



A Service of REMEMBRANCE



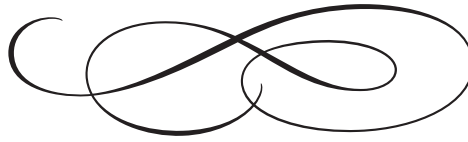
238th Session

Virginia Annual Conference
The United Methodist Church

September 12, 2020
Richmond, Virginia



A Service of REMEMBRANCE



Saturday, September 12, 2020

Virginia Annual Conference
of The United Methodist Church
238th Session

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A Service of REMEMBRANCE



*Prerecorded for viewing on
Saturday, September 12, 2020*

WELCOME FROM BISHOP LEWIS

CALL TO WORSHIP

*Rev. Shayne Estes
Richmond District*

One: Listening is our God, who hears our cries.

**Many: We gather to cry out to our God.
We gather to comfort one another.**

One: Loving is our God, who wipes away our tears.

**Many: We gather to know God's care,
to be assured that we are not alone.**

One: Transforming is our God, who can turn despair into hope,
sadness into joy.

**Many: We come to release our grief,
to allow ourselves to learn new songs.**

One: Generous is our God, who prepares a banquet and the choicest of
wines for us.

**Many: We make our hearts ready
to receive God's gifts of dear brothers and sisters.**

One: Resurrecting is our God, who swallows up death forever.

**Many: We come to claim the promise of resurrection-
in Christ, and in us.**

One: For now, we know a season of darkness, but look-

All: The time of light approaches!

*Adapted by Rev. Crystal R. Sygeel (Richmond District), from Call to Worship | Funeral or Memorial
Service by Sarah E. Weaver (c) 2015, from the website: preachinginpumps.com*



1. In the bulb there is a flow - er; In the seed, an ap - ple tree; In co -
2. There's a song in ev - 'ry si - lence, seek - ing word and mel - o - dy; There's a
3. In our end is our be - gin - ning; In our time, in - fin - i - ty; In our



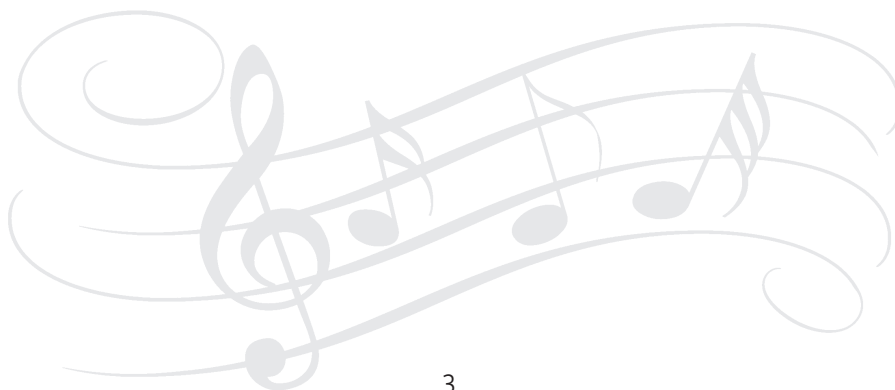
-coons, a hid - den prom - ise: But - ter - flies will soon be free! In the cold and snow of
dawn in eve - ry dark - ness bring - ing hope to you and me. From the past will come the
doubt there is be - liev - ing; In our life, e - ter - ni - ty. In our death, a res - ur -



win - ter there's a spring that waits to be, un - re -
fu - ture; What it holds, a mys - ter - y, un - re -
-rec - tion; At the last, a vic - to - ry, un - re -



-vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.
-vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.
-vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.



SCRIPTURE READING

Isaiah 25:6-9

*Rev. Brian Simmons
James River District*

Revelation 14:13

*Rev. Stephanie Parker
Elizabeth River District*

John 14:1-4

*Rev. Esther Agbosu
York River District*

SERMON

Rev. Esther Agbosu

ACT OF REMEMBRANCE (Naming of the honored dead)

*Rev. Susan Reeves
Conference Secretary*

*PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

*Rev. Gretchen Simpson Nelson
York River District*

God of love, we thank you
for all with which you have blessed us
even to this day:
for the gift of joy in days of health and strength
and for the gifts of your abiding presence and promise
in days of pain and grief.
We praise you for home and friends,
and for our baptism and place in your Church
with all who have faithfully lived and died.
Above all else we thank you for Jesus,
who knew our griefs,
who died our death and rose for our sake,
and who lives and prays for us.
And as he taught us, so now we pray.

—The United Methodist Book of Worship, Copyright © 1992 UMPH.

Woodlake Band

1. A - bid e with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour.
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;

the dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid e.
 What but thy grace can foil the tempt - er's power?
 ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.

When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
 Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?

Help of the help - less. O a - bid e with me.
 Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bid e with me.
 I tri - umph still, if thou a - bid e with me.

United Methodist Hymnal 700

WORDS: Henry F. Lyte, 1847 (Lk. 24:29)

MUSIC (EVENTIDE 10 10.10 10): W. H. Monk, 1861

***BLESSING**

*Rev. Josh Dalton
Richmond District*

Leader: As we depart, we are reminded of the light.

All: The light of Christ, the comfort of the Holy Spirit, the presence of God Almighty.

Leader: Our Triune God goes with us, welcoming us so we might welcome others.

All: We are tasked with welcoming and telling others about God's open arms and love, and the hope and promise that one day we will dwell with God and rest from our labors.

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Hymn of Promise

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Abide With Me

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WORSHIP LEADERS

Presiding Bishop
Bishop Sharma D. Lewis

Preacher
Rev. Esther N. Agbosu
York River District

Secretary of the Conference
Rev. Susan Reaves

Committee on Memoirs
Rev. Elizabeth Foss

Worship Planning Team and Liturgists
Rev. Esther N. Agbosu
York River District

Rev. Kevin Elmore
Rappahannock River District

Rev. Brett Isernhagen
York River District

Rev. Sarah Payne
Danville District

Rev. Gennie Bowles
Alexandria District

Rev. Gretchen Simpson Nelson
York River District

Rev. Stephanie Parker
Elizabeth River District

Rev. Brian Simmons
James River District

Rev. Shayne Estes
Richmond District

Rev. Jae Song
Danville District

THE MEMORIAL ROLL

*In Memory of those persons related to the
Virginia Conference who died in the last year*



With Memoir

Name of Deceased Clergy, (Date of Birth), & Conference Status

Date of Death

Retired Clergy:

Maurice S. Luker Jr. (06/04/34) RE.....	March 27, 2019*
Eugene R. Hemphill (04/18/38) RE.....	May 14, 2019*
Wendell C. Beane (10/21/35) RE.....	June 19, 2019*
Glen H. Cannon (09/07/42) RE	July 12, 2019
Floetta G. Legg (06/12/41) RE	July 24, 2019
Joseph L. Lotts (11/27/30) RE	August 4, 2019
R. Eugene Larkin (11/03/41) RE	August 24, 2019
Lynn R. Wilbur (12/26/42) RE.....	September 16, 2019
Ward L. Donat (03/15/24) RE.....	September 25, 2019
Emily H. Brothers (08/01/32) RA.....	October 20, 2019
Isaac Paul-Coker (11/22/38) RE	November 5, 2019
Willie A. Chappell Jr. (07/13/25) RE.....	November 7, 2019
Robert E. Hawkins (10/06/34) RE.....	November 28, 2019
C. Bailey Jones (02/06/21) RE.....	December 5, 2019
Robert C. Hastings (05/25/33) RE.....	December 8, 2019
James Robert Regan (06/25/30) RE.....	December 9, 2019
Brenda L. Rose (04/05/56) RE.....	December 12, 2019
Walter A. Whitehurst (07/11/33) RE.....	January 4, 2020
Clarence H. Barnett (05/09/24) RE.....	February 11, 2020
Michael T. Davis (06/13/54) RA.....	February 11, 2020
Doyle W. Wyatt (08/08/39) RA.....	February 19, 2020
Raymond E. Pack (05/17/29) RA.....	February 20, 2020

John H. Coffey (11/26/28) RE	March 7, 2020
William Mark Clayton (11/18/56) RL.....	March 10, 2020
Milton Lee Ramsey Jr (04/15/39) RE.....	March 14, 2020
William K. Thomas (10/01/23) RE.....	March 23, 2020
Edwin C. Whitlock (10/07/50) RE.....	March 26, 2020
Charles J. McHose (12/31/48) RE	April 13, 2020
William R. Fisher (07/16/47) RA.....	April 16, 2020
James W. Draper (04/04/36) RE	April 22, 2020
Alyce M. Mullen (11/01/28) RE	April 24, 2020
Gerald M. Miller (03/03/38) RE	May 2, 2020
Harley R. Bender (02/06/26) RA	June 2, 2020
Robert J. Thorne (07/11/42) RA.....	June 8, 2020

Retired Bishop:

Ralph Kern Eutsler (08/02/19) RB	January 2, 2020
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Active Clergy:

James N. Earley (09/15/54) FE	October 11, 2019
Stephen T. Vineyard (08/05/65) FE	January 22, 2020

Retired Diaconal:

Laurel G. Trego (04/27/27) RDM.....	August 10, 2019
Dorothy Ricketts Barbour (09/13/16) RDM.....	August 13, 2019

Key to Conference Status Abbreviations:

RE	- Retired Elder	RA	- Retired Associate Member
RD	- Retired Deacon	FD	- Deacon in Full Connection
RL	- Retired Local Pastor	RB	- Retired Bishop
PE	- Provisional Elder	PL	- Part-time Local Pastor
PD	- Provisional Deacon	FL	- Full-time Local Pastor
RDM	- Retired Diaconal Minister	FE	- Full Elder
RP	- Retired Probationary/Provisional Member		

Without Memoir

Name of Deceased Spouse and (Related Clergy's Name)

Date of Death

Spouses of Clergy:

H. D. Gwaltney (Rev. Rebecca Gwaltney)April 17, 2019*
Dallas Frederick (Rev. Lou Ann Frederick).....June 08, 2019*
Phyllis P. Newman (Rev. M. Douglas Newman) August 10, 2019
Patrick Cline (Rev. Deborah Cline) October 4, 2019
Shirley Butler (Rev. Henry Butler) November 30, 2019
Janie W. Dowdy (Rev. Roger C. Dowdy)December 28, 2019
Claire James (Rev. Frank James)January 21, 2020
Donald Delong (Rev. Leah Delong)April 5, 2020
Geneva Carson (Rev. Louis Carson).....June 6, 2020

Spouses of Deceased Clergy:

Betty Shackelford (Rev. Robert Shackelford)May 22, 2019*
Charlie Fay Collie (Rev. Earl Collie).....June 02, 2019*
Vivian L. Renner (Rev. Harry Renner)June 03, 2019*
Margaret Haley (Rev. Carl Haley)June 07, 2019*
Lucille Davidson (Rev. William F. Davidson)..... July 03, 2019
Geneva Shepherd (Rev. G. C. Shepherd)..... July 22, 2019
Miriam Livermon (Rev. William R. Livermon Jr)..... August 17, 2019
Martha B. Bodie (Rev. G. Raymond Bodie)..... October 5, 2019
Hazel Hunt (Rev. Marvin Dana Hunt) October 5, 2019
Reba Edwards (Rev. Howard Edwards)..... October 9, 2019
Beverly Thornton (Rev. Prince Thornton) November 17, 2019
Evelyn Preston (Rev. Norman Preston) November 18, 2019
Sue Volskis (Rev. Wilhelm Volskis)..... November 25, 2019
Alice W. Matthews (Rev. Henry Matthews)December 12, 2019
Mary Durkovich (Rev. John Durkovich)January 4, 2020
Linda Messner (Rev. James Messner)January 11, 2020
Caroline Manear (Rev. Carl Manear).....January 15, 2020

Wise S. Moon (Rev. William Moon)	January 18, 2020
Carrie M. Potts (Rev. Reginald Potts).....	January 19, 2020
Bernice Chattin (Rev. Norman Chattin).....	February 23, 2020
Carolyn Balcom (Rev. Roger Balcom)	February 27, 2020
Helen M. Eason (Rev. Robert Eason)	March 7, 2020
Shirley Godwin (Rev. Philip Godwin).....	March 13, 2020
Roberta D. Painter (Rev. Robert Painter).....	March 15, 2020
Joyce Milliner (Rev. Wilbur Milliner)	March 30, 2020
Eleanor Pillow (Rev. Charles Pillow)	May 7, 2020
Christine Kidd (Rev. Harry L. Kidd)	May 21, 2020
Marion Dillard (Rev. Douglas Dillard).....	June 17, 2020
Lena Williams (Rev. Thaddeus Williams)	July 4, 2020

**Not Reported at 2019 A. C.*

Updated 07/04/2020

Lay Members

of the 2019-2020 Annual Conference who have died in the last year

Elizabeth “Betsy” McConn (4/2/2019).....	Rappahannock River District
William Booze (4/7/2019)	Roanoke District
Robert Childrey (6/18/2019)	Richmond District
Jesse Poulson (7/13/2020).....	Eastern Shore District
Jay Van Gelder (7/31/2019)	Rappahannock River District
Verena McCall (10/30/2019)	Richmond District
A. Cantrell Moten (2/25/2020)	Arlington District
Linda Ayers (3/23/2020)	Danville District
Cicellia (Ce) Pike (8/8/2020).....	Charlottesville District
Donna Desper.....	Staunton District

Updated 08/24/2020

MEMOIRS



CLARENCE BARNETT **1924 - 2020**

Clarence Barnett was a man defined by service, love, duty and grace. Clarence served others; he served our nation and world in our military in World War II and, as a young man, dedicated himself to the service of God and neighbor in the ordained ministry of the Church, the Free Methodist Church and eventually the United Methodist Church. Clarence's devotion to serve his neighbor led him to countless acts of what we today call "servant leadership," that is, modeling yourself after the example of Jesus who thought of others before himself. In his decades of service as a pastor, Clarence did just that.

Clarence served others in each community where he was appointed to preach the Gospel. He understood that no one cares how much you know until they know how much you care. So he witnessed for the faith by his life.

Clarence served others as he loved. He loved his wife and family and welcomed their love and devotion in return. Love and service go hand-in-hand, and Clarence knew that beautiful reality. He served because he loved God and neighbor; he loved because he was called to it and called to the acts of service that embodied Christian devotion to his family, his church, and his sisters and brothers around him.

Duty for Clarence was the blending of service and love. Duty was not always hard: it was the gentle outgrowth of the combining of his call to serve and to love. Duty is simply another name for the devotion of action to our feelings, and Clarence lived that. In a sense, Clarence also understood that the use of this life—and the enjoyment of this life's blessing—is in the truest sense a duty, the duty of loving God and enjoying all God has created for us. So Clarence created things of beauty: a beautiful life, carvings and art works of beauty, and a beautiful witness of a life lived with purpose, dignity, and consideration for the neighbors he found around himself.

All those gifts are signs of grace, grace being God's freely-given, unmerited love poured out for us. Grace was the foundation of all that Clarence knew of God and the guide to his life and his life's choices. Today, we can be grateful for the impact of grace from God in Clarence's life, because the grace Clarence knew assures us that Clarence is not forever gone, but is, instead, wrapped in the loving arms of the God who created him, who redeemed him in Christ, and who promises to keep him in life now and forever.

Churches Served: St Paul's United Methodist Church (Woodbridge, Virginia), Carmel/Coles Point United Methodist Church (Hague, VA), Wesley United Methodist Church (Hopewell, VA), St. James United Methodist Church (Alexandria, VA).

—The Rev. Dr. Gray Southern

EMILY HEINEMANN BROTHERS 1932 - 2019

The Rev. Emily Ann Brothers, 87, of Assawoman, wife of George B. Brothers, passed away on October 20, 2019 at the Riverside Trauma Unit in Newport News.

Born on August 1, 1932, in Waynesburg, Ohio, she was the daughter of her late birth parents, Herbert and Audrey Farber Benson and her late adoptive parents, George E.C. Heinemann and Emily R. Farber Heinemann. She had a Bachelor of Science degree in Elementary Education from Kent State University and a Master of Science degree in Psychology from the University of Maryland Eastern Shore. She attended Kent State University, Salisbury University, and the University of Maryland Eastern Shore. Emily taught elementary school for more than 20 years. While she was teaching, she was also serving as a pastor. She pastored the Wattsville United Methodist Church from 1980 to 2001 while taking courses at Drew University and Wesley College. She was a member of the Virginia Annual Conference, the second Emmaus Walk on the Eastern Shore at Occohannock on the Bay (OOTB), and served as the spiritual advisor for many women's walks. She attended Assawoman United Methodist Church. A fourth generation French Canadian Indian, Emily was also a proud member of the Native American Wolf Clan (People for Mother Earth).

Other than her husband of 62 years, George, Emily is survived by a daughter, Elizabeth “Betsy” Miles and husband, Kent, of Houston, TX; a son, Paul Brothers and wife, Anna, of Hallwood; grand-daughter, Sara Blevins and husband, Randy, of Assawoman; Mary Miles and husband, Matthew Redinger, of Baltimore; three great-grandchildren; and her beloved animals, Tiny Tim, Maggie, Peaches, and Sunshine.

She was a wise spirited lady and an avid reader, always sharing her knowledge and encouraging others to follow God’s calling. She was well known for her witty conversation and sense of humor.

–Submitted by Emily’s family

GLEN H. CANNON

1942 - 2019

Glen H. Cannon grew up in Midland, Michigan. During high school, on a weekend MYF trip to Detroit, he discerned the call to ministry. He prepared to answer this call at Albion College and Wesley Seminary. During his time at Wesley, he served as the second assistant minister at John Wesley AME Zion Church on 14th Street in Washington, D.C. This led to a lifetime of encouraging inclusiveness in all of his positions and life experiences.

He served at Wesley in Alexandria, St. Matthias in Stafford, the Essex-King and Queen Charge, Trinity in Newport News, and Fort Hill in Lynchburg, from which he retired. Glen spent almost 20 years, first part-time, then full-time, at the Lake of the Woods Church, a multi-denominational church in that development. At each place, he pastored with enthusiasm and energy. He loved music and sang in every choir. He participated in the children’s and youth programs. Each wedding was special, and every funeral a blessing to those left behind. He had a wonderful sense of humor and was ready for anything, including a pie in the face when the youth met a goal.

In the 1970’s, he left full-time ministry for a time. The Fredericksburg Health Department wanted to begin an alcoholism treatment program; Glen got the job and began the program, later taken over by the area Community Services Board, running it for about 13 years. He enjoyed this work and saw all clients as the same children of God, whether they came to him from under the Rappahannock River bridge or a home with a maid to answer the door. Glen was proud of his Virginia Conference membership and was

grateful to be appointed to this work beyond the local church.

After retiring in 2005, Glen spent five years working with student pastors at Wesley Seminary. He found the seminars at Wesley and the visits to the churches of these student pastors to be extremely fulfilling. Glen also joined three UMWIM trips to Chile, where he was pleased and proud to work on projects on and near El Vergel, the Methodist agricultural boarding school for Mapuche Indian high school students. Glen's uncle, Dillman Bullock, served as a missionary there from 1906 until his death in 1970, and founded a natural history museum on the grounds. Glen was surprised to find himself a celebrity as "el sobrino de Dillman Bullock," not only at the school, but also in the town of Angol.

Glen loved his family. He married Linda Harlow during college and missed the first day of classes at Wesley to bring her and daughter Rebecca home from the hospital. Four years later, Alan was born, completing the family. Congregation members always knew how proud he was of his children. Retirement was all about family. At Lake of the Woods, there were visits from the children and grandchildren and their friends, with water-skiing, crab feasts, and more. There was also travel—especially to Germany to visit Rebecca's family and to Japan to visit Alan's family.

In 2014, Glen was diagnosed with Alzheimer's Disease. This was a blow he received with dignity and grace. He never complained or asked "Why me?" When he couldn't remember the name, he told folks he had the A-disease. During his last 13 months, he lived in memory care at Greenspring and continued to smile whenever the staff called him Pastor Glen.

I thank God for giving me the opportunity to share this journey for fifty-five years.

—Linda Cannon

MICHAEL THOMAS DAVIS **1954 – 2020**

Mike, a self-described entrepreneur, was born into this world June 13, 1954, in Prince George, Virginia and held a Music Education degree. He married his high school sweetheart, and in 2020 he and Betsey would have celebrated their 45 wedding anniversary. They were married at their home church Washington Street UMC, where later their children were baptized.

Mike was focused on family life with his two children, Clint and Kelly, their wonderful spouses, Mandi and Scot, and three grandchildren, Lily, Laura and Scott.

Mike taught band in the public schools, but soon found his way into business, successfully starting new businesses and turning others around. He dealt in stamps for collectors, musical instrument repair, and real estate rentals. At mid-life, having achieved much, he asked, “Is this all there is?” and God called him into ministry. He was Washington Street UMC’s choir and hand bell director and then left his home church to serve appointments as pastor in the Virginia Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church. He served Mt. Gilead in Pocahontas State Park, Salem in Prince George, Smith’s Grove in Dinwiddie, Wesley in Colonial Heights, and the North Amelia Charge of Salem, Epworth, and Jetersville. At every church, he worked with the music program. If there was a praise band, he played in it--and if there wasn’t one, he started a new one.

His crowning glory was as church planter, when a mission outreach changed people’s lives and a new missional faith community was born under his leadership: Journey UMC in the Farmville District. Journey, now in its 10th year, has established a community center, including a thrift store and restaurant, with plans for transitional housing. In addition to being the pastor for Journey, Mike worked in those missions and was a community pastor, meeting people where they are.

As a Local Pastor, Mike completed the Course of Study at Duke Divinity School and later became an Associate Member in the United Methodist Church. He served on several district, conference, and national committees and held positions during his ministry that included President of the Fellowship of Associate Members and Local Pastors in the Virginia Annual Conference. He joyfully served the Virginia United Methodist Women for several years as their “Stamp Man,” turning postage stamps into mission money, being a life-long philatelist. He valued his relationships with many throughout the conference. Mike officially retired in June, 2019, but continued to serve at Journey part time. After a brief illness, he left this life on February 11, 2020 to sing and play guitar in other worlds.

—Betsey Davis

WARD L. DONAT

1924 – 2019

In an Iowa farm house, on March 15, 1924, Ward Linn Donat was born to Grace and Wayne Donat. His roots in the rural mid-west endowed him with a love of the out-of-doors which was expressed in vegetable gardens and flowers, fishing, hunting—the fruits of which were shared with much generosity with neighbors and friends.

During the Second World War, Ward served in the U.S. Navy aboard a small ship that patrolled the east coast. His mechanical skills enabled him to excel as a gunfire control person. While in the Navy, he attended a social event at Epworth Church in Norfolk, where he met Marsha Williams. While still in the Navy, they were married. Two daughters came to this union, Leslie (Mrs. J.C. McBree) and Linn (Mrs. Andrew Glisson). After the death of Marsha in 2002, he married Dottie Scott Hardy in 2003. Ward frequently bragged, “I was really lucky; I married two good women!”

He earned his Bachelor’s degree from the University of North Iowa and his Master of Divinity degree from Duke University. In 1949, he was admitted into the Virginia Conference, followed by full connection and ordination as an elder four years later. For over forty years, he served these churches: Collinsville, Providence-Woodland, Mt. Carmel (S), Beverly St., Woodlawn (Rn), Beulah (Rd), Thalia, St. John’s (N), Wesley (Vienna), and served as district superintendent of the Roanoke District. He was greatly loved in all his assignments. His ministry was characterized by strong preaching, by diligent attention to pastoral care, and by good common sense in church administration. Ward had an uncanny sense of business, resulting in his election or assignment to a number of distinguished responsibilities, including trustee of Ferrum College, long membership on the Conference Board of Pensions, and President of the Conference Credit Union.

He performed life’s big responsibilities exceedingly well as husband, parent, pastor, citizen, community leader, and friend.

Ward was a fixer and a builder. He had all the needed tools in his basement and in his heart. He designed and build utility sheds to give away. He recruited, climbed, and hammered for Habitat. In meeting human need, his generosity had no bounds. Like Jesus, “he went about doing good.”

Ward’s transfer to the Church Triumphant came September 25, 2019. The memorial service was held at Cave Spring United Methodist Church,

with pastors Lauren Lobenhofer, Joanna Paysour, and Bob McAden presiding.

Ward was a leader who followed Jesus, who said: “I am among you as one who serves.”

—Bernard S. Via, Jr.

JAMES WALLACE DRAPER

1936 - 2020

James Wallace Draper was born at home on April 4, 1936, in Suffolk, Virginia, to Doris Everett Draper and Clyde Wallace Draper. Jimmy was the second oldest son in a family that grew to include four boys and finally a daughter. He was proud to be part of the “Draper family sports powerhouse” at Suffolk High School, breaking a 30-year scoring record in basketball. Besides playing basketball, football, and tennis, he loved to dance and even taught lessons at the local Y. Although he was raised in Main Street Baptist Church, he began to attend Oxford United Methodist Church during high school. And it was there that he found a love for Methodism and a call to ministry.

Graduating from Suffolk High School in 1954, he became the first member of his family to attend college, earning a basketball scholarship to Randolph Macon College. After graduation, he spent a year as an assistant to the minister at Larchmont United Methodist Church in Norfolk. Just before the start of service on his first Sunday in February 1959, the minister brought him into the choir room to introduce him. A young twenty-two-year old soprano silently observed from her seat. She went home after church and told her grandmother and mother, “Today I saw the man I’m going to marry.” The next person she told was the minister’s wife, and Jim’s matrimonial fate was sealed. He married Barbara Jean Johnson at Larchmont UMC on November 20, 1960.

The young couple moved into their first apartment in Alexandria, Virginia, while Jim attended Wesley Theological Seminary. Barbara worked as the secretary for the bursar of American University. Everyone in the office would insist she answer the phone because they were enamored of her soft southern accent. Wesley, however, did not feel the same about Jim’s heavier southern drawl, requiring him to attend special diction classes. The only result of this extra training was a lifelong inability to be understood when pronouncing “nuclear” or “women.”

Jim began his ministry with the Essex King and Queen four-point charge, on the Rappahannock District. This charge included Providence, Lebanon, Trinity, and Shepherd's UMC. It was here that they adopted their first daughter, Debbie. The next year they moved on to Colonial Beach UMC followed by Hickory UMC in 1965. While at Hickory, they adopted their second daughter, Lynne, completing their family.

Jim and Barbara went on to serve Memorial in Virginia Beach, Trinity in Petersburg, Dumfries, Trinity in Lexington, St. John's in Norfolk, Lower in Hartfield, Friendship in Falls Church, Lakeside in Richmond, Magnolia in Suffolk and finally Emmanuel in Amherst. During retirement in Gloucester Point and Mechanicsville, he filled in at several churches including Shakelford's Chapel.

He spoke throughout his life about his early desire to be a missionary. When his ministry and family life led him down a different path, he turned this passion into mission fundraising. He served as district missions secretary on four different districts. He loved to hold church dinners, and could be seen all over town selling tickets. These dinners were always a huge success because he had a special gift for finding the best cooks in every congregation and volunteering to be their taste-tester.

He strove to be a people's pastor, spending long hours visiting church members in their homes and sitting beside them in hospitals. Jim felt a special ministry to seniors and their dinner table always saved a place for widows and widowers. He truly did not know a stranger, and his self-proclaimed nickname of "Tall, Dark, & Handsome" was an icebreaker for many conversations, even up to his final hospitalization. Combining his love of God with his love of people, he left everyone he met with a smile on their face and warmth in their heart.

Jim lost his older daughter Debbie in 2009, and his beloved wife Barbara in 2013. His last six and a half years were spent near his daughter Lynne, her husband Michael Studeman, and Jim's cherished grandsons Noah and Joshua. His failing health and weakening short term memory did not dampen his determination to continue to minister to those around him. He used his big personality to brighten other patients' days and to remind them that God was always present loving them. He will be remembered for his lifelong love of the Outer Banks, southern cooking, and Duke Basketball. His death leaves a huge hole in the lives of those he loved. He passed away on April 22, 2020, in Suffolk, of the Covid-19 virus.

JAMES EARLEY 1954 - 2019

Upon ascending to the entry of the pearly gates, best friend and brother from another mother, Doug was surely there to greet Jim. Upon toasting with an oyster shooter, they decided that gates were inappropriate for heaven, because God is a God of grace and inclusion and hospitality. So, even though the gates appeared to be open, they dismantled them on principle. He is now aiming arrows to zing us if we ignore the poor or forget God's prevenient grace for everyone!

Then Jim set about making sure everyone was fed, hosting the biggest soup and sandwich supper you have ever heard of. He was the host, greeting, getting names, then playing a hymn, telling a story, giving a great work of God's grace, and blessing the shindig.

Engaging teacher, expert theologian, pastoral craftsman/artisan with wood and cloth, imaginer, forward thinker, author... Jim could change a tire on a dime, loved to laugh, was a great storyteller and author, and was not afraid of speaking his mind to the "powers that be" in the church or in daily life---he was always about making the world better for others in spite of sometimes being stomped on in the meantime. In all places, he shared his gift of music, playing the autoharp and dulcimer, singing with his soothing voice. And most importantly, Pastor Jim was ever INCLUSIVE of his friends and congregations.

Jim never wavered from the call to be in tough places. His appointment to Park Place was a great opportunity to serve the working poor and those homeless who grew to love and trust Jim and his "crew" who also loved serving there. In addition to an every week "Soup and Sandwich Night," which many other churches supported, summer day-long programs were begun to help the underprivileged children of the neighborhood in the summer. He found grants and recruited volunteers, including the appreciative and involved neighbors. These neighborhood folks began a community/congregation unto itself because of Jim's foresight.

One of his great loves was Ghana, to which he traveled a few times. It didn't matter what the work was, what REALLY mattered were the relationships he formed and the hope that he brought.

Jim was the light in dark places. His messages always shone with the Good Word of the work we needed to do with Jesus Christ and the ever abundant and unconditional love of God.

—The Rev. Pamela J. Montgomery

WILLIAM RICHARD “BILL” FISHER 1947 – 2020

The Rev. Bill Fisher lived his life “to make Jesus famous.” For Bill, it was never about him but rather about his Lord and Savior. Beginning in 1969, Bill was used by God to touch the hearts and change the lives of people in the churches he served: Brookneal, Keezletown, Hillcrest, Page, Massanutten, Ebenezer (Conyers, GA), Monterey, Jollivue, Carson, King William, Keysville, Boonsboro, and Toms Brook; after retiring in 2009, Bill reported to his final appointment with Jesus on April 16, 2020.

Left to cherish his memory, in addition to his many friends and former church members, are his wife of 52 years, Barbara Mowrey Fisher, daughter Sandy Gharib (Lindo), son Zach Fisher (Rachel), grandchildren Nathan Fisher (Kristina), Kaitlin and Madison Gharib, Mandy and Sandy Edwards, Joshua Stevens (Crystal), Brianna Stevens, Emily and Abby Laird, Kyiah, Joseph and Amaya Puckett, Lily Chapman, and Robert Desi Emery, as well as six great-grandchildren, and his sister Ellen Adams (EW III). His parents, William A Fisher and Armilda Lamp, and his daughter, Stacey Lynn Emery, preceded him in death.

Bill graduated from Eastern Mennonite University and attended Candler School of Theology.

Throughout his ministry, Bill brought the Lay Witness Mission to his churches and was also involved in The Walk to Emmaus. He preached powerful, meaningful, and often very touching sermons. He had an expression he liked to use, “sweaty eyeballs”, explaining that he had tears in his eyes, as often did the congregation.

Bill loved people, and like a good shepherd, he would go to great lengths to reach and bring to Jesus those who were running away. He was often able to discern his members’ gifts and asked them to serve in ways for which they were best suited. Not surprisingly, Bill was used by God to bring others into pastoral ministry.

—The Rev. Jim Harris and Barbara Fisher

ROBERT EUKER HAWKINS

1934 – 2019

My father, Robert Euker Hawkins, was born October 6, 1934, in Richmond, Virginia, to Thomas J. and Edith E. Hawkins. His father, Dr. Thomas J. Hawkins, was also a United Methodist minister and long-time District Superintendent off the Rappahannock District.

When Bob was a toddler, his father was the minister at Williamsburg United Methodist Church during the late 1920's, which was the time period of Colonial Williamsburg's historic restoration. The family lived in what is now a Birkenstock shoe store in Merchants Square. As the elder Hawkins' ministry career progressed, the family moved to new communities in Virginia, notably Winchester and Danville, where Bob and his younger brother Fred were educated in the public schools of Winchester and Danville, Virginia.

As he grew up, it became evident that Bob possessed great musical talent. His first musical love was the trumpet, followed closely by the clarinet, flute, Baroque recorder, and alto sax. In 1952, he matriculated at Virginia Commonwealth University (then Richmond Polytechnic Institute) to study music performance. There, he met and fell in love with another music major, Ann C. Hall. The two married in 1958, the same year Bob enlisted in the U.S. Army, where he would serve honorably from 1958-1962.

In between VCU and the U.S. Army came graduate school at Northwestern University. From there, Bob ultimately embarked upon a journey to follow in his father's illustrious and spiritual footsteps. That trajectory led him to study at Union Theological Seminary in Virginia. He was ordained a deacon in the United Methodist Church in 1967 and became an elder in 1971.

Bob and Ann had a daughter, Lillian, and a son, Tom (named after his grandfather). In 1985, Bob married Martha Blair, becoming the step-father to her young daughter, Elizabeth.

In the mid- to late 1970s, Bob developed a hobby: motorcycles. It wasn't a fashionable hobby for United Methodist ministers in the seventies, but he persevered, logging hundreds of thousands of miles over the next four decades. He passed his passion for bikes down to his son, Tom, who rides to this day.

After his death, Elizabeth shared an observation that she had never—in

all the years of her life—heard her father yell. Indeed, our father possessed a simultaneous quiet reverence and a raucous sense of humor. He did not fit molds; he made them. After his death, so many of our friends came forward, some with stories of his patience, while others lauded his non-judgmental ways and the way he had of bringing great comfort at times of unspeakable loss.

Bob's conference appointments included the following: Gum Spring UMC (Richmond District), Victoria UMC (Farmville District), Crenshaw UMC (Farmville District), Culpeper UMC (Charlottesville District), Pace Memorial UMC (Richmond District), Lawrenceville UMC, Petersburg District, and St. John's UMC (Staunton District).

He retired in 1997, after an illustrious career in the Virginia Conference that spanned over three decades. During his retirement, the Rev. Hawkins began a second ministry in music. An accomplished flautist, he began performing in churches in Virginia and North Carolina. His objective was to awaken worshippers' minds, hearts, and spirits to the presence of the holy through his offering of classical flute (and later, Baroque recorder) in worship.

The Rev. Hawkins died on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 2019, in Greenville, NC. He spent this last two weeks of his life in hospice care. His memorial service was held at Trinity Episcopal Church in Chocowinity, NC. Because he was such a beloved member of his adopted Episcopal Church, his ashes are interred there, which is highly irregular but incredibly special.

Robert is survived by his son, Thomas Hawkins, of Fishers, IN; his daughter, Lillian Stevens (Sam Stevens) of Williamsburg, VA; Elizabeth Diggs and her children Brendan and Shelby Strobe of Virginia Beach, VA; grandchildren Erin Fryer (Randall Fryer), Sean Kelly, and Rachel Hawkins. He is also survived by a great-granddaughter, Parker Fryer, his brother Frederick F. Hawkins, two nieces, and two nephews.

Among his favorite sentiments were these words: "The will of God will never take you where the grace of God will not protect you."

—Lillian Hawkins Stevens

EUGENE RICHARD HEMPHILL 1938 - 2019

Eugene Richard “Gene” Hemphill, 81, of Raleigh, NC, passed away on May 14, 2019, at Raleigh Duke Hospital in Raleigh. Gene was born April 18, 1938 in Pawhuska, Osage County, Oklahoma, the son of the late Ivan Louis and Ethen Christine Dunlap Hemphill. The youngest of eight children, his siblings were: Harry William, Betty A., Jacqueline Velda, Ivan Michael, Genevieve, and James Louis. He is survived by his sister, Genevieve Hemphill Agent.

On December 24, 1955, in Henrietta, Okmulgee County, Oklahoma, Gene married Miss Patsy Ruth Kelly, the love of his life. She was the daughter of the Rev. Keith Kimble and Delta Fern Earnheart Kelly. The Rev. Kelly was a Methodist minister. Gene liked to tell the story that he asked the Rev. Kelly to tell him about the Methodist Church, as he did not know much about it. The Rev. Kelly gave him *The Book of Discipline* to read.

Eugene served his country with honor and distinction for twenty years in the U.S. Navy as an Aviation Ordinance man and an Underwater Explosive Ordinance Disposal Technician (diver) with service in the Vietnam War. All of his brothers also served in the U. S. Navy.

After his service in the U.S. Navy, he served God as a United Methodist Pastor and an ordained elder in the Virginia Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church for twenty-two years. Gene received his B. A. degree from Virginia Wesleyan University in Virginia Beach and his M. Div. degree in 1981 from Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary in Wake Forest, NC.

Gene entered the Virginia Annual Conference in 1979 was ordained Deacon the same year. In 1983 he was admitted in Full Connection and was ordained as an Elder. He served the following Appointments: 1978 – 1979: Trinity – Providence Charge, South Hill, VA as Supply; 1979 – 1980: Trinity – Providence Charge, South Hill, VA; 1980 – 1983: Dinwiddie Charge (Crawford, Lebanon, and Mt. Olivet), Dinwiddie County, VA; 1983 – 1997: Montross Charge (Grant, Providence, and Lebanon), Westmoreland County, VA; 1997 – 2000: Shady Grove – Olivet Charge, Spotsylvania County, VA; 2000: Retired.

Gene is survived by his loving wife of 63 years, Patsy Kelly Hemphill; children and their families, son Kelly (Susan) Hemphill; son Christopher

(Tabatha) Hemphill and their children, Aidan, Liam and Camden Hemphill; daughter Melissa (Michael) Everette and child, Ailie Everette; son Kevin (Jodi) Hemphill and their daughter, Rikki (Steven) Graham and child, Ewan Graham; daughter Joy (Howard) Schmitz and their son, Daniel Abazied, partner Melissa Browning and child, Xander Abazied; son Matthew (Aleesa) Cogar and child, Addicyn Cogar; and daughter Rebecca Cogar; as well as several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were held at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, May 19, 2019, at St. James United Methodist Church, Raleigh, NC, the church he attended in Raleigh, with the Rev. Kim Lamb presiding. Inurnment with Military Honors followed in the church's Memorial Garden in their Columbarium. A reception was held one hour prior to the service at the church. In lieu of flowers, the family requested that donations be made to St. James United Methodist Church, 3808 St. James Church Road, Raleigh, NC 27604.

The family was assisted by the Bright Funeral Home & Cremation Center, 405 South Main Street, Wake Forest, NC 27587, www.brightfunerals.com.

To borrow from and to paraphrase one of Gene's favorite old hymns—which sums up how we feel—we know that you are feasting on the manna from that bountiful supply and that you are dwelling in Beulah Land.

—Submitted by the family

JOSEPH LEE LOTTS

1930 – 2019

The Reverend Joseph Lee Lotts, 89, of Appomattox, died Sunday, August 4, 2019, at Lynchburg General Hospital. Born in Grottoes, Virginia., on April 27, 1930, he was a son of the late Bessie Brown and Herman Jacob Lotts. He served 10 years in the U. S. Air Force and then became a United Methodist minister, serving throughout Virginia for over 30 years. Appointments he served included Page, Cambria, South Covington & Alleghany, Grottoes, Louisa, Zion in Seaford, Norview, Belmont in Roanoke, and Appomattox Memorial. He retired in 1994 and served West Mecklenburg, Poplar and Wesleyan in retirement. Joe was currently attending Memorial United Methodist Church in Appomattox.

Joe is survived by his wife, Peggy Crowder Spiggle Lotts; three chil-

dren and their spouses, Crim C. and Teresa Lotts of Newport News, Virginia., Nancy L. and Ronald Higgs of Winchester, Virginia., and David A. and Patricia Lotts of Mooresville, NC; four grandchildren, Andrew Higgs (Amanda), Gayle Higgs, Mark Lotts, and Brian Lotts; five great-grandchildren; two step grandchildren, Jordon Marie Ribeiro and Ryan Lee Ribeiro; a brother and sister-in-law, Fred and Sara Lotts of Crimora, Virginia.; a sister, Polly L. Brumfield of Staunton, Virginia; and numerous nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his first wife, Anna Wills Lotts; a sister, Betty Stoneburner; and a stepdaughter, Robin S. Ribeiro.

Joe loved being a United Methodist minister. Every new appointment was an adventure. Every community had its own unique history and points of interest. Every congregation was full of the greatest people that he had ever met. He looked forward to the Annual Conference each year, where he was inspired by the great sermons and enjoyed the fellowship with his fellow ministers.

Joe's vision for retirement included a garden plot, fruit trees, and a pond for fishing. He and Peggy worked to realize this vision in Appomattox. He loved to sit on the back porch overlooking the garden and pond and admire the majesty of God's creation.

But ask the beasts, and they will teach you; the birds of the heavens, and they will tell you; or the bushes of the earth, and they will teach you; and the fish of the sea will declare to you. Who among all these does not know that the hand of the LORD has done this? In his hand is the life of every living thing and the breath of all mankind. (Job 12:7-10)

—Crim Lotts

FLOETTA G. LEGG
1941 – 2019

Floetta G. Legg was born on June 12, 1941 in Betsy Layne, Kentucky, and died on July 24, 2019, in Winchester, Virginia. She requested no obituary and that her funeral service be kept very small and private. At her service, she wished the poem, “The Dash” by Linda Ellis be read, along with these words: “This is the way I have always tried to live my life, and I hope that my family will remember the love, and yes, sometimes the frustration.”

—Susan E. Traetta-Legg

MAURICE LUKER, JR.
1934-2019

We fell in love through telephone calls he placed to me at 11:00 p.m., after his long day of teaching and writing the lectures that he would give the next day. There was always a sweet eagerness to hear my voice and to share what we had done during the day that was ending. And, there was always a story about a student or a fellow professor that marked the day for him--and soon--for me.

Maurice had come to Sarasota at Christmas to bring his mother to her home here, to handle some business and to collect some things that she would need for the weather in Virginia’s mountains in the next few months. She was helping him with his two children, whose mother had died of cancer. They worshiped at First United Methodist Church in Sarasota on Christmas Eve. They sat near the front row. I could see him sitting next to his mother, Bee Hartley, who had been married to an associate pastor at First Sarasota. Bee and my mother were UMW friends.

The Christmas Eve service was soon over, and Bee came straight to where I was standing. She was “encouraging” Maurice to meet me, by her firm grasp of his arm. He was gentle and friendly. He asked if I would attend the Christmas Day service. I said that I would be there. We wished each other a Merry Christmas.

We spoke again on Christmas Day, as we were leaving church. He asked if I would be able to help him and his two children sight-see Sarasota on the following day. I asked if I might bring my young son along. And so we

agreed to sight-see together, the five of us.

We married a few months later at First United Methodist, Sarasota, when he came with his children and his Mother for Spring Break. It was simply too expensive to date by late night telephone calls, we decided! After walking down the aisle, I stepped into the rhythm of life on the campus of Emory and Henry College as a professor's wife.

Some summers, we took our children to Israel to learn what it was that their father had been doing through his participation in archaeological digs. They lived among those volunteers, as did we, the five of us, in a tent in the Negev (Israel's dessert).

There was another role that would be mine with marriage to Maurice, and that was as wife of a United Methodist pastor. He served as pastor only when there was a need in the Abingdon District (of the Holston Conference, near where he taught at Emory and Henry College, or in a nearby Virginia Conference church.) Once, we served for about a year at the Charles Wesley United Methodist Church, one of two United Methodist churches on the Main Street of Abingdon, Virginia. Since then, we have talked about our friends at Charles Wesley whom we might never have known had Maurice not served there. We remembered Arlene, who came to our home and sewed with me, and the man who had been a custodian for E.B. Stanley Middle School, Mr. Wheeler, and so many whose names come back as we remember the days spent with Charles Wesley members.

Following the rhythm of our lives together, we retired to Sarasota. Once established here, Maurice offered classes in our living room on Sunday evenings, teaching Contemporary Theology, Old and New Testament, and several dozen other courses, for fourteen years, all from his chair by the front window. One Sunday in January of 2019, he asked me to help him cancel the class for that night. We did that, and he confessed to me that he might have to give up the classes on Sunday nights. A few days after this brief conversation, Maurice suffered the cerebral hemorrhage that led to his passing.

—Jean Luker

GERALD MOWERY MILLER, SR.

1938 – 2020

The Rev. Dr. Gerald Mowery Miller, Sr. was welcomed into the Lord's loving arms on May 2, 2020. He was greeted with the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant...Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matthew 25: 21).

Gerald was born on March 3, 1938 to Dr. Harold W. Miller, Sr. and Susan B. Miller. He grew up in Woodstock, Virginia in the Shenandoah Valley.

Gerald is survived by his wife of thirty three years, Chris Miller; their sons Jonathan (Micki) and Christopher (Christiana); former spouse Laura and their sons, Gerald "Jay," Harold (Laurel), and Mark and their daughter Terese. Also surviving are his grandchildren, Samantha, Kyle, Claudia, Kirby, and Charlie Miller, Bauer and Blake Burkart, and Riley and Bentley Miller, his brother Dr. Robert "Bob" Miller (Colleen), his stepsister, Kim Shrum (Richard), his stepmother, Betty Lambert (Jerry), and five nieces and four nephews.

Gerald was preceded in death by his parents, his brothers, Dr. Harold W. Miller (Joan), Richard Lee (Dick) Miller (Suzanne), and his nephew, Rev. Dr. Robert S. Miller.

Gerald graduated with a Bachelor of Science in Biology from Roanoke College in 1960. He worked in sales prior to being called into the ministry, after receiving "nudging from above." He attended Union Presbyterian Seminary, where he received a Bachelor of Divinity in 1970 and a Doctor of Ministry in 1981.

The churches he served were Wright's Chapel United Methodist in Ladysmith, Huguenot in Richmond, Kilmarnock in Kilmarnock, Epiphany in Vienna, Trinity in Petersburg, and Woods in Chesterfield. He served as minister of visitation at Chester Church in Chester.

The Miller family has a reunion in Woodstock, Virginia every year in June. One of Gerald's favorite things was spending time with his family. He was the youngest of four brothers who often went golfing and fishing together and returned with many funny stories, such as who caught the biggest fish or who supposedly cheated at golf. Gerald got lots of sermon material from time spent with his brothers.

In Gerald's ministry, he tried to make each person feel special. He believed that "each person was worth the time, each story was worth the hear-

ing, each visit was an opportunity.” He loved to visit and always ended each visit with a prayer and often included communion.

In his last months, Gerald wrote a book titled, *Nudging from Above - The Call to Ministry*, about each church he served. Gerald was a loving, supportive and dedicated husband, father, grandfather, brother, friend, and minister who will always be loved and remembered.

—Chris Miller

RAYMOND ELWOOD PACK 1929 – 2020

Pastor Raymond Elwood Pack, “Elwood,” often shared the story of his conversion experience because he was so fully in love with God. He had joined the church and served on the evangelism committee for three years before he truly felt a change in his heart that indeed he was saved, “born again,” as he would often say. In telling the story of his conversion experience he would share how he saw his loving wife, Marie, with a new heart. From that moment forward Elwood had only one desire, to serve God and to love people. Those who found themselves in the company of Elwood in ministry and in life truly received the gift of living water as Elwood shared his faith as a disciple of Jesus Christ.

After Elwood’s conversion experience, he felt a deep burning within his heart that he must share the love of God through Jesus Christ with the world. He had but one desire in life, to lead others to Christ, which began his discernment of call to pastoral ministry. In 1962, Elwood answered his call to pastoral ministry by accepting an appointment at Dover Methodist Church in the North Carolina Conference. This began a long and fruitful journey within the United Methodist Church until his retirement in June of 1994. He received his Deacon and Elder orders before leaving the North Carolina Conference in 1968. Elwood served ten different appointments over the next 32 years in the North Carolina Conference and Virginia Conference before his retirement.

Elwood’s love for God and love for people was at the heart of his journey throughout his life. Elwood truly had a burning passion for everyone to find themselves resting at the feet of Jesus.

Elwood’s pastoral ministry was complemented by his companion in life,

his loving wife Marie. They embraced the gift of their covenant love for each other for 72 years, celebrating the joys and sorrows of life. Elwood and Marie were gifted with one son, Barry, and one daughter, Vickie. They served God as a family, traveling to the many places the church would send them. Elwood and his family celebrated the joys of ministry as well as the heartaches of ministry. Marie was Elwood's strength and support, always giving him the encouragement he needed to press on toward the goal for the great prize revealed in Christ Jesus. Elwood's deep love for his family was witnessed in his grief and sorrow at the death of his daughter, Vicki, in 2003 and his son, Barry, in 2015. Although Elwood believed in resurrection hope for his children, he would live his last days with a broken heart from the death of Barry and Vickie. Elwood always expressed an inner joy of peace through his faith and assurance that God has conquered death in the gift of Christ Jesus. He knew that someday he would be with his children again.

Elwood will always be remembered for his gentle spirit, his deep love of the Lord, and his desire to be a brother, a friend, to all. He lived his call to discipleship in every breath, sharing God's grace and offering hope to others. Elwood spent his life at the foot of the cross becoming for others a spring of living water gushing up for all to drink.

—Keith Vernon

MILTON LEE RAMSEY, JR. 1939 – 2020

The Rev. Milton Lee Ramsey, Jr., 80, died on March 14, 2020, at his residence in Waycross, Georgia following an extended illness. His love of the Lord, his wholehearted allegiance to God's word, and his dedication to the churches he served were phenomenal. There is no way to measure the influence he had on all he met, for it was said of him that he was a preacher everywhere he went.

Born April 15, 1939, in Staunton, Virginia, he was the son to the late Milton Lee Ramsey, Sr., and Madeline Arbaugh Robertson. The Rev. Ramsey graduated from John Wesley Bible College in Greensboro, NC and Eastern Mennonite Seminary in Harrisonburg, Virginia and was a member of the Virginia Conference, where he served multiple churches. After his retirement, he served a church in Florida and concluded his ministry by

serving Jamestown United Methodist Church in Waycross, Georgia, for ten years.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by his sister, Marjorie Cason. Survivors include his wife of 32 years, Rebecca Wobser Ramsey of Waycross; six children, Penny Crawford (Abraham) of Springfield, FL, Phillip Ramsey of Staunton, VA, Cathy Chaplin of Staunton, VA, Jeffrey Wayne Hege of Maryland, Lee Heil (Glen) of Summerfield, FL, and Charity Elizabeth Taylor (Larry) of Ocala, FL; numerous grandchildren and great grandchildren; three sisters, Nancy Dill of Stuarts Draft, VA, Lindia Miller (Bobby) of Kissimmee, FL, and Lois Snell (Victor) of Fishersville, VA; half-brother John Spenser Ramsey of Greenbelt, MD; half-sister Cindy Ramsey of Greenbelt, MD; and numerous nieces, nephews, and other relatives.

His funeral service was held at 11:00 a.m., March 18, 2020 at Jamestown United Methodist Church, with burial at Greenlawn Cemetery.

JAMES ROBERT “BOB” REGAN, JR. 1930 – 2019

The Rev. James Robert “Bob” Regan, Jr. loved to tell and read stories and especially “The Story.” He loved to sing and write about life, faith, family, and experiences and to love and guide his family to be their best. He gave thousands of sermons and performed hundreds of weddings, funerals, and baptisms, and went to thousands of meetings over his 68 years of ministry.

Bob worked tirelessly for and raised awareness of social justice, equality, and integration for all people: the poor; orphans; prisoners; the lost; the elderly; the homeless; the disabled; anyone on the margins. He was an activist, an advocate, an evangelist, and a builder. He lived Matthew 25:35-36 and the great commission to go to all people, to make disciples, to baptize in the name of our Triune God, and teach them to obey all that is commanded. In short, he believed if we let our light of love shine then others will experience God through relationships.

He was an activist in the ecumenical movement, saying “it is a scandal there are so many denominations” and “an increasing number of independent and disconnected churches. We are one in the spirit, one in the Lord,

and we pray that all unity may one day be restored.” He started, developed, and supported many churches, camps, and community organizations. He worked tirelessly for people and for God.

Bob was born June 25, 1930 in Manteo, NC to the Rev. James Robert Regan, Sr., and Selma Adelaide (Caine) Regan. His dad was a United Methodist minister and school principal, serving in many parts of North Carolina. His mom was a teacher and an artist. Among the many churches Bob’s father served, Bob’s favorites were the ones on the Outer Banks of NC, and he especially loved living in Hatteras in 1939. Bob would fondly recall many stories of his life and adventures in Hatteras and the Outer Banks from those early years. He graduated from Boone Trail High School in NC as valedictorian at the age of fifteen. He heard the calling to go into ministry at a church camp and completed his undergraduate degree (1949) and Masters of Divinity (1952) at Duke University. His father had graduated from Duke Divinity School in 1928. Bob also did graduate work at American University, Yale, George Washington University, Wesley Theological Seminary, Howard School of Religion, and Episcopal Theological Seminary.

Bob began his ministry career as the Assistant Pastor at Hay Street UMC in Fayetteville, NC and then served as Director of Methodist Camps for the North Carolina conference and Director of College Student Ministries for the North Carolina and Virginia conferences. He married Sarah Jeanette Leonard on December 22, 1956, and they were married for just short of 63 years. They met at the Wesley Foundation at UNC-Greensboro and worked together at Camp Don Lee, where Bob was the Director and Jeanette a counselor. Jeanette is a graduate of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro (1957). Starting preschools in the churches they served was important to Bob and Jeanette. Jeanette served as a leader and one of the teachers, and was a devoted mother.

They moved to Virginia in 1957 when Bob accepted a position with the Board of Temperance, which became the Board of Social Concerns, at the United Methodist Building in Washington, DC. Over the eight years of working for the Board, he led meetings in almost every state and also arranged for Dr. Martin Luther King to speak at a conference in Chicago.

Bob was appointed to start a United Methodist Church in 1964 in the brand-new town of Reston, VA. He quickly began working on establishing an ecumenical church in Reston that resulted in the formation of the United Christian Parish (UCP), a union of United Methodist, Presbyterian (USA),

Disciples of Christ, and United Church of Christ churches, birthed in 1973, fittingly on Pentecost Sunday. Bob served the UCP until 1979. Since Reston was a new community, Bob was well known for “knocking on doors” and inviting people to church, some before the moving truck arrived.

Bob was Pastor of Trinity UMC, McLean (1979-1983), Peakland UMC, Lynchburg (1983-1985), and Fredericksburg UMC (1985-1994). He retired in June of 1994, moving to the Lake of the Woods. In retirement, he served as pastor of Grace UMC, Stafford County (1994-1995), Hopewell & Richardsonville UMC, Lignum and Culpeper County (2000-2001), and Visitation Pastor of Lake of the Woods Community Church (1996-2008). Bob and Jeanette moved to the Culpeper Retirement Community in November 2019.

Bob was dedicated to building housing for limited income women and children, the developmentally disadvantaged, and the elderly. He was President of the Virginia United Methodist Housing Development Corporation and developed more than twenty affordable housing communities with over 1,400 apartments. Bob was always passionate about making sure the income disadvantaged population had housing. A new housing development in Berryville, VA has been named in his honor – Robert Regan Village.

Bob and Jeanette have four children – Randy (Cathy) Regan, Steven (fiancée Mary) Regan, David Regan, and Jennifer (Stephen) Michalak; six grandchildren – Renée Regan, Abigale Jerzy, Robert Regan, Trevor Michalak, Heather Weber, Nathan Michalak; and one great-grandson – Timothy Weber, III. Bob had one brother, Herbert Regan, Sr., who preceded him in death.

Bob and Jeanette loved to travel and led 16 group trips, including eight trips to the Holy Land. Bob valued family gatherings - holidays, birthdays, vacations, weddings, and graduations. His hobbies included golf, traveling, crossword puzzles, and watching the Nationals baseball and “dear old” Duke basketball teams. Bob was an avid reader and owned many hundreds of books. He instilled the importance of reading, education, travel, and life-long learning in his family. He was also particularly good at writing poems, and the family cherishes some surviving copies.

The Rev. James Robert ‘Bob’ Regan, Jr., 89, of Culpeper went to be with the Lord on Dec. 9, 2019, at the University of Virginia Medical Center, Charlottesville. A service was held on December 12, 2019 at Fredericksburg United Methodist Church by Rev. Gina Anderson-Cloud, assisted by the Rev. Ed Winkler. The graveside service was officiated by the Rev. Bill Roth

on December 14th at Forest Hill Memorial Park, Lexington, NC, Jeanette's hometown.

—Jeanette, Randy, Steven, David, and Jennifer

WILLIAM KELLY THOMAS

1923 – 2020

William Kelly Thomas was born October 1, 1923 in Petersburg, Virginia and died March 23, 2020 in Waynesboro, Virginia, at the age of ninety-six. Bill, as he was known, lived life to the fullest. After graduating high school at 16, Bill held several jobs, including being a clerk for the JC Penny Company, a proofreader at a printing company, and as a supervisor at the Naval Diesel School in Richmond. After a brief time in college, Bill entered military service and became a naval aviator and flight instructor until the end of the WWII. In 1949, Bill experienced the call to Christian ministry and for 50 years he served the Virginia Conference as a pastor, district superintendent, conference workshop teacher, Trustee at Ferrum College, member of the Virginia Conference Finance Committee, and president of the Blackstone Assembly Center.

As his four children know, there was more to Bill than his job titles, and they wanted this to be shared. They asked me to provide insights about Bill from a colleague's perspective. I was privileged to serve with Bill while he was senior pastor of Mount Olivet United Methodist Church in Arlington from 1982 to 1988. There are three words that reflect who Bill was as a person.

Bill was a man of wisdom, defined as the ability to think and act using knowledge and experience with common sense and insight. This quality was most evident in Bill's preaching. A gifted storyteller, he brought scripture alive when he interpreted the Word. Early in his ministry Bill asked his first wife, Nancy, to give him feedback about his preaching. She responded that his sermons were fine, but that he repeatedly looked down at his notes and then up at the congregation. She thought it would be better if he spent less time looking at his notes. He then started memorizing his sermons and never used notes again! Books and instruction manuals were Bill's constant companions as he developed skills for the ministry and for repairing whatever broke in the house. Bill did most of the wiring and plumbing in the

home built near Lexington where he and Polly retired.

Another way to describe Bill was as a team player. Bill was gracious in his demeanor and behavior and showed great care and respect for all people. He knew how to communicate with people and treat them well. When I was appointed to Mount Olivet, work had begun on implementing a long-range plan. One recommendation was that morning worship be “livelier” and more participatory. Being faithful Methodists, a task force including laity, staff, and a Wesley Seminary professor, was charged to develop implementation strategies. After our first meeting, Bill said to me, “I know why we are redesigning our worship, and it will be a challenge, but together we will learn how to do it.” Bill also shepherded the transition of the church lay leadership from members of the WWII generation to the next generation. He was constantly on the lookout for younger men and women to step into leadership positions and gave them his full support when they did. That is the Bill all of us had the privilege of working with during his years at Mount Olivet.

My last word to describe Bill is courageous, defined as one who has mental and moral strength to face hardship and challenges. Bill’s courage was evident when he experienced the unexpected death of his first wife, Nancy, and, more recently, his second wife, Polly. He had the courage to press forward in faith as he held them close in his heart and allowed his memories of them to nurture him.

One of Bill’s greatest challenges at Mount Olivet occurred in 1986 when an arsonist set a fire in the building that caused thousands of dollars in damage. Undaunted by what happened, Bill gathered his staff on the morning of the fire. After prayer and words of encouragement, he said: “We don’t expect to miss a beat in our church’s programs. We will keep right on going in full stride.” And we did. On the following Sunday, Bill gathered the congregation in the Fellowship Hall for worship, which began with the singing of the Doxology followed by Bill’s sermon, entitled “You Can’t Burn a Church.” Bill was a courageous man who instilled courage in others. When the police discovered that the arsonist was a young man who lived in the neighborhood and had set other fires, Bill led the church in the decision to get the young man the help he needed rather than prosecute him for his action at Mount Olivet.

The Reverend Doctor William Kelly Thomas was truly God’s servant. He lived life to the fullest and was a blessing to all of us who knew him.

—The Rev. Susan Cutshaw, colleague and friend

ROBERT JAMES THORNE

1942 – 2020

Robert (Bob) Thorne, was born on Tangier Island, Virginia on July 11, 1942, to James and Hattie Thorne. Bob was one of eight children and, as the stories are told, was very rambunctious in his younger years. Bob graduated from high school in 1960. He went on to work on the water with his father, and that became his year-round job. As time went on, Bob got the attention of Frances Parks. They fell in love and were married on December 20, 1969. Bob and Frances spent fifty years together and had two sons, Robert and Joshua.

Bob became the Mayor of Tangier Island, serving for nine years. He was very active in the community. During his time as Mayor, he became very interested in the church. One night during a revival, Bob became a Christian. Bob would go on to become more active in church work and in teaching Sunday School, while serving on various committees and remaining dedicated to his community.

Bob felt the Lord calling him into the ministry full-time, and along with lots of prayers and seeing the Lord's guidance, he dedicated his life to preaching God's word. Through the Lord's calling, it wasn't long before he was headed to community college and then Duke University. Bob was assigned to a church fulltime. His family was supportive, and Frances was always by his side. Bob would testify that he was called to serve because he loved it and he "chose it." He "preached it" because God wanted souls to be saved.

Bob had a unique way of weaving paths we love and chose in our lives with the things God calls us to do, and showing how the pieces fit into God's plan. Bob was a shepherd. He would never say his gift was preaching or teaching, although his leadership from the pulpit was a gift to so many. Bob's shepherding gift was what made him very special! No one ever came into Bob's presence without leaving blessed. Bob always put his ministry gift into every situation he faced—burdens, crisis, or joys. He was sought after for weddings and funerals because those who knew him felt and valued how he was part of their lives and wanted him to be involved in their special events of the heart.

Through his 37 years in the ministry, Bob served Capeville, Brosville, Providence, Stuart, Trinity, Mount Comfort, and Hurt United Methodist

churches.

Bob never questioned his calling and always looked ahead to find souls that need to be saved. Let's not grow weary in the faith!

Bob went home to be with his Lord on June 8, 2020, with his loving wife, Frances, right by his side. During the last several years of his life, his health deteriorated. God, in his majesty, never took his gift of prayer. God answers prayers in the morning, God answers prayers at noon, and God answers prayers in the evening, so keep you heart in time.

—Frances, Robert, and Joshua Thorne

LAUREL G. TREGO

1927 – 2019

Laurel G. Trego, 92, passed away in Virginia Beach on August 10, 2019.

Born on April 27, 1927, in Norfolk, she was the daughter of the late William A. Garlette, Sr., and Ellie Span Garlette. She was preceded in death by her brother, William A. Garlette, Jr., and her sister, Anne E. Maling (Garlette).

Laurel was a graduate of Maury High School and Richmond Professional Institute (VCU). After graduation and marriage, she became an art teacher in Norfolk Public Schools, later spending some years as a stay-at-home mom, raising her two daughters. Her years of volunteer work at Norview United Methodist Church prepared her for her career as a director of educational programs at several church. She served Monumental UMC (Portsmouth), Larchmont UMC (Norfolk), Centenary UMC (Portsmouth), and Aldersgate UMC (Alexandria). She became consecrated as a Diaconal Minister of Education. After retirement, she became a Master Gardener and spent many hours as a volunteer at the Chesapeake Arboretum. As a very active member of Community UMC, she served as Sunday School teacher, Women's Chorus member, a Stephen Minister, and office volunteer.

She is survived by two daughters, Laurel Anderson (Jim) and Claire Goodwin (Michael.) She is also survived by granddaughters Karen Kerley (Ryan) and Leigh Anderson; a great-grandson, Camden Kerley; and by six nieces and nephews, along with their families.

WALTER ALLEN WHITEHURST

1933 – 2020

Often with his ukulele in hand, Rev. Walt Whitehurst lived a life of service to God through missions, ministry, music, laughter and joy. He met his future wife, Betty Campbell, of Texas, in training in 1956 as he headed to Chile and Betty to Cuba as three-year missionaries. They married in 1961 upon Walt's graduation from Duke Divinity School and became well known in the Virginia Conference for their devotion to missions, often playing leadership roles in the School of Christian Mission.

A native of rural Pungo in Princess Anne County—now part of Virginia Beach—Walt graduated from Randolph-Macon College in 1951 and served in recent years as president of the R-MC Boydton Society. He made several life-long friends at R-MC who served with him as pastors in the Virginia Annual Conference.

After completing seminary at Duke, Walt founded the Princess Anne Plaza United

Methodist Church while also serving as pastor of Lynnhaven UMC, Virginia Beach, 1961-63. From there he went to Annandale UMC as the associate pastor and, in 1966, he and his family went to Chile as missionaries. They returned to Virginia in 1971, and he served as pastor of Providence-Whites Charge, Rustburg; Main Street UMC, Bedford; First UMC, Hopewell; Stratford Hills UMC, Richmond and Community UMC, Virginia Beach (Kempsville).

In 1995, Walt became Director of United Methodist Volunteers in Mission, Southeastern Jurisdiction, based in Atlanta, GA. He retired from that position in 1999, and he and Betty returned to his beloved Pungo. In retirement, Walt served as associate pastor at his home church, Charity United Methodist, 2001-2006. He was also a consultant for Individual Volunteers with the United Methodist General Board of Global Ministries, 1999-2005.

After retiring from the Individual Volunteer program, Walt and Betty wrote a book, *Following God's Call: Individual Volunteers in Mission*, about the experiences of many of the volunteer missionaries they had helped recruit, train and send. He later wrote five books known as the Pungo Tales series and loved selling his books at the annual Pungo Strawberry Festival and local venues.

Walt is survived by his wife of 58 years, Dr. Betty Campbell Whitehurst;

his sons, the Rev. David Whitehurst and his wife Cherie of Bedford, VA and Bruce Whitehurst and his wife Genise of Richmond, VA; his daughter, Monica Whitehurst of Chesapeake; five grandchildren and three great grandchildren; and his sister, Elizabeth Whitehurst Bergesen of Virginia Beach. He was predeceased by his sister Reba Whitehurst Thompson.

Walt's family expresses our deep appreciation for the outpouring of love and support following his death on January 4, 2020 and to all who attended the celebration of a life well lived at Charity Church on January 9th.

LYNN RAYMOND WILBUR

1942 – 2019

Born in Buffalo, NY, on December 26, 1942, Lynn did not remain a Yankee for long. His family moved, first to Georgia during the Second World War, where his father worked on wiring airplanes, and then to Lake Junaluska for most of Lynn's childhood. Finally, the family moved to South Charleston, WV.

The influences of a lifetime are often simple pleasures that form us into who we are. Countless times Lynn mentioned his Scout leaders, football coaches, and ministers whom he admired. The Rev. Shay was an early influence and helped Lynn recognize his call to ministry. The Rev. Robert Henson encouraged Lynn to work as a hospital orderly to learn more about people in crisis. This early basic hospital training led to EMT certification later in life. Lynn continued working at the hospital at night while he attended college classes during the day.

Lynn was a graduate of West Virginia State University, the Methodist Theological School in Ohio, and did graduate work at Drew University in Madison, NJ. In those early years, Lynn also completed Army Basic Training at Fort Knox, KY, and Advanced Radio Operator Training at Fort Benning, GA, and served six years in the United States Army Reserves.

Lynn and Phyllis were married on August 7, 1965, after she graduated from Marshall University and began teaching in the Kanawha County School System. Son Lee was adopted in December, 1969, and son Christopher was born in August, 1970. With two sons in tow, the family headed to Delaware, Ohio, in 1971 for Lynn's seminary education. While Phyllis taught in the local school system, the children attended the seminary day

care until Lee started first grade. In 1974, the family not only celebrated the joyous graduation, but also the thoughts of going home to West Virginia and the soon-to-be birth of the third Wilbur child in September, daughter Carrie.

Lynn served Old Stone Presbyterian Church in Delaware, Ohio, as a student pastor while in seminary. As a member of the West Virginia Annual Conference from 1974 until 1984, Lynn served Evangelical UMC and Harper's Chapel in Franklin, WV, yoked parishes Cameron UMC and Cameron First Presbyterian in Cameron, WV, and Grace UMC in Bluefield, WV. Lynn transferred into the Virginia Annual Conference in 1984 to accommodate a career move for wife Phyllis, who was employed by the Virginia Department of Correctional Education. In Virginia, Lynn served the LaCrosse Circuit: Sardis, Kingswood, and Rehoboth, in LaCross, VA; Annex and Crimora in Staunton; Ashwood and Emory in Hotspring; Rapidan Circuit: Mount Zion, Bethsaida, Walkers in Oak Park; Short Hill Circuit: Mount Olivet, Ebenezer, Rehoboth in Lovettsville; and Little Fork Circuit: Woodland, Oak Shade, Jeffersonton in Culpeper.

Some of Lynn's fondest pursuits were reading, teaching Disciple Bible Study, and mentoring lay speakers and those entering ministry. He was an Eagle Scout and served in Boy Scout leadership roles almost all his life. He was still serving as a Scout Committeeman at age 74. He attended two national scout jamborees, one in Colorado and one at Fort A.P. Hill in Virginia. While in seminary, he helped to lead an Ohio troop to Philmont National Scout Ranch in Cimarron, NM.

Lynn was a volunteer fireman for three years, until Phyllis found out he was climbing on rooftops to chain chimneys, and he helped organize the first volunteer rescue squad in Franklin, WV. He continued in other rescue squads wherever he called home, and earned his EMT certification. He was working on his Advanced Life certification at age 60 when he decided he had climbed up and down enough muddy banks to pull people out of cars in a creek.

Other hobbies Lynn enjoyed included ham radio, working stained glass, and teaching that skill in Bible School in several churches. Lynn could read two and three books at the same time, and his interests ran a wide arc of science fiction, history, mysteries, theology, and Bible commentaries. Some of his favorite authors were Reynolds Price, N.T. Wright, Walter Bruggemann, C.S. Lewis, Robert Tannehill, and so many others. Many parishioners often said Lynn was a wonderful scholar and Bible teacher.

Retirement took the family back to Lynn's beloved North Carolina to join two sons and a daughter, along with five grandchildren. Lynn and Phyllis were able to celebrate 54 years of marriage. Lynn was a wonderful father and grandfather, better known as Papaw or Poppy. His dream of visiting all 50 states was cut short when he had a stroke in February, 2017, which then confined him to a nursing home until his death on September 16.

—Phyllis A. Wilbur

DOYLE WESTON WYATT

1939 - 2020

When Doyle and I met in 1960, he was stationed in Key West, Florida aboard the submarine, the USS Picuda. He had experienced "being on the wild side" somewhat, and he KNEW that was NOT what God wanted for his life. He began praying, "God, I am so tired of this life. I need someone to love and someone to love me!"

Doyle came back to visit his family (they were members of Wesley Memorial United Methodist Church). He went into a local grocery store where he had worked. It just so happened I was working there for the summer. (I was 17 years old). I asked "Who in the world is he?" I was told he came in for a break. I was also told he wanted to ask me for a date! Within the month of July, we had seven dates (mostly at our parents' homes), and Doyle returned to Key West. We fell in love! He proposed to me on the phone and sent me my engagement ring AND our wedding bands for the future!

Doyle was transferred to Charleston, SC and knew he would be discharged soon. We married on July 28, 1961. What an adventure for an 18-year-old wife! He immediately had a job doing parts for trucks. We bought a home and started a family. We have a son, Doyle Jennings; daughter, Suzanne Marie; and son, Brian Scott. We were blessed with three grandchildren later on in life.

Later, moving to the country, Doyle heard a pastor talking about being baptized in a river. Shortly thereafter, our pastor baptized him in the Mayo River, and later Doyle had an appointment with the District Superintendent who immediately offered him a country church nearby called Mt. Zion. Doyle continued his job and took some classes at Ferrum College while

preaching at the church. After a year, we decided to go full-time. We sold our new home in the country, and he resigned from his job.

We moved to Newport/Mt. Olivet. We stayed there five years, while Doyle got his Associate Degree at New River Community College. He also began the ten summers at Duke University as well.

After five years, Doyle accepted the call to Red Valley United Methodist in Franklin County. (This area will later draw us back to live permanently). We were there four years, and Doyle received his Bachelor's Degree at Ferrum College.

We moved to Brosville United Methodist Church. We were there for 1 1/2 years. At that time, we knew we wanted our own home to settle into, so a family at Red Valley helped us purchase some land from them, and the brothers got us in our new home. Through the years, and with lots of help, we continued to finish our new home! This was the land where Doyle and friends hunted deer and quail.

Very soon Doyle received a call to continue to minister to people. Our family went to Smith Mountain Lake Ministry to two sites for six summers. Our family sung and played the autoharp or keyboard each Sunday for summer lake ministry. That was a very special ministry; we drew close to the people as we sat among the croaking frogs!

One year Doyle received a call from the local Wesleyan Church asking if he would preach for them for a while. So we went to the two lake sites early – and flew back to our home area where Doyle led their service and preached for the summer.

Doyle was given New Hope United Methodist Church. We were there for two years. It seemed like God set every step up to minister to people. Doyle was asked to take Boones Mill United Methodist Church. After a while he decided he wanted to retire from the pastorate in the United Methodist Church.

Sometime later, Doyle's best friend suddenly passed away; he had been pastoring a Disciples of Christ Church in Giles County. Doyle was asked to "help out for a while". They had church services one Sunday every other month. Doyle ended up being their pastor for nine years, until he retired from that as well. The church was 1 1/2 hrs. away from our home!

Many times, when Doyle was not pastoring any church in the area, he received calls from ministers from Baptist, Pentecostal, Brethren, Wesleyan, Disciples of Christ churches, and he enjoying sharing the Word and giving

rest to the ministers.

Through these years, Doyle asked God for help before all this opened up. He began traveling back and forth to Martinsville, where he worked with Mental Health for a couple of years and then as a Juvenile Probation/Parole Officer, retiring after 18 years. Before he retired, Doyle was allowed to work while completing his Master's Degree (taking three years) at Lynchburg College, graduating with honors at age 55.

My husband was a very motivated individual who loved his Lord and loved helping people in all his careers and ministries. As he was dying, we were asked to "tell him" that God now has a new assignment for him! My family and I, as well as many friends, miss My Love, the Rev. Doyle Weston Wyatt, very much! It will be a joy to meet him someday in Heaven with the Lord! Until then, we will carry on the message he was presented many years ago by our Lord.

—Frances Wyatt

