



CHARLES WESLEY FLINT

MINUTES

OF THE

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LOWELL S. ENSOR	- - - - -	Conference Host

ctancy of the people and of God. It was
 tile that the faith of Isaiah burst into, "And
 ful, Counselor, Everlasting Father, Prince
 cy grows really out of one's need and out

at He lived. To John He sent the word—
 e and the poor have the Gospel preached
 ples Jesus said, "In My Father's house"—
 e possible translation—there are mansions
 n our Lord's simple statement of fact, "I
 Christ lived also in His going. It was the
 ercome the world" was no idle boast. It
 ience in life, an experience not for Jesus
 e said, "I am with you to the end of the
 a live".

e part of the day in which these our loved
 that day on the part of our Christ. That
 that found its expression in the Master's
 d ones too have lived in the life of service.
 rong again. Lives blinded by disappoint-
 in. The poor in heart, the distressed by
 ews brought to them.

our loved ones from out of our sight and
 al benediction as Jesus again reminds us,
 ere is a mansion that is for each. There
 is one waiting to receive us farther on
 ies of the flesh, the weaknesses of mortal
 n which one shall never thirst. Our loved
 n in that realm prepared by God. In its
 ved. In their ministry, God's word has
 , God's welcome has been very real.

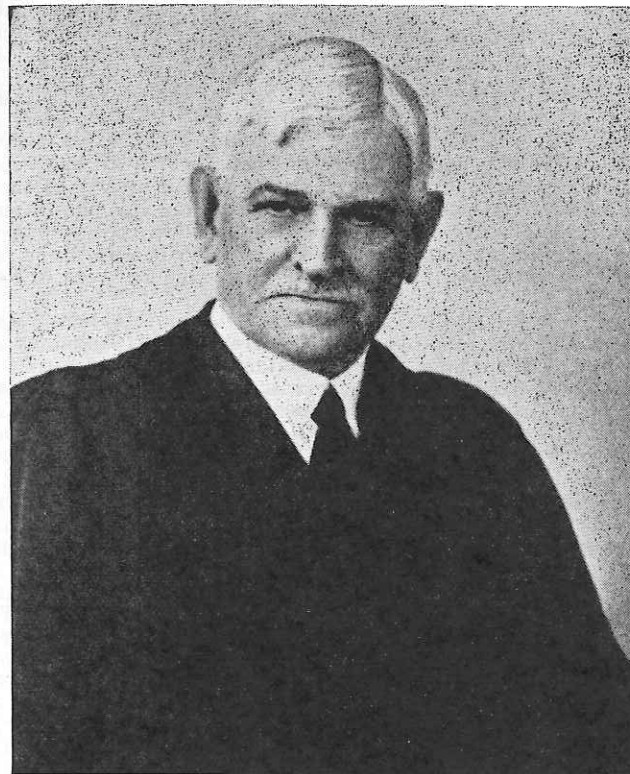
of our sight. A dimness that for a season
 t that day comes when we shall see and
 s of Christ's men and women shall be so
 s come. Thanks be unto God who gives

g of that beautiful land
 the soul
 beat on the glittering strand
 ernity roll.

al! In my visions and dreams
 s I can see;
 y the veil intervenes
 and me.

and keep you everyone.

EDWIN HOLT HUGHES



Edwin Holt Hughes, made a minister, has left us—his destination the inheritance of the saints in light. He had seen so many companions off, as they have gone out and up and in, that, though more than four-score milestones had been passed, it somehow seemed that we would go on having him, and loving him, and 'booking' him for manifold engagements, for endless years. We just did not want to think of the inevitably last cheery greeting, the facetious play on words, the last note ending "With much love", the last audience held spellbound by his fire and his fun and, most of all, by his spiritual insights. But like a twin-motored airplane in full flight he came down to the landing port for a few minor repairs, just a little impatient at the interrupted schedule. And then, when the physical frame failed to respond to the familiar order to keep going, with a characteristic chuckle he left it behind, knowing he could get along without it, and took off for the heavenlies, soaring into realms unknown—yet not unknown; for so many of his dearest had preceded him to that shining shore.

How often he talked fondly of those whose faces and forms were kept so wistfully in memory—his preacher father and his revered mother, who, amid the templed hills of West Virginia, molded his plastic years in the parsonage patterns of goodness; the bishop brother whose early going was so poignant a grief; the queenly wife of the busy, beautiful years, who so eagerly awaited his daily letters from wherever he might be and in which he shared with her, in great detail, his manifold experiences; the frail, lovely daughter who in early womanhood faded away from their sight; his

partner beloved of the Episcopal group, William Fraser McDowell, whose body lay at the Foundry altar, as did his last Tuesday. With inimical wizardry of phrase at that moving service Bishop Hughes depicted the prophetic contributions to the kingdom of that other good minister of Jesus Christ, who, with him, was among the chief architects of Methodist unification.

These hallowed names suggest but a few in the very forefront of the great reception committee which awaited him as, in a Methodist hospital, he left behind the tenement of clay and claimed the regal attire which is the rapturous reality back of those deathless words he had repeated so often on funeral occasions: "As we have borne the image of the earthly we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. For this mortal must put on immortality." Whatever is the wondrous mystery wrapped up in such phrases, we are sure that the garments of that celestial wardrobe fitted him perfectly in his new estate, as on a Sunday morning he went to be forever with his Lord.

And now that he is with us no more we are thinking gratefully of those creative and productive years of leadership, as a pastor, as a college president, and as a bishop. Those relationships to the church militant suggest that very early in life leisure and Edwin Holt Hughes parted company. They never met again. He was a prodigious worker.

His were brilliant gifts. But, even so, he toiled terribly for perfection in utterance. Always he strove to be at his best as, to use his own playful phrase, he cast his pearls.

What a record of constructive labors in the forty-two years in the episcopal office are recalled by such names as San Francisco, Boston, Chicago, Washington, and Wisconsin. Since his technical retirement, his area has been the United States of America!

What a warrior he was in the temperance crusade. How glad the Church is that some years ago that revealing autobiography, "I Was Made a Minister", somehow got written, in spite of his constant journeyings to keep the engagements that filled his book. His passing will send a multitude back to those scintillating pages where he counts the sacramental beads in the rosary of the achieving years.

With undimmed gratitude his heart turned always, at every remembrance, to the understanding and love of the member of that first country church in the Middle West which he served as a callow youth. With what affection he described those stalwart salt-of-the-earth Methodists. What a lovely touch it was as he recorded that, year after year, long after those first parishioners had gone to their reward, as a bishop of the Church, whenever the train on which he was speeding passed a little cemetery during the night, he would lie awake to get a fleeting glimpse of their graves by moonlight, bringing flooding memories of his first people and his first pulpit.

One of Edwin Holt Hughes' outstanding characteristics was loyalty. He was loyal to his memories, loyal to his college, loyal to his fraternity, loyal to his friends, loyal to his church, loyal to his nation, and unflinchingly loyal to the royal in himself.

An Annual Conference at which he presided was indeed a feast of rich things, punctuated with tears and laughter. He could take a hymn and make it carry the contagion of his own passion, and sweep with emotion the entire assembly as he announced one of his favorites and read the words,

"Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee."

Many thousands have thrilled at his glorification of parsonage life, in "The Children of the Manse." Children of the Hughes manse ministered

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to him when the unexpected closing scenes came. A son, of whose lay leadership he was justly proud, listened to what proved to be his father's last sermon, preached in his loved Indiana, and afterward took him to the night train. The next morning the daughter, who for so long was his homemaker, met him on his arrival and drove him to the waiting comforts of their house on a hill, never dreaming that chariots were bending so low and that the time of his departure was at hand.

Always the writer will cherish the memory of hearing him on two of his many notable appearances: At the Wesleyan Conference, at Leeds, England, where this Wesley-like Wesleyan, whose stature was just about the same as that of the founder, charmed and lifted his distinguished audience in his role as fraternal representative from American Methodism; the second great hour was many years later, in Kansas City, where at the consummation of the Union, he made his great Unification pronouncement with the thrilling words of Wesley running like a motif in that historic address before a vast audience "The Methodists are one people."

As one of the closest friends of all the years, it was beautifully appropriate that Bishop Francis J. McConnell could be present to bring his touching tribute in the coronation service at Foundry, Bishop Hughes' home church. "Uncle Frank", as all the Hughes children call him, was the one person in all the world to talk about 'Ed Hughes' at that high hour.

How Bishop Hughes loved to tell of the first time he saw Francis McConnell, who as a shy, taciturn young preacher came to spend the night at their New England parsonage; and how the young Mrs. Hughes and he differed as to whether their young guest would ever come to much in the Christian ministry. It was Mrs. Hughes who wagered her judgment on McConnell. Standing in the Memorial Pulpit bearing the name of McDowell, Bishop McConnell looked across the chancel to the Unification Lectern bearing the name of Hughes. What a trio in the Methodist pageant of the last half century—William Fraser McDowell, Edwin Holt Hughes, Francis J. McConnell. Above the pulpit and the lectern there gleamed during the service the beautiful altar lights, with their kneeling angels, speaking of Clotilda Lyon McDowell and Isabel Ebbert Hughes.

Many of us at the so-called funeral service at Foundry were thinking of Bishop Hughes as he stood in that same pulpit on his eightieth birthday, his radiant spirit a benediction, benignly wise with all the ripening experiences of eight decades. On that day, when he became what he called an "Octogeranium", he brought a never-to-be-forgotten, comforting, challenging message to all who face the adjustments in thinking and living which the toll of lengthening years brings to the perishing outward man. His message had to do with old-age security in the highest and best sense. To fellow pilgrims he presented a guide book as to how gracefully to proceed with safety, serenity, and expanding usefulness into the realm of the fading afternoon and the twilight years, e'en down to old age. It dared the mood of stagnation and deterioration with the assurance that the pathway of the just is from strength to strength, from glory o glory, from grace to grace, until from mortality's highest peak the unseen is greeted with a cheer. With kindling words and glowing countenance he assured us on that eightieth birthday that the things that were, and the things that are, and the things that are to be form but the golden stairway by which the redeemed of the Lord mount up, up, up, to their inherited throne and to the crown of righteousness that fadeth not away.

And now, even as his gathered friends here and everywhere with bated breath were saying to each other "This is death";

"Above the noise of this our common earthly life
All heaven moved his soul to greet;
And, as he neared the mercy-seat,
They crowned him victor o'er the strife,
The angel shouted, 'This is life'."

FREDERICK BROWN HARRIS