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He was an excellent musician. We all miss his laughter, music, teasing and love.

Jerilee was born March 20, 1934 in Amarillo, Texas. She lived there all her life until her marriage to Dickie. Jerilee had a beautiful voice and ministered through song and as pianist/organist in Dickie's church.

Together they raised a family of four children which survive them: Michael David, Jeri Mardell Blount, Martha Elizabeth Aberly and Timothy Mark. They are survived by fourteen grandchildren.

Also, Dickie is survived by his mother and two sisters, and Jerilee by her father and one sister.

"Those we love are with the Lord, and the Lord has promised to be with us. If they are with Him and He is with us, they cannot be far away," so wrote Peter Marshall. These are the feelings of us who survive Dickie and Jerilee.

Margurite Reeves Carter

ROBERT SPENCER TAYLOR (1905 - 1992)

In March 1992, Robert S. Taylor fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed on to silence. March 30, 1992 a service celebrating the life of Robert S. Taylor was held at First Street United Methodist Church where he had served as associate pastor for the past several years.

Jesus taught that the measure of true greatness is found in service. Robert S. Taylor was a faithful servant.

When we come to the end of life and look back upon how we have spent our days, the important thing, as Robert discovered, is not the power we have gained, the reputation we have achieved or the property we have accumulated. The essence of years lived is measured by service rendered.

This dear friend and man of God loved his dear wife, Evelyn and his daughter, Margaret T. Norris strongly and devotedly. He and Mrs. Taylor moved from Alexandria to be with their daughter in New Orleans, where he remained until God summoned him to his eternal home. He loved his Christ and the church with a strong commitment. He saw in the United Methodist Church through his ministry the means whereby he could be an extension and visible presence of Christ here on earth. When he retired, he could have easily stopped his ministerial service, but he did not. Robert loved people and felt comfortable being a servant and a shepherd to whatever congregation he served. This writer can attest to how restless he was the last months of his life when ill health prevented him from being able to help me more. I remember his words to me when he talked to me in the hospital and said to me, "Abe, I feel badly because I could not do more to help you these past months." But he had been helpful. He had done more through his intangible qualities of courage and faith.

We remember now and honor a lifetime of service; time spent in "giving, rather the getting." He "has entered into the joy of the Lord."

Robert S. Taylor was a man who found freedom in Christ and to be unable to exercise such freedom because of illness, he faced the release God gave through death. In his departing from earthly restraints he moves on to greater service.

Abraham E. Davis

J. W. WILLIAMS (1924 - 1991)

J. W. Williams entered the ministry in 1958. Prior to that he worked for the Chrysler Jet Engine Missile Program in Warren, Michigan.

He received his B.A. degree at Taylor University in Upland, Indiana, where he served churches at Millgrove and Williamsburg. He received his B.D. degree from the United Methodist School of Theology in Delaware, Ohio. He was appointed Associate Pastor at First Church in Saginaw, Michigan. It was there that he became a chaplain for the V. A. Medical Center in 1966. He served hospitals in Saginaw, Tuskegee, Alabama; Waco, Texas; Danville, Illinois; New Orleans, Louisiana; Albuquerque, New Mexico; and Bay Pines, Florida, from which he retired December 31, 1986.

Reverend Williams was married to Thelma Butterworth in 1944. They had two children, Jay and LaVern and four grandchildren.

Reverend Williams died July 11, 1991, after a long illness. He was buried in the National Cemetery at Bushnell, Florida on July 15, 1991.

We had a wonderful life together. I have no regrets.

Thelma Williams

JAMES W. WILSON (1909 - 1991)

He served me as a child. I was a child in the Hartzell Church of the Slidell circuit when a medium height dark skinned man came to serve us as pastor. I remember the people in the congregation saying that the parsonage was full of children. It was, and how J. W. loved those children. I also remember J. W.'s never ending sense of humor and how he always would sneak a joke in here or there and laugh with everyone else while they were laughing. I was a child in my grandparents home and when sickness came upon them, there was J. W. coming to visit and to offer encouragement. Not only was he a pastor, but he was also a teacher who worked with the Sunday School and I still remember the songs and games he taught us in Vacation Bible School. He served us for three years before leaving to go to Mansfield.