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OF THE

METHODIST CHURCH

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Union Methodist Church
Wilmington, Delaware

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BISHOP CLARE PURCELLPresident
W. L. BECKWITHSecretary
G. H. FIGUERONConference Host

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and Betterton, Sudlersville, Bridge-
sland, Ingleside, and after his re-
pastor at St. John's, Seaford.
'My mind to me a kingdom is,' and
open mind to the truth which makes
the Academy, at Iliff Summer School
seminars of our own Conference, he
knowledge and anxious for the best

an gentleman. Intimate fellowship
had been with Jesus and had learned
in his face would shine as he sang.

power just now,
one."

influence with his fellowman.
her, loyal and always considerate of
cherish the memory of his wonderful
by the inheritance of a good name,

1948, in the parsonage home of his
d., he received the call, "Well done,
the joy of thy Lord."

on Church, Bridgeville, Delaware, on
rk, in charge of the pastor, the Rev.
the Rev. Ralph C. Jones of Laurel.
ow, the music and beautiful flowers,
ministers and many friends, were a
of service for others. His body was
at Denton, Md.

widow, three sons, John C. and Robert
ille, a daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Hunter
gate of Long Island, N. Y., a brother,
elve grandchildren.
was read:

who day by day
on the narrow way,
to friend and foe,
turners in their woe.
i, but always said,
eals, the Living Bread.'
daily life
rid of sin and strife.
owers fair,
hide a treasure rare.
earts for him we weep,
His beloved, sleep."

And so we all say,

"Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast.
We loved you well, but Jesus loved you best,
Good night, Good night, Good night."

MELVIN E. WHEATLEY

ARTHUR GEORGE THOMAS

Arthur George Thomas was born in Salem, New Jersey on the 13th day of August, 1879. A little more than 68 years later, on the 28th day of August in 1947, he left the changing scenes of Earth for the broader vistas of an unchanging Eternity. Toiling thus at the anvil of human destiny, within the brief span of his allotted time on Earth, he wrought out a life of useful service, and settled the destination of his never-dying soul.

He spent the days of his childhood and youth amid the peaceful surroundings of the New Jersey countryside, in and near his native town of Salem.

At the threshold of young manhood he met Miss Jane Adella Moore, who in due season became his beloved wife and the faithful companion of the future years. In the course of time, 5 boys were born into their home; Herschel, Howard, Everett, Jesse, and Ronald. During the early years of his married life, he worked in a glass factory where he achieved considerable skill in the art of glass making. But God had other plans in store for him.

One day he came to the cross-roads of spiritual decision and yielded his life to Jesus Christ. It was not long afterwards that his awakened soul felt the call to preach the gospel. In obedience to the Heavenly Invitation, he went forth as an evangelist—calling lost men home to God. In the year 1924, Arthur George Thomas entered the honored ranks of the lay ministry in the New Jersey Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Two years later he left New Jersey and crossed the Delaware River to become a co-worker with his ministerial brethren of the Wilmington Conference. At the 1926 session of Conference, he was assigned to Vienna, Maryland. Houston, Delaware was his next appointment. He served Queens-town, Marydel and Crapo in Maryland, before returning to the State of Delaware to finish his ministry at Whitesville.

Several significant events marked his last pastorate of 11 years among the Whitesville people. On August 12, 1939 his wife, Jane Adella Thomas, passed through the portals of death and entered into the Eternal World. After traveling the road of human loneliness for nearly 15 months, Brother Thomas was united in marriage to a widow of exemplary Christian Character—Mrs. Adella Marshall Griffith. This marriage took place October 30, 1940, and proved to be a very happy union.

At Christmas time in 1941, his son Herschel, a veteran of World War II, was called from the scenes of Earth. His death was deeply mourned not only by his father, but by his wife and four children, the eldest of whom is looking forward to entering the Christian ministry. The tragic passing of his eldest son was severe blow to Brother Thomas.

And now the ravages of disease began to make their inroads upon his body. During the last months of his pastorate in Whitesville, Brother Thomas was unable to carry out his full duties as pastor of the charge. For a considerable period of time he was confined to his bed. But the suffering warrior of the Cross was not left to bear his burdens alone. He was strengthened by his faith in God, encouraged by the tender care of his beloved wife, and cheered by the generosity and kindly ministrations of the loyal Whitesville people.

At the Conference in May, 1947, after 23 years of faithful service, he received the retired relationship. Brother Thomas spent his last days in Salisbury, Maryland, at the home of his wife's daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Lee Ennis. These young people together with Mrs. Thomas proved the sincerity of their love by showing him every kindness and consideration, up to the very end.

On the 28th day of August, 1947, Arthur George Thomas left this vale of mortal suffering and entered into the presence of his Lord. Funeral services were held in the old Line Church on Whitesville charge. Dr. Thomas C. Mulligan, District Superintendent of Dover District had charge of the service and preached the sermon. He was assisted by several of his Brother Ministers.

A host of people from far and near crowded the church to pay their tribute of love and respect to this faithful preacher of the gospel whom they were honored to call their friend. With tender hands we laid him to rest in the Line Cemetery beside the mortal remains of his first wife, Jane Adella Thomas.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Adella Marshall Thomas, four sons—Howard, Everett, Jesse, and Ronald, several grandchildren, and a stepdaughter Malinda (Mrs. Carroll Lee Ennis) who cared for him in his last illness with a daughter's loving devotion.

Brother Arthur Thomas was a faithful and earnest preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ. He was gifted with the power to express his thoughts from the pulpit in forceful and impressive language that made his sermons live in the hearts of his hearers. Only Eternity will reveal how many were those trophies of redeeming grace who found the Saviour through his preaching and ministry.

Naturally endowed with a sunny disposition, he found it easy to make friends wherever he went. The genial warmth of his heart made others feel at home in his presence. He was tender and affectionate toward his family, cordial and kindly toward his neighbors and friends, and sympathetic and helpful toward those in trouble and need. All his relationships in life were enriched by his spirit of Christian love and friendship.

A number of years ago, the writer of this memoir enjoyed the generous hospitality of Brother Thomas at his home in Queenstown. This pastor and his wife showed to me every kindness and consideration that could be given to a well-beloved son—although at the time I was just a stranger in a strange community. The friendship that began with this experience has continued through the years and reaches out beyond the borderline of Earth into the land where friendships never cease.

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ARTHUR GEORGE THOMAS, our dear friend and brother minister, has exchanged the tasks and toils of Earth for the spiritual realities of the Eternal World. Those who loved him and labored with him in the work of the Christian ministry here on Earth share the bright hope that one day we shall meet him again in the "Land of Fadeless Day." This great hope is ours through faith in the Blood of the Crucified Redeemer, whose we are and whom we serve.

"Forever blessed they
 Whose joyful feet shall stand,
 While endless ages waste away,
 Amid that glorious land.
 My soul would thither tend
 While toilsome years are given
 Then let me, gracious God, ascend
 To sweet repose in heaven."

JAMES F. LANGRALL

FRANK WHITE

Some years ago Sylvester Horne, a noted English preacher, gave the Yale Divinity School lectures on Preaching under the subject of "The Romance of Preaching." Every preacher knows something of what he meant. It is not just the fascination of the unknown, the unexpected, the continual variety of personalities and emotions with which the preacher has to deal, but the bewildering and sometimes impossible happenings from the presence and power of the Divine. These make any sermon, any pastoral call, any day or year, any ministry a thing of very real and wonderful romance.

The ministry of Frank White, of the Wilmington Conference and later, of the Peninsula Conference, is a very remarkable instance of this romance. Working in the American Car and Foundry Company in Wilmington, he was 36 years of age when the call of God came to him as a layman in Epworth Church under the gracious influence of that gentle man of God, Luther Poole, to preach the Gospel. He was without educational background, except for the public schools of the city, and past the age limit for admission set by the Conference. His age required a two-thirds vote of the Conference, but when he came up for admission after serving two years under the Presiding Elder and passing his examinations with great credit, he was accepted by a unanimous vote. And this confidence both in the family from which he came, five members of which were in the ministry either as members of the Conference or as local preachers, and in the gifts and graces of Frank himself has been abundantly justified.

How a man of the age when habits are supposed to be pretty well set, with no preparation from the schools, could give himself to a new work so different in every way from the old, and make of himself a scholar familiar with old and new thought, and a very pleasing and cultured speaker, with a rich and fruitful ministry of twenty-eight years, will always stand as one of the great romances of our Conference.

Born August 20, 1876, of John and Louisa Proudfoot White, he was married in 1901 to Estella Dance, of Wilmington. Four daughters were