



ain Baker, D.D. LL.D., L.H.D.

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Resident Bishop
JAMES CHAMBERLAIN BAKER

Secretary and Editor
EDWARD P. O'REAR
6817 Franklin Ave., Hollywood 28, California

CONFERENCE HEADQUARTERS
125 E. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 12, California
Phone: MAdison 6-2355

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he went to Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, where a beautiful friendship with Adelaide M. Morgan culminated in marriage on May 15, 1917. It was while serving their next charge, at Garvanza, that their son and only child, Paul, was born. During all the years of his active ministry and during the days of his retirement it has been his faithful wife and his loving son who have been the mainstay of his life, especially in the days of his illness.

On my last visit with him, just a week before his death, he spoke often of his home and his loved ones. He spoke not only of his wife and son Paul but he also expressed his appreciation of his daughter-in-law, Jo Ann, whom he had taken to his heart as one of his own.

He passed away on June 11th, and was buried at Forest Lawn on June 14, 1952. He was a "good minister" who gave all that he had in fulfilling the high calling of Christ Jesus our Lord.

EDGAR J. EVANS

MERLE NEGLEY SMITH

SMITH, MERLE N. (T.99; F.01) Newark, 99 Registrar and Instructor Drew Theol. Sem.; Upper Iowa, 02 Ackley; 05 Marshalltown, Colo., 09 Colorado Springs; So. Cal., 16 Pasadena, First; 37 R'd; So. Cal.-Ariz., 39 R'd, (1617:2), 1680 E. California St., Pasadena 5, Calif.

Merle N. Smith is the kind of man who is worthy of every tribute, but of whom no tribute can possibly be worthy.

Born on December 11, 1872 at Lake City, Iowa, Dr. Smith was a Methodist minister for fifty-three years. He entered the eternal city on June 12, 1952.



The service of his coronation was conducted by Bishop James C. Baker, friend of more than three decades; Dr. Claude A. Smith, associate at First Church during the last eight years of the pastorate of Dr. Smith; and the writer. As his spirit went over to that other realm in which his vast ministries were needed, the outworn shell of his pain wracked body was laid to rest under the stars at the Mountain View Cemetery in Pasadena.

A graduate of Epworth Seminary, Cornell College and Drew Theological Seminary, he served as Registrar at Drew for four years following his graduation. In 1898 he married Mae Wolfe. She matched his love for people with spontaneous kindness. Her creative mind made her sympathetic to his diligent pursuit of the intellectual and spiritual quests. These two great souls shared

the ministry of the Methodist Church at Ackley and Marshalltown, Iowa; Colorado Springs, Colorado; and for twenty-one years the First Methodist Church of Pasadena.

The church edifice in Pasadena stands as a monument to his leadership. But long after the stones of this stately building are crumbled into the dust, the indestructible impact of his life on human personality will continue to be felt. After twenty-one years, ill health forced his untimely

retirement from the Pasadena pulpit to which he had brought world-wide distinction.

Seldom have such unusual qualities of leadership been found in one individual. His preaching was rich in literary allusion and historical perspective, spiritually vital, broad in concern, comforting and sympathetic, penetrating and magnificently helpful. As an administrator he dreamed great dreams which were practical, commanded the strongest leaders of a community, inspired the man with one talent as well as the man with ten. Merle Smith knew how to endow men with confidence and then turn them loose. He gave counsel without dictation. As a pastor the church has known few men who were his equal. He knew men in the mass one by one. He met men in their places of business and families in their homes. He wrote thousands of notes in his time—words of encouragement, comfort or congratulation constantly issued from his gifted pen. He never said an unkind word. His heart was with the lonely pilgrim of the road, and his eye was on the far horizon. His ideal for the churches which he served was that they should do at least as much for others as they were doing for themselves.

The Methodist Church possessed no honor which he could not have had. With self-effacing, almost naive generosity, he never considered himself as deserving of the honors which came to him. Twice he turned away from the episcopacy. For him the highest honor the church could confer upon any man was to extend to him the privilege of the parish ministry.

In the last days of his earthly sojourn he endured untold physical pain gallantly. Life held such promise for him that never did he entertain the thought that death would be a welcome release from suffering. How appropriate is it that he should have closed his last statement to a Sunday evening group which met through the years in his home with Browning's word from *Prospice* which he loved so dearly:

. . . . One fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

Merle N. Smith was a saint—a flesh and blood saint. Although he would have dismissed the name as inappropriate, yet saint he was, and multitudes of people knowing him have felt in their hearts that he is God's greatest evidence that men can be righteous and godly through the power of Christ triumphant in the life of men.

K. MORGAN EDWARDS