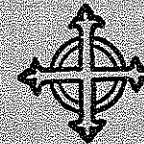


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CONFERENCE**
OF
The Methodist Church



NINETEEN FORTY-EIGHT
ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH YEAR

Harvey Franklin Connor

HARVEY FRANKLIN CONNOR was born in Troy, New York on March 8, 1885. He graduated from Troy Conference Academy, received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Wesleyan University, and his Bachelor of Divinity Degree from Hartford Theological Seminary. He was admitted to Troy Conference on Trial in 1912 and during the thirty-six years of his ministry served the following charges: Berlin; Levings, Troy; Lake Placid; Poultney, Vt.; Trinity, Troy; Burlington, Vt.; Hudson Falls; Canajoharie; and Springfield, Vt. He served as a chaplain in the Army in World War I. In 1923-1924, while serving at Poultney, Vt., he was a member of the Vermont Legislature. He rendered faithful service on many Conference committees and was for a long period a trustee of Troy Conference Academy and of Green Mountain Junior College.

He died at Springfield, Vt., October 7, 1947. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Harold W. Griffis, District Superintendent, assisted by Rev. Richard Beyer of the Springfield Congregational Church. Burial was at Dalton, Mass., where the Rev. David Livingstone assisted. He is survived by his widow, the former Gertrude Neumeister, and two sons, Willard Harvey of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Harvey Franklin of Detroit, Mich.

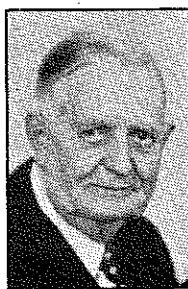
No one could know Harvey Connor and not be a better person. His quiet and kindly humor, his loyalty to his work, his devotion to his parish, his careful workmanship in his study made him a good minister of Jesus Christ. He loved his work. He felt that it was his opportunity to serve his people. And serve them he did. He was their spiritual guide, their confidant, their friend, their true minister. You knew, when you talked to him, that there were things that were sure, and lovely, and eternal. He also cherished the fellowship of his Conference. He counted it not a burden, but a joy, to be among his fellow ministers. Although he seldom spoke from the Conference floor you could always be sure of seeing his familiar figure seated well toward the front in every session. The Reverend Alan F. Bain has written a tribute to him which characterizes both the man and his ministry:

"He walked with God the while he walked with mortals
And, walking thus, he guided men to right.
Wise was his counsel, kindly was his manner,
His gentle spirit shed a radiant light.
Stoutly he shared the burdens of his people,
Such cares as were his own he bravely bore,
Till, changed from mortal vestments to immortal,
He walks with God, now and forevermore."

HAROLD W. GRIFFIS.

Myron E. Genter

MYRON E. GENTER was born at Springfield, New York, to Perry V. and Irene Genter on May 15th, 1875. After attending high school at Cherry Valley, New York, he prepared for the Methodist ministry at Drew Theological Seminary. On June 6th, 1900, he married Addie A. Genter of Cherry Valley. Two children, Paul Curtis Genter and Ruth Irene Genter Elmer, and three grandchildren, Betty Lee Elmer, Gary Elmer and Curtis Paul Genter also survive him.



Mr. Genter became a member of the Northern New York Conference in April, 1900, and served charges at Barneveld and Mohawk. In 1909 he was called to the Washington Park Church in Providence, Rhode Island, and he was transferred to the New England Southern Conference. A large parish house was built during his pastorate. Seven years later he was appointed to New London, Connecticut, and he served this parish for eight years. Here he built a large church and became very active in war work during the First World War. Following his pastorate in New London, he served six years as Superintendent of the Norwich District. At the close of his term, Mr. Genter came to Vermont and was stationed, first at Northfield, and six years later, at Waterbury, where he served his longest pastorate of nine years. During four years of that time, he was part-time chaplain of the Vermont State Hospital, and he taught religion for five years in Waterbury High School.



Mr. Genter was a Rotarian and a member of the Masonic fraternity. By his unflinching kindness, brotherly spirit and steady faith, this genial man of God warmed the hearts of all who knew him. His many friends in Wesley Church, Waterbury, have paid high tribute to "his loyal devotion to the cause of the Kingdom, his untiring work for the church, his wise counsel and spiritual guidance, his hearty hand clasp and cheery greeting, his friendship with little children, and his intimate relationship with the Heavenly Father."

On Sunday, November 16, 1947, Mr. Genter preached on the subject, "Building Up Yourself." After pronouncing the benediction, he halted the service and said, "There is something I almost forgot." He went on to tell the people how, at the close of his service at the Hospital that morning, a man had asked him if he knew Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," and he promised to repeat it to the congregation in church. Then Mr. Genter recited the lines:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Suddenly, on Wednesday, November 19th, the summons came. The funeral service, in charge of the Rev. James A. Perry, Th. D., Superintendent of the Burlington District, assisted by the Rev. Theodore Bachelor, pastor of the Waterbury Congregational Church, was held in Wesley Church on Friday, with burial in Springfield, New York.

In accordance with the law of the Church, the march of time would have made Mr. Genter's retirement automatic at the close of the Conference year. Yet it is not easy to associate the thought of retirement with such a man. Death came to him in the midst of his work, and he took it in his stride. "The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

ELDON H. MARTIN.

George W. Hamilton

"What must it be to step on shore and find it—Heaven;
To take hold of a hand and find it—God's hand;
To breathe a new air and find it—Celestial air;
To feel invigorated and find it—Immortality;
To rise from the care and turmoil of earth
Into one unbroken calm;
To wake up and find it—Glory."

ILL but a few hours at his home in Argyle, N. Y., George W. Hamilton was called to be with God, May 9, 1947. He had enjoyed accustomed health until the previous day. The townspeople, among whom he lived, as beloved pastor and congenial friend for twenty-five years, were grievously shocked by the realization that he was no longer present to cheer, encourage and serve them. Though he had not been in the active ministry since 1939 he had still labored for his Christ and church and gave generously of himself and his talents for the common good.

George W. Hamilton was born June 1, 1875 in Titusville, Penn., of Henry and Sarah Hamilton, his father being a Presbyterian minister. On May 5, 1907 he was united in marriage to Miss Bessie Barthelme, Troy, N. Y., whose graces and usefulness have been constantly employed for the enrichment of their home, Church and community. Besides Mrs. Hamilton he is survived by two sons, Harold and Donald; three grandchildren, Edward, Kenneth and Betty Jean, all of Argyle; one brother, John W. Hamilton of Greenwich, N. Y., and one sister, Mrs. Grace Cooper of Miami, Florida.

His early education was received in the public schools of Ohio where his father served in the ministry of Christ. He was prepared for a teaching career at Orwell Normal Institute, Orwell, Ohio and spent some time in this profession. When he heard the Master's call to preach his gospel he pursued further studies at Keuka College.

Brother George became a member of Troy Conference in 1906. He was ordained Deacon April 19, 1908 by Bishop Burt and became an Elder April 10, 1910 with Bishop

