of the community and near-by secondary schools. In 1905 he graduated at Kansas City University, and two years later received the degree of B.S.T. from Westminster Theological Seminary. He was ordained an elder in 1907 and received into full connection in the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, remaining in that connection until the Methodist merger in 1939 when he became a member of the Western North Carolina Conference of The Methodist Church. This connection continued until his death, which occurred suddenly on January 5, 1948.

A gentle, courteous, brotherly, and optimistic spirit characterized Brother Lindley. He preached with fervor and with a steadfast faith in the power of the gospel to save and to keep unto the uttermost. As a pastor he was thoughtful and sympathetic. He was loyal to the conference and interested in all conference programs and institutions. During his active ministry he served the following charges: Alamance, Albemarle, Chatham, Concord, Forsyth, Mt. Hermon, Kernersville, Oak Ridge, Randolph, and Randleman. During a part of his ministry he taught in public schools and was an efficient teacher. Since his retirement in 1942 he kept active by filling appointments, assisting in funerals, teaching in Sunday School, and visiting the sick.

Brother Lindley's first wife was Sarah Idelia Long. She lived only a short time to bless his home. One daughter was given to this union. In 1913 he was united in marriage with Annie Delia Daffron with whom he lived in happiness for a number of years until