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JOURNAL AND YEAR BOOK

Northern New Jersey Annual Conference

THE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FOURTH SESSION

DREW UNIVERSITY
MADISON, NEW JERSEY
May 31—June 3, 1981

VOLUME 2—PROCEEDINGS AND DIRECTORY

EDITED BY THE SECRETARY
PUBLISHED BY THE CONFERENCE

PRINTED BY
Highway Printing Co.
Paramus, N.J. 07652

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Bea's other great commitment was to music, especially piano music. Chopin and Beethoven were close to her as were her many friends in the Rehearsal Club of Montclair.

Mrs. Mills entered eternal life on November 10, 1980. She is survived by two sons, Victor M. of Rome, Italy, and James T. Mills of Montclair, New Jersey, a sister, Mrs. Katherine Peterson of Coral Gables, Florida, and nine grandchildren.

This full life of service, family friends, music and faith has passed, but it has left its mark on many of us and we are grateful for that.

JEAN ALLEN FITZ-GERALD

By Mrs. Shirley Connolly

Born: May 27, 1911 in Ottawa, Canada.

Died: January 21, 1981 in Ausable, New York.



Jean's early life was spent in Ottawa, Canada, where her father was the Lord Mayor for many years. Her cousin, Harold Pierson, was at one time Prime Minister of Canada. She married Aaron Boylan Fitz-Gerald, Jr. (Born: March 21, 1909 in Maplewood, New Jersey—Died: October 1, 1975 in Jay, New York) on September 20, 1933. They had 3 children: Allen, Charles, Patricia, and 7 grandchildren.

Their ministry in the Methodist Church took them to East Rutherford, Green Village, Califon, Port Morris, Plainfield, South Orange and Staten Island. Jean was a devoted wife and mother with an abounding love for people. She was an ideal minister's wife, entering into the full life of each church which they served. Boylan retired in 1959 to pursue his talent as a fine artist. They moved to Mountain Lakes, New Jersey and took into their home his father and mother whom they cared for until they died. In 1961 they moved to Jay, New York, in the Adirondack Mountains, where together they developed Paleface Ski Center. The day after the sale of the ski lodge in 1973, Boylan suffered a stroke and Jean nursed him for two years until his death. As Boylan had not been reinstated after his retirement from the Methodist Church and received no pension, the Conference voted to give Mrs. Fitz-Gerald an annual grant after his death.

Upon the illness of her father, Patti Fitz-Gerald Smith, her husband, and daughter moved into the home of her father and mother to help with his care. Patti was a necessary help as Jean herself was suffering with diabetes and heart disease. After Boylan's death they continued living together and another granddaughter added to the joy of Jean's life. Jean's last years had several hospital confinements but always her love of life and people were obvious in her words and actions. She had made arrangements for her body to be donated for medical research in order to continue being of service to mankind.

The following was written by Jean shortly after she had been told that she could expect to live only two years longer at most, and they were read at her Memorial Service in the Whiteface Community United Methodist Church:

"For years I never knew whether twilight was the ending of the day or the beginning of the night and then, suddenly, one day I understood that this did not matter at all for time is but a circle and so there can be no beginning and no ending. And this is how I came to know that birth and death are one and it is neither the coming or the going that is of consequence. What is of consequence is the beauty that one gathers in this interlude called life. And so I have slowly come to understand that beauty has a thousand different faces.

Stark branches against a wintry sky, a snow drop welcoming the spring, the delicate tracery of a spider web, the rich fragrance of the damp woods, the timpani of distant thunder, and yes, do not forget the dusty pink and molten golds of the sunset, the music of the raindrops upon the leaves, the sleepy call of a robin in the gathering dusk and the glittering stars that fill the darkness with the symbols of time and space unending. Beauty holds a thousand different faces toward the searching heart. We who have lived some of our years here at 'Overlook,' in the shadow of Jay Mountain, have so much to be thankful for. Always the big sky, the wind whispering or wild, the evergreens with their message of hope and beauty, the flashing wings and sweet songs of many birds, the space to have animals all about us to teach us that as they are dependent on us, so we too, are dependent on others and on a source above us, greater and wiser and kinder than we. So let us learn from our heritage of great people in our past, great beauty—to love more and criticize less—to help each other more. All the world is our neighbor and all the world needs love as never before."

RITA SNOW BOWERING

By John R. Bowering

A devoted wife, loving and sensitive mother, and a dedicated servant of the Church of Jesus Christ.

Rita Snow Bowering was born May 8, 1905, in Clarke's Beach, Newfoundland, Canada, the first child of John and Mary Jane Snow. She died March 28, 1981.



Her early life was nurtured in the church and she dedicated her life as a servant of God at the age of 13 to promote the Gospel of Jesus Christ as a Sunday School teacher and dedicated Christian steward. She migrated to this country via Toronto, Canada, as a nurse. Thereafter, she met up with her former acquaintance, Gilbert Bowering, and they were married by the Rev. Robert Bowering at Sergeantsville, New Jersey. Four children were born of this union: Raymond G. Bowering, now associated with Blue Cross/Blue Shield Medicare in Syracuse, New York; Rita O. Bowering, who died at the early age of 18 months; Dr. John R. Bowering, who is the Senior Pastor of the First United Methodist Church in Hightstown, New Jersey; and Arlene J. Bowering Westling of Somerville, New Jersey.

As helpmate, this Christian lady, Rita Snow Bowering, assisted her husband, Gilbert Bowering, in his Pastorates of Colesville and Libertyville, New Jersey; Sergeantsville, Lebanon and Oldwick; Whitehouse, Belvidere, Elizabeth (Park), Perth Amboy (Wesley) and Linden.

Rita Snow Bowering was loved and trusted by all. Her strength of character and spiritual reserves, the gracious way she entered into every field of the church, her great enjoyment of the fellowship and ministry as Queen of the Parsonage imparted a domestic and loving influence upon all who knew her. She had a vibrant sense of humor, tremendous British pride, sparkling eyes which showed one and all her joy as a loving wife, devoted mother and compassionate Christian to all with whom she came in contact.

Her sacrificial life for the church, her family and friends, weren't really known by many because with dignity and pride she rose above the problems faced by all minis-