

A Service of REMEMBRANCE



239th Session

Virginia Annual Conference
The United Methodist Church

June 20, 2021
Richmond, Virginia

A Service of REMEMBRANCE



Sunday, June 20, 2021

Virginia Annual Conference
of The United Methodist Church
239th Session



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A Service of REMEMBRANCE



*Prerecorded for viewing on
Sunday, June 20, 2021*

WELCOME & BLESSING

Bishop Sharma D. Lewis

BLESSING OF MEMORIAL SEEDS

CALL TO WORSHIP

One: In a season of loss, the Creator's gifts of color, taste, touch, and sound can be muted.

Many: We go to church, the office, the classroom, the playground - but everything is dimmed.

One: In times of sorrow, the call to be united in Christ can seem forced.

Many: How can we be joined to anything when our lives feel torn apart?

One: In the midst of our grief, the gifts of the Spirit can seem scarce.

Many: Our living examples of "love", of "kindness", of "faithfulness" have been taken away.

One: Even so, one day, God's blue is blue again, and more still it's azure, turquoise, cobalt.

Many: The bread we break is again savory, the cup we share is again full and sweet.

One: We start to feel the Body of Christ stretching its arms to bring us back into the fold.

Many: The ears hear our cries, the feet come to our aid, the heart breaks-and mends-with ours.

One: And now, the gifts of the Spirit come up like new shoots.

Many: "Joy", "patience", "gentleness", are rooted in our memories, and growing within ourselves.

One: Everywhere we look there are sermons to see and songs of Good News to sing.

All: Eternal God, be this our darkest hour, be this our moment before the dawn, you hold us all. In your creation we know the gift of life, the pain of death, and the promise of resurrection. In this hour, we gather to remember our beloveds, to love another, and to praise your holy name. Amen.

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

SCRIPTURE READING

Galatians 5:16-26

*HYMN

"How Great Thou Art"

UMH 77

Gerald Ricks & House Band



How Great Thou Art

1. O Lord my God! when I in awe-some won - der
 2. When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der,
 3. And when I think that God, his Son not spar - ing,
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion

con - sid - er all the *worlds thy hands have made,
 and hear the birds sing sweet - ly in the trees;
 sent him to die, I scarce can take it in;
 and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.

I see the stars, I hear the *roll - ing thun - der,
 when I look down from loft - y moun - tain gran - deur
 that on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly bear - ing,
 Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - o - ra - tion,

thy power through - out the un - i - verse dis - played.
 and hear the brook, and feel the gen - tle breeze;
 he bled and died to take a - way my sin;
 and there pro - claim, my God, how great thou art!

*Authors's original words are "works" and "mighty."

WORDS: Stuart K. Hine, 1953

MUSIC: Stuart K. Hine, 1953

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HOW GREAT THOU ART

Irr. with Refrain

Refrain

Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God to thee;
 how great thou art, how great thou art! Then sings my
 soul, my Sav - ior God to thee; how great thou art, how great thou art!



ACT OF REMEMBRANCE (Naming of the Honored Dead)

Rev. Joshua King, Conference Secretary

*PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

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.

*HYMN “Well Done” by The Afters
Gerald Ricks & House Band

*BLESSING

The peace of God which passes all understanding keep your hearts and
minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our
Lord. And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, be
among you and remain with you always. Amen.

What will it be like when my pain is gone
And all the worries of this world just fade away?
What will it be like when You call my name
And that moment when I see You face to face?
I’m waiting my whole life to hear You say:

Refrain:

Well done, well done
My good and faithful one
Welcome to the place where you belong
Well done, well done
My beloved child
You have run the race and now you’re home
Welcome to the place where you belong

What will it be like when tears are washed away
And every broken thing will finally be made whole?
What will it be like when I come into Your glory
Standing in the presence of a love so beautiful?
I’m waiting my whole life for that day
I will live my life to hear You say:

(refrain)

What will it be like when I hear that sound?
All of heaven’s angels crying out
Singing holy, holy, holy are You, Lord
Singing holy, holy, holy are You, Lord
Singing holy, holy, holy are You, Lord
Waiting my whole life for that day
Until then I’ll live to hear You say:

(refrain)

Well done.

Songwriters: Jason Ingram / Matt Fuqua / Josh Havens; CCLI 7119916; Copyright 2018.

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How Great Thou Art

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Well Done

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WORSHIP LEADERS

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Bishop Sharma D. Lewis

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Secretary of the Conference
Rev. Joshua King

Committee on Memoirs
Rev. Lisa McGehee
Karen Albro

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York River District

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Rev. Sarah Payne
Danville District

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Rev. Stephanie Parker
Elizabeth River District

Rev. Shayne Estes
Richmond District

Rev. Rebecca Minor
Rappahannock River 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:

William A. Martin (05/28/28) RE August 4, 2020
 Robert L. McIntyre (05/17/19) RA August 7, 2020
 Alfred G. Stables (07/23/30) RE August 17, 2020
 Gene C. Tatum (08/29/46) RA August 19, 2020
 Milford C. Rollins (03/04/25) RE September 13, 2020
 Clay B. Tucker (08/02/32) RA October 2, 2020
 Charlie S. Haley (10/30/42) RL October 24, 2020
 Lee B. Sheaffer (11/17/32) RE November 5, 2020
 Vernie Barrow (03/04/31) RE November 8, 2020
 Travis L. Deloach (11/14/50) RE December 11, 2020
 Richard L. Worden (06/13/36) RE December 17, 2020
 James H. Boice (04/13/31) RE December 23, 2020
 Donald A. Baird (03/31/19) RE January 2, 2021
 Gilbert F. Cofer (02/02/21) RE January 4, 2021
 Pamela J. Baldwin (04/22/53) RL January 20, 2021
 Samuel F. Caldwell (09/30/21) RA February 3, 2021
 Charles W. Crumb (08/18/20) RE February 8, 2021
 Mary M. Wilkins (10/04/39) RE February 27, 2021
 Bettie Jean Vanhook (10/01/26) RA March 4, 2021
 Marie M. Waters (06/03/33) RE March 7, 2021
 Earl W. Paylor Jr. (07/24/25) RE April 7, 2021
 Daniel L. Garrett (03/04/41) RE April 25, 2021

David Glen Langston (02/07/42) RE May 2, 2021
 Clyde W. Weaver Jr. (09/23/35) RE May 5, 2021
 Paul A. Beighley (07/27/47) RE May 9, 2021

Active Clergy:

Richard W. Coffey (04/09/54) PL March 9, 2021
 Lowell D. Petry (09/11/58) LLP July 21, 2020

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:

Suzanne W. Righter (Rev. James Righter) July 28, 2020
 Linda S. McKenney (Rev. William McKenney) September 22, 2020
 Martha S. Erbach (Rev. William Erbach) October 2, 2020
 Karen M. Parks (Rev. Charles Parks) October 3, 2020
 Louise Wagner (Rev. R C Wagner) October 18, 2020
 Carlton S. Maughlin (Rev. Joanne Maughlin) December 8, 2020
 Charlotte Whetzel (Rev. Kenneth Whetzel) January 9, 2021
 Phyllis Nuckols (Rev. William Nuckols) February 27, 2021

Spouses of Deceased Clergy:

Cherrie Hall (Rev. William Hall)	May 21, 2020*
Marilyn Acosta (Rev. William Acosta)	August 18, 2020
Sarah C. Sudduth (Rev. Henry Sudduth)	September 28, 2020
Royale Lazenby (Rev. Ashby Lazenby).....	October 1, 2020
Betty R. Hensley (Rev. Holley Hensley)	October 24, 2020
Marion M. Tatum (Rev. William Tatum)	January 1, 2021
Mamie Cheseldine (Rev. Charles Cheseldine).....	January 2, 2021
Linda Hurlock (Rev. Charles Hurlock).....	January 20, 2021
Marie P. Pack (Rev. Raymond Pack)	February 18, 2021
Rose Marie Moore Davis (Rev. Virgil Davis).....	March 5, 2021
Jean K. Williams (Rev. Glenn G. Williams)	April 3, 2021

*Not Reported at 2020 A. C.

Updated 05/11/2021

Lay Members

of the 2020-2021 Annual Conference who have died in the last year

Herbert "Herb" H. Goodman (August 1, 2020).....	Farmville District
Karen Pleasant Booker (August 23, 2020)	Alexandria District
Lawrence W. Broomall, Jr. (September 14, 2020).....	Lynchburg District
Stan Goldsmith (September 16, 2020).....	Lynchburg District
Marvin Kelley (January 2, 2021).....	Harrisonburg District
Robin Elizabeth Powell (March 19, 2021)	Staunton District
Terry Craig Shipe (March 31, 2021).....	James River District

Updated 06/10/2021



VERNIE BARROW JR. 1931 - 2020

Rev. Vernie Barrow Jr. passed away Nov. 8, 2020 in Newport News, VA. A Marine true to his country, a Pastor true to his faith and a man who left an impression on everyone he met.

Born March 4, 1931 in Hagerstown, MD, son of the late Vernie Barrow Sr. and Louise Barrow. He grew up in the pits of poverty. He decided at a young age to make something of himself. With only a GED, he joined the Marine Corp at the age of 17 years old. At that time he had no idea what plans God had for him.

He met the first love of his life, Betty Jean Fincham and she was instrumental in him joining the Methodist church. He became very active in the church and was an Adult Sunday School teacher for many years. He embraced John Wesley's teaching and became very knowledgeable about the bible and the history of Christianity.

While serving in the military, he was a loving and faithful husband, raised 3 children: Alan, Victor and Lenore, worked part time jobs, and went to George Washington University to obtain his bachelor's degree.

Vernie believed that the Lord was constantly sending him messages to a calling of ministry. When he was stationed in North Carolina he began his ministry career by preaching to three churches temporarily and then was given three other churches full time. In 1969, Vernie retired after 20 years in the military, as Master Sergeant and a veteran of the Korean and Vietnam Wars.

He settled the family in Virginia and was assigned a four-church circuit in the Charlottesville District: Palmyra, Salem, Byrd Chapel and Zion. After eight years he moved to Emmanuel UMC in Amherst for nine years and then to Chestnut UMC in Lynchburg.

Vernie became a widower in 1987 and by the grace of God he found his second love of his life, another Methodist minister, Barbara Bowers. The

union blessed him with an instant family, three daughters: Judy McMullen, Janice Regan, Jenifer Loker. Barbara was appointed District Superintendent to the Harrisonburg District, so Vernie followed her career and served in Staunton before retiring.

2001, Vernie and Barbara moved to Florida and enjoyed retirement. They were still willing to help out when Chestnut UMC needed an interim minister. For several months they co-ministered until a full-time minister was appointed. In 2011, they returned to Lynchburg and Barbara passed away. Again, Vernie became an interim pastor for Emmanuel UMC and Forest Road UMC.

His ministry was truly a calling. Every church he went to he put his energy into knowing his congregation, using his humor, and outgoing personality to make people feel loved and welcomed. He was a true inspiration to all ages in his ministry.

Vernie was born in the mountains, he loved the mountains and was buried in the mountains between his beautiful wives in Amherst County.

PAUL ALLEN BEIGHLEY, III 1947 - 2021

On Saturday, May 8th, 2021, Reverend Dr. Paul Allen Beighley, III, was reunited with his Heavenly Father. Paul, however, liked to put it another way, “I refuse to say they died and give the devil any glory. They did not die but they graduated to life eternal with Jesus.” Congratulations to our brother Paul on your graduation to paradise. Well done thy good and faithful servant!

Paul’s life in ministry was exactly that. A life of ministry, where his love of his family, God, and all of God’s children was evident to all. Paul celebrated over 40 years of marriage to his beautiful wife, Dorcas and together they raised their beautiful daughter, Mary.

Paul’s academic accomplishments are numerous. He earned his Bachelor of Arts in History from the University of MD College Park (1969), Master of Arts in History from Cornell University (1970), Master of Divinity from Wesley Theological Seminary (1973), Doctorate of Theology from International Seminary (1989), Master of Arts in Counseling from Liberty University (1993), and completed the Upper Room two-year Academy of Spiritual

Formation #37. He holds numerous awards from the University of MD: Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Alpha Theta, Omicron Delta Kappa, Phi kappa Phi, Phi eta Sigma, Honors History Program. He is also a Harry Denman Award recipient. Paul not only continuously strived to increase his academic knowledge, but was also intentional about his spiritual formation, as he was active in Aldersgate, as well as the Voice of the Prophet.

Paul served with the Virginia Conference of the United Methodist Church for over 50 years. During this time, he served at numerous churches with his last nine years being at Bethany UMC. He is loved and missed by his congregations, adults and children alike. From July 2001-September 2014, Paul served as Chaplain at Greensville Correctional. While providing spiritual guidance at Greensville Correctional through his chaplaincy role, he also worked as a History Instructor (SVCC 2002-2013 through Grace Inside). Paul was instrumental in the Kairos ministry at Lawrenceville Correctional and helped establish the Kairos Ministry at Greensville Correctional. Paul will also be greatly missed in the Southside Emmaus Community, where he served as the Community Spiritual Director.

Through all these accomplishments, awards, and successes, Paul always walked in a spirit of humility. He did not take on these positions for status or prestige, but simply for his love of God, of knowledge, and of all God’s people. Paul was always willing to impart whatever knowledge the Lord had given him, from Chaplain to teaching history to the residents, and did it from a position of humility. Many of you have told me of his passion to love those that other people have deemed as “unlovable or garbage.” Through numerous stories, I have been reminded that Paul was a humble man of God who continuously encouraged and never judged. In Paul’s words, “There is no one so far down that Jesus Christ cannot lift up! There is no one so far away that Jesus Christ cannot bring back! Because of Jesus, there are no hopeless cases!” Whether working with residents at Lawrenceville/Greensville, his congregations, his Emmaus Community members, or those he met on the streets in town, Paul’s love for humanity was evident. We remember Paul for his prayers for us... “May you be surprised by JOY!” and “Be blessed out of your socks!” He was a spirit-filled prayer warrior who always encouraged others to increase their prayer lives and he always made time to mentor those who were answering the call to ministry.

Many that knew Paul, including myself, really had no idea of all of his worldly “successes and achievements.” Many had no idea he held a Doctor-

ate. I believe that is because titles really did not matter to him in the larger scheme of things. As a beloved child of God, he simply wanted to encourage others to walk as beloved children of God. Many remember Paul as a “courageous disciple” and a “sincere, genuine, spiritual mentor, and generous Christian pastor. Those that attended Paul’s service were again reminded of the love Paul continuously showed for others, as many testified to the powerful Christian witness Paul had on their lives. Even now, his love for others is evident, as those that knew him posted on his Facebook page after his passing. I would like to share one such post with you here:

“Many people may have known this man longer than I have and my condolences goes out to you all. For I have only known him for a handful of years...This man is a soldier of God, expressing absolutely no prejudice for humanity...Strictly about his Heavenly Father’s work....

I am not a Christian, but Paul IS my brother...His ministry is remarkable....full of AGAPE LOVE...

He gave of himself for the service of others, never asking for anything in return....I’ve had the honor of watching him work diligently to ensure fairness...What I’m saying is, there’s not many like him and I know that God is pleased with him....he is greatly missed...and while his life sums are all completed, it would be selfish for one to call back this departed soul... while we grieve, let us not delay him from receiving his long awaited greeting from his Heavenly Father... ‘Well done My good and faithful servant’... Amen” (Eric Johnson)

While it is important for us to strive to increase our own knowledge and spiritual formation, I believe the testimony of those whose lives were touched by Paul would leave us with the thought that it is our love and humility that we show to others as we impart that wisdom that matters most, and I believe Paul would agree.

In closing, I would like to leave you with a blessing that Paul frequently imparted upon us:

“The Lord bless you and keep you;

The Lord make His face shine upon you,

And be gracious to you;

The Lord lift up His countenance upon you,

And give you peace.” (Numbers 6:24-26)

And in the parting words of our beloved brother Paul, “Shalom, Y’all!”

SAMUEL FRANKLIN CALDWELL

1921 - 2021

Rev. Caldwell was born on September 30, 1921 in Campbell County, Virginia near the village of Rustburg. His parents, Arthur and Eunice Caldwell, were a farming couple whose main cash crop was tobacco and Sam was the first of nine children, with six surviving to adulthood. Growing up on a farm during the Depression Years established in Sam an appreciation for hard work and helping others. He carried this philosophy with him, and it guided him through the remaining years of his life. Sam also had a wonderful sense of humor and enjoyed a good laugh. Sam would get up early as a child to check his rabbit traps before going to school to help provide meals for his family. Sam was a beekeeper, loved to garden and loved to hunt with his rabbit hounds. Sam was seven years old when the family brought their first automobile and up to that time all family travel was by horse and wagon. Sam went from horse and wagon to space travel in a lifetime and enjoyed every minute.

When Japan bombed Pearl Harbor on Sunday, December 7, 1941, World War II was born, and Sam was called to serve his country. He entered the Army in April of 1942 and received training as a Medical Technician. He deployed after training and served with the 33rd General Hospital in North Africa and then in Roam, Italy, as the German front line was pushed north. The hospital in Roam was next to the Vatican and St. Peters Cathedral was visible. Sam returned to the farm in Rustburg in December 1945 after WW II ended and married his childhood sweetheart Carol Evelyn Tweedy. They build a small home on a few acres his father had given them using timber cut and milled on the farm. Together they raised four children and Sam worked in the plumbing and electrical field. God spoke to Sam just after his return from the war and called for his service. But family demands were great, and Sam did not answer this call. Working to raise his growing family and beekeeping, his lifelong hobby, kept Sam busy.

God called on Sam again twenty years later for his service and this time Sam answered his call. He entered the ministry in April of 1965. He was an associate pastor on the Gladys charge from June 1966 through June 1968 and together with Rev. Merely Shepherd served six churches. Due to medical training, he received during WW II, Rev. Sam always loved working with the local rescue squads and continued to work with them wherever he

served until he retired. Rev. Sam served four churches Pittsylvania and Halifax Counties on the St Andrew's charge from June 1968 through June 1972. The Methodist Conference required Rev. Sam to continue his education and he drove to Chapel Hill, NC two days each week to attend college classes while still attending to the needs of his four churches. Rev. Sam served the Glady's charge from June 1972 through June 1977. He continued his educational training two days a week at Ferrum College and obtained his degree after 9 years for hard work. Rev. Sam returned to Campbell County on the We Campbell charge where he served from June 1983 until his retirement in June 1988. During his service on the West Campbell charge, Rev Sam Caldwell was nominated for Rural Minister of the Year for the Virginia United Methodist Conference. He was given the honor, but insisted it was only because he had been nominated several times and the committee was tired of hearing about it.

Rev. Sam Caldwell retired in June 1988 and moved back to the home he and Carol built on the family farm in Campbell County. His retirement years were filled with beekeeping, hunting, and gardening. He would grow a huge garden each year, only to give most of it away to friends and family. He continued to perform weddings and funerals in his retirement years. Rev. Sam loved his family and enjoyed attending family events and never turned down a good meal.

Rev. Samuel Caldwell went to be with his Lord in February 2021. Partial paralysis and hearing loss visited Rev. Sam in his later years, but he handled it with grace. Now he can walk again and listen to the beautiful hymns he so loved.

TRAVIS L. DELOACH 1050 - 2020

My father, Travis Lee DeLoach, was born on November 14, 1950, to James and Juanita DeLoach, the youngest of four children: Brenda, Ruth, Clyde, and himself. Both of his parents had descended from a long line of farmers in the South and had moved north to Danville to find jobs at Dan River Mills, where they both continued to work until retirement.

My father described his family as being from "the wrong side of the tracks," and I loved to hear stories about his rough-and-tumble childhood, especially those involving his siblings. One of my favorites was about the

time he got angry with his brother, Clyde, and stabbed him in the arm with a fork. Clyde, who perceived my father as being the pampered baby of the family, was delighted to have some evidence to use against him. He ran outside to where their mother was hanging laundry on the clothesline, and held up his arm triumphantly. "Look what Travis did! Look what Travis did!" Instead of the sympathetic response he was hoping for, my granny looked at him and said, "Boy, you better get back in that house without your coat on!!"

I also loved to hear about how his older sisters, eager to have a chance to see their boyfriends while their parents were at work, but not wanting their little brother tagging along, would run him up and down the rows of corn in their garden to tire him out so they could put him down for a nap.

According to Da, his family was the type that slept in on Sundays, having worked hard throughout the week. They certainly didn't get up early to go to church—that is, until my dad was 13, and his mother got saved in the Baptist church and started to attend regularly. According to Da, she changed dramatically, from "mean mama" to a devout and godly woman. Witnessing the impact her relationship with God made on his mother so impressed my dad, that he also got saved at the age of thirteen. Although he would stray from the faith as he got older, he never forgot the change he witnessed in his mother, nor did he ever forget his humble beginnings.

In high school, my dad had another life-changing encounter, this time with a beautiful, bright-smiling girl named Debby Haynes. The two of them worked together on the high school magazine when he was a senior and she was a junior, and dated sporadically. (Interestingly enough, many years later, their two older daughters, Jenny and myself, would work together on our high school magazine.)

When Da graduated from high school in 1969, he joined the Air Force so he could use the G.I. Bill to pay for college. This was at the height of the Vietnam War, but thankfully the closest he got to Vietnam was Thailand, where he worked in photo ops developing reconnaissance film. My mother was an art student at the now-defunct Stratford College in Danville, but her heart was in Thailand. It was while my dad was away in the Air Force and he and my mom wrote letters to each other, that they truly got to know one another and fell deeply in love. When he came back to the U.S., they got married, on April 15, 1972. My father was stationed in Omaha, Nebraska, after the wedding, so my parents lived there during their first year of mar-

riage. They had their first child, my sister, Jenny, just weeks before my dad was discharged from the Air Force in 1973.

Their little family returned to Virginia, and my dad soon registered for classes at Averett College in Danville. Despite him now having a growing family to provide for, and having to work two jobs, he studied hard, taking summer sessions as well as the usual semesters, and completed his Bachelor's degree in psychology in just 2 1/2 years, at the very top of his class. He wasn't given the valedictorian honor because he graduated mid-term. It was during his college days that his second daughter, Emily (me), was born, in 1974. With his degree under his belt, Da found a job as a probation and parole officer with the City of Danville. In the meantime, his family continued to grow. His son, Matthew, was born in 1978.

It wasn't long after this that Da had an encounter that made a big spiritual impact on him. This is a very special story to me because it underlines my own personal connection with my father, and I know it was special to him, as well, because he often included it in sermons when I was growing up. I'd like to share it here, in his own words, as he recounted the story to me just a month before he died:

"It was in February, on one of those unseasonably warm days, a Saturday. It happened at Grove Park playground, near Granny and Papa DeLoach's house...It was Jenny on the other end of the seesaw, and you fell off after she jiggled the board. She wasn't trying to hurt you, just have a little fun. You didn't fall from very high, but it obviously caused a lot of pain. I scooped you up to comfort you, but also to check your wrist. There was no discoloration or swelling, so I felt like the pain would let up soon....We went home and had some dinner, I think. You said you were still in pain, but there were no signs of swelling or bruising. You kept complaining about the pain, and you were never one to complain. I knew then that I needed to take you to the ER, which I did. Mama stayed home with Jenny and Matthew. It was a Saturday night in the ER, so we waited a LONG time - 3 or 4 hours. I was pretty disgruntled by then, so I did say something like, 'I can't believe this is taking so long. It'll be a huge waste of time.' I was being a selfish jerk, but I also hated that you had to wait so long in pain. "I remember your words this way: 'Da, I'm kinda glad we're having to wait so long.' " "Well, why is that?" " "Because it gives me more time to think about Jesus."

"I don't know how to express the effect your words had on me, except to say that I was cut to the heart. All of my callousness, impatience, selfishness

and lack of faith stared me in the face, and encouraged me to realize that I needed to be like you, with your humble, loving faith and trust in God. This was the beginning of my journey as the Prodigal Son, coming home to the Father from the far country. I didn't feel God's call to ministry right away, but it was the culmination of my journey back to God that started with you in the ER that night."

Not long after he returned to Christ, Da started to feel the call to ministry. After consulting with their pastor and receiving instructions to pray about it and seek the answer in God's Word, my parents came across 2 Timothy 4:2: "Preach the word; be prepared in season and out of season; correct, rebuke, and encourage—with great patience and careful instruction." Although he was initially a bit reluctant to accept the call to preach, he couldn't deny that he was being led.

He began to serve as a lay pastor at Calvary and Floral Hills United Methodist Churches in Pittsylvania County while still working as a probation and parole officer. He soon entered ministry full time, and the family moved to Chatham, Virginia, where he served at Concord UMC while commuting to Duke University. He earned his Master's of Divinity in 1986, graduating with honors.

While living in Chatham, the family started taking in foster children. The first one, Barbara, came to us in 1984 at the age of two. After four years of being part of our family as a foster child, my sister was finally officially adopted. Baptizing her with her new family name was one of the most special moments of Da's career.

We had two more foster children, and my mom cared for many other young children over the years in our home. My dad loved them all and treated them like family. In fact, some of the most recent of these children called him "Papa" just like his own grandchildren did.

My father would go on to serve several more churches, including the Chatham Heights/Granberry charge in Martinsville, from 1988 to 1993, the Bloxom/Guilford/St.Thomas charge in Bloxom from 1993 to 2001, and Christ United Methodist Church on Chincoteague Island from 2001 to 2017. After a long career of self-sacrifice and service in ministry, my father retired in 2017, and he and my mom moved to Captain's Cove in Greenbackville.

Da was a lifelong, diehard fan of Duke basketball, and he loved watching games with his son and fellow fan, Matthew. When he wasn't dressed for church duties, he could usually be seen wearing a combination of a Duke

t-shirt, hat, and/or coat, or a brightly-colored tie-dye t-shirt and jeans.

He was highly intelligent, witty, and had an often deadpan, always hilarious sense of humor. He dominated at Scrabble (a talent my sister, Jenny, inherited), and could've been quite successful on Jeopardy if he'd had the chance.

Over the many years of his ministry, my dad was a comforter, counselor, and mentor to countless church members, family members, and fellow pastors. He sang and/or played guitar for choirs and praise teams, both in church and at Camp Occohannock on the Bay, where he served as a valued spiritual director on numerous Emmaus Walks and Chrysalis Flights. He taught GED classes in prisons and served on mission trips, including one to Guatemala and one to Khabarovsk, Russia, where I was appointed as a missionary with the United Methodist Mission Society at the time. He also served on the Eastern Shore District Committee on Ordained Ministry and the Virginia Conference Board of Ordained Ministry. Over the years, he visited countless hospital rooms and the homes of shut-ins; he comforted the heartbroken and the bereaved, counseled distressed and floundering souls, and led believers into a deeper relationship with Christ through Discipleship Bible studies as well as personal guidance. He had a gentle and easy-going nature and brought a calm presence to many distressing situations. Despite his laid-back personality, however, he was not afraid to stand up for what was right or to speak difficult or unpopular truths.

My father was consistently humble and aware of God's grace in his life, which, coupled with his compassionate nature, made him a ready conduit for that grace. He had a servant's heart and not only helped the people in his congregations, but countless other people as well, with no fanfare, often without anyone else even knowing (as we've since learned from individuals since he passed away). He was always ready to listen and provide wisdom or needed levity.

He consistently went above and beyond for his wife and children, showing his love for them in countless ways, both big and small. I have never seen a man who loved his wife so much, an example I was blessed to see throughout my life.

I have no doubt that when my father passed away of complications from COVID on December 11, 2020, that he was greeted by his beloved Jesus with the words "Well done, good and faithful servant...Enter into the joy of your master." (Matthew 25:23)

—Emily DeLoach Melnitzhouk

DANIEL LEE GARRETT

1941 - 2021

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Lee Garrett's sense of humor was a huge part of his personality. Dan was a Navy Lieutenant, a Vietnam veteran, a dedicated United Methodist minister, a serious theologian, a lively teacher, a golfer, a sports fan, an amateur (meaning one who loves doing something) singer, a Salvation Army volunteer, a dedicated University of Virginia, Yale Divinity School, and Wesley Seminary alumnus—and a man who never met a stranger. But more than any of these, Dan was a man who dearly loved his wife Susan, his sons and daughters-in-law, and his five grandchildren—and he was wholly loved by them. Dan and Susan left Virginia in 2018 after 50 years of residence there and moved to Southern California to be near their sons and their families.

Dan was born in Zanesville, Ohio to the Rev. Bernard John Garrett and Pauline Elizabeth Smith Garrett on March 4, 1941. He was survived by his wife of 52 years, the Rev. Dr. Susan Schweitzer Garrett, his sons David (Marcy) of Tustin, California, and Joshua (Ngoc) of Costa Mesa, California, and by his five grandchildren, Zachary, Jonathan, and Benjamin of Tustin, and June and Heath of Costa Mesa. He is also survived by his sister, Marjorie Veach (Bill) of Homosassa, Florida, and by his sisters- and brothers-in-law, Sally and Jack Sanders and Carol and Peter Schilling, by eight nieces and nephews, and by nine great-nephews and great-nieces.

After graduating from the University of Virginia in 1963, Dan served in the Navy for four years. His last year of service was as the Executive Officer of the USS Coconino County (LST-603), stationed in Vietnam. Following his service in the Navy, Dan received his Bachelor of Divinity from Yale Divinity School and then served as a United Methodist minister and seminary professor in Virginia for the next 40 years, along the way earning his Doctor of Ministry at Wesley Theological Seminary. His appointments included Regester Chapel in Stafford, Fincastle, Strasburg, and Mount Zion, Duncan Memorial in Berryville, and Central United Methodist Church in Staunton. He also taught United Methodist Studies at three seminaries—Eastern Mennonite Seminary in Harrisonburg, Union Presbyterian Seminary, and Virginia Union School of Theology, both in Richmond, and church polity at Shenandoah University in Winchester. In retirement, he and Susan served interim pastoral appointments at First United Methodist

Church and at Braddock Street United Methodist Church in Winchester. Wherever he served and also in retirement, Dan found a Salvation Army or Rescue Mission where he helped cook and serve meals, “hands-on” mission work which he always considered a vital part of his ministry. Retirement was also the time when Dan learned to enjoy choral singing. He sang in church choirs and became a part of the Arts Chorale of Winchester and of the Piedmont Singers. Dan enjoyed singing in the yearly Arts Chorale concerts and traveled with the Piedmont Singers when they served as “choir in residence” at several cathedrals in England.

Since Dan also loved to write, one of his great joys was writing a forward and republishing a book written by the Rev. Henry Smith (1769-1862), who had during his lifetime published an autobiographical volume of essays entitled “Recollections and Reflections of An Old Itinerant: Letters of Rev. Henry Smith”. Dan was the 7th generation grandson of Rev. Henry Smith’s father, Bartholomew Smith, and he discovered his common roots with Henry Smith only after serving for 14 years in Berryville, Virginia, where Henry grew up. Having preached in many of the places frequented by his early ancestor, Dan discovered anew that the Methodist connection runs broad and deep. Having enjoyed this work, Dan later wrote and self-published on Amazon several books of essays on his work in the church, including “Windows on God’s World”, “Charges to Keep: Pastoral Reports to Various Churches”, “Teaching the Faith United Methodists Hold in Common”, and “Take Thou Authority: Reflections of Ordained Ministry in the Wesleyan Tradition”. He also published a book of prayers written by his father, entitled “Pray Without Ceasing: Prayers From the Ministry of The Rev. Bernard John Garrett (1912-1989)”, and most recently, “Telling Time: Facebook Posts in the Trump Era, 2019-2020”, on current events.

Dan and Susan traveled widely in their retirement. A big goal was crossed off Dan’s “bucket list” when in 2018 they took a Southeast Asia cruise with friends, and Dan got to revisit the places in Vietnam which had been important in his time in the Navy. In his last years, when Covid slowed Dan’s ability to travel and pancreatic cancer made inroads into his lifestyle, Dan made social engagements of his doctors’ appointments and made friends of doctors, nurses, technicians, and office staff throughout the Southern California medical world.

On April 25, 2021, at his home in Costa Mesa, California, surrounded by his family, Dan returned to his loving God. A dear friend and his pastor in

California, the Very Rev. Peter Browning, was with Dan that weekend, and with Dan’s family gathered, shared the service for “Ministration at the Time of Death” from the Book of Common Prayer. That service includes this beautiful prayer, which we pray today for all those remembered in the 2021 Virginia Annual Conference Memorial Service.

*“Depart, O Christian soul, out of this world;
In the name of God the Father Almighty who created you,
In the name of Jesus Christ who redeemed you;
In the name of the Holy Spirit who sanctifies you;
May your rest be this day in peace,
And your dwelling place in the paradise of God.” Amen*

Dan’s funeral service at Good Shepherd Cemetery in Huntington Beach, California, was very much a reflection of his life and ecumenical spirit. It included military honors and the Navy Hymn, a prayer by his daughter-in-law Marcy’s rabbi, a prayer and commendation by a Vietnamese Roman Catholic priest representing his daughter-in-law Ngoc’s family, his dear friend Paul playing Dan’s favorite hymn, “How Can I Keep From Singing” on the bass recorder, a wonderful homily by his friend and pastor Peter, and ended with a Benedictine prayer that Dan had used in funerals throughout his ministry. White roses covered Dan’s casket as the congregation left the cemetery, placed by those who were in attendance. And his 2 ½ year old grandson Heath danced as his father chased him during the service. It was all “very Dan”.

(Note: A replay of Dan’s service can be viewed at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iK_m6SgkrpM)

– Susan Schweitzer Garrett, David C. Garrett, and Joshua L. Garrett

CHARLIE S. HALEY JR. 1942 - 2020

Rev. Charlie S Haley Jr. touched many lives. Born on October 3, 1942 in Alexandria, Va. and he was the son of Charlie S Haley Sr. and Mattie McDaniel Haley. He is predeceased in death by 2 sisters, Elsie and Betty. Rev. Haley married the love of his life on October 3, 1960, celebrating 60 years of marriage just before his passing in October of 2020. They had 4 children, Billy, Tonya, Charlie, and Sharon. He loved his wife Jacqueline

who he referred to as his “doll.” He also had numerous grandchildren and great grandchildren that he loved deeply. Rev. Haley served proudly in the U.S. Navy for 6 years on the USS Conway and the USS Tidewater.

He met the love of his life, Jacqueline, at a young age. Young and in love, they married, and called Maryland home for some time as he served in the Navy. A proud seaman he was, who loved his country. After serving his country, he entered the textile business. He was very successful in textiles and loved the industry. Rev. Haley was always willing to go the extra mile to better himself and his family. He and his wife were inseparable. Wherever you saw one, you saw the other.

He spent 31 years in the textile industry travelling many miles and making many lifelong friends along the way. He never met a stranger and loved everyone very much. Following his retirement, he served in the ministry for 15 years and committed his life to serving the Lord. Becoming a lay speaker for several years, Rev. Haley knew his calling was to be a preacher. After many weekends of travelling to Duke Divinity School, he graduated on July 27, 2006. What a joyous day that was for him and his family. Rev. Carlton Thomas was a huge influence and mentor to him. Rev. Thomas was the preacher at Anderson Memorial Church in Gretna, VA. While attending service there and becoming a lay speaker, being mentored by one of the finest men, he found his calling. He served at the Trinity U.M. Church in Altavista, VA, Sharon U.M. in Naruna, VA, and spent many wonderful years at the New Hope U.M. Church in Rustburg, VA. He loved his church family and they loved him also. Rev. Haley never spoke negatively towards anyone, always finding the good in all of God’s children. He was a man of God. He loved his church, family, and friends. Rev. Haley spoke and spread the gospel.

Rev. Haley loved many outdoor activities. He loved fishing, gardening, travelling, and going out to eat. Oh how he loved his Kentucky Fried Chicken. He loved reminiscing with childhood friends about cherished memories. He also loved sitting on the front porch with his Doll watching the planes and birds fill the beautiful sky. How he loved God’s beauty in any and everything. Travelling was one of his loves, but yet there was no place like home. Many springs and summers would be spent behind a tiller, until he couldn’t go anymore. “Only a few tomato plants”, he would say to his wife as he grinned. Although they both knew he would plant as many as he liked.

An avid NASCAR fan, he loved David Pearson and Tim Richmond. We went to many races over the years. He also loved the Chicago Cubs and Harry Caray. Rev. Haley loved going to Friday night football games with his wife at the Gretna High School. “How ‘bout them Hawks, oh yeah!” could be heard by him over the roar of the crowd. He also enjoyed watching his grandchildren play in numerous sports such as football, volleyball, softball, and baseball. Anything to support his grandchildren, he was there. They were his pride and joy and he was their biggest fan.

The warm summer months were spent at the pool with his family. Grilling, laughing, and sharing many great childhood memories. Every summer up until his illness, he and his family would spend a day at Kings Dominion or Busch Gardens. Those were his favorite days in the summer because he knew he would get to take all of his children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren.

Holidays were always special to him. He always helped his wife prepare the most delicious meals. On Thanksgiving, cooking and watching the Macy’s Day Parade was always a tradition. The house was always full of love and laughter. Christmas was also one of his favorites, as he would watch the excitement of the grandchildren and great grandchildren opening presents. It brought so much joy to him and his wife.

He was a mentor to many, Steve Stadtherr being one. A member of New Hope U.M. church as well, Rev. Haley saw something special in this young man. Becoming the best of friends and brothers, we only found it fitting for Steve to preach at his funeral. Steve was someone that knew him and could speak from the heart about him. We knew Rev. Haley would have been so proud. A friend for life he is, always checking on his wife after his passing.

Rev. Haley loved filling the church on Sundays and spreading the word of the Lord, for he knew that one day, he would walk among the streets of gold. Stepping down and retiring from the ministry was hard for him. After becoming sick, Rev. Haley wasn’t able to attend church and that hurt him more than his awful illness.

So many people looked up to him. Rev. Haley was always there for anyone, anytime, day or night. The word no wasn’t in his vocabulary when it came to helping others. Even on his worst days, it was always words like, “How are you?” or “Are you okay?” Never complained about anything, and was always optimistic. Rev. Haley knew that he would soon be going home to meet his Lord and Savior. Even on his weakest days, he was always the

strongest one. His beautiful doll and his lovely daughter, Tonya, never left his side. They were his caregivers at home. Jackie was his world, and he was hers. His illness brought so much pain and sadness to us all.

Rev. Haley loved and served his God faithfully. Clearly, he scattered seeds of love, kindness, and the message of God's love. Welcoming everyone, he welcomed them with love and open arms. Trusting and forgiving, Rev. Haley looked past the sins of those around him because he believed everyone was a good person in their own way.

One of his favorite songs was, Amazing Grace by Glen Campbell (live with bagpipes.) We would sit at the kitchen table listening and singing away. Loving the sound of the bagpipes and feeling every word of the beautiful song. Rev. Haley loved all music but his favorite was Credence Clearwater Revival.

On October 24, 2020, Rev. Charlie S. Haley Jr. passed away peacefully at his home. During his illness, we never left his side. While death breaks our earthly ties, we know that those who pass away as believers are living the presence of Jesus. A day I know he yearned to see. Although it broke our hearts tremendously, we just knew that he was in a better place. He was always very vocal about going home and how he had always dreamed of that day. We will never forget his beautiful face, laugh, or smile. We can't wait to run into his arms again one day in the presence of our Lord and Savior and walk the streets of gold with him.

Love you always –Doll

Love you and miss you so much Daddy –Tonya

ROBERT LESLIE MCINTYRE 1919 - 2020

Rev. Robert L. McIntyre, 1919 – 2020, died at home in Nashville, Tennessee on August 7, 2020, at the age of 101, surrounded by family.

He was in ministry for the years 1935 – 1995, having served 19 churches in Virginia, New York, Florida, Kentucky, and North Carolina as pastor, chaplain in several organizations, and as a missionary in the eastern Kentucky mountain area during the Depression.

Born in Warren, Mass., he and seven brothers and sisters moved with the family to Florida in 1926. He attended ministerial training and Bible

schools in Georgia, Missouri and Maryland, and was ordained by the New York Conference of the Methodist Church following seminary at Wesley Theological Seminary in Washington, D.C.

He served in World War II, enlisting in the Army Air Corps in 1941. Following the war he was discharged from the U.S. Air Force at Mitchel Field, New York in 1946. He later worked at Bell Aircraft on the development of the helicopter.

Rev. McIntyre enjoyed gardening, volunteering at church and an elementary school library, singing with the family, and worship at church.

Rev. McIntyre was married 41 years to the former Grace G. Holmgren of Long Island, N.Y. who died in 1995. They raised 4 children: Dale (d.2021; Cynthia), Oxnard, Calif., Dean (Karen), Nashville, Tenn., Linda Fairbanks, Rochester, NY and Donald (Cathy), Gig Harbor, Wash. He was married 30 years to Frances I. Baldwin (d. 2016), adding two stepdaughters, Sharon Rutan and Bonnie Stewart. He is also survived by one sister, Peggy Wallis of Ferndale, Washington, 14 grandchildren, and 5 great-grandchildren.

LEE B. SHEAFFER 1932 - 2020

The Rev. D. Lee B. Sheaffer achieved resurrection November 5 with his wife of 65 years by his side.

He served as pastor in the EUB/United Methodist Church for over 50 years, serving many churches as District Superintendent in three districts in the Virginian Conference. Dr. Sheaffer graduated from Shenandoah College in Dayton VA, Bridgewater College in Bridgewater, VA, and the United Theological Seminary in Dayton Ohio, and was awarded a Doctor of Divinity from Shenandoah University in Winchester, VA.

Dr. Sheaffer had the pleasure to serve as pastor to Mt. Hebron EUB Church where he was awarded Rural Pastor of the year. After graduating from seminary, he served at the Inwood/Pikeside EUB Charge, St. Marks, United Methodist Church in Arlington VA, First United Methodist Church in Salem, VA and Aldersgate United Methodists Church in Alexandria VA. Dr Sheaffer also served as District Superintendent to the Winchester, Norfolk and Ashland Districts of the United Methodist Church, Virginia Conference. He served as Council Director for the Virginia Conference. He

served as the executive director of the Association of Educational Institutions which serves all United Methodist-affiliated Colleges and Schools in Virginia.

Dr. Sheaffer valued education and had a long association with Shenandoah University. Dating back to his close association with former president Forrest Racy, he worked closely with many of the university presidents until his retirement in 2004. Dr. Sheaffer served on the Shenandoah University Board of Trustees for forty years from 1964- 2004 and was granted emeritus trustee status.

Dr. Sheaffer is preceded to the after life by one son, Jonathan Bruce Sheaffer and survived by his loving wife; Sue Anderson Sheaffer, two children Lee B. Sheaffer Jr., and Gina Sheaffer Thornton. He has five grandchildren and one great-grandchild. He will be greatly missed by both family and the many congregations he served.

A celebration of Lee's life will be held at Braddock United Methodist Church, Winchester sometime during the summer months. (Date TBD)

REV. DR. EARLE W. PAYLOR JR. 1925 - 2020

Earle Paylor, Jr. was born in July, 1925 in Scottsburg, Virginia to Dorothy and Earle Paylor. He entered the Navy during World War II and was sent to the University of South Carolina. Upon graduating with a degree in Naval Science, he was sent to Japan just after V-J Day as a part of the occupation force.

It was during his time in the Navy that he felt called to the ministry, and after his discharge he entered Duke Divinity School to earn his Master of Divinity degree. He was convinced that our Lord was the only hope for the world. During his time in seminary, he met Edna King while serving at Huntington Methodist Church in Roanoke as a summer intern. They were soon engaged, and married in June, 1951, three weeks after she was graduated from Madison College.

Earle started his full-time ministry in 1949, founding Christ Methodist Church in Richmond, Virginia. During his life's ministry, he served at 10 churches in Virginia and his professional ministry lasted until 2010. During his time in Mechanicsville, Virginia, he earned his Doctor of Ministry

degree from Union Theological Seminary.

While pastoring churches, he always fell in love with the members of the congregation he served. One of the hardest things for him to do was to leave a church, and the friendships he had developed there. But he soon developed more great friendships with the members of his next church. Earle was deeply committed to the people he served and was beloved and appreciated wherever he went. One member once described him as: "the best person on the planet;" and attributed her deep faith and the quality of her life to his discipleship.

Earle and Edna had three children: David, Robert, and Mary Rebecca. They were both completely committed to the upbringing and well-being of their children. For family vacations, Earle learned to camp and took the family on great two-week camping trips every year. They visited National Parks and State Parks and learned to appreciate the variety of the world and nature through these expeditions. In 1969, the family spent four weeks touring the country from Richmond to California and back. In 1972, he took the family on a 10-day backcountry canoeing trip in Quebec. He was adventurous and taught his family to be.

Earle was characterized by complete and total honesty and integrity. He modelled these traits for his family and church members. He could also be a bit mischievous at times and enjoyed stirring up discussions. Earle loved to laugh with people and enjoy time together.

Earle was always insightful (not this spelling: inciteful – it means bad) and observant of the well-being of others. He would initiate time together to help family or church members to process their life events. He would listen and care.

He cared for his children in the same way. Their spiritual and emotional health were priorities of his. Academics mattered. High standards were to be upheld. He wanted the best for them in every way. He was always there to share their significant events. He celebrated all their successes with them and supported them in time of need.

In 1975, he and Edna invested in some remote property in the mountains of Madison County, Virginia, next to the National Park. This was an outward expression of his love of nature. For Edna, it was a return to her childhood roots when she spent so much of her time in West Virginia. Ten years later they were able to build a small cabin where the family has congregated ever since. It is a great place for birds, bears, campfires, and friends.

In 2004, tornadoes tore through the area and over half of the trees on the property were leveled all around the cabin. As Earle surveyed the damage he turned to God and asked, "Lord, where were You?" The answer he immediately heard back was, "Saving your cabin". For years afterward the locals would say, "That's the preacher's house." God has been good to our family in so many ways.

In January, 2021, Earle tested positive for COVID. He recovered quickly from the respiratory distress but there was a gradual cognitive decline that quickly followed. In the last weeks he was not able to clearly communicate. But several weeks before going home he called Edna one morning and very clearly said, "I'm dying, please tell my children that I love them dearly." That was perhaps the last thing he was able to communicate and on April 7, he went to be with his Lord and Savior. He is now enjoying peace, joy, and happiness. We all miss him and will be so happy when we see him again.

REV. ALFRED GRAY STABLES 1930 - 2020

Rev. Stables was a graduate of Courtland High School, Randolph Macon College and Duke University.

He enjoyed woodworking, golf, working crossword puzzles, loved music, was an avid reader, telling stories of his younger days.

He was married to Lois Gibson, the mother of his three sons; Jan Babcock; and Gail Stables.

Rev. Stables served as a Sunday School teacher at First United Methodist Church in Corinth, MS for 25 years. He worked as human resource director for World Color for fifteen years after retiring from the ministry.

He served several churches in Virginia and in the Corinth, MS area as a substitute pastor.

*Sincerely,
Gail M. Stables*

GENE CARTER TATUM 1946-2020

Gene Carter Tatum was born August 29, 1946, in Dinwiddie, Virginia, the son of James F. and Cecil C. Tatum. At an early age, he felt the leading of God to serve Him. After graduating from Dinwiddie High School in 1964, he joined the staff of Gould Funeral Homes and attended Richard Bland College. During this time, God's leading gave him the desire to preach and to be more active in the work of the church.

On September 1, 1966, Gene received his Local Preacher's License. At the age of 20, he received his first appointment October 1, 1966, to fill a vacancy at Surry. How appropriate that his first Sunday in the ministry was World Wide Communion Sunday, a day that was very sacred and special to him. After Surry, he served the following appointments: Associate Pastor at Washington Street, Petersburg 1967-1968, Cartersville 1968-1972, Burkeville 1972-1976, Waverly 1976-1979, Amelia 1979-1987, Wood's on the Petersburg District 1987-1993, Ocran on the Petersburg District 1993-2009. In retirement, he served the West Dinwiddie Charge from January 2010 through June 2013.

In addition to Richard Bland College, Gene attended VCU and Duke University. He was ordained a Deacon in 1971, completed the United Methodist Church Ministerial Courses of Study at Emory University in 1974, and became an Associate Member of the Virginia Annual Conference in 1975.

In the summer of 1971, Gene went on a tour of England and the Holy Land with Dr. Harry Coffey. In England, he was privileged to preach the worship service for the group from the pulpit in Wesley's Chapel that John Wesley used. His sermon topic was "A Burning Heart". In the fall of 1978, he returned to England and attended one of the services on November 1 celebrating the Re-Opening of Wesley's Chapel after its restoration.

On June 29, 1996, while serving Ocran Church, Gene married Mary Nell Blanton. Bishop Carl J. Sanders performed the wedding ceremony. Gene met Mary Nell when he was her pastor at Tabernacle Church in Amelia. He is the only pastor who has married while serving Ocran. Mary Nell faithfully supported her husband in his ministry.

During his 16 years at Ocran, plans for a new sanctuary and addition were drawn, the building project was completed, and within 20 months after completion, the almost two million dollar project was paid off. In reference

to the project, Gene said “God has been good to us. We certainly wouldn’t have been able to do this on our own.”

When Gene retired in 2009, he had served 42.75 years in the ministry. In 2010, he was asked to fill a vacancy on the West Dinwiddie Charge until June and he stayed 3 more years. After that, he filled pulpits as long as his health allowed. Gene considered it a privilege to preach the Word of God and shared his love and devotion to Jesus Christ through his ministry.

Gene and Mary Nell moved to Amelia when he retired. Gene died at home on August 19, 2020. He is survived by his wife of 24 years, Mary Nell Blanton Tatum. Gene was a loving and faithful husband and will always have a special place in Mary Nell’s heart. A graveside service was conducted on August 22, 2020, at Southlawn Memorial Park in Prince George, Virginia with the Reverend Timothy A. Beck officiating.

The Rev. Timothy Beck, a friend in the ministry, wrote of Gene’s life and ministry: “I remember him as a faithful and thoughtful friend who was always thinking about others. Gene loved the Lord and was a humble servant. He was a compassionate pastor, but most of all he loved to share the Gospel through preaching. God gifted Gene as a preacher who spoke with passion and used creative and enlightened stories that grounded his points. Throughout his life, Gene was an amazing steward of the resources God had given him and wanted others to do the same. The world changes, people come and go, they live and die, but very few leave an indelible mark that lasts for generations. What Gene Tatum did in his life and ministry still reverberates in the hearts and through the lives of all those he touched.”

—Mary Nell B. Tatum

CLAY BRANSCOME TUCKER 1932 - 2020

Reverend Dr. Clay Branscome Tucker went to be with the Lord on October 2, 2020 at the age of 88. He died at his home with his family by his side. Dr. Tucker was ordained in 1975 by Bishop Goodson and graduated from Duke University in 1979 with his Master of Divinity degree and then received his PP and PHD degrees from the University of England. He served the United Methodists Churches of Red Valley in Rocky Mount, Newport Mt. Olivet in Newport, St Marks in Daleville, Forest in Forest, and Cente-

nary in Chase City. After retiring he started an Industrial Chaplin program where he worked with businesses and corporations. Dr. Tucker also served as Chaplin at Oak Ridge Military Academy until 2015.

Dr. Tucker known as Clay to his friends and family was a loving and caring husband, father, and grandfather. He is loved and missed greatly by his childhood sweetheart and wife Violet, of 70 years, his daughters Lorkit and Lenoir, his son-in-law, Jim and his grandchildren, Zachary and Markeshia. He was a generous man, never met a stranger and never failed to help anyone in need.

He was different in many ways to each one of the family, sweetheart, and the love of her life to our mother Violet, knight in shining armor to his daughters, Lorkit and Lenoir, with who he shared tenderness and partnership as well as direction, buddy to his grandson, Zachary, protector from all harm to his granddaughter, Markeshia and dad to his son-in-law, Jim.

Our father loved his horses as a progression of his God-given personality and spending time with his family. He was our rock and the foundation of this family. Dad you are missed more than words can express, but because of the love and strength you gave us, we will carry on until we meet again. Love is forever and you will be in our hearts forever.

MARIA MANOS WATERS 1933 - 2021

Scholar, Writer, Actress, Singer, Councilor, Teacher, and Pastor Maria Teresa Manos Waters passed away peacefully in her sleep surrounded by family Sunday evening March 7, 2021. She was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, June 3, 1933 to Peter James Manos and Eleanor Gyllenfly. The daughter of a first-generation Greek immigrant, she graduated from E.C. Glass High School at the age of 15 1/2, earned a B.S. degree from Madison College at the age of 19, now James Madison University. At the age of 42 she earned a Master of Divinity from Harvard University while living in New England. She married playwright, actor and director Richard D. Waters in 1955 and led an exciting, challenging life with him in the didactic theatre. Later, her husband became a minister in the United Methodist Church and together they were the founding members and created what became The Trinity Square Players in Providence Rhode Island. It is one of our country’s most

successful and well known repertory theater companies.

Together, on Cape Cod they combined his prophetic playwriting with the work in the church for an unusual and powerful ministry. It became known as The Fisherman's Players, a renowned theatre company in the sixties and seventies. Reaching from Maine to Florida, The Fisherman's Players toured the eastern seaboard each winter and performed up to five plays in repertory each week to the diverse summer crowds of Cape Cod. Focusing on subject matter as diverse as race relations, the war in Vietnam, the environment, woman's issues and politics in the church, these were the early social justice issues of the day.

Later, they returned to Virginia and both served churches on Eastern Shore and Smithfield. Maria served for five years in the 80's as co-chair of the Commission on the Status and Role of Women in the Virginia United Methodist Conference. She and Mr. Waters toured and performed his plays in churches and colleges all over Virginia. Mr. Waters died in 1990. Maria continued to serve churches in Middlesex and King and Queen Counties until her retirement in 1997. Following retirement, Maria met the second love of her life, Laurie Levy and they traveled and carved a rich, full, joy filled life for themselves with the blessing of all their children. She is remembered for her quick wit, intuitive insight, her compassion, her well read and informed take on life and her ability to always think of others before she thought of herself.

CLYDE W. WEAVER JR. 1935 - 2021

Rev. Clyde W. Weaver, Jr. passed away peacefully on Tuesday, May 5, 2021 at the Good Shepherd Hospice Center in Sebring, Florida at the age of 85.

Clyde was born on September 23, 1935 in Staunton, VA to the late Clyde and Lula Weaver. He graduated from Wilson High School in Fishersville, VA and later went on to Warren Wilson Junior College in Asheville, NC. There he met Jewell, the love of his life. They married in October 1958, shortly after Clyde enlisted in the United States Army where he would proudly serve his country for the next few years.

In the coming years he would be blessed with two daughters as well

as become a school teacher, teaching both academic subjects and music. Music was a big part of his life as he played various instruments and sang in and led various church choirs. During this time Clyde also attended James Madison University to obtain his Bachelors Degree and was called to the ministry in 1968. Clyde attended Duke University's Seminary Program and graduated in 1972.

Rev. Weaver would go on to spend 50 years in the ministry involving 10 appointments with 17 churches. Sixteen of these churches were in Virginia and the 17th in Florida. In addition, he was a chaplain at various hospitals, nursing facilities, and the Volunteer Fire Department in Lorida, Florida and he even fulfilled a dream of his in 2012 by writing and publishing a book entitled This Road Leads Somewhere.

Clyde was very successful in his calling and touched many, many lives. He was a friend to all. When not in the pulpit one of his favorite things to do was spend time with his family, especially his grandchildren and great-grandchildren whom he loved with all his heart.

Clyde is survived by Jewell, his wife of 62 years, 2 daughters - Donna Callaway and Denise Click & husband Mike, 3 granddaughters - Stephanie Byers & husband Randy, Brandi McDaniel & husband Bruce, and Kristin Callaway & fiancée Wilson, and 3 great-granddaughters - Avreigh and Em-malyn Byers and Savannah Ballard.

A memorial service is being planned for this Summer at Sherando in Stuarts Draft, Virginia.

MARY MURTON WILKINS 1939 - 2021

Mary Wilkins has gone to be with God and is buried in the Zirkle Cemetery of New Market, VA across the Shenandoah River from where she was born near Quicksburg, VA. A grave stone telling of her life and ministry will be placed there by this time next year. She is buried beside her mother Mabel Hess Lowry Wilkins who also heard the call to ministry but married first and died young of cancer shortly after having Mary and her sister, Barbara. Her father, Gilbert Wilkins later remarried and after spending several years being raised by her father assisted by Aunts, she found a new mother in Zelma Trivett Moore Wilkins and a new big sister in Phyllis Moore Hughitt.

She is survived by Phyllis Hughitt who lives part of the year in Virginia and the other in Florida, three nephews and one niece plus numerous great nephews and nieces and several great-great nieces and nephews in the Hughitt family. She is also survived by her younger sister Barbara Wilkins Bonner, her husband Kenneth Bonner, of Reston, a nephew Kenneth Bonner, Jr., and a niece Lisa Bonner Hanusiak, three great nieces, Lauren and Lacy Bonner, Barbara Hanusiak and a great nephew, Michael Hanusiak. In addition, she is survived by a brother, The Reverend Ed Wilkins and his wife The Reverend F. Darlene Wilkins of New Market, VA, a nephew Michael Thweatt and his wife Joyce, a niece Janene Thweatt Whitmore and her children, Kellen Breeden and Glena DeHart, a nephew Paul Wilkins and his daughter Amelia Wilkins, a niece Erin Wilkins Fletcher and her husband Henry Fletcher.

The family moved from the valley when Mary was very young and after her mother's death settled in South Arlington where the Aunts that cared for her and her future mother lived. The family moved again her freshman year in High School to Annandale where she graduated. Mary excelled in women's athletics, specifically basketball and softball, and in music where she played the violin and French horn. After graduating she worked for Riggs Bank saving her money to attend Ferrum College. In her memoirs, "Mary remembers feeling called to church work as a child and by adolescence she felt called to the ministry, but kept it to herself because women weren't supposed to be ministers according to general consensus in the early 1950's." It was at Ferrum that Mary found confirmation for her calling. A faculty adviser heard her speak in Chapel and asked if she had considered entering the ministry. She confessed she had. Mary participated in a program in which pre-ministerial students preached and conducted worship in small rural churches which were without a regular minister. She says, "This experience confirmed my interest in ministry." She graduated from Ferrum with an Associate Degree in 1960. Mary transferred to American University where she completed a B.A. degree in Sociology. In the fall of 1962 she enrolled in Wesley Theological Seminary. She often took jobs and spent a couple years teaching weekday religious education in Winchester again to save money to finish her education. She also worked primarily with youth in local churches and after taking several years to earn money to return to Seminary she was ordained a deacon in the Virginia Conference in 1968, graduating seminary in 1969.

Mary's first appointment was to the Potomac Charge in Stafford County.

During this appointment, helping her parishioners through various family and life crises, she was invited to serve as a volunteer counselor on the staff of a pastoral counseling center nearby. The supervisor of this program was a Clinical Pastoral Educator (CPE) from Medical College of Virginia in nearby Richmond. The next year she attended her first CPE class at Medical College of Virginia. This led to a scholarship to be a yearlong intern in CPE at Rush-Presbyterian St. Luke's Medical Center in Chicago Illinois.

Mary was ordained elder in 1971. She resigned her appointment at annual conference and received an appointment to study CPE. After that year she was invited to take another year in training to be a CPE Supervisor. Mary spent the rest of her career in Chicago as a Hospital Chaplain and supervisor teaching other CPE Students. She maintained her membership in the Virginia Conference by reporting to her charge conference at her home church Annandale United Methodist. Mary served in numerous hospital clinical CPE settings including a stint at the University of Chicago. Later, when funds for CPE in the Chicago Area became short because of hospital funding cut backs, she and her supervisor formed and received funding for a consortium of Chaplains called "Advocate Healthcare" to cover the hospitals in the Chicago area so Chaplaincy Services could be provided as needed. This unburdened each individual hospital from running their own Chaplaincy Program. After her supervisor retired she became the director of this program until she retired. During her time in Chicago, Mary also had the opportunity to travel to Rome and Africa and taught CPE at a hospital in India for a year.

Her ministry took her far and wide, reminiscent of John Wesley's "The World is My Parish." But, in the end Mary returned to her native Virginia in 2010 to serve God in her retirement. She joined a local United Methodist Church and taught classes on various religious subjects at Ashby Pond near Ashburn, Virginia. She was able to be near her sister's and brother's families. Mary resided at Ashby Pond until her death and then returned home to her birthplace in the Shenandoah Valley. "Servant of God Well Done!"

RICHARD LEE WORDEN

1936 - 2020

Richard Lee Worden, 84, of Harrisonburg, formerly of Luray, passed away December 17, 2020, at Virginia Mennonite Retirement Community, where he received kind and compassionate care. He was born on June 13, 1936, and was the son of the late Russell and Eva Amos Worden.

Richard was born and raised in Pikeville, Kentucky, the youngest of seven children. He graduated as valedictorian at age 16 from Pikeville Academy. He attended Pikeville College for his freshman year, then transferred to Speed Scientific School at the University of Louisville. During this time, he answered the call to the ministry and transferred to Kentucky Wesleyan College where he was elected President of the student body. Richard graduated from Kentucky Wesleyan with top honors as valedictorian.

On August 24, 1957, he married the former Elizabeth Reeves Gamble of Louisville, KY. They relocated to Atlanta where Richard graduated with a Master's Degree from Candler School of Theology at Emory University. Richard began his career in the Virginia United Methodist Conference as Associate Minister of Annandale UMC in 1960. In 1963, Richard was assigned to start a church in the neighboring community of Burke. There was no parsonage, no land, and no core congregation. He spent the summer knocking on doors and inviting people to help start the new church. The first service was held September 1963 in the hallway of the new elementary school. St. Stephens UMC, a thriving, growing church in Northern Virginia, celebrated its 50th anniversary in 2013.

Richard served as pastor of South Roanoke UMC, then returned to Annandale as Senior Minister. He was also Senior Minister of Reveille UMC in Richmond and District Superintendent of the Alexandria and Roanoke Districts. In 1983 he was honored with a Doctor of Ministry Degree from Emory and Henry College.

Upon retirement from the Virginia United Methodist Conference, Richard and Elizabeth moved to Luray where he continued to develop his "informal ministry," exemplifying the gifts of gratitude, generosity, and good humor. He delighted in sharing his many varied interests which included travel, philosophy, trains, toy collecting, classical music, circuses, travel trailers, donuts, and ice cream. His expansive toy collection is now housed at Luray Caverns in the Toy Town Junction. While retired, Richard visited

the Mediterranean, the Baltic, Antarctic and Arctic regions, and he and Elizabeth generously hosted many family cruises to Europe and the Caribbean.

Richard was preceded in death by his beloved wife, Elizabeth, on December 7, 2016. He and Elizabeth were married 59 years and were blessed with a vibrant family life that affirmed the joy of "living in grace."

He is survived by his three daughters, Beth Mallalieu and husband, Mark, of Luray, Becky Echard and husband, Mark, of Harrisonburg, and Amy Slaubaugh and husband, Todd, of Dayton; eight grandchildren; five great-grandchildren with two more on the way.

In addition to his parents, six older siblings and wife, Richard was preceded in death by a great-grandson.

"Well done, good and faithful servant." Matthew 25:21



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