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the rest of his life, he nevertheless continued preaching as opportunity offered. His last service was in a rural United Methodist Church near his home when approximately 90 years of age.

Dad had a gentle and kindly but firm approach to problems, religious, social or political, or any other, that has always influenced the writer. To his mind, the decisive question was not, "Is it advantageous?" or "Will it pay?" but "Is it right?" One of his favorite preaching texts was from Acts 11:24 in reference to Barnabas—"He was a good man." Simple basic goodness, to my Dad, meant more than fame, power or wealth, and this philosophical heritage endears his memory to, I think, many who came under the influence of his godly life.

Found among Dad's papers was a life sketch he had written containing the following extract descriptive of his attitude and character:

"Through the years, it seemed I was always sent to best people in the Conference. On several occasions my District Superintendent would tell me, "That is a pretty hard place I'm giving you," but I never had a hard place. Often the people were poor, but I never owed a dime in all the years I served. I never had a church fuss. I just had to love everyone. They made me love them."

Dad's life span extended from the ox-cart to the jet age; from Victorian to situation ethics, but he never lost an interest in life, nor was he unduly chauvinistic in the face of inevitable change, much of which he did not like but which he accepted in full faith that God is still in charge. His life was proof that there are still absolutes that cannot be shaken, rugged virtues, love of God and of our neighbor, that never change.

F. Elton Crowson

WILLIAM LEE PEARSON

Rev. William Lee Pearson was born in Egypt, Mississippi, September 23, 1895. He was the son of John Monroe and Annie Brand Pearson. He married Wilease Fitzgerald in 1925. To this union was born three daughters: Mrs. J. W. Stafford, Mrs. Marianne Kinnebrew, and Mrs. R. B. Moor. Mrs. Pearson died in November 1945. His second marriage was to Minta J. Smith of Cleveland, Mississippi. He is survived by Minta, three daughters, eight grandchildren, one great grandchild and one sister Mrs. Fred Dulaney.

Bill attended Grammar School at McCondy, where he was born. He graduated from the Chickasaw Agricultural High School. His college work was at the University of Mississippi, where he played baseball and was known as "Lefty" Pearson. He also attended Mississippi State University. His formal theological training was at Emory University School of Theology.

He served in the United States Navy during World War I on the U. S. S. Louisiana from August 22, 1917 through December 16, 1919.

He joined the North Mississippi Annual Conference November 1924. He was ordained a Deacon in 1926 and an Elder in 1928. He served the following appointments: Mathiston-Maben, Smithville, Artesia, Friars Point, Minter City-Glendonra, Tunica, Cleveland, Grenada, Clarksdale, New Albany, Indianola, Sardis. He served on the Conference Board of Missions. He served as Chairman of the Board of World Service and Finance for eight years. He taught in the Conference Youth Assembly for eleven years. He retired from the North Mississippi Annual Conference June 1963. After retiring he served the Eudora-Love Charge from 1964 - 1969.

Bill came to the end of his earthly life November 3, 1973. The Worship Service was conducted in Houston, Mississippi November 5th. His body was laid to rest in the McCondy Cemetery. This completed the physical life of William Lee Pearson, but he continues to live on in the lives of his loved ones, in the lives of his friends and he now lives in his heavenly home with his Lord and those who have gone on before him. Some day the family circle will be reunited and friends will meet again to enjoy the eternities together with Christ.

His loved ones and friends have paid him many compliments: "He was such a 'cocky' little fellow and I have often wondered if people really knew the genuine love he had for God, for his fellowmen, for his church, and for his country. The greatness that I knew was never publicized. In refusing an honor which was offered to him he said, 'I can accomplish more working behind the scene.' So many people have given him credit for guiding them through their troubles to Christ whose strength saved them from weaknesses and sins. He never lost courage when it came to

defending what he believed to be right. His perception of the necessity of working toward a Christian solution of the problem of justice between the races in the United States, and particularly in our great state, dates back to World War II. The outcome of his predictions have been amazing to me."

As a minister in the Local Church he was concerned with the total needs of the congregation. He gave leadership to keep his people informed and challenged to carry out their Christian responsibilities and opportunities. His calm and sure spiritual guidance in hours of sorrow and other serious problems gave so many people strength and hope when they needed it most. His leadership of the youth of the Conference and in his appointments was outstanding. Bill was the kind of minister you liked to have near you when trouble came.

As a brother minister he was a true friend in whom you felt safe to go in confidence with your problems. His convictions as a Christian minister was a source of help and inspiration. The Ministers and Laymen of the North Mississippi Conference have been separated from a true friend and brother.

A loved one wrote: "While looking through his records for information, we found a clipping in his wallet telling where to get emergency treatment in case he stopped breathing suddenly because of an emphysema attack. Attached to the note was the following written on a piece of note paper in his handwriting: 'In the silence of the dawn when the dew hung heavy on the roses in the plain, the Voice spoke again to me. Thus saith the God of the Eternal, cease from resting among the roses on the plain and go forth to possess thine inheritance. O Voice, so troublesome, yet resistless, I could not but obey Thy command. And so, in the twilight, I came to the mount, towering there in the vastness of the unknown, and read the beginning of the ways of the God of the eternal.'"

JAMES V. STEWART

By
Berry G. Whitehurst

James V. Stewart, son of Harper and Jennie Wiseman Stewart, was born September 21, 1899 in Tippah County, Mississippi. At an early age his parents moved to New Albany, Union County, Mississippi where he grew up. He attended public school here. Very early in life he joined the Methodist Church and served the local church in many areas. From the New Albany Church he was licensed to preach and from that time on he spent the remainder of his life working for the Lord.

In 1921 James Stewart was married to Flora Messer. To this union was born three children—two survive: a son, The Reverend Charles Stewart, a Methodist minister serving in the Memphis Conference of the United Methodist Church and Mrs. J. M. Ainsworth (Frances) of Grenada, Mississippi. Another son, Frank, preceded him in death a year ago.

It was not until after he was married and had his family that Bro. Stewart answered the call to the ministry. He put through many hours with his other duties to further his studies from Emory University. This he accomplished and was admitted to the North Mississippi Conference in 1928.

The ministry of this devoted servant of the Church was very effective. His preaching was Bible-centered. He served many churches during his forty (40) years of ministry—the last church being Lula—retiring in 1967. Even after his retirement he served some churches out from Como, Mississippi for a few years.

He and his devoted wife moved to Como to make their home. For seven years they continued to faithfully serve the Lord. In 1971 their three children entertained them on their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary.

We can judge people by what they love. Bro. Stewart loved his family. He loved people. He loved the Lord and His Church. Yes, he loved all that was finest and best. And that love does not end on this earth. It is simply magnified and made perfect in heaven. So we thank God for a hope and an assurance that is steadfast and true. Yes, the victory is his and ours if we trust in God.

Like a ship that's left its mooring
And sails bravely out to sea,
So someone Dear has sailed away
in calm serenity;