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**OF THE**  
**METHODIST CHURCH**

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**Fifth Session**

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**McCabe Memorial Methodist Church**  
**Wilmington, Delaware**

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**May 17 - 21, 1944**

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**BISHOP EDWIN H. HUGHES** ..... **President**  
**J. R. BICKING** ..... **Secretary**  
**E. J. BOND** ..... **Conference Host**

## VII MEMOIRS

### JAMES HARRISON WILSON

Another of the veteran standard bearers of the Peninsula Conference has failed to answer at the Annual Roll-Call, and has gone to join the ranks of the ascended soldiers of that victorious army of the King of kings, in the land prepared for just men made perfect; at home with God.

The Rev. James Harrison Wilson, retired member of Peninsula Conference of the Methodist Church, passed from his earthly home at number nine Spruce Avenue, Elsmere, Del. on June sixth 1943. Brother Wilson was born at Monie in Somerset County, Maryland, on July 25th, 1862, thus began this long life that swept through eighty eventful years, he might have sung with the sainted Alfred Cookman,

"Who, Who, are they just on the  
Border of the silent grave,  
Shouting glory, power to save,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

These, these, are they who in their youthful  
Days sought Jesus early in His wisdom  
Ways, now shouting glory power to save,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Converted when eleven years of age, he gave sixty-nine years to the service of the King. Brother Wilson started in the right time, namely, in the days of childhood; thus giving his whole life in the service of the King, and now has swept through the gates of the City Celestial washed in the blood of the lamb. Brother Wilson had a good start in the right way, he was well born, the son of Isaac Wilson and Miranda Phoebus Wilson, these were godly people and as parents they gave him such a good start that helped much, his father was a local preacher and his grand-father Lewis Phoebus was a local preacher. Family prayers and daily devotions were a part of the family life. This early training blessed brother Wilson to the end of his days.

He was given local preachers license in 1885. He attended the Old Wilmington Conference Academy, for a part of his educational preparation for the work of the ministry. He took work in the Virginia Conference in the summer of 1886 and remained there until 1892. He began as Junior Preacher on a circuit of nine churches, it was interesting to hear him tell some of his experiences while riding through those beautiful valleys of Virginia. While in Virginia he met Miss Lula M. Boxwell of Berryville, Virginia, with whom he was united in marriage June 5th, 1888, this proved to be a very happy union, they celebrated their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary on June 5th, 1943 and the next day he mounted the chariot of God as it swung low and was borne away to be with the God he loved and served through his long life here. He and this young lady he met in Berryville, Va. had a long walk together in the Christian Ministry, at their fiftieth wedding anniversary

with their family all with them, Brother Wilson said to the writer, "if I can feel as good as I do today I shall be glad to go another fifty years." He and his good wife had had a delightful journey together and this wonderful companion with whom he had walked for fifty-five years was spared to minister to him to the end. Brother Wilson had been a very healthy man while Mrs. Wilson had been sick for many years, she has been wonderfully kept by power divine and comforted by the Holy Spirit, in the certainty that they are to meet again soon in God's day without a cloud, when the shadows flee away and it shall be revealed in that light that all the handicaps of the earth life have been left behind and in His likeness and perfection we shall know as we are known. That tomorrow will be glorious.

There were born to Brother and Sister Wilson, four children, one daughter and three sons and they have been spared to bless and comfort their parents in the afternoon and evening of life. Mrs. Eveline Callaway of Richardson Park, Del., C. Fred Wilson, of Harrington, Del., H. C. Wilson, of Wilmington, Del. and J. S. Wilson, of near Talleyville, Del. There are two grand-sons, Paul Callaway and James Clayton Wilson. Brother Wilson loved children and young people and they loved and trusted him to the end.

Brother Wilson served the following charges, Leesburg and Berryville, in the Virginia Conference. In the Wilmington Conference, Parksley, Va., Preston, Hoopers Island, Tilghmans Island, Williamsburg, Georgetown Circuit, in this charge he had more than two hundred conversions in one year. Then to Beckwith & Spedden, Houston Station, Sharptown, the present church was built during his pastorate. Mt. Pleasant Circuit, Girdletree, Roxana, Bethel, Charlestown & Mt. Lebanon, at the close of this pastorate in 1927 he asked for the retired relation, this did not mean for him what is implied in the word retired, for he was still very active, many of our larger churches were glad to have him preach for them. He was an evangelist and a soul winner, this was first with him, I can almost hear him exhorting in our services and especially in our communion services. He could sing and he loved to sing, people were helped by his singing, in the midst of his sermons he would break out in joyful song.

He was a member of our Quarterly Conference at Union Church for many years, he was a helpful member in our church, he was always helpful to the pastor, we shall miss him so much.

The funeral was conducted from the McCrery Funeral Home, a large number of friends and many of his brothers in the ministry were present, Revs. W. A. Wise, V. E. Hills, Essell Thomas, A. B. Frye, Ivanhoe Willis, C. C. Harris, R. T. Thawley, J. E. Jones and the writer took part in the services and we laid the mortal body to rest in a conquered grave to wait the day when this mortal shall put on immortality and the day breaks and the shadows flee away and we shall meet again and with Brother Wilson and the redeemed sing,

"All hail the power of Jesus name:  
Let Angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

While angels stand in awe and wonder while the saints come marching in,  
singing,

"O Jesus ride on thy Kingdom is glorious,  
Over sin death and hell thou hast made  
Us victorious and His name shall be praised  
In the great congregation when the saints,  
Shall ascribe unto Him their Salvation."

"O Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchased  
Our pardon and we will praise Him again  
When we have passed over Jordan."

THOS. J. SARD.

### WILLIAM RUFUS WOODELL

Life is toil, and struggle, and privation, and suffering. Death is not always an unwelcome foe of the righteous man, but often a messenger of God and nature, who opens the door for him into the House of Many Mansions. The death of Rev. William Rufus Woodell was no calamity to him. It was a blessing. A relief! Ultimate victory! It was as natural as his birth. The Hand opened the portals into eternity and called him home. The righteous hand of God had formed him and given him entrance into life and meted out to him seventy-two years lacking twenty-one days, and then the same man is blessed when he dies. His work is done. The battle fought, the victory won. Death was a glad release.

Happy is he that heareth  
The signal of his release.  
In the bells of the holy city,  
In the chimes of eternal peace.

Rev. William R. Woodell, a native of North Carolina, was born January 23rd, 1872. In 1905 he was admitted into the membership of the Blue Ridge Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There in due order and form he was made a deacon, and an elder. Tall of stature, and strong in body, and very zealous for his Lord, he received his appointment as a commission from the Captain of our Salvation, and sallied forth to the field whether it was inviting, or was unpromising. Many of his charges demanded all of his, or any pastor's resources of body and soul. But he carried on.

He was passionately inclined to mass revivalistic work. His temperament and readiness of speech and action qualified him for this work. Pitching a tent over the mourners' bench he went into the highways and hedges, and many came to the marriage feast in response to his invitation and persuasive preaching.

It was as an evangelist, on the invitation of a former Conference colleague, that he came to the Wilmington Conference. The first time the writer heard of him, he was conducting a revival on the Mt. Vernon charge. A large number of persons professed conversion, and the church was permanently strengthened.

In 1922 he was transferred to the membership of the Wilmington Conference. He served the following charges: Pocomoke Circuit, Fruitland, Stockton, Fairmount, Roxana, St. Thomas, Mt. Pleasant, Williamsburg, and Burrsville. On these charges he made many friends. Nearly all these charges were represented at the funeral services, and though it was a most

inclement winter day they came to pay tribute to his fellowship, and work as a pastor in their midst. Poor health necessitated retirement in 1934, long before he had intended to cease as an itinerant.

He made his home in Delmar. For several years he was ill and hospitalization was required. On the third day of January nineteen forty-four "God's finger touch'd him, and he slept." He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Deborah Woodell, and the following children: Mrs. Attie Needham, Elizabeth City, N. C., Miss Joyce Woodell, Graymont, Ga., Ernest Woodell, Camp Lee, Va., Mrs. Virginia Sterling, and Mrs. Edna Bozman, Delmar, Del., Mrs. Alice Simmons, Baltimore, Md., Ensign John Woodell, New York City, N. Y., and ten grandchildren.

The funeral service was held in the First Methodist Church, Delmar, Del. The pastor of that church, Rev. John L. Johnson was in charge. Rev. Ralph C. Jones, Superintendent of the Salisbury District, and Revs. W. J. McKee, and Leon Ross, and the writer participated in the funeral ceremony. The remains were transported south to rest in the soil of his native state.

Did space allow we should enlarge upon the christian virtues of Brother Woodell. Mention must be made of the love he had for his family. He loved his children with constant devotion, and alert interest. Their welfare was ever on his mind and heart. Industry was another of his virtues. He was no drone. To support and educate his loved ones, he needed additional income. He devised ways and means, and with hard labor secured it. Those who knew him will vouch for his fellowship. Lukewarmness did not spoil his friendship. He served the Church to the best of his opportunity, and resources, and that will receive the Master's commendation, "Well Done." In the company of just men made perfect, none will wax with greater or more genuine jubilation than Brother Woodell, when they "Worship God."

I am with Thee, my God—  
Where I desire to be:  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I always am with Thee.

With Thee when dawn comes on  
And calls me back to care,  
Each day returning to begin  
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

With Thee when darkness brings  
The signal of repose;  
Calm in the shadow of thy wings  
Mine eyelids gently close.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith  
Abiding I shall be;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I always am with Thee.

### MARION WINFIELD MARINE

It was the night of the Fourth Quarterly Conference. The officials of Wesley Methodist Church, Dover, Delaware, had gathered to hear the reports of the work of the year. The District Superintendent called the Conference to order and then asked for the Pastor's report, but he was not there to give