REMEMBERING BISHOP D. T. GREGORY
by Ben F. Wade

Scarcely can I remember a time when I was unaware of Bishop D.T. Gregory. The Gregorys were friends of my parents and on occasion shared meals in my parents' home. I can remember that before he was a bishop he played baseball with me when I was a child. Bishop Gregory granted my probationer's license in September 1955. To have known him as a friend and as a bishop was a high privilege.

During my student days at United Theological Seminary, Bishop and Mrs. Gregory’s daughter, Mrs. Thelma Jackson, “adopted” those of us from the Virginia Conference, kept close check on us, had us to her home for meals, and encouraged us to call her “Mom.” Coming to know and to love Thelma and her daughter Sandra added greatly to the “Gregory Blessing” in my life. During that time many years ago, Mrs. Jackson provided me with details about Bishop Gregory’s life which I offer here hoping that others might also enjoy remembering this special man.

Born to Joseph Turner Gregory and Sara Ellen Fulk Gregory on July 16, 1889 in what is now Pikeside, West Virginia [near Martinsburg], David Thomas Gregory became an ardent lover of baseball and railroad trains. His parents were humble, hard-working farmers, and David grew up under the discipline of hard work. He attended a one-room school for the elementary grades, followed by the Martinsburg, West Virginia Normal School, after which he worked in a stone quarry near his home. Shortly past his mid-teens, he married Margaret L. Broy. At a revival meeting held at Pleasant Plain Church, David, in his late teens, came to know Jesus Christ as Lord of his life and decided to enter the Christian ministry.


“A friend and I had planned to drive some fifteen miles with horse and buggy to attend a dance to which we had been invited. A severe snow storm began early in the afternoon, and we decided to forego the trip. A revival was on at our church. My father was in charge of the music. He directed the choir. Naturally all the family, with the one exception, had planned to be in the meeting...”

“When my mother discovered I was going to the meeting, she elected to remain at home. Her voice lingers in my ear yet as I heard her say to my father, ‘Joe, I don’t believe I will go with you tonight.’ When Dad expressed concern about her being alone, she replied, ‘that will be all right. Perhaps I can do more good here.’

“That night, in that revival service, God spoke to me concerning my rebellious attitude toward his call... my heart answered back in the affirmative and my whole life was completely changed.”

When David first went to Shenandoah Collegiate Institute (now Shenandoah University) to complete his high school and college preparatory training, his wife stayed behind since she was not convinced that David should be a minister. Within the next few years, however, she also gave her life to the Lord and joined her husband at Shenandoah.

By the time David finished his work at Shenandoah College, the couple had a baby daughter, Thelma Davideah. The next stop was Lebanon Valley College where David intended to earn his bachelor’s degree. The family arrived in Annville with only twenty-six cents, and used orange crates for furniture. While at Lebanon Valley, David and Margaret worked at several jobs along with David’s pastorate at Bethany, Pennsylvania. Graduating in 1917, the Gregorys went directly to Bonebrake Theological Seminary in Dayton, Ohio, graduating in 1920. Many years later David received honorary doctorates from Lebanon Valley, Albright, and Otterbein colleges.
For two years following seminary graduation, David was associate editor of the *Religious Telescope*. He was named president of Shenandoah College in 1922 at the age of 33. While president for only four years, he expanded the faculty and the curriculum and led the college to its first regional accreditation as a junior college. In 1926 he accepted a call to succeed Fred L. Dennis as pastor of Euclid Avenue United Brethren (UB) Church in Dayton, where he remained for ten years. In 1932, he also began serving as Superintendent of the Miami Conference.

In 1937 he was elected Executive Secretary of the denomination’s Board of Administration (later to be called the Council of Administration) where he was a major force in guiding the UB Church toward the 1946 union with the Evangelical Church. Elected Bishop in the Evangelical United Brethren (EUB) Church in 1950, he served the East Central area with distinction until a tragic automobile accident took the lives of both Bishop and Mrs. Gregory on December 27, 1956.

All who knew Bishop Gregory found him to be a person of humility, compassion, and integrity. The numerous articles and pamphlets which he authored revealed evangelism and stewardship to be two of his chief passions. As an appropriate summary of Bishop Gregory’s character, here is a quotation from his successor, Bishop J. Gordon Howard, printed in the 1957 Virginia Conference Minutes: “It was clearly seen by all around him that he was a man of God. He prayed fervently and frequently, not as a recluse, but as one who sought wisdom and power to better serve the people. He was a practical saint. There was nothing at all offensively sanctimonious about Bishop Gregory. He had fun. He could laugh uproariously. He was full of jokes on occasion. But there was a line he did not cross. There was never a suggestion of crudeness or coarseness. He never made fun at the expense of others. His sermons, his conversation, his writing, his counseling, his participation in business meetings always held high the Christ whom he served.”

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**The Evangelical United Brethren Church in Sierra Leone**

by Lowell Gess

Sierra Leone (meaning lion mountain) was founded in 1787 by a philanthropic British company as a home for freed slaves. In 1808 the British crown took over administration of the colony. After the British abolished slavery, their ships patrolled the African coast forcing slave ships into Freetown (Sierra Leone) where the slaves were freed. Many of these ex-slaves were not natives of Sierra Leone, and some were already Christianized. The Church Missionary Society had been founded in 1799 by men involved in the company that founded Sierra Leone. In 1804 Sierra Leone became the first area on the West Coast of Africa to receive modern missionary efforts, primarily to the ex-slaves along the coast. These people were called Krios (Creoles).

For many years the British tried to use the Krios as intermediaries between the British and the tribes further inland (primarily the Temne and the Mende). This eventually proved to be unsuccessful because the Temne and Mende peoples came to resent the Krios. When the British proclaimed a Protectorate over the hinterland in 1896, the Temne and Mende realized their freedom and culture were threatened. The result was a revolution called the Hut Tax War of 1898. One of the major causes of this war was the imposition of a tax placed on the huts of the people in the hinterland to defray the cost of colonial administration. The tribes interpreted this tax as a loss of their homes and revolted.

During the Hut Tax War the Mende in the southern part of the country attempted to eliminate the Krios and the British from their region. Over 1,000 people were killed, including the United Brethren (UB) missionaries mentioned in the following article. The revolution was suppressed by the British, but the role of the Krios people as intermediaries ended and British officials assumed this role. From 1910 to the end of World War II the British maintained stability in the country. Sierra Leone became an independent country in 1951.

In 1854 the Parent Missionary Society of the United Brethren Church (UB) made plans to send a missionary to Africa. On January 23, 1855, three preachers, W. J. Shuey, D. K. Flickinger, and D. C. Kumler (also a physician) sailed for Freetown, Sierra Leone. By June, 1855, Shuey and Kumler returned to the United States because of ill health. Flickinger successfully established a mission station in Sherbond (along the coast) before he, too, needed to return to America for health reasons. All American missionaries were forced to leave the country by 1869, delivering the leadership of the UB mission station to a Sierra Leonean, J. A. Williams.

No plans were made to send other missionaries to Sierra Leone until African-Americans Joseph and Mary Gomer volunteered in 1871. The Mission Society was
advised that because of their African heritage, the Gomers might live and work in the difficult climate and surroundings of Sierra Leone. While they experienced some health setbacks, their work was “phenomenal,” and they were credited with being the most influential in truly establishing the mission in Sierra Leone. Joseph Gomer died in 1892 after twenty-one years of glorious ministry. Another African-American couple, Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Evans, assisted the Gomers and, along with David Flickinger Wilberforce, a native-born African, were the dominant personalities in developing the Shenge (on the coast south of Freetown) training school established to develop native leadership.

In 1875 work was extended to Rotifunk on the Bumpe River when Miss Emily Beeken spent nineteen months followed by Mrs. M. M. Mair from Glasgow, Scotland. It was a concern of British authorities in Freetown that these ladies were living alone during their times of service. In October 1882 Dr. and Mrs. Richard N. West arrived in Rotifunk to serve until his death in 1894, probably from malaria. From 1877 until May 1898 the Women’s Missionary Association sent eighteen people, mostly unmarried women, to Sierra Leone where they performed effective work in evangelism, teaching, and medicine. Most of these missionaries lived and served at Rotifunk.

During the Hut Tax War in 1898, six missionaries were stationed at Rotifunk: Dr. Marietta Hatfield, Nurse Ella Schenck, Dr. Mary Archer, Rev. Isaac and Mary Mutch Cain, and Arthur Ward. All but Arthur Ward were killed in the Rotifunk massacre that was part of this war. Ward’s life was spared because of a trip he had made to Freetown to secure funds to pay the station workers. At Taiama Rev. and Mrs. L. A. McGrew were martyred two days after the massacre at Rotifunk.

Despite these deaths, and with hardly a pause, other missionaries filled the ranks of the martyrs, and the missionary outreach of the UB Church prospered. Down through the ages the Church has been built upon the blood of martyrs, whether in the Roman arena or in the outposts of Rotifunk and Taiama. Martyrdom did not end with Calvary. The decision to erect the Harford School for Girls and the Albert Academy for Boys was taken shortly after the arrival of Rev. and Mrs. J. R. King on October 7, 1898.

The Martyrs Memorial Church in Rotifunk was dedicated in 1902, and the Hatfield-Archer Dispensary was dedicated in 1904. This dispensary served for many years until it was replaced by a magnificent hospital dedicated in February, 1951. Work among the Krios resulted in the King Memorial Church.

Up country in Kono land (the northeastern part of the country—in the hinterland) the Rev. J. Hal Smith and the Rev. D. H. Caulker were establishing a UB presence in the early years of the century. Following Smith’s untimely death in 1915, Pastor Caulker continued the work and in the following years was joined by a host of other missionary evangelists, teachers, nurses, and doctors. After World War I a certain amount of stability allowed the UB missions in Sierra Leone to continue their growth and service. During the interwar period leadership of the mission efforts was provided by Walter Schutz, Charles Leader, and Clyde Galow. In 1946, with the merger of the UB and Evangelical churches, more resources were available for the work in Sierra Leone. These were increased even more by the 1968 merger between the Methodist and the EUB churches. The church in Sierra Leone adopted the rules and Discipline of the United Methodist Church (UMC) and is known as the Sierra Leone Conference of the United Methodist Church.

In addition to the hospital at Rotifunk, clinics and maternity units were started at Taiama, Jaiama, Manjama, Moyamba, Yonibana, and other stations. In Freetown the Kissy Health and Maternity Center was developed and in 1984 the Kissy UMC Eye Hospital was dedicated. The United Brethren program and its successors placed a strong emphasis on education with the establishment of primary and secondary schools. There were 212 primary and sixteen secondary schools in the country as of mid-2001—although many of them were in need of repairs and equipment replacement in the wake of the civil war that erupted in Sierra Leone in 1991. This emphasis on education, it is felt, contributed in a large part to the meteoric growth of the UB—EUB—UMC movement that presently is the largest Protestant denomination in Sierra Leone.

At one time Freetown was referred to as the “Athens of West Africa” hosting Fourah Bay College, the first institution of higher education in that part of the
African continent. During the final stages of the recent civil war, on January 6, 1999 the college was invaded by the Revolutionary United Front (RUF). Many buildings of the college were burned and looted. Systematic murder, torture, looting, and rape occurred. In fact, killings had been ritualized during the civil war and terror instituted to subjugate the populace of the entire country. This subjugation consisted of crude amputations of hands, feet, lips, ears, and noses, not only of men but also of innocent women and children. These acts were frequently carried out by child soldiers.

Many schools and churches were destroyed or damaged during this decade of revolutionary violence. Uprooted, many people of Sierra Leone lost all of their possessions and were bereft of food, shelter, and medicine. Several hundred thousand people took flight to other countries as refugees and an estimated one million people were displaced internally. The UMC under the leadership of Bishop Joseph C. Humper has been a major force in attempting to return stability to this country in disarray, and Bishop Humper is presently in the forefront of its reconstruction.

By mid-year 2001 there were 17,000 United Nations peacekeepers in Sierra Leone under the direction of UN military commanders. The RUF is indicating a desire for demobilization and a political settlement aimed at a permanent peace in the country. Regulation of the diamond mining industry is a major factor in giving peace a chance in Sierra Leone. The people of Sierra Leone have the moral fiber to achieve such a peace.

### Authors of This Issue

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### Negotiating to Beat the Devil

by James D. Nelson

The issues surrounding church finance and ministerial compensation are many and various and they are often approached with uncertainty and amidst conflict. United Brethren (UB) practice in the middle of the 19th century seems to have been no exception to this rule. Agricultural and industrial shifts immediately after the Civil War created a financial climate that frequently pitted the interests of frugal laymen against the needs of their ministers in this key matter. To this one must add a longstanding and pervasive suspicion of clergy and their motivation for entering the ministry. Something like a “poverty test” seems to have been in effect with the UB and similar denominations. In short, one could with certainty only trust the authentic “calling” of preachers paid so poorly that only God’s irresistible call could explain their embrace of that vocation.

Ways these conflicting interests were resolved must also have been many and various, but in the biographical literature of the period we find what seems a phantom practice, the so-called “financial meeting.” From the 1907 autobiography of Rev. Fletcher Thomas of the St. Joseph Conference we have a detailed account of such a meeting and its outcome. The son of Rev. Jonathan Thomas, UB preacher in Ohio and Indiana for sixty years, Fletcher was thirty-seven years of age and had already served as an itinerant preacher for fifteen years at the time of the meeting in question. This is his story as he told it.

At the conference of 1868, Buchanan, Michigan, J[onathan] Weaver presiding, I was appointed to what was called Clear Creek Circuit [northeastern Indiana], including what is now South Whitley, Goblesville, and Pleasant circuits, embracing at that time ten appointments. There were but three church-houses on the charge when I first went to it; I usually filled three appointments every Sabbath, and often was in two Sabbath schools. Soon after I came to the charge I held my financial meeting; all the appointments were represented, and seemed pleased that I was sent to their charge in harmony with their request. They requested me to state what I demanded as a financial consideration; being a little timid, I asked only five hundred dollars. This shocked them; they thought they could not pay it; the most they had ever paid was three hundred and fifty dollars. I said, “All right, you do not have to pay more.” Then I began to feel a little more independent, and was sorry that I had not asked them six hundred dollars. They finally said: “We will make it four hundred dollars. You go on with the work; we have never allowed the ministers to starve.” I said: “You are abundantly able to pay what I have offered to receive as my salary. I am standing for the protection of my wife and children.” Finally, they came up to four hundred and fifty dollars, and said,
“That is all we will pay.” I said, “If that is your decision, you had better adjourn.” A brother said, “You will come out all right.”

A motion to adjourn was in order, but they insisted that I go on with the work and I would come out well. I said, “That kind of work and conduct made paupers of my mother and her children; you will not do the same with my wife and children.”

FLETCHER AND MARY JANE

I then opened a letter sent me from Three Rivers, Michigan, from the district I had served two years before, signed by five responsible, wealthy men, and as binding as a note, offering me six hundred dollars and a good house in which to live. I read the letter and said, “You will advantage me at least one hundred and fifty dollars if you do not meet my demands.” In less than five minutes they had raised my salary to five hundred and thirty-two dollars, saying, “You are not going.” I said: “I am here by the appointment of the conference, and you have met my demands and more; I am your pastor. By the blessing of God, and your sympathy and cooperation, we will see souls saved this year. The next thing, you must furnish me a house in which to live.” There were three or four old cabin houses which had been vacated by their occupants to keep from freezing, or they were driven out by other occupants with which they were not on friendly terms. While they were trying to decide which of the houses would be most convenient, I said: “Brethren, it is not worth while talking about those old cabins; I do not intend to put my family in any one of them. My wife has nearly broken herself down cleaning up such old cabins.” “Well, brother, these are all the houses that we have on the charge.”

“Roanoke is only three miles from my charge; I expect to live where I shall have school privileges for my children.” They said: “We cannot rent you a house in Roanoke; it will cost at least one hundred dollars.” “Well,” I replied, “You get me a comfortable house, and all it costs over eighty dollars I will pay.” They finally said, “You go and rent the house.” “No, you brethren rent the house; I am good for twenty dollars if you pay my salary.” This being settled I said: “Now brethren, the work is large; it is necessary that you move me to the charge at once. I wish to commence a revival meeting in two weeks.” One brother said, “You do not expect us to move you to the charge, do you?” I replied, “That is the law of the Church.” Another brother said, “Thomas, you are a little tough.” I said, “Is it harder for the whole circuit to move me than to move myself?” Seeing they were in for the moving expenses, I was moved at the expense of the charge, and in two weeks was in a revival meeting, resulting in the conversion of many, the number I do not now recall.

[A Sketch of the Life and Labors of Rev. Fletcher Thomas, written by himself, (Dayton: 1907) pp.127-129.]

Although Thomas introduces “financial meeting” as a term familiar to his readers, it is nowhere to be found in the UB Disciplines of the period. The Discipline then in effect (1865) sets the context in church law and goes far to explain what was actually taking place at this meeting. The Quarterly Conference had final authority in these financial matters.

Section XVII. Quarterly Conference
Ques[tion] 2. What is the business of the quarterly conference?
Ans[wer] 6. To make settlement with the stewards and traveling preachers (p. 70).
Section XXI. Preachers’ Salaries.
1. The annual allowance of a traveling bishop or preacher, if he has no family, shall be one hundred and fifty dollars, and his traveling expenses; if he has a family, it shall be three hundred dollars, his traveling expenses and house rent.
2. When an itinerant preacher is so circumstanced, as to the place and expense of living, that the above provision will not meet his necessary wants ... if he be a circuit or stationed preacher, it shall be the duty of the quarterly conference to grant to him allowance additional to the above provisions . . . .
3. It shall be the duty of a circuit or station, when a preacher is sent to it by annual conference, to move said preacher on such circuit or station at its own expense (pp. 83-5).

But the meeting described does not seem to have been a meeting of the Quarterly Conference but rather a meeting of what in the 1865 Discipline was termed an “estimating committee.”
Section X: Organization of the Itinerancy and the Manner of Sustaining It.

Question 2. What shall be done for the support of itinerants?

Answer 1. The quarterly conference at its last session in each year, shall appoint an estimating committee for the ensuing year; which committee shall meet at the time and place specified by the preacher appointed to the charge for the ensuing year, and make out an estimate of the regular expenses of the circuit, station, or mission, and apportion the same among the different appointments according to their several abilities (pp. 46-48).

These disciplinary provisions reveal Brother Thomas' negotiation at his "financial meeting" in the clear light of his needs and his constraints. They also show the perspective of "the brethren" as they came to terms with his demands.

One puzzle remains at the end. Given the declared primacy of his commitment to saving souls in his projected "revival meeting," how was it that he recalls the details of his negotiating to the dollar but must admit of the "many" converted, "the number I do not now recall?" Charity dictates our conclusion that although "beating the Devil" was commonplace in his ministry, the sort of negotiations he describes were not!

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**GRASSROOTS VOICES HEARD**

"The EUB Experience" is a new round of oral history interviews now envisioned by the Center. Two decades ago we heard eighty-nine selected church leaders. Now we seek "grassroots" voices. Our aim: From as broad and balanced a perspective as possible to capture and preserve the memories of grassroots EUB ministers and laity regarding what their church was for them and how it affected their lives. A volunteer "facilitator" in each of five regions will recruit interviewers, select persons to be interviewed and will also administer the process of obtaining the recorded interviews. We are now developing and testing this approach with a pilot project in the upper Midwest.

As a reader of the *T-M* what can you do? You can let us know of your interest in this project. We especially need to be reminded of those who simply must be interviewed. Please advise us! Tell us what you think!

Write to: The EUB Experience, Center for the EUB Heritage, United Theological Seminary, 1810 Harvard Blvd., Dayton, OH 45406-4599

Phone: 937-294-0538, Email <jnelson@united.edu>

In this effort we will also incur expenses not covered by our regular budget. If you wish to contribute make checks to: EUB Center, UTS and send to the above address.

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**LITTLE VALLEYS**

by Ruth Stambach

"Little valleys." Beautiful little valleys high up in the mountains of northern New Mexico. But as the camera pans in, one sees the little village of Vallecitos (little valleys) as a fading, dying community. Many houses are boarded up. The Roman Catholic Church is decaying. The once flourishing grocery store crumbles. There are scattered, inhabited buildings most of which have padlocked chains around their gateposts. Dogs, big dogs, bark to ward off the approach of strangers. There is still a post office.

**VALLECITOS CHURCH**

This is where our work team went last fall because the people who bought the mission property in this town, the Madera Products Association, included in their deed a clause to save the old United Brethren (UB) mission church. The church needed a lot of work done to it. We were volunteers in Mission. We were looking for a mission project. This was it.

Last September, a year after our first visit, some of us flew to Albuquerque, New Mexico, rented a car and journeyed north to Espanola where we were to stay. Others drove and brought their own tools to work with. We soon found out after communicating with the people in charge that any tools we didn’t have would either have to be borrowed from McCurdy [School] or rented in Espanola. The two big pieces we rented were a floor-sander and a weed-eater because our first day’s preview of the work to be done spoke volumes.

Saying we sanded the floor and applied coats of polyurethane could sum up our whole effort. We also cleaned up the weeds growing in the yard. But that would be much too mundane. We would rather have you laugh with us at the expense of Emily, who wanted to pick up lunch at the "cantina" rather than pack a lunch before leaving McCurdy. "No, Emily, we are going to Vallecitos. There is no cantina! What we don’t take, we don’t eat."

Or you could look over our shoulders as we sorted through the contents of the bookshelves, finding old
Women's Missionary Association records and literature, old Spanish hymnbooks, and old Sunday School materials. And then, the real find--several guest-books full of signatures over the years, including those of several people who either were then or would become bishops in our church.

You could go along as I walked several hundred feet on the road to the west in search of Sandy’s house. We needed a key to get into the mission church. I missed a landmark, went too far and wasn’t sure what to do when big dogs came to scowl at me. I felt relieved when the master came to my rescue and cordially pointed out Sandy’s house. You could be noble, along with our men who gave up their “touristy” trip to Sante Fe on Saturday, and go back to Vallecitos to put on another coat of polyurethane.

Oh, yes, one other thing before the last day. You could have spent hours meticulously sanding the carved front door of the church, slowly bringing its beauty back close to the original form. Or, you might have been drafted to be the one to clean the seat of the outhouse enough to serve our purposes. Maybe it would be your lot to pilot the weed-eater or carry the weeds to the back of the building or clear the lilac bush and the many nasty weeds out of the fence row. If you were lucky, you could move church pews, run the sander, and apply the polyurethane.

The most touching moment was on the last day. We thought it would be meaningful to us if we had the first worship service after the restoration. As it turned out, the floor was still wet so we couldn’t meet in the church building. Instead, we met under the tamarack tree in the yard. In the meantime, the two sisters who are a part of the Association came by to present us with beautiful certificates of appreciation for our work. We were thrilled! We asked them to stay with us for our devotions. They did—even participating in the spoken prayers for the community and the church. As we prayed, one of the ladies noticed the arrival of turkey hawks (buzzards). They circled low, as if centering in on something, and then, at the close of the prayer, flew away. We all have our little miracles.

We left a letter for the community of Vallecitos telling them how we were blessed by our work there and suggesting the building might be the vehicle for some community-creating activities and the source of future blessings from God.

**BACK ISSUES OF THE Telescope-Messenger**

The reader can find a complete listing of contents for all back numbers of this newsletter and also a form that may be used to order any desired issues on the Center's website: <www.united.edu/eubcenter>

**BISHOP J. GORDON HOWARD'S VISIT TO HIS BIRTHPLACE**

by Javan R. Corl

Bishop J. Gordon Howard was the elder son of United Brethren missionaries, Dr. Alfred and Mary Day Stevenson Howard. Bishop Howard, born December 3, 1899, was the only Evangelical United Brethren bishop who could claim the distinction of being born in Japan. With the exception of two years during the Russo-Japanese War, he lived in Japan until he was twelve.

Bishop Howard did not have the opportunity to return to the land of his birth until the late 1960s when a short trip to Tokyo allowed him to preach one sermon in the city of his birth. I was honored to be asked to interpret his sermon into Japanese. That sermon was delivered in Tokyo’s Denenchofu Church, the largest church in Japan to have been a part of the pre-World War II Japan Evangelical denomination.

On that one Sunday afternoon Bishop Howard had in Tokyo he asked a slight favor of me. Would I help him find the area in Tokyo where he had lived as a boy. He wanted to see if any of the house he used to call “home” might yet be standing. This was not a difficult request to fulfill when he told me the name of the church next door to the house where he had lived.

That church today is called the Ebisu Church of the United Church of Christ in Japan and is only a twelve- or thirteen-minute walk from the Ebisu railroad station in Tokyo. As we drew closer to the neighborhood of the erstwhile mission residence, there was more sparkle in the Bishop’s eyes as he recognized some of the streets and landmarks that had survived the bombing during World War II.

At last we found what remained of the old house. Most of it was gone, and the small part still standing was not fit for habitation. The Bishop seemed happy, however, to know that at least part of his boyhood home remained standing. Today none of the dwelling remains, and the property is in the hands of the Japan Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Few, if any, of the people who worship each Sunday in the Ebisu Church are aware that next door a bishop used to play as a boy.

**MEMBERSHIP IN THE CENTER**

Persons wishing to take or to renew membership should send their check or money order made to the chosen amount and marked as indicated below to the Center for the Evangelical United Brethren Heritage. **Member ($10-24.99); Supporting Member ($25-49.99); Newcomer-Seybert Associate ($50-99.99); Albright-Otterbein Patron ($100-499.99); or Life Member ($500 or more)** Any amount exceeding ten dollars is a deductible contribution.
ANECDOTAGE

I was ordained by Bishop Grant D. Batdorf in a picturesque little church in Singers Glen, Virginia, in 1933. This handsome man looked like a bishop and was always my ideal of what a bishop should be. He was a profound preacher and a great storyteller. It was easy to see that he enjoyed life and fellowship with people. He appointed me to my first parish, and later I served as a superintendent of the Virginia Conference under him when we shared laughter and tears together in the appointment process.

Lydia was the bishop’s charming wife who attended all the sessions of the annual conference. She had a fascination for hats in a day when hats were “sights to behold.” She wore a different hat for every session of the annual conference.

When I was the college pastor of Shenandoah College, Bishop Batdorf preached for the baccalaureate service. Following the service the Batdorfs headed for their home in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, one hundred and fifty miles away. Somewhere along the way, perhaps fifty miles away, Lydia remembered that she had forgotten her hats. I often wondered what the Bishop said to her when she informed him of her dereliction.

In 1945 Bishop Batdorf retired and moved to Dayton, Ohio, to be near his daughter. Some years after that, when I was pastor of the Otterbein College Church, I invited the Bishop to preach in the church for one of our special anniversaries. Following the worship service the Bishop and his wife came to our home for one of Emma’s special Sunday dinners. It was a delightful experience with the sharing of many happy memories.

In the midst of our laughter I asked the Bishop if he remembered the time when his wife forgot her hats. Of course he remembered it. Then I said something like this: “I have always wanted to know what you said to your wife when she told you she had forgotten her hats. I hesitated to ask you when you were my bishop because I was afraid you might move me to Siberia. But now you can’t do that, so what did you say?” There followed his usual belly laugh, and he replied, “I said to her exactly what you would have said to your wife.”

--Millard J. Miller

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