

Items of information, inspiration, and entertainment from the June issue of TOGETHER, which will reach readers on May 15. You are free to use any part of this monthly release. - Editors

FOR RELEASE: May 8

THREE HISTORIC METHODIST CHURCHES

Since this year marks the 175th anniversary of the founding of the Methodist Church as an organized church in America, attention is being focused on three historical meetinghouses that played important roles in Methodism's formative days.

They are Lovely Lane Chapel of Baltimore, John Street Church of New York, and St. George's Church of Philadelphia.

Old paintings and drawings of these churches are reproduced in a four-color copyrighted pictorial spread in the June issue of Methodism's new family magazine, TOGETHER.

It was at Lovely Lane Chapel on Christmas Eve, 1784, that leaders of Methodism in America met to organize their "societies" formally into a church. Today's structure, built in 1886, was designed by the famous architect, Stanford White, and is considered the purest example of ecclesiastical Etruscan architecture in the United States.

In it is housed a museum that contains relics of the first circuit riders and that is especially rich in old diaries and journals.

John Street Church was built in 1768 when New York had a population of only 15,000. It represents the first Methodist-owned church property in the United States. To finance the building, the struggling group of Methodists needed help, and they got it. Preachers in England sent 50 pounds; Philadelphia Methodists--yet to have a church of their own--raised 32 pounds; Captain Thomas Webb, a British soldier who preached on alternate Sundays with Philip Embury, subscribed 600 pounds.

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First built 191 years ago and known then as Wesley Chapel, John Street Church is an extension of the work started by Philip Embury, an Irish teacher, carpenter, and lay preacher. Two buildings preceded the present one, erected in 1841, but the pulpit Embury built for himself is still in use in the prayer room.

Here, too, are found originals of rare paintings of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, as a 13-year-old schoolboy and as an elderly but gracious parson.

St. George's Church in Philadelphia lays claim to being the "oldest Methodist church in continuous service in the world." Built originally by Dutch Presbyterians and bought in 1769, it has been menaced by fire at least twice.

In 1921, largely through the efforts of the late Bishop Thomas B. Neely, St. George's was spared again--by moving the approach site to the Delaware River bridge, then being constructed, 14 feet.

Every attempt has been made to perpetuate the building as it was when Bishop Francis Asbury termed it the "Cathedral of Methodism." A bill is in Congress to make St. George's surroundings a unit in the Independence National Historical Park.

The old pulpit is not the original used by Asbury, but a replica erected on the exact spot where Asbury preached his first sermon in America on Monday evening, October, 28, 1771.

The adjoining historical center houses 7,000 old books and manuscripts, old costumes, Methodism's oldest Communion chalice, Asbury's pulpit Bible, his spectacles, his razor, the small pistol he used to defend himself from wild animals, and many other priceless relics of the early circuit-riding days.

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SWEEPING STATEMENTS

Sam the Sexton, in the June issue of TOGETHER, Methodism's new family magazine, has these sweeping statements to make:

Two things are bad for the heart----running up stairs and running down people.

If all of us had more patience, the doctors would have fewer patients.

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Preseverance means the ability to stick to something you ain't stuck on but got stuck with.

Education may cover a lot of ground, but it doesn't always cultivate it.

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PARENTS HAVE GROWING PAINS, TOO

It hurts a parent to let her child grow up, but unless you want to cripple that child emotionally, you'll soon come to realize that in many matters you must let the child alone.

In a copyrighted article in the June issue of TOGETHER, Methodism's new family magazine, Beren G. Hale of Stanford, Conn., tells how she discovered this fact and what growing pains she and her husband experienced.

The Hales have a daughter, Jane. It was when Jane brought home her fifth-grade report that Mrs. Hale became aware of an error she was making. The report card indicated that Jane wasn't working to her capacity; a parent-teacher conference was requested.

Mrs. Hale was in the headmistress' office first thing the next morning. She informed the headmistress that since she had read books on child psychology and had attempted to practice what they told her, she was sure that any feeling of insecurity Jane might have stemmed from her school environment.

At that, the headmistress handed her a confidential report from Jane's teacher and said, "Here's something that may interest you."

"Jane is a sensitive, intelligent child who is afraid to fall below the high standards set by her mother," read the note. "The child consequently withdraws from academic and social activity. It is not Jane, but her domineering mother, who is at fault."

From that moment Mrs. Hale resolved to let her daughter have her own chance to find out how interesting life can be--even if that meant a few stumbles. But one does not stop being a domineering mother overnight.

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The years that followed were trying ones--years in high school, the time when Jane applied her first lipstick, the period when she fell in love with Bill, the days of her approaching marriage.

"Then came the evening when Jane told us she was pregnant," writes Mrs. Hale. "My husband and I ached anew as we held back advice, help, and worry. Sometime's I wondered if Bill's pride as a provider was as important as the material things her father and I could give them. And then I would remember our own first year. The making of a baby is a miracle joining husband and wife and God, and no one must dim its radiance."

Jane went to the hospital on a Tuesday evening. Through that night, the next day, and the next night the Hales waited. It was four in the morning when the doctor finally appeared.

"You have a son," he told Bill.

"Jane, how is Jane?" Mrs. Hale croaked.

"Both are fine," he smiled. And for the first time in her life, Mrs. Hale fainted.

"Later, amid the usual laughter, congratulations, and proud tears, my husband and I held hands," concludes Mrs. Hale. "Though our daughter was a parent herself, we knew we would still go on growing--sometimes in pain, but always in love."

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SO YOU'RE A WIDOW NOW

Erna Oleson Xan of Birmingham, Ala., knew, of course, that she was not the first woman to face the future as a widow. Like widows before her, she, too, had feared traveling the road ahead alone. But in the quiet of an Arctic sunrise aboard ship enroute to Europe to get away from her memories, she found peace--and new happiness.

In a copyrighted article in the June issue of TOGETHER, Methodism's new magazine for families, Mrs. Xan enumerates seven steps which will help any widow rise above the sorrow and despondency of those first few months.

Step One--Accept the situation. It is natural to weep until you are bowed

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down. But your beloved cannot come back, and so it is up to you to accept the situation. Be patient with your tears, for they are a part of the healing process.

Step Two--Shift your dependency. It is a terrifying thought to know that the person on whom you depended--your comforter, protector, provider, and guide--is gone. But there is someone you can turn to--God. Pray that he will step into your life.

Step Three--Take a trip. If you stay where you are, the wound will be torn open every hour. It is only fair to your whole being to get away. Go see the farthest-off relative. But do your crying in private. Force yourself to enjoy things.

Step Four--Settle down. The traveler's checks will get alarmingly low and so you must turn toward home. What home? The one where your church and friends are. A woman should never be separated from her kitchen. There are few joys in life greater than to clean house, bake, cook, and then see the children come running up the steps. Remember they, too, have been bereaved.

Step Five--Get something to do. You can't sit and twiddle your thumbs between visits of your children. Whether you need it financially or not, go to work, But don't slip into a rut of work and sleep. Go to concerts and shows once in a while; have friends in for dinner. Take up a hobby to make your evenings more interesting--something you cannot wait to get home to. Include, also, something for others--something that will make others happy.

Step Six--Improve your personal appearance. True, there is no one at home to give the wolf whistle when you dress up. But remember, you still bear your husband's name and can yet do it honor. Let nobody say, "All there was to her was him."

Step Seven--Make the final adjustment. Accept living alone as a normal situation. Your marriage vow included the words, "till death do us part." We are accustomed to thinking that only pleasant things are normal. But rainstorms are normal and have their place. So widowhood is a part of normal life and not a punishment.

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"When you have climbed these seven steps", concludes Mrs. Xan, "you will find yourself on a new plateau with wide and splendid vistas. In this new world are exciting things."

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TEEN-AGERS ARE GOOD RISKS

You can take it from Tommy Robertson of Mission, Tex.: Teen-agers are good risks. And he ought to know.

For eight years now Tommy has been paralyzed from the neck down. Stricken by polio when he was 15 years old, he lay for two years in the hospital before returning home to take up a life completely dependent upon those about him.

It is as a result of these last six years that he writes, in a copyrighted article in the June issue of TOGETHER, Methodism's new family magazine, "Teen-agers have taught me something. Being whole in body is not the deciding factor in happiness. Had it not been for their cheerful conversation, their goodness and kindness, I don't believe I would have survived. They gave me something modern medicine could never give--themselves. They can help make your world a good one, too, if you will treat them with understanding, love, and trust."

Tommy feared his homecoming. Would the kids he had grown up with merely pay him a few courtesy calls, hiding their pity behind forced cheerfulness, and then drift away?

He still marvels at the reception he got. They paid him evening visits, spent a lot of time chatting, looking at TV, and listening to music. A wire strung from his home to the high school enabled him to complete his studies like a regular student, even though he never left his home during the schoolday. In the fall, boys came over to push his wheel chair out to the football practice field. Now and then he was asked to accompany a boy on his date; he even doubled-dated.

"It was at times like these," he says, "that my friends unwittingly showed me how much they had learned without my telling them. How I wanted my legs and arms moved,

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for example. When we ordered drinks, they knew how to feed me with almost professional skill. Once, believe it or not, these fellows even took me on a rabbit hunt."

One of the highlights of these last six years has been the visit which President Eisenhower paid him in the company of then-Governor Allan Shivers of Texas.

"That Sunday morning," writes Tommy, "I was in the front yard playing checkers with Willie, the boy who bathed me, gave me exercises, and did all the other things most people do for themselves. The President drove up with the governor after U.S. Secret Service men had planted themselves in the yard and the street.

"When Mr. Eisenhower sat down beside me, he said it had been a long time since he had played checkers--and he kidded me about losing to Willie. I asked him if he were going fishing, and he jokingly said that he didn't think there was enough water in Texas."

Tommy is convinced that teen-agers can be the most unselfish people in the world--if you give them half a chance. "The next time you read about juvenile delinquency," he concludes, "remember the kids of Mission and what they did for me."

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FATHER HAS A DAY, TOO

Father's Day, which will be observed on June 21, has come a long way in the half century since the idea first was conceived, according to Ira M. Mohler in the June issue of Methodism's new family magazine, TOGETHER.

As long ago as 1908, when spasmodic efforts were under way in Grafton, W. Va., to observe a Mother's Day, Mrs. Charles Clayton, in nearby Fairmont, approached her pastor with this idea: Why not hold a service honoring fathers?

The idea struck Dr. Robert T. Webb as excellent. And so on July 5, 1908, Central Methodist Church of Fairmont held one of the first--possibly the first--Father's Day services in the country.

In 1910 Mrs. John Bruce Dood of Spokane, Wash., wrote the Spokane Ministerial Alliance, suggesting that fathers be honored with their own day each year. With the help of the YMCA, the Alliance promoted June 19, 1910, as Father's Day in Spokane.

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The following year, Chicago observed a day for fathers sponsored by Jane Addams of Hull House fame. Slowly other communities from coast to coast fell into line.

But it wasn't until 1921 that an official proclamation of any kind was issued to observe a Father's Day. That year a Methodist school-girl, 17 year-old Kate Swineford of Drewry's Bluff, Va., persuaded her governor, E. Lee Trinkle, to proclaim a June date as Father's Day in Virginia. Eleven years later, in 1932, this same woman, then Mrs. Walter H. Burgess, registered the National Father's Day Association, Inc., with the U.S. Patent Office.

Meanwhile, a Chicago businessman, Harry C. Meeks, at the command of the Lions Club, was attempting to promote the day throughout the country. He appealed to both Presidents Harding and Coolidge, but without success. In 1924 a resolution was presented to Congress, but failed to pass. To this day Congress has never yielded.

But the National Father's Day Committee in 1936 settled upon the third Sunday in June as the day to be observed nationally as Father's Day. Custom since has established that day firmly in the hearts of persons across the nation.

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HYMN-TESTED

A bishop, guest of a newly married couple, was awakened early by the soft tones of a soprano voice singing "Nearer, My God to Thee." As the bishop lay abed, he meditated on the piety his young hostess must possess to begin her day's work in such a beautiful frame of mind.

At breakfast he commented on it.

"Oh," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by--three verses for soft and five for hard."

- Frances Benson, in TOGETHER magazine

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HE MEANT WELL

Some years ago at our Sunday school the teachers took turns addressing the pupils. Usually they rounded off a fine, well-told story with, "Now children, the moral of this story is. . ."

Came the day when one teacher did an extra-fine job. The youngsters were delighted--so much so that one asked if that particular teacher might talk more often.

"We like Miss Brown very much," explained the boy, "because she hasn't any morals."

--Mrs. M.O. Lakeman, in TOGETHER magazine

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FOR RELEASE: June 9

WHY OREGON REMEMBERS JASON LEE

Oregon, in this centennial year of its statehood, is honoring Jason Lee for a number of reasons. For one thing, he founded the first United States settlement in Oregon. It was he who encouraged much of the migration that caused it to become a state rather than part of Canada. And he so impressed his beliefs on the new territory that Methodists form one of the largest Protestant groups in the state today.

Almost from the first, explains William L. Worden in a copyrighted article in the July issue of Methodism's family magazine TOGETHER, Jason Lee was involved in one of the most ambitious Western missionary efforts of early American Methodists. Four West Coast Indians, impelled by curiosity about the white man, had appeared in St. Louis in 1831. When Methodists learned of the visit through The Christian Advocate, they interpreted it as a "great call" from "untutored savages" for knowledge of Christianity.

Lee was recommended for the job by Dr. Wilbur Fisk of Wilbraham Academy in Massachusetts, which Lee had attended for a year in 1829, because he was "a large, athletic young man, six feet and three inches in height, with a fully developed frame and a constitution like iron."

Lee spent most of 1833 holding fund-raising meetings and selecting a small mission party of four. His men joined an overland party headed by Capt. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, a fur trader, and started west from Independence, Mo., on April 28, 1834. At Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River they were persuaded to set up their mission in the rich Willamette Valley rather than in the Flathead country east of the Cascade mountains.

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Above the falls of the Willamette River they built the first church structure in Oregon, and from here fanned out to build additional mission stations. The original mission was soon moved to the present site of Salem.

But it wasn't long before Lee was called to start back across the country to report his progress to the Church Board and various congregations. He spent almost a year telling the story of Oregon in the East and predicting its bright future, with such success that the church sent him West again with five more missionaries.

A church rose at Oregon City and a church store provided competition for the Hudson's Bay company. About this same time he attended a meeting at Champoege, which started Oregon toward statehood. He also called a meeting which organized the Oregon Institute (eventually Willamette University).

At his insistence, Oregon's largest building was raised, a \$10,000 structure for an Indian manual-arts school. This later was purchased by the Oregon Institute and developed into Willamette's present campus.

Growing criticism of his "worldliness" -- brought on by his operation of farms and mills which competed with other settlers and the Hudson's Bay company -- forced Lee to make one more trip East to plead his own case before the Board of Missions. This time he took a ship to Honolulu, where he hoped to get passage on a boat around Cape Horn to New York. While he was there, however, word reached him that the Board of Missions had relieved him of his post as supervisor of Oregon.

He immediately left Honolulu by schooner for the west coast of Mexico and then made his way by horseback and stage across the country to New York. There he defended his policies before the Board, was cleared of the vague charges against him, and had restored the title of "Missionary to Oregon," but not mission superintendent. He was in the midst of preparations to return to Oregon a third time when he died, March 12, 1845, at the age of 41.

Although he had not converted many Indians, Jason Lee in 11 short years laid the foundations for a state that this year is celebrating its centennial of statehood. That is why Oregon honors him today.

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CENTENNIAL YEAR OF OREGON STATEHOOD RECALLS HISTORY OF MISSION ROSE

When the 51st annual Rose Festival in Portland, June 9-14, opens the 100-day Centennial Exposition of Oregon statehood, it will pay tribute to something that began hands in hand with Oregon's march to statehood. That was the planting of the first rose on Oregon soil--the Mission Rose. Both began at the tiny missionary post of Champoege, founded by Methodist Jason Lee.

The original plant, according to a copyrighted article in the July issue of Methodism's family magazine TOGETHER, belonged to Mrs. Alanson Beers, one of 12 in a missionary party that made a 10-month voyage in 1836-37 from Boston to Fort Vancouver (Vancouver, Wash.) and down the Willamette River to Lee's struggling mission 60 miles south.

Mrs. Beers cherished the rose, her only luxury from the East. Yet a few weeks later, when Anna Maria Pittman became Jason Lee's bride, she graciously gave it to Anna as a wedding present. Anna nursed the withered bush through the winter, but never saw it bloom; she died in childbirth the next June.

Shortly thereafter the mission burned, the site was abandoned, and the rose forgotten. Ten years later, John Minto while homesteading some acreage near the original site of Champoege found a healthy, beautiful rose in full bloom growing near the former site of Lee's mansion. It was Mrs. Lee's rose. He dug it up carefully and transplanted it.

This is the Oregon Mission Rose as it is known today, cuttings of which are still grown in Portland's Pioneer Test Garden and in the rose gardens of Willamette University.

SUNDAY IS SUNDAY, OR ISN'T IT?

Little Tommy was never without the little wagon he got for his birthday. But one morning when he rolled it out to the front of the house, his father told him he'd have to play in the back. "Remember, this is Sunday," he explained.

Tommy obeyed, but as he started toward the back he asked, "Say, Pop, isn't it Sunday in the back year, too?"

--Betty Clodfelter, in TOGETHER magazine

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TOGETHER: July - 4

A FARMER WHO BELIEVES THAT LAND IS A LOAN FROM THE LORD

The Clinton Richards family of New Hampton, Ia., is featured in TOGETHER, Methodism's family magazine, as the fourth family in a series entitled "People Called Methodists."

Clint is a farmer who believes that the "land is a loan from the Lord." "Life's biggest challenge," he maintains, "is to build a run-down farm into a productive one."

And that's just what he is doing. Only 36 years old, Clint owns land and equipment valued at close to \$100,000 (less a \$20,000 mortgage), and rents another 420 acres. Farming 13 years, he has built a business grossing \$25,000 yearly, one-third of which is profit.

When Clint bought the farm in 1951, it was not top land; only half was tillable. Today every acre is useful, rotated as pasture for up to 100 Hereford cattle and for raising soybeans, oats, and corn (for which pre-acre yield is double the state average). His success has resulted in his being named "master soil conservationist" and the county's outstanding young farmer.

In addition to Clint and his wife, there are three daughters and one son. Marlys is 16, Darlene 11, and Nancy 5. Keith, the son, is only 2, still a bit young for doing chores.

Clint is active in civic affairs, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and chairman of the official board of his church and of the finance and building committees.

Previous families featured in the series have been the Herman Qualls of Athens, Tenn., a construction superintendent; the Willard Nickersons of Chatham, Mass., a Cape Cod fisherman; and the Peter Stokleys of Shiprock, N. Mex., an Indian home-visitation teacher on the Navajo Indian Reservation.

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GETTING ALONG TOGETHER

It was an open-air service, deep in the woods. Hard wooden benches served as pew. At the close of the service, the clergyman raised his arms to announce the benediction.

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But at that moment a small brown bird hopped onto a branch overhead and began to sing.

With tears in his eyes, the minister looked up, then whispered, "My friends, there is your benediction. Go in peace."

--Mrs. Gloria M. Logan, in TOGETHER magazine

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WHAT TO DO WITH AGING PARENTS

Medical science, by prolonged life, is making more acute the problem of what to do with aging parents. The best rule for children to follow, according to Smiley Blanton and Arthur Gordon in the July issue of TOGETHER, Methodism's new family magazine, is to try to help their parents in the way they wish to be helped, and not in the way the children choose to help them.

Far too often, claim Blanton and Gordon, sons and daughters decide they know what best and try to run their parents' lives. They take them out of the old house because they think it is no longer safe for them to be alone. They urge them to move to a new town or retire to a milder climate. Often this uprooting is so disturbing to the older people that what is left to their life is hardly worth living.

What is needed most in dealing with aging parents is kindness based on understanding, sympathy, and love.

"It is difficult, when you are feeling young and strong," point out the authors, "to realize what it is like to feel ill and weak. It is not easy, when you know you are needed, to understand the fear of not being needed. It is almost impossible, when you are full of important plans for the future, to visualize a state where the future seems to hold nothing of importance.

"Yet older people face these problems daily. That is when the younger generation must come to their aid with a deep understanding of the power of love to sustain and heal and comfort. It is impossible to exaggerate this power of love in human affairs; it is the keystone of the arch of living; in the last analysis it is life itself."

Smiley Blanton and Arthur Gordon are the authors of "Now or Never: The Promise of

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