

XI. MEMOIRS

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:

Barbara D. Ward (12/03/34) RD.....	May 21, 2017*
Kirk Mariner (06/04/43) RE	June 8, 2017*
Ted E. David (12/23/47) RE	June 23, 2017
James H. Durrett (02/20/28) RA	June 28, 2017
Charlene R. Beethoven (02/17/54) RE	June 29, 2017
David B. Lewis (09/05/37) RE.....	July 7, 2017
David S. Willis Jr. (07/24/22) RE	July 23, 2017
Frank Joseph Mitchell (02/12/27) RE	July 25, 2017
Edward H. Wright (10/14/28) RE	August 14, 2017
Phillips K. Foote (04/11/27) RE	August 30, 2017
Herbert K. Seemann (05/30/45) RE.....	October 9, 2017
Julian H. Martin (05/30/49) RE.....	October 27, 2017
Nolan R. Crowder (03/04/43) RE.....	November 5, 2017
Norman S. Chattin (03/05/26) RE.....	December 19, 2017
Elisha E. Jones (04/08/35) RE	January 16, 2018
James E. Powell Jr. (03/22/30) RE.....	January 22, 2018
Allen D. Minter (06/28/24) RE.....	February 16, 2018
Philbert Doherty (07/14/38) RL.....	March 19, 2018
William L. Ayres (02/07/30) RE	March 22, 2018

Active Clergy:

O. H. Burton (10/23/57) FE	May 4, 2017*
Myrtle F. Hatcher (09/30/45) FE.....	February 8, 2018

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

Retired Diaconal

Helen G. Moeny (Simons) (09/08/24) RDM February 11, 2016*
 Mildred S. Cooper (07/06/21) RDM..... January 31, 2017*
 Betty L. Watts (04/22/23) RDM..... October 28, 2017

Spouses of Clergy:

Larry Michael (Rev. Sharon Michael) March 29, 2017*
 Cloyd C. Morris (Rev. Connie Gibbs-Morris) April 27, 2017*
 Lois Tucker (Rev. Howard Ray Tucker) July 6, 2017
 Billie C. Morris (Rev. Michael S. Morris) September 2, 2017
 Nellie Sallinger (Rev. Murray Sallinger) October 20, 2017
 Jean Stockton (Bishop Thomas Stockton) November 11, 2017
 Martha Crumb (Rev. Charles W. Crumb)..... November 18, 2017
 Barbara Setchel (Rev. Eugene Setchel)..... November 26, 2017
 Catherine G. Hicks (Rev. Harold L. Hicks) December 3, 2017
 Pauline Thomas (Rev. William K. Thomas) January 6, 2018
 Janet R. Pfeiffer (Rev. Bruce Pfeiffer) January 14, 2018
 Stephanie N. Fitch (Rev. Aaron Fitch)..... February 15, 2018
 Billy B. Gentry (Rev. Kay Barstow-Gentry)..... March 6, 2018
 Roy Werner (Rev. Paula Werner) April 3, 2018
 Jean Lynch (Rev. Herschel Jack Lynch) April 16, 2018
 Bonnie Bender (Rev. Harley R. Bender)..... April 20, 2018

Spouses of Deceased Clergy:

Loretta Lynch Miller (Rev. Richard Stephen Miller) July 9, 2016*
 Sandra K. Sweeney (Rev. John Sweeney)..... May 7, 2017*
 Kaye K. Norris (Rev. Richard Norris) ` May 30, 2017*
 Freda Kegley (Rev. Denny Kegley)..... June 28, 2017
 Bettie A. White (Rev. Roscoe M. White Jr.) July 30, 2017
 Mathilde L. Sheffield (Rev. Wesley Sheffield)..... August 12, 2017
 Edna Renick (Rev. Carl Renick) August 22, 2017
 Virginia Troll (Rev. Frederic Troll) September 8, 2017
 Ruth Walton (Rev. Chas Walton) September 10, 2017
 Anne Tinney (Rev. James Tinney) September 18, 2017
 Arianne Lowell (Rev. C. Stanley Lowell) October 15, 2017
 Jacquelyn Dodd (Rev. James Dodd)..... October 20, 2017
 Marie C. Withers (Rev. William Withers)..... November 1, 2017
 Katherine C. Lee (Rev. Julius H. Lee) November 8, 2017
 Delores Taylor (Rev. William Taylor) November 11, 2017
 Gertrude Anderson (Rev. Lawrence Easton)..... December 6, 2017
 Sarah K. Hennings (Rev. James C. Hennings) January 18, 2018
 Bettie Spaugh (Rev. Daniel Spaugh) January 22, 2018

Verla B. Green (Rev. Howard Green)..... February 1, 2018
 Elinor M. Willis (Rev. David Willis)March 3, 2018
 Edith F. Durrett (Rev. James H. Durrett)March 11, 2018

**Not Reported at 2017 A. C.*

Updated 04/20/2018

Lay Members

of the 2017-2018 Annual Conference who have died in the last year

Walter H. Preston, Sr. (1/6/18) Mount Olivet UMC, Roanoke District
 Hortense Macon (7/18/17).....Richmond District



**WILLIAM LANSING AYRES
 1930 - 2018**

William Lansing Ayres, a United Methodist minister for 40 years, passed away on March 22, 2018, at The Crossings of Blacksburg, Va. He was 88.

Preceded in death by his first wife, Ann Ayers, those left to cherish his memory are his current wife, Eleanor (Sally) Davis; his sisters, Annette Andrews, Aggie Mallory, and Ginny Johnston; his son, Bill Ayres Jr.; his daughters, Patti Talbot and Debbie Cockerham; sons-in-law, Lee Talbot and Mike Cockerham, a daughter-in-law, Gayle Ayres, granddaughters Samantha Lowell, Amy Cockerham and Anna Cockerham; grandsons, Jamie Talbot and Jon Talbot; great-grandsons, Ian Bravo Lowell and Jacob Talbot, and a great-granddaughter, Claire Talbot. With his marriage to Sally, his blessings of family extended to include her children, Tom and Glen Davis along with their wives, Judy and Terri, six grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.

Special thanks and gratitude to the staff at The Crossings who treated him with such love and patience in his last days. Also to those friends and members of his various churches who came to visit him in later years. They told him how much his counseling meant to them. They remembered working with him for Habitat for Humanity, Meals on Wheels, The Montgomery County Christmas Store, and traveling with him to help the victims of hurricanes. They remembered the Sunday School classes he taught and his good works. As a minister and as a man, he championed civil rights, women’s rights, the cause of all those excluded or looked down on because of their poverty, sexuality, race or nationality. It wasn’t always easy but it was what the Bible told him to do. A number of his sermons are available on “My Father’s Blog” (blogofmyfather.com). Making them accessible was something he worked on with his daughter, Patti, during his last days.

He was an avid Hokie fan, and a man who did his best to make it to the plays and recitals and the baseball games, soccer games, and basketball games of his children and grandchildren. He loved gardening and fishing. He loved singing with the Joy Singers. He could milk a cow. He could square dance. He could do pushups until he was well into his eighties. He always had room for dessert. Though he could lose his temper, he handled setbacks with grace and was truly grateful for all God had given him. He was a thoughtful, loving, kind, affectionate man. He will be missed.

CHARLENE RUTH BEETHOVEN 1954 - 2017

O breath of God, our lives have been touched by a woman whose heart and spirit are so large that death cannot keep her touch from our lives even now. She has been and is still a reflection of the creating, redeeming, and sustaining love of God known in Jesus Christ through the power of the Spirit.

The facts of her life seem simple. Charlene Ruth Beethoven was born in San Diego, CA on February 17, 1954, to Edwin and Ruth Beethoven, elder sister to Willetta Beethoven Miller, born two years later. She graduated from George Mason High School in Falls Church, Virginia, where she was a member of Dulin UMC. Charlene graduated in 1976 from the University of Virginia with a B.A. in Religious Studies. While in Charlottesville, she was an active member in the Wesley Foundation, forging deep ties with so many fellow students, some of whom become colleagues in the Virginia Conference. Charlene flourished in her years at Garrett-Evangelical Seminary, receiving her M.Div. in 1979.

Throughout her ministry, Charlene touched many lives as an associate pastor at Good Shepherd UMC in Dale City, as pastor at Christ UMC in Newport News, the Newsomes Charge in Southampton County, Enon UMC in Mechanicsville, Greenwood UMC in Glen Allen, and Chamberlayne Heights UMC in Richmond. For a number of years, Char was active in the Emmaus Communities of the National Capital Area, Tidewater Virginia, and the Sunshine Community. She was a mentor to many women and men coming through the candidacy program for ordained ministries, as well as to UM students at Union/PSCE in Richmond. In retirement, Charlene served as an interim pastor at churches on the Ashland District.

On her arrival in Newport News in 1984, the Wahoo Charlene Beethoven met the Hokie Elmer Wilson, falling so deeply in love that even school rivalries could not truly divide the house. They married in 1985 and with great joy welcomed sons Ryan and Philip Beethoven-Wilson in 1986 and 1991, respectively. Over the years, the B-W home, wherever it was situated, became a place of hospitality, nourishment, and healing for the hockey community and others. A force of nature herself, Charlene created an atmosphere where boys and girls became young men and women of her extended family.

Her own heart and family grew even in the midst of grief, mourning the death of Elmer in 2003, while continuing to raise their sons. In 2009, she and Mark Baird married, and together parented his daughter Kristie. With joy in 2010, Charlene welcomed Meredith, Ryan's wife. She was delighted to become "Mama Char" to Kristie's son Adrian in 2013, and Ryan and Meredith's daughter Harlow in 2014. She was looking forward to the birth of the latter's little sister Piper in July 2017, and to the marriage of Philip and Erica Flagg in September 2017. Even in death, her presence is known in their lives now.

When death came on June 29, 2017, Charlene was surrounded by those she loved and those who loved her. We miss our sweetheart, mother, mother-in-law, grandmother, sister, friend, and heart-sister. Our lives will never be the same because we have known this precious servant of God.

Charlene lived life with gusto and openness of spirit. She refused to let degenerative arthritis and other ailments put limits on her. Working with God's deep abiding Spirit, she truly was a part of living the Kingdom (intentionally spelled) of God here in our midst. She claimed and lived the power of the Resurrection in the fullness of her life.

Take care, precious servant of God.

—Written by Mochel Morris

O.H. BURTON 1957 - 2017

To put O.H. Burton into words is an impossible task. So many facets make up his character — son, husband, father, pastor, spiritual director, artist and more.

O.H. was born in Salisbury, Maryland on October 23, 1957 and was raised on the family farm on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. He is survived by his mother Jeanne, his wife Mary, a son Layel and his wife Lacy, and a daughter, Lynley.

O.H. graduated from Atlantic High School in 1976 and went on to pursue a degree in Auto-Diesel Mechanics from Delaware Tech and Community College. He supported himself through school working the graveyard shift in a textile

mill and cutting meat in a local market on the weekends. Summers were spent packing cucumbers on a farm.

In 1978 after graduation from Delaware Tech, O.H. returned home to the Eastern Shore with the realization that he had graduated from high school and technical college without actually being able to read. He enrolled in Eastern Shore Community College taking basic classes to learn to read. A dedicated teacher and mentor discovered that O.H. has dyslexia, and through her efforts, O.H. learned how to read as he actually saw words. Also at this time, O.H. felt he could no longer ignore the call to ministry he had heard for many years. O.H. often told as part of his testimony of God's persistent call relentlessly hounding him. One day, felling God's call as he drove past his home church, O.H. stopped. He knew the door was open so he went in to pray. Begging God, "Please just don't make me preach." O.H. said at that time the door to the church opened and the pastor entered saying, "O.H. I saw your car. I have been needing to call you. This Sunday is laity Sunday, and I want you to preach." Well, preach he did and then made the decision to transfer from Eastern Shore Community College to Virginia Wesleyan College as a candidate for ministry. O.H. graduated in 1982 receiving a BA in Humanities with emphasis in English Literature, Art and Philosophy. O.H. went on to Drew University graduating Cum Laude with a Masters of Divinity in 1985. While at Drew, O.H. served churches in New York City and Jersey City, New Jersey. First serving Broadway Temple UMC in Spanish Harlem as a student pastor and then Christ Church UMC in Jersey City where he ran a soup kitchen and assisted the homeless. O.H. protested injustice and preached peace. O.H. had a passion for feeding the world both physically and spiritually. Once in the Virginia Conference, O.H. was a part of the covenant group of the Society of Saint Andrew.

Entering the Virginia Conference as a Deacon on 1985 and ordained Elder in 1988, O.H. served for 32 years. O.H. served Asbury Harrisonburg, Shady Grove and Olivet Spotsylvania, Grace and Calvary Parksley. Grace became a station where O.H. continued. Messiah Chesapeake, Fairview Danville, Tabernacle Poquoson, First Hopewell, and Benns Smithfield. His conference record speaks for itself. He served well for 32 years holding many district and conference positions throughout his career. O.H. was a certified spiritual director and a volunteer chaplain.

As a father, O.H. wanted to be in the middle of it all. For our son Layel (now 27) that meant the two of them building race cars in the parsonage garage and spending all day/night Saturdays at Langley Speedway. Instilled in Layel was a strong work ethic and its benefits as well as pursuing your dreams. There were not many conversations with people where O.H. did not pull out his phone to share picture of Layel and his latest race car. The pride in his son was evident to all. During this time of racing, O.H. became a chaplain with NASCAR through the Motor Racing Network (MRN) and was an example and friend to many drivers and team members. O.H. and Layel both served as leaders of Emmaus weekends. Serving together on one team was special for them both. Layel no longer a little boy but a spiritual leader and mentor to others exhibits characteristics of O.H. himself.

For our daughter Lynley (now 21) O.H.'s love meant that whatever Lynley was interested in O.H. was, too. What she studied, he studied. O.H. wanted to know about all of the things Lynley was interested in. O.H. loved the way Lynley's mind worked. He was proud of her independence and strong character. Once again the phone would come out to show off his beautiful daughter. For a teenager this was embarrassing, but he really was in awe of Lynley. Father and daughter had a mutual admiration of Mustangs so Lynley never had to fill her car with gas because her dad always offered just so he could drive her car. O.H. read and collected "the classics" for Lynley. Both O.H. and Lynley are deep thinkers and dedicated to study.

O.H.'s earthly life was short and a lot was not finished according to his plan. What is evident is God's plan. O.H. was called to ministry and he served faithfully. He gave of his time and talents. He befriended communities and churches across the conference. On May 4, 2017, O.H. went Home. Orville Hargis "O.H." Burton Jr.—he lived well, he loved well, he fought well and died well. He will fare well in his new home not made of human hands, but hands eternal. May God rest and bless his soul.

NORMAN CHATTIN 1926 - 2017

The Reverend Norman Chattin, of Richmond, Va., died December 19, 2017. He is survived by his devoted wife of 70 years, Bernice Bryan Chattin; daughter, Norma Anne Chattin; and son-in-law, Henry Verlander; one granddaughter, Kathryn Renee Chattin; two great-granddaughters, Hailee and Macie Marchese; and many nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his son, David Bryan Chattin. After serving in the Navy during World War II he went on to graduate

from Randolph-Macon College and Duke Divinity School. Over a period of 40 years, he served as senior pastor in ten church appointments with the Virginia United Methodist Conference.

MILDRED S. COOPER 1921 - 2017

Mildred Sunshine Cooper (Millie), 95, of Newport News, passed away on Tuesday, January 31, 2017. She was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Young Cooper Senior, born July 6, 1921. Millie grew up in Newport News from the age of 3 until 24. She and her family lived just around the corner from Chestnut Methodist Church.

After graduating from high school Millie remained in Newport News. When the United States joined the fight with the Allied Forces in World War II, Millie secured a good job at the shipyard. She was very involved at old Chestnut Church and was the volunteer leader of their youth group. After MYF and the worship service on Sunday nights, the youth would go to the parsonage at the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. A.B. Clark for refreshments and games. When Clark transferred to Ginter Park Methodist Church in Richmond he asked Millie to be the youth director at his new church. She went to Richmond, visited the church, met the staff, interviewed for the position and was hired the same day. Millie had never been away from home. She and her older sister, Rose were the sole supporters of their mother and younger brother, A.Y.

She said the first year at Ginter Park was a real “eye opener”. She was extremely homesick and cried herself to sleep for weeks. The congregation was very different from Chestnut. Some of the youth were only a couple of years younger than she. “I had no training and literally didn’t know what to do.” Out of necessity she learned quickly. She worked as a part-time youth director and also as a part time secretary. When summer arrived the pastor went on a month’s vacation and left her in charge of everything except preaching on Sunday. Many times she would be the only one in the church building at night, often not leaving until midnight.

At the end of that first year she knew her calling. Going back to the shipyard was no longer something she was willing to do. She wanted to make her life count for the cause of Christ. Working with the large youth group at Ginter Park (40-50 youth on Sunday nights) had awakened a calling to make ministry her life’s work.

She knew she needed some formal training to do the job well. She talked with the Youth Director at the Virginia Conference, who recommended she go to Nashville, the headquarters of the National Methodist Church, South. There Millie got a job at the national office and attended college part time. The national office paid for her expenses to get to Nashville. It was the first time Millie had ever been on a train. Millie worked days and took classes at Peabody College (now part of Vanderbilt University) at night year round. The experience and education she got from working at the denominational headquarters was as useful as what she was learning in her college classes. It took Millie seven years, but at the end she had a BA degree in English from Peabody and a Master’s Degree in Christian Education from Scarritt College.

Upon graduation, she returned to Chestnut as Director of Christian Education. Millie was delighted to be at her home church again. She stayed there 2 years and then moved on to Monumental UMC in Portsmouth where she served 7 years. Her last post to an individual church was to Arlington UMC. The pastor, Dr. Riddick, was transferred to the Virginia Conference office where he lead the conference staff. As he left Arlington Riddick told Millie, “I go to prepare a place for you.” A year later he sent for her to come to Richmond to head the Youth Ministry of the Virginia Conference. Millie stayed there for 15 years until her retirement in 1984.

Millie innovated countless projects and programs for youth during her years at the Conference office on West Broad Steet, but her proudest accomplishment was planning and implementing the YES program. She approached Dr. Elmer Thompson, about her idea and he agreed to work with her. Millie and Elmer along with Rev. Wade Munford envisioned the YES program.

YES stands for Youth Engaged in Service. YES kids were juniors or seniors in high school who spent six weeks in the summer living and ministering in distressed areas somewhere in Virginia. Some went to the Eastern Shore where they helped migrant workers; others worked in churches providing summer programs for under-privileged children. Millie oversaw the selection of youth volunteers, managed the week long training classes for the successful applicants, arranged travel logistics, secured housing and accommodations for the YES kids, kept them safe and supported all summer long. This program lasted until Millie’s retirement.

YES began more than 40 years ago. Millie designed YES training curriculum that boldly taught about disability

rights, systemic racism, and the vulnerable status of immigrant migrant workers in the Commonwealth. She taught that children were not just miniature adults, that youth were “full laity” and that old people needed to be touched sometimes. At the center of it all was “human relationship training” which we now recognize as advanced training in emotional intelligence, conflict management, human sexuality, group building, strategic planning, cultural competence, and public speaking. Millie created an incubator for ministry excellence for an entire generation.

Before her death Millie stated, “Over 100 YES kids went through the program while it was in existence. At least one third of them followed a church related professional life. Probably at least another third of those who didn’t go in to a church related profession, still chose to serve others by teaching, nursing, social work and other helping professions.”

Millie’s influence extended beyond the dozens of Virginia Conference leaders who got their mission and social justice start through YES. Most notably eight young women from the Richmond area came to Millie’s attention at Blackstone one summer and were so influenced by Millie that some years later they formed a service sisterhood of their own. They called themselves “The Millies.” They were as loving and attentive to Millie as any daughters could have been. Although Millie’s great love died in military service and she never married or had children of her own, there are dozens of people who swell with pride to be known as “Millie’s kid.”

When asked in her last months about youth ministry Millie said, “It is not just about playing games and providing donuts and entertainment; it is about truly believing in Christ. You need to be willing to be self-giving and have unending dedication. If you take Jesus’ words seriously and put them into action, then you will experience the thrill of working with God and God will show you the way.”

Millie mentored and led in ways that created leaders and enabled others to serve. At her memorial service, her influence was described this way:

She might say, “Here’s a bible text and here’s the key to the craft closet. Design and implement a sunrise worship service for 300 young people on the front steps of Blackstone’s assembly center.” She assigned the task with such confidence that it never occurred to you as a young person that it may be beyond your reach. So you’d grab some other youth making sure to invite new kids into the task. She started a chain of each-one-reach-one that formed a leadership development tug rope for decades in the Virginia Conference. Soon there were butterflies made of color-dipped tissue paper wings and clothes pin bodies, There were ribbons and streamers in Pentecost shades, a liturgical dance, a make-shift band with instruments like a pair of spoons or rice in an oatmeal carton shaker. There were creatively crafted choric readings and dramatic enactments of biblical text that rivaled Godspell. There were adolescents in braces learning their first guitar chords to “Pass it On.” And afterward there was a kind word from Millie – while she was helping to clean up the grape juice and candle drippings around the cross. She was never over-positive or effusive; she didn’t gush. If she had, we may have thought we were something special. That was not the point. Everyone was someone special. The point was God and the world that God so loved. The result of her leadership was an ever morphing state-sized movement of youth – youth who were engaged – engaged in worship, study, re-creation and service. And maybe the point was that Millie’s youths would go on to Millie others . . . to mentor generations to follow. So when the Virginia Conference has birthed initiatives like Harvest of Hope, the Elizabeth Project, or Calling 21 we weren’t really doing anything new or edgy or innovative. It was just Millie 2.0

Millie would want to be clear that she did not minister alone but in community with others. In addition to raising generations of ministry kids, Millie had deep and abiding relationships with ministry colleagues. Millie was one of the first in the Virginia Conference to become a diaconal minister, an order or ministry that preceded our current order of permanent deacon. Primarily extraordinary educators, mostly women, witty and wise, they joked with one another being “diagonal.” It was true. They came at the gospel at a unique, creative angle. They came at the Church from a unique angle. The last time I saw Millie she was reclined at an angle in a chair. She joked that she was still a diagonal minister. Learning together, serving together, vacationing together, and laughing together a bond of friendship and collegiality formed. Before clergy peer groups were in vogue, the “diagonals” were modeling accountable discipleship.

Millie was predeceased by both parents and her beloved sister Evelyn Rose Cooper. She was survived by her brother A. Y. Cooper, Jr. of Newport News; nieces Betsy Peters (David) of Harrisonburg VA, and Laurie Anne (Darrell) Grecco of Newport News; great nieces Amy Peters Bowman (Todd) of Winchester VA and Sarah Peters Coffman (Ted) of Sterling VA; great-great nephews Kyle Bowman and Phillip Coffman; and great-great niece Jenna Bowman.

In the last months there was a constant parade through her room at the Chesapeake as people came to visit with Millie, to thank her and to receive a double portion of her blessing. When she told us she was proud of us . . . we were teenagers again. We told her that we would be thrilled if we could pass forward even an ounce of what we received from

her. She responded that her ministry continues through us. . . . not in ounces but in pounds and pounds. And so Mildred Sunshine Cooper's legacy of faithfulness continues. As she said every time she completed a training or youth event, "She hath done what she could." Mark 14:8 (KJV)

*For all that has been,
thanks.
For all that will be,
YES.*

—provided by Rhonda VanDyke and Sharon Pettit

NOLAN RAY CROWDER 1943 - 2017

Reverend Nolan Ray Crowder went to his prepared place with his Savior on November 5, 2017.

After eleven years of public work, he answered God's strong, persistent call to full time ministry. In our first year of marriage, a parsonage became our home, and he started serving four churches, while also beginning his college education. He graduated with a Bachelor's degree from Ferrum College and completed the Course of Study at Duke University, all the while serving as a full time pastor. He became an Ordained Elder in the Virginia Conference. The Annual Conference in June was never missed.

During thirty-three years of ministry, he served Bedford Circuit in Bedford, Salem in Patrick Springs, Stephens City-Orrick Chapel in Stephens City, Grace in Roanoke, Central in Hampton, Chestnut Hill in Lynchburg, and Bethlehem in Concord.

Nolan's favorite and most gifted areas of ministry were preaching God's Word and pastoral care for God's children. Usually, from a half sheet of paper, in small, printed handwritten notes with specific points underlined, he preached God's message. His prayer before many sermons was "Lord, give tongues of fire to this your Servant." His care was seen in his visitation in homes, hospitals, or wherever else he was needed, as well as his support for the grieving.

After retirement, he had more time for his favorite interests: sports (especially cheering on the University of Virginia and the Yankees), woodworking, careful grooming of nine acres on Beaver Creek, going for John Deere gator rides, helping neighbors, and being "Grandpa in control of Trident gum."

His family will forever carry great heartfelt memories of his love, support, and care. He is survived by his wife, Sharon D. Crowder and his children and their spouses, Bruce D. Crowder and Tabitha; Brian R. Crowder and Anna; and Christy C. Wilson and Charlie. He felt special pride in his grandchildren: Andrew D. Crowder, Julia R. Crowder, Emma G. Crowder, Caitlyn M. Wilson, and Maxon C. Wilson.

Nolan was faithful to God's call on his life. There is no question that the call was real, respected, and "well done." The sadness of not having him present in our lives is eased by knowing he is in God's hands. God's Spirit guided his life, and we are proud and blessed to be his family.

TED EDWARD DAVID 1947 - 2017

Ted Edward David, son of Wade and Mary Lois David, spent his childhood in the Lakeside area of Richmond where his parents were charter members of Lakeside United Methodist Church. It was at Lakeside that Ted, along with his brother Larry, and sister Robin began his lifelong involvement in church activities from Sunday school to scouting, eventually earning his Eagle Scout award. Following graduation from Hermitage High School in 1966, Ted received a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Richmond in 1970 and a Master of Arts degree in 1972 from the Presbyterian School of Christian Education. In 1973 he completed a Master of Divinity degree from Union Theological Seminary.

Along the path of his education, he met and married his wife Paula of 45 years. Their daughter Karey is happily living in New York with her partner Lisa and only granddaughter Margot. Karey works for the DIA Foundation using her

Masters degree from Columbia University to write grants and procure artworks. Scott has worked for 14 years for Wal-Mart and lives currently at home. Ted often used our everyday family life in his sermons and took great pride in having a family. The love and nurture of a family was important and reflected in his life from his upbringing as well as his own children.

Early in his career, Ted was influenced by the steps towards ordination and felt he could be a guiding force for individuals approaching the ordination process. Ted served gladly on the Conference Board of Ordained Ministry and brought his gentle mentoring skills to many entering applicants. This was a perfect way to share his love for the job and help many on the path to ministerial success.

Beginning his active ministry in 1973 at Hopewell/Wright's Chapel, Ashland District, Ted served eight appointments including; 1975 – Kenwood, Ashland District; 1980 – Ramsey Memorial, Richmond District; 1987 -Shady Grove, Ashland District; 1988 - Thalia, Norfolk District; 1994 – Baylake, Norfolk District; 2003 – Burke, Alexandria District; 2007 – Virginia Beach, Elizabeth River District until his retirement in 2014.

While assigned to Kenwood, Ted worked two days a week at Randolph Macon College in Ashland as Chaplain. Following retirement in 2014, he returned to ministry as interim pastor at Baylake and then at Thalia in the Elizabeth River District.

“Preacher Ted,” as countless children knew him throughout his ministry, loved a good story and was a great storyteller himself. Nothing pleased him more than the ability to capture young and old with little nuggets of wisdom to hold for future reference or for conversation topics over a meal. His children sermons were legendary, skillfully blending humor with love and the lesson remembered by all.

Most of his churches were blessed with a preschool for kids. He always looked at this as an opportunity to gain new members for the congregation. He would always greet children and parents in the morning and try very hard to be there daily when they were dismissed. This created the perfect scenario for Ted because the children recognized they were important and appreciated his childlike enthusiasm. Ted was often heard telling parishioners that he would know their children's name before their parents.

Most of his worship services started the same way with Ted saying, “You could have chosen to be anywhere today but you chose to be here in God's house with God's people and he will bless you for that.”

Ted's love of teaching and sharing was always apparent in any service conducted whether it was a Sunday morning worship service, a wedding, or a funeral. Sharing his stories with his wit and sense of humor and caring was all that was necessary. Ted's conversational style of preaching and practiced use of words and scripture made you feel as though he was speaking directly to you and your needs.

While he will be remembered fondly for his service to the Lord, he was also a tennis player, a music lover with tastes ranging from country to his favorite beach music. Strange country music titles also found their way into many unique sermon titles to the amusement of everyone. He loved basketball, baseball, soccer and football. Those who knew him well know he secretly was a Dallas Cowboys fan. While serving several churches he played basketball on the church league, until he felt he was too much of a senior to play anymore and switched to softball. Always a bit of a thespian, Ted was willing to help in performances over the years and was a willing participant no matter what the part. From talent shows to Christmas presentations he was there - ask for anything but he didn't sing!

Ted loved to fish and after retirement was able to spend many hours doing so on the pond in his backyard. Ted's willing nature allowed him to serve in many different areas during his career always to the betterment of others faith. His congregations loved him, especially for his special interest in children's ministry. His colleagues and friends knew him as a person always ready to lend a supportive and encouraging hand. After retirement, he was regularly asked to minister to individuals needing a pastor to officiate at the funeral of a loved one. Those families were touched by his caring words and often referred to him as their pastor. All who knew and loved him are better because of his example. Ted lived his faith, his legacy to us is that he loved this life and would do it over again exactly the same.

Lead by example, show respect to all, mentor many, live humbly, love the Lord, love your family and then and only then will you have a life well lived.

We all should thank the Lord for bringing Ted into our lives. To his credit, there was only one Ted David – you are missed – Love always.

– Paula David

**JAMES HENRY DURRETT
1928 - 2017**

James Henry Durrett, 89, went to be with the Lord on June 28, 2017. He was preceded in death by his siblings, Lewis Durrett and Emma Coleman.

James was a graduate of Wesley Seminary in Washington, DC , and a minister in the Virginia Conference for over 30 years. He served his country in the U.S. Army.

He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Edith; children, Janet Flynn (Rob) and Brian Durrett (Anne); grandchildren, Rachel, Ryan, Grace, Jacob, and Eli; sister-in-law, Evelyn Durrett; sister-in-law, Doris Morefield and her husband, Stuart; nephews, Jeff and Greg and nieces, Carla, Cathy, Tammy, and Ruby.

**PHILLIPS K. FOOTE
1927 - 2017**

Born in Evensville, Tennessee, Phil was the first child and only son of Reverend and Mrs. Phillips C. Foote. Phil's father was a Methodist clergyman of the Holston Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Phil grew up in southwestern Virginia and graduated from Tazewell High School in 1944. He was a graduate of Emory and Henry College with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in English. He attended Candler School of Theology at Emory University and graduated The Wesley Theological Seminary in Washington, D. C. with a Master of Divinity Degree in Sacred Theology. Additional education included some doctoral studies in Systematic Theology and studies of Contemporary Adult Education Trends (Presbyterian School of Christian Education in Richmond, VA), Christian Worship and Music (Vanderbilt University in Nashville, TN), Growing in the Faith (Intentional Growth Center at Lake Junaluska, NC), The Bethel Series of Biblical Studies (Adult Christian Education Foundation in Madison, WI), and Marriage and Family Counseling (American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles, CA).

Rev. P. K. Foote served as Pastor of various churches for a period of 15 years, first in the Holston Conference (Decatur, TN and Cripple Creek, VA) and then in the Virginia Conference of the United Methodist Church. The churches served in this Conference included Nokesville, Burke, and Dunn Loring in the Alexandria District, Waverly in the Petersburg District, Benn's Church in the Portsmouth District, and years later he served at Boykin United Methodist Charge. He retired at the June 1990 session of the Annual Conference due to his severe hearing loss. After moving into a retirement home in September 2007, Reverend Foote continued as a voluntary chaplain, conducting Sunday worship services and planning and participating in many holiday observances, including Christmas Eve Candlelight services each year until a fall and the resulting broken hip forced him to Beth Shalom Rehabilitation Facility where he lived until his death.

Phil entered the United States Army straight out of High School and served as an enlisted soldier for a total of eight years during the latter part of World War II and during the Korean Conflict. He trained at Ft. McClellan, AL and then served in the 88th Infantry Division in Italy, the 3rd Infantry Division in Germany, the US Constabulary Forces in Germany, the 11th Airborne Division at Ft. Campbell, KY and the VII Army Corps Headquarters at Ft. Meade, MD.

In 1966, while at Benn's Church, Phil fulfilled a long term desire and entered the United States Air Force as a Chaplain. He was commissioned as a Captain and in the years following he was assigned to Tyndall AFB in Panama City, FL; Tachikawa AB in Tokyo, Japan; Grand Forks AFB in Grand Forks, ND; Kunsan AB in Korea; Rickenbacker AFB in Columbus, Ohio; and Dover AFB in Dover, DE.

Chaplain Foote retired at Dover AFB on May 31, 1981 as a Lieutenant Colonel, with 23 years of military service. His service included active service in three periods of armed conflict: World War II, Korean War, and Vietnam War; and he served in all or part of five successive decades: the 1940's, 1950's, 1960's, 1970's and 1980's.

During his military service (Army and Air Force), Chaplain Foote was awarded the AF Meritorious Service Medal twice, the Air Force Commendation Medal, the Army Good Conduct Medal three times, the European Campaign Ribbon, the National Defense Service Medal twice, the World War Two Victory Medal, the Army of Occupation (Germany) Medal, and others. He also proudly wore the Combat Infantryman's Badge.

Phil's mother and father had three children, Phil and two daughters (both deceased). After his mother's death when he was 3 years old and his sisters were infants, his father remarried and they had one daughter (Martha McElhinney,

surviving).

Phil married the former Aileen Cornett of Marion Virginia in October 1948. He and Aileen had three daughters; Carol (Roger) Wetherington, Barbara (Doug) Nolin, and Cindy (John) Lawrence. Phil is survived by all three of his daughters and their husbands, along with seven grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren (three are adopted from China).

Aileen passed away on March 12, 2010 from Alzheimer Disease and Phil remarried in October 2012. He married Faye Smithwick who was playing the piano for his weekly services at their retirement home (Dogwood Terrace). She was a recent widow and they were blessed to find each other and to enjoy a short time together before she died from cancer in December 2016.

Legacy: (written by daughters)

Our daddy was an amazing man who loved his family, loved his God, and loved his country. He worked unceasingly to further the work of bringing God's Kingdom into this world. He loved God and loved the job of being a Pastor and all that entailed. He never stopped reading and learning – he read for pleasure, he read to improve his mind. When he died there were at least two books still on his chairside table that he was in the process of reading. He kept up with current events and he always had an opinion about all that was going on in the world. He also kept up with technology – he became very interested in genealogy and traced his family back to the Huguenots in Goochland County (mostly by using his computer), he had an iPhone, and he banked online.

Daddy was always involved in the communities he lived in. He belonged to the civic organizations such as Rotary, Lions Club, American Legion and retired military organizations such as The Military Officer's Association and the Air Force Association. Even when he moved into Dogwood Terrace Retirement Facility he continued to be as active as possible at St. Andrew's United Methodist Church in Richmond. He enjoyed his regular visits from Rev. Erin Reibel while he was in Beth Shalom Rehabilitation Facility, especially when she let him give her his opinion of things.

Daddy was a brave man and a proud man. As his health (COPD and Congestive Heart Failure) declined and his sense of balance, failed him he never really complained. He dealt with losing his independence in many areas, he bravely went through open heart surgery (triple bypass and aortal valve replacement), he tolerated us "being in his business", and he did it almost always with a smile.

We were blessed to have him as our father and as our example of unconditional love. We miss him every day.

– Carol, Barbara, and Cindy

MYRTLE FRANCES HATCHER 1945 - 2018

Church members and friends have described Myrtle Frances Hatcher as "a gentle soul"; "one who taught us to see the world from a different perspective"; "a little lady with a big message"; "unpretentious"; "a good storyteller" and, "as one who everyone loved, respected and listened to." Her unexpected yet peaceful transition following an evening of co-hosting an evening meal at church and retiring home to her "favorite chair" with a lit candle centered on the coffee table near her was described as a "holy death."

Born in Staunton, Virginia in 1945 to Rufus and June Cooper, she was a graduate of Mary Baldwin College earning a Bachelor's Degree in Psychology, and later attended Howard University. She went on to earn her Master of Divinity Degree from Duke University Divinity School. For the next thirty three years she would serve in the Virginia Conference pastoring the Norfolk United Methodist Church in Norfolk; Galilee Church in Edwardsville; and St. James Church in Hampton. These appointments were followed by an appointment to the Cabinet of Bishop Joe Pennell, serving as District Superintendent of the former Peninsula District. Since July, 2011 and until her death on February 8th 2018, at the appointment of Bishop Charlene Kammerer, she served as pastor of the Main Street United Methodist Church in Suffolk becoming its first African- American and first woman pastor.

Homilies and sermons delivered by "Pastor Myrtle" as she was fondly called, often were replete with "her personal stories and life experiences that showed how God's grace could be found in all kinds of places, from grocery store checkout lines to drive through windows" as another church member has described.

Without question, Myrtle Frances was a "process and order" person, always insuring that there was a plan, purpose and/or agenda for any activities, meetings, and gatherings she facilitated. She enjoyed being creative and learning from creative and "visionary" individuals. She is noted for her wonderful spirit of hospitality which often included her home baked goodies which she would deliver as occasions arose and as she entertained at home or at church.

Many will remember her penchant for baking and sharing cookies. Together with her sister, Angel, they would bake

thousands of cookies and produce a “cookie factory” experience for many years as our family gift to various congregations at Christmastime.

Myrtle Frances was a founding Board member of the Coalition Against Poverty in Suffolk (CAPS), a network of approximately 24 Suffolk churches that works with local agencies to provide crisis assistance to those in need.

Married since 1989 to John G. Hatcher, Jr., recently retired Executive Director of the Wesley Community Service Center, she was predeceased by a son, John. She was the proud grandmother of five and great grandmother to two as well as beloved sister to Angel Cooper of Staunton, Virginia. She is also survived by a host of other relatives and friends.

On a most beautiful day, February 16, 2018, a most beautiful memorial service led by District Superintendent Robin Colwell joined by Bishop Sharma Lewis, and The Reverends Tammy Estep and Sam NeSmith, and attended by a beautifully overflowing congregation of family, friends, clergy and laity was conducted at Main Street Church. Following the service, the members of Main Street Church graciously hosted a bountiful reception on the church grounds, both of which truly celebrated and honored the life and service of this beloved servant.

*“Whate’er my God ordains is right;
His will is ever just
However he orders now my cause
I will be still and trust.
He is my God though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall
Wherefore to Him, I leave it all”*
(Words by Rodigant | Music: C. Winkworth)

– John G. Hatcher, Jr.

ELISHA EUGENE “DICK” JONES 1935 - 2018

Rev. Elisha Eugene “Dick” Jones, 82, of Roanoke, went to his heavenly home on January 16, 2018. Although Rev. Jones received the call to ministry at the age of 15, he decided to pursue military service and served in both the U.S. Navy and U.S. Army for 9 years. While in the Army, he served as a Chaplain’s Assistant. After his military service, he continued to serve the country as a Civil Servant at the Marine Corps Air Station Cherry Point, North Carolina.

Dick completed his undergraduate work at Atlantic Christian College in Wilson, NC. After finishing the Course of Study in 1973, Dick was ordained an Elder in Roanoke. Dick served appointments at South Sussex (Petersburg), Capron, Oxford and West End (Portsmouth), Franklin, Providence and Ridgeway (Danville), Epworth (Eastern Shore), Marvin (Winchester), Manor Memorial (Harrisonburg), McKendree (Norfolk), Melrose Avenue and Grace (Roanoke). Although Dick was proud to serve all his appointments and loved the people at each church, his favorite appointment was Grace UMC in Roanoke where he served for 12 years.

Dick is survived by his beloved wife Joan who supported him in his ministry. Also surviving are his daughter, Carolyn Freid (Aaron) of Virginia Beach; grandchildren, Jacob Jones of Roanoke, and Ellisyn Freid of Virginia Beach; brothers, John Jones (Marie) of Cape Coral, Fla., and Wiley “Buddy” Jones of Zuni, Va.; sisters, Molly Gruenke of Wetumpka, Alabama, Margaret Smith of Dumas, Mississippi, Margaret Ann Mullins (Tony) of Navarre, Fla., and Janet Wilson (Terry) of Honoraville, Ala.; and many nieces and nephews.

Dick was actively involved with the choir and a quartet at Grace UMC. He was well known for singing “Hallelujah Square,” “In the Garden,” “Amazing Grace,” and many other beautiful hymns. Dick enjoyed all aspects of the ministry but was especially called to visitation. A favorite visit was a beauty shop owned by a Grace UMC member who appointed him as the Official Pastor to the Beauty Shop. He spent many hours by the bedside of church members, friends, and strangers offering prayer, anointing, and singing. Dick put his Lord and the Church first, even leaving vacations and family events to support church members through trying events.

Dick’s favorite hobby was collecting coins and passing them out to children and friends. Dick left a desk full of coins and collectables for the current Grace UMC pastor to continue the tradition. He was usually seen folding dollars into angels and giving them to patients in the hospital or as tips. Dick easily gave away over 1,000 angel dollars.

Dick held to strict priorities in his life: God and the church first, family second, and himself third.

– Robert Haley

DAVID B. LEWIS 1937 - 2017

“A place for everything, and everything in its place.”

David’s children, nieces and nephews, and other family members heard him say this often throughout his life. He had a tremendous appreciation for order and expected those around him should appreciate it, too. In this respect, among many others, the Methodist way was perfect for him. David B. Lewis was known to many friends and family as Dave.

Dave’s first encounter with Methodism was through attending Sunday School and Boy Scouts at Barton Heights Methodist church with neighbors who became life-long friends. Throughout his life, Dave shared stories of that troop, its leader, Robert Alvis, his friends John Stith, the Rev. Dr. Wayne Wiley, and their church family. He was shaped and formed by this congregation, the scouts, and these Methodist families in ways that deeply impacted him, his family, his life and his ministry.

Dave was born in September 1937, graduated from John Marshall High School and lived in Richmond until he attended the University of Virginia, with a major in English. Active in the Wesley Foundation, he thought he might study graphic art, but soon experienced the call to ministry. After consulting with his pastor and their District Superintendent, he was offered the opportunity to explore his call by serving as a pastoral assistant in 1957 to the Rev. James E Hodges, Sr., at New Church Methodist Charge on the Eastern Shore. There he met Willie Lieu Hodges who would become his wife for 57 years. Her younger siblings say they met their “other brother” that summer. Dave and Lieu were married at Boulevard Methodist (Richmond District), where she served as Christian Educator. She served beside him throughout his ministry not only as partner in his ministry but also as a professional Christian Educator.

After UVA, Dave attended Duke Divinity School while serving Orange Methodist Church in Chapel Hill, NC. While there, he was ordained Deacon in 1961 and Elder in 1964. Dave, Lieu, and their daughter Elizabeth spent a year on exchange serving as Associate Pastor, St. Michaels, Church of Scotland, Dumfries, Scotland. The year abroad was a source of many happy memories and would serve as an inspirational touchstone of family lore.

Upon returning to Virginia, the family went to Pamunkey and Providence, the New Kent Charge, then on to the Richmond District. Another daughter, Barbara, was born while serving there. In June 1967, Dave was appointed as pastor to Pace Memorial Methodist Church, shortly after it burned to the ground in December 1966, next to the Virginia Commonwealth University campus in Richmond. In addition, he was appointed simultaneously as the Director of the Wesley Foundation at Virginia Commonwealth University. He led the Pace Memorial congregation through several challenging obstacles and decisions that led to the construction of the new church building. Dave’s love of and skill in art came alive in helping design aspects of the building, its sign, and a descending dove sculpture commissioned for the church exterior. He also wrote a special hymn for the building’s dedication service. The congregation sang David’s hymn again when the educational building expansion was dedicated and at the last service of Pace Memorial Church, now Pace Wesley Foundation. Dave wrote several other hymns that were used in various churches at various times.

He had a great love of music. He especially loved church music and classical music. He had no music training but played the piano by ear beautifully. He enjoyed playing with the new electronic organ at Pace Memorial to the delight of students and members.

From Pace, Dave went to Fairview United Methodist in Danville where his artistic talent was expressed in new ways and he cultivated it into a part-time business. For many years, his scripturally themed wall murals continued to adorn Sunday School classes at Fairview. Dave’s art began to adorn many other walls as he began to give as gifts, and later sell, the watercolor portraits of beach cottages and homes for which he was so well known. Several youths explored their call to ministry during his pastorate at Fairview and a few continue to serve as clergy in our conference today.

At Corinth United Methodist in Sandston (Richmond District), Dave led the congregation through a refreshing of spirit and of the building as they engaged the community to celebrate the national bicentennial in a variety of ways. It was while serving here that Dave and Lieu’s son, Robert, was born. Dave worked with Henrico County Police in beginning and organizing a program of volunteer chaplains who rode along with police. The program expanded to offer counseling services for police and for chaplains to be available for difficult situations to help the victims and witnesses. Corinth church, through Dave and Lieu’s guidance, welcomed refugees from a number of places and sponsored three

families needing help with resettlement.

This aspect of his ministry continued to grow as Dave led his next church, First United Methodist Church in Norfolk, to also sponsor refugee families for resettlement. He also began painting watercolor portraits of churches and historical buildings, selling both originals and prints.

While pastoring in Sandston, Norfolk and Suffolk, Dave was also Dean of the Virginia Conference School of Christian Mission for multiple years and served on their planning committee for eight years. During that time, he was known to teach a few of their classes on mission, but also provided painting demonstrations during free time.

At Main Street United Methodist Church in Suffolk, with Lieu serving as Director of Christian Education, Lieu and Dave led the congregation in starting a licensed preschool program that continues to serve the needs of the community and involve the members in a variety of ministries. By this time, they had begun to lead travel with EO Tours, involving many of their trip companions in accompanying Bible Studies before and during the trip.

West Point United Methodist Church was next, and Dave made many friends with his fellow Ruritans and loved helping make and sell crab cake sandwiches at the Crab Carnival each fall. Here, Dave and Lieu experienced an “empty nest” as Robert graduated high school and enrolled at Randolph-Macon college in Ashland, alma mater of many clergy friends.

Dave was then appointed to Cameron in Alexandria while Lieu worked in neighboring Woodbridge as Director of Programming Ministries at St. Paul United Methodist Church. Though he had always resisted the idea of moving to Northern Virginia, Dave came to love the area, its diverse population, and its many opportunities – but not the traffic! He loved spending time in historic Olde Towne, Alexandria.

From there, they went to Highland United Methodist Church, Colonial Heights. From here Dave retired, but not ready to give up pastoral ministry, he became pastor of Smith’s Grove in Dinwiddie. There he focused on his favorite parts of pastoral ministry: preaching, visiting homes, and teaching Bible studies.

Dave was a gifted artist with no training past high school. His watercolors and watercolor prints of homes, churches, public buildings, sights of Virginia Beach, lighthouses from North Carolina, and scenes of Topsail Beach, North Carolina adorn the walls of his many clients and are beloved keepsakes especially of his friends and family. He painted many of the churches he served leaving the originals behind as gifts to the churches. He painted two views of the Virginia United Methodist Assembly Center in Blackstone (one in summer, with registration room entrance; one in winter with formal front entrance). He also designed banners for Annual Conference, did drawings and painting for the covers and pages of *The Virginia Advocate*, and did a large painting and calligraphy of the United Methodist Women Mission Statement for various Conference and District Presidents. As the trustees of all the churches he served know, he loved readable signs, and loved making them! He had a talent for calligraphy using it not only in sign making but for greeting cards, and even notes of instruction for his secretaries and others. His artistic bent continued to planting, and tending, flowers in the yards of churches and parsonages alike.

During his final days while in the hospital, he continued drawing, to the joy of his family and the hospital staff, several of whom received carefully drawn portraits. He continued to gift his doctors and nurses with some of his favorite prints. He was happiest when someone was enjoying the work of his hands.

Dave offered that same joy to the many church members who throughout his ministry indulged his love of sweets, particularly chocolate in all forms and coconut cake made with fresh coconut. They even encouraged him feeding the “friends” from his office (brass, plastic, or ceramic animals) at Vacation Bible School snack time (extra cookies for Dave!). He treasured and often shared the remembrance with his family of the best of the best of those treats from decades’ past!

He took seriously the responsibility not only to serve the local church, but the broader church as well. He served on many different district committees in the various districts he served, and on a variety of conference committees and boards. He thoroughly enjoyed his many years working with the Wesley Foundation Board, serving on the conference Board of Campus Ministry and Higher Education and the Conference Board of Ordained Ministry. During his 12 years on that board at various times, he usually found himself on “the sermon committee” where he was known for his red pencil and being a stickler for grammar! Many an aspiring preacher in the conference groaned to find themselves going before Dave Lewis and his red pencil.

Dave enjoyed meeting with other clergy whenever possible to discuss theology, practice, order, and food. He often was part of ecumenical clergy groups, clergy breakfast groups, and a regular for many years at Ministers’ Convocation.

David was delighted that his son and daughter-in-law choose Duke Divinity School for their seminary training and

was thrilled to be part of the licensing of local pastors of his daughter, Barbara and daughter-in-law, Rachel, the same night that his son, Robert was commissioned a Provisional Member of the Virginia Conference. He and Lieu were equally happy to be present for Robert and Rachel's ordination into the British Methodist Church in England. He was delighted to also stand with his nephew, the Rev. James M. Smith as he was ordained in the Virginia Conference. He appreciated when Jim turned to him for wisdom as Jim was learning his way as a United Methodist clergy person. Dave took seriously the task of helping to make disciples and expected those he helped form to do the same with others. Seeing members of his churches and his children moving into various forms of ministry was joy. It helped sustain him when the pressures of pastoral ministry weighed.

His lasting dignity and good humor are deeply impressed on the hearts of those who love him. He was known to be honest with absolute integrity. He was very trusting and always saw the best in people. He had a devilish and a delightful sense of humor that came out sometimes at the oddest moments. He enjoyed a good prank, and April Fool's Day was always a favorite. He kept his humor through all of his many challenges, right up until his final days.

David is survived by his wife, Lieu; his daughter, Elizabeth (Stephen Michael) McCoy; his daughter, the Rev. Barbara Lewis (Greenwood-Laurel Park, Richmond); son, the Rev. Robert Lewis (Hinton Avenue; Charlottesville); granddaughter, Ariel (Rick) Rishworth; great-granddaughter, Mary Rishworth; brother, Ellis Lewis; and brother, Richard (Pat) Lewis.

Ever a scout, David methodically lived his belief that what you do and how you do it must always reflect God... And that when you are answering God's call, then you are in the right place.

KIRK CHAPMAN MARINER 1943 - 2017

Kirk Chapman Mariner, preacher, author, musician and historian of Virginia's Eastern Shore, died June 8, 2017, at his home in Onancock, Va. Kirk was 74, and is beloved by his brother and sister, Vincent Mariner, Jr. (Carol) of Painter, Va., and Kathie Mariner Herrick (Mark) of New Church, Va., a host of nephews, nieces, and cousins, as well as friends beyond counting.

Born in New Church on June 4, 1943, Kirk was the son of Vincent and Beatrice Chapman Mariner. Among Kirk's earliest memories was the hush that fell over the congregation at Berea Methodist Church when the choir ("all six of them!") would sing "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him" to begin worship. Kirk (whose name in ancient times meant "church") imagined that with enough practice he might one day sing with them. That sense of reverence and preparedness for worship as an encounter with God would remain with him for his entire life.

From his early days, Kirk's attention to detail garnered notice: "I didn't make it to Eagle Scout, but I always got the award for Neatest Campsite." His natural talent for piano was debuted at the Keller Fair when he was six years old. By ten, he began playing by ear, and entertained audiences with his winsome wit and unselfconscious joy at the keyboard every year thereafter. Today, many of us still laugh (and wince) to hear his bright tenor set up and knock down our ecclesial pretentiousness, through originals like "Young Adult Bible Class" and "Nobody Drinks 'til the Bishop Has Gone."

At Randolph-Macon College (1965) and Yale Divinity School (1968), Kirk took voluminous notes, meticulously typing them up and assembling them in volumes for later review. His Doctor of Ministry from Wesley Theological Seminary (1979) was in Church History, and he never let go of the craft. Indelibly a son of the Eastern Shore, Kirk would author a dozen books on the history of his native land, including the widely-read "Off 13: the Eastern Shore of Virginia Guidebook." His last published volume, "Free Blacks of Accomack County, Virginia, 1782-1864," he hoped would benefit those doing needed research into the genealogies of the Eastern Shore's African American families.

Called to ministry by an intense desire to articulate worship as a recognition of the presence of God in this world and to embrace it within our lives, Kirk gave the Virginia Conference 37 years in itinerant ministry, serving Hopewell (Chesterfield), Dulin (Falls Church), Centreville, Church of the Good Shepherd (Vienna), Mount Olivet (Arlington), and Williamsburg. Remembered by his congregations as an engaging Bible study teacher and an able administrator, Kirk labored to become a masterful preacher and worship leader, lavishing hours on seemingly minute details and thinking through all movements and transitions within the service. His liturgies were characterized by a coherent arc from the

Introit through the Benediction, in which all elements – even the Announcements – were crafted to uplift the central message of the day’s text.

Upon retirement in 2005 Kirk moved to Onancock, where he worshiped regularly at Market Street UMC, sitting on the back row and suffering from, as he put it, “a severe case of PRPS – Perfect Retired Pastor Syndrome,” which causes the afflicted to “desire to inform anyone and everyone how successful he or she was in ministry – lest it be forgotten.” He could be found almost daily at the Book Bin in Onley, ensconced in the coffee nook, working on a new article for the Eastern Shore News to capture some impeccably-researched tale that might otherwise have gone untold.

Those who remember him might describe Kirk as studiously prepared to live life generously and well, as the gift of a loving God. He did so, and on June 8 of last year, Kirk counted upon Jesus Christ to take care of the rest.

– *Dave Rochford*

JULIAN H. (MARTY) MARTIN, JR.
[COL. U.S. ARMY (RETIRED)]
1949 - 2017

The headstone placed on Marty’s grave at Arlington National Cemetery reads: “Beloved Marty ... Man of God Husband Dad Hero”

Beloved Marty. Marty Martin was born on May 30, 1949 at Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, DC to Julian H. and Mary Frances Martin (nee Carroll). Formally named Julian H. Martin, Jr. after his Dad, he was called little Marty by a neighbor boy who came to see him as a newborn. The name stuck, and he was called Marty for his entire life.

Marty lived all over the world as the child of an Army officer, settling at home in Arlington, VA when his father retired. He graduated from Wakefield High School in 1967 and went on to Virginia Tech. After graduating from Virginia Tech in 1972, Marty began his 26 years of service as a Military Intelligence officer in the United States Army. His first assignment was as a platoon leader at Ft. Hood, TX. He went on to company commands in Okinawa, Japan and Camp Casey, South Korea. Following his attendance at Command and General Staff College at Ft. Leavenworth, KS, he served as the Executive Officer of the Intelligence Battalion at Field Station Misawa, Japan. While stationed in Misawa, Marty received the gift of becoming a father to his two girls (Carroll and Catherine) who were born within 3 weeks of each other. After returning from Japan, he attended the National War College at Ft. McNair, Washington, D.C., after which he commanded the 344th. Military Intelligence Battalion at Goodfellow Air Force Base in San Angelo, TX. Marty then returned to the National Capital Region where he completed his military service assigned to the Operations Staff of the National Security Agency at Fort Meade, MD.

Man of God. After retiring from military service, Marty was called to a different kind of service, that of serving God. Raised in the Methodist Church, Marty attended Arlington United Methodist Church and always referred to it as his home church. It wasn’t until he experienced the Walk to Emmaus (learning, perhaps for the very first time, that Jesus had died *for him*) that his faith became both real and personal. Marty enrolled in Wesley Theological Seminary in 1998 and thus began his journey toward ordained ministry, following in the footsteps of his grandfather and great-grandfather.

Marty was licensed as a part-time Local Pastor on June 12, 2000, and was appointed to Bethel UMC in Warrenton where he served his entire ministry career of 16 years. He and his wife Pat were married on June 25, 2000. After a brief honeymoon, they moved to Warrenton, along with Marty’s daughters, and began a new life and a new ministry. From the very beginning, Marty invited Pat to be his partner in love, life and ministry.

At the time of his appointment, Bethel was a small Student Pastor church. The church wanted to grow and build a new building but wasn’t sure how to begin the task. Marty was able to limit his seminary classes each semester allowing him time to focus on both his studies and the church. He helped the church develop a mission statement, Living our faith, Sharing God’s love, and create goals to grow the church and build that new building. He offered Bible studies, starting with the Disciple series, and fostered small groups. Marty encouraged participation in the Walk to Emmaus once people had a Biblical foundation through Bible study.

When Marty graduated from Wesley Seminary on May 12, 2003, Bethel was thriving and he was appointed as the full-time Pastor. He was ordained an Elder in Full Connection on June 12, 2006, the same year Bethel dedicated its refurbished sanctuary and new building. Under Marty’s leadership, Bethel grew into a mid-sized church with many faith-filled people, effective missions and outreach ministries, and meaningful worship and prayer opportunities. When Marty

retired in June 2016, Bethel Church was still growing in faith and ministry. Looking back over his years of ministry, he said it was most important to him that people developed a deep and abiding relationship with Jesus. Marty believed, like John Wesley, that Bible Study, prayer and small groups were instrumental for one to grow both in faith and relationship with God. “Since the beginning of time, God has called us into relationship,” he preached on more than one occasion. Marty knew it was important to put that faith to work. He believed we should ask, “What would Jesus have me do?” rather than, “What would Jesus do?” Marty believed we should be the hands and feet of Jesus, and over fifteen summers, he and Pat led work teams to Pocahontas, VA to help the people of Tazewell County with home repairs and improvements. The relationships made with the people there endure to this day.

Husband Dad. Marty and Pat shared an extraordinary seventeen year marriage. They were two people brought together and joined together by God. From the very beginning, God was in the midst of their relationship and they strived to keep God there every day. Their love for God and for each other was evident to everyone they encountered. They were indeed life partners and ministry partners. It was rare to see one without the other. Marty was Dad to his beautiful daughters, Carroll and Catherine. He considered them a gift from God and he did his best to raise them as children of God. He was proud of them and supportive of them. He encouraged them and expected them to always do their best and follow their dreams. He loved them deeply and unconditionally. His girls were the joy of his life. Marty acquired adult children when he married Pat. (Paul Clear, Wendy and Justin Fleming, and David and Jessica Clear) He loved them unconditionally and treated them as his own. They too, came to love him and considered him their Marty. Over the years, along came five grandchildren who called him Granddaddy, a name he loved and a role he cherished. (Jay and Libby Fleming, Erica Clear, and Orion and Griffin Clear) He loved them all and enjoyed spending time with them individually, or all together at the annual Cousins Sleepover, a special summertime tradition where Marty and Pat gathered all the grandchildren under their roof and treated them to two days of fun and games, mini-golf, boating and swimming. In July 2018, Marty will become a Granddaddy once again when Carroll Martin and her husband, Michael McMillon welcome their first child. Carroll was able to tell Marty about this expected new baby just before God welcomed him Home. The smile on her Dad’s face at hearing this sweet news is a priceless, precious memory to Carroll.

Hero. Marty Martin was larger than life in so many ways. He was a tall, handsome man, with a warm personality, a welcoming smile, a deep resonant voice, and a hearty laugh. Marty was a man of his word and a person of unquestioned integrity. He was a wonderful teacher and preacher. He was passionate about opening the scriptures to others, and he had a keen ability to help people “connect the dots”. Marty loved all aspects of ministry: teaching, preaching, pastoring, administration, working with his hands, working with the little ones, the middle ones and older folks. He loved taking the youth out on his ski boat, PS I Love You, at least twice each summer. He loved the little ones when he sat on the floor with them each Sunday morning sharing a special message just for them. He enjoyed spending time with older members of the congregation, listening to them and learning from their wisdom. Marty and Pat brought special friends, Stretch & Gracie to life through clown ministry and together they told the story of God’s great love for people in new and different ways. Whatever Marty could do to open someone to understanding the Scriptures, he did. Through the years, Marty was called on to share his gifts of leadership and administration to help other churches explore their own ministries, create mission and vision statements, and build goals to advance their churches and the Gospel. Marty was a hero to many: his country, his family, his children and grandchildren, the children and youth at Bethel, and countless others who experienced his love, warmth and encouragement over the years.

Marty’s Call verse was Isaiah 43:1 Fear not, for I have redeemed you. I have called you by name, you are mine. He heard God speak those words to him as he contemplated serving God in pastoral ministry; and his Virginia license plate was ISAI 43-1, a reminder to him of God’s words spoken through the prophet Isaiah. Marty died on October 27, 2017, suddenly and without warning, leaving us breathless. Certainly, Marty heard God speak those words to him once again as God welcomed him home. His death created a huge void in so many lives. Hundreds attended his Celebration of Life and burial, a tribute to the many lives he touched. Marty may be gone in body, but his spirit lives on in all of us. Forgive, serve, love, laugh and give thanks with a grateful heart.

Beloved Marty. Man of God. Husband Dad Hero

– Patricia Martin

ALLEN DANIEL MINTER
1924 - 2018

Reverend Allen Daniel Minter, 93, passed away on February 16, 2018. He was preceded in death by his parents, Charles E. Minter, Sr. and May B. Minter, a sister Corinne Spencer and a brother Charles E. Minter Jr.

He is survived by a son, Allen Minter, Jr (Trish), a daughter, Janet Minter, his wife, Shirley J. Minter and her four daughters, Joyce Williams (Noah), Jadell McPherson (Bill), Adena Seitz, and Jeanene Milanak, eighteen grandchildren, eight great grand-children, a sister, Flora Graham, and two brothers, Richard (Helen), and Jimmy.

He was a World War II Army veteran and served in India, China, Guam and Okinawa with B-29s.

Upon graduation from Randolph-Macon College, he entered the ministry of the Virginia Conference of the United Methodist Church where he ministered for 38 years. He served Mechanicsville, Irvington-Lancaster, Westmoreland, McKenney, Parkview in Newport News, Providence in Richmond, Charles Wesley in McLean, and Dunn Loring.

Allen was an Eagle Scout and served for two years as a District Scout Executive serving eight counties in Virginia. After retiring from the ministry, Allen served as a police communication assistant with the Fairfax County Police Department for 14 years.

FRANK JOSEPH MITCHELL
1927 - 2017

The Rev. Dr. Frank Joseph (“Joe”) Mitchell, 90, of Durham, NC, died peacefully in the company of his family on July 25, 2017 at Duke University Hospital after a short battle with pneumonia complicated by congestive heart failure. Joe remained basically “himself,” though frail, through the weekend before he died, visiting with family and friends at his home at Croasdaile Village United Methodist Retirement Home. He faced death with acceptance, and the end came as he wanted it to -- swiftly yet gently. The family is grateful for his courageous and inquisitive spirit, his commitment to truth and justice, and the intellectual acuity he retained till the end. A vivid person with strong views on many subjects, he was also unfailingly devoted to his family. Those who knew and loved him will never forget him.

Joe was born on February 12, 1927, in Fairfield, Alabama to Seth Hamilton Mitchell and Effie Schmitz Mitchell. The youngest of three sons, he grew up in a blue collar family, as his father and several of his uncles were employed by the United States Steel Corporation in the Birmingham area.

Joe graduated at the top of his class from Fairfield High School in 1944. Too young at 17 to follow older brothers Jesse LaFayette Mitchell and Seth Hamilton Mitchell, Jr. into military service (mother Effie would not sign the papers for an early enlistment), he bided his time working in one of U.S. Steel’s Birmingham blast furnaces until he turned 18 in February of 1945.

Two days before his birthday, Joe enlisted as a hospital corpsman in the United States Navy. Joining the service near the end of World War II, he never left the mainland U.S., leading his family later to joke that he was a hero of the “inland navy.” After discharge in 1946, he followed his brothers to the Alabama Polytechnic Institute (API; now Auburn University), where he graduated with a degree in history education in 1950.

Having been president of the Wesley Foundation at API/Auburn, Joe followed a call to the Methodist ministry and enrolled in 1950 at Duke Divinity School, where he earned his M.Div. in 1953. With liberalizing views on race and uneasy about returning to Alabama, he chose to be ordained in the Virginia Methodist Conference. Between 1953-1958, he served as pastor at Chamberlayne Heights Methodist Church in Richmond (where he took several public stands in favor of racial equality in the wake of the 1954 Brown v. Board decision) and Tabernacle Methodist Church in Pungo. Rural Princess Anne County being a lonely place for a single young minister, in 1958, Joe left the pastorate to enroll in the doctoral program in Religion at Duke.

Early in his first semester back at Duke, Joe met History doctoral student Norma Anne Taylor, just arrived from Norfolk, Virginia as a graduate of the College of William and Mary. A speedy courtship ensued, featuring many trips to Durham’s “Blue Light” restaurant, where Joe bought Norma a hamburger and milkshake and drank coffee himself to save money. They were engaged in the spring of 1959 at the Carolina Inn in Chapel Hill and married on September 5, 1959 at Park Place Methodist Church in Norfolk, VA. They spent their early years of marriage in Durham, living during

1959-60 in the Methodist Student Center building while Joe worked as an assistant to the Rev. Art Brandenburg. Joe became active in the civil rights movement, picketing the segregated Center Theater with others from Duke in 1961.

Joe earned his Ph.D. in Religion at Duke in 1962. In 1961-62, he taught religion at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota. From there, he and Norma moved to Union College (Methodist) in Barbourville, Kentucky, where he served as Campus Minister and Assistant Professor of Religion from 1962-65. In 1965, he took a position as Professor and Chair of the Religion Department at Central Methodist College in Fayette, Missouri. Their daughter Anne Virginia was born there in 1967.

In 1970, lured by the offer of a dramatic salary increase and faculty positions for both him and Norma at Troy State University in Troy Alabama, Joe returned to his native state. Censured by the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) for abrogations of academic freedom, Troy was eager to prove it could recruit AAUP members to its faculty. Having served as an AAUP chapter president, and coming highly recommended by a former Duke friend then on the Troy State faculty, Joe was an attractive candidate. His and Norma's membership in Phi Beta Kappa added to their appeal.

At Troy State, Joe chaired the Department of Religion and Philosophy from 1970-1976 but ran afoul of the university's president, Ralph Adams, and found himself moved to the Classics Department. In 1979 he helped lead a campaign secure faculty raises. Although the president's resulting efforts to have him fired in the spring of 1980 failed (partly thanks to support he received from the Alabama Education Association, the AAUP, and student journalists at the campus newspaper), Joe was moved to the History and Social Sciences Department, where he finished out his teaching career. Undaunted, Joe remained a constant thorn in the Adams administration's side. In the 1980s, he and Norma joined a movement to organize a faculty senate, of which she became the first full-term president.

Meanwhile, Joe was revered as a provocative teacher who challenged students to take critical approaches to religious topics. It was said that he once threw a Bible on the classroom floor to prove a point about it being a product of human hands. Whether or not this was true, students -- even in a conservative south Alabama environment -- found much to respect in Joe's sharp intellect and deep commitment to their learning.

In Troy, Joe and Norma were members of First United Methodist Church, where every Sunday found them on the third pew in the center section immediately in front of the pulpit. For many years, Joe taught the Covenant and New Covenant Sunday School classes, bringing his intellectual and critical approach to faith into the Sunday School curriculum.

Troy was also where he and Norma reared daughter Anne Virginia from age 3 to her graduation in 1985 from Charles Henderson High School. As a feminist who read Betty Friedan and passionately supported and encouraged his wife's professional academic career, he carried his full share (and sometimes more than that) of parenting duties and was an energetic and engaged father. Many afternoons would find him throwing baseballs; kite-flying; bike riding; playing tennis, Rook, or Monopoly; or building an electric train layout with Anne. He taught her to use tools, crawl under the house to troubleshoot the plumbing, and insert a stick in the butterfly valve to start the balky engine of his beloved, but somewhat dilapidated, '65 Mustang. He and Norma served as PTA co-presidents and followed their daughter to south Alabama high school football stadiums to hear her play trombone in the Charles Henderson High School Blue Machine marching band. When Joe fulfilled a lifelong dream to earn his private pilot's license in the late 1970s, Anne enjoyed learning the pilot's alphabet and flying with him to nearby Brundidge, AL as the only passenger he ever took up.

Ever the math whiz, Joe embraced the computer revolution as a way to conduct quantitative analysis of historical topics. First with punch cards and reams of green and white tractor-fed paper, and later with a database he designed and programmed himself, Joe collected and standardized information on Methodist bishops (a topic on which he also wrote and self-published several books and became a recognized expert) and slaveholding Methodist clergymen. In the early 1980s, he became a fixture in the Troy State computer lab, practicing programming skills he learned in several computer science classes. Always frugal, he was thrilled in about 1983 to find a cheap computer (the famous Texas Instruments TI-994a) to buy for home, and he and Anne enjoyed using it to practice writing simple programs in BASIC. Over the years, Joe continued to be fascinated by computers and electronics, and the advent of the Internet was a boon to this dogged researcher -- putting at his fingertips information he had long been accustomed to digging out of archives. His computer screen was filled with open documents on the day of his death, and one of his favorite possessions at the end of his life was his iPad.

In 1989, Joe retired from teaching at Troy and re-entered the United Methodist pastoral ministry, accepting an appointment at the Covenant United Methodist Church in Chesapeake, Virginia. Thus he and Norma began a year of "com-

muter marriage,” as he moved into the huge Covenant parsonage on the Elizabeth River, and she remained in her faculty position at Troy. In his year at Covenant, Joe urged the church to develop an after-school program to serve the elementary school next door to the church, supported his daughter who was navigating her first year in graduate school at Chapel Hill, and cultivated many connections with Norma’s extended family in the Tidewater area.

In 1990, Joe returned to Alabama, taking a cross-conference appointment in the North Alabama Conference as pastor of the Ensley First United Methodist Church in Birmingham. With an aging, dwindling white congregation in a giant church plant located in what had become a largely African American part of the city, Ensley First was a challenging appointment for any minister. With his own roots in west Birmingham, Joe connected easily with the small congregation in his two years as pastor, helping to prepare them for the eventual closure and sale of the church to an African American congregation a few years later.

After three years of commuting, Joe and Norma decided that Joe would retire completely and return to Troy. Always seeking a project, Joe next took up supervising construction of a new custom home for the two of them in Troy’s Heritage Ridge subdivision. His daily visits to the work site in 1993 caught construction errors (like the lack of a drain in the slab under the laundry room) before they became significant problems.

In the fall of ‘93, Joe and Norma moved from the home they had bought in 1970 near the Troy State football stadium to the larger new house on Monticello Drive. From 1993 until Norma’s retirement from Troy State in 1999, Joe worked daily in his study and played the role of “house husband,” handling cleaning and cooking duties and caring for Norma’s dogs and cats he claimed not to like.

In 2001, with two grandchildren, Evan David Whisnant and Derek Taylor Whisnant, having been born to Anne Virginia and her husband David Whisnant in Chapel Hill, Joe and Norma decided to return to North Carolina. On Evan’s fourth birthday, they moved back to Durham, to a large home able to accommodate, among other things, Joe and Norma’s 400 boxes of books and historical and family records.

Joe and Norma settled quickly into the Durham community, joining Epworth United Methodist Church, where Joe was soon teaching the Fellowship Sunday School class -- which he shepherded until 2016. For many years, Joe also regularly attended the “Grumps,” a group of older men who met each morning at the McDonald’s on Tower Drive. Since most of them were Republicans, Joe enjoyed goading them with his liberal Democratic politics. He actively participated in the Westwood Westerners, a local men’s group that organized lectures on significant topics. He and Norma enjoyed traveling to the western National Parks and Canada with their longtime friends the Rev. Max and Ann Wicker, who lived in nearby Southern Pines, NC.

Having been an insatiable reader of everything from serious history to junk novels his whole life, he regularly visited the Durham County Public Library to bring home stacks of books. From 2014 until his death, he was the single best outside reader for son-in-law David’s new Asheville history blog and eagerly awaited new installments to discuss over family dinners.

Coming to Durham provided him the welcome opportunity to become more involved in the lives of his grandsons. Joe regularly took them to get ice cream at Maple View Farm in Chapel Hill and set up an electric train for them under his and Norma’s Christmas tree. A fierce ping-pong player, he bought them a table and taught them to play. He and Norma took several trips with Anne, David, and the boys -- to Lake Junaluska, the Blue Ridge Parkway, Florida, the North Carolina coast. They attended the boys’ every performance and event and made possible many enrichments, including camps, concerts, music lessons, and season tickets to the Playmakers theater on the UNC-Chapel Hill campus.

In 2016, the boys and Joe worked through the summer to prepare for Joe and Norma’s move to the Croasdaile Village retirement community, spending hours together sorting through files, books, and Joe’s collection of old radios, telephones, clocks, computers, and other devices. Joe was proud to live long enough to watch both grandsons graduate from high school in Chapel Hill -- most recently Derek, the occasion of whose graduation at the Dean Smith Center on June 10, 2017 may have been his last social outing before his death.

After he and Norma moved to Croasdaile in September of 2016, Joe continued his research and writing projects. In his last weeks, he completed the final installment in his long series of short books about aspects of his family’s history -- a narrative of the short life and sacrificial death of his first cousin Butch Nabers, an Army airman who drowned trying to save a fellow soldier after their damaged B-17 had to ditch in the Tyrrhenian Sea off the west coast of Italy in 1944. Joe was eager to share the work with his extended family and enjoyed a long conversation about it two weeks before his death with his daughter and son-in-law. His many writings on his own and family history provide a lasting legacy that the family will treasure.

In addition to his parents, Joe was preceded in death by his brothers Jesse L. Mitchell, Asheville, NC, and Seth H. Mitchell, Jr. and wife Kathleen, Corpus Christi, TX; and his brother-in-law Orville C. Taylor and wife Marie Taylor, Virginia Beach, VA. He is survived by his wife of almost fifty-eight years Dr. Norma Anne Taylor Mitchell; daughter Dr. Anne Virginia Mitchell Whisnant (Dr. David Whisnant), and grandsons Evan David Whisnant and Derek Taylor Whisnant, Chapel Hill, NC; sisters-in-law Faye Mitchell, Asheville, NC and Wanda Mitchell, Portland, TX; brother- and sister-in-law Randall H. and Joyce Taylor, Bluffton, SC; cousin Carolyn and Donald Lantz, Mechanicsville, VA; and cousins-in-law Jo Rhea and David Ford, Oxford, Alabama, and Dillie Culberson, Hueytown, AL. He is also survived by many beloved nieces, nephews, great-nieces and -nephews, and cousins.

– *By Anne Virginia Mitchell Whisnant*

JAMES E. POWELL JR. 1930 - 2018

James Emerson Powell, Jr., was born in Washington, D.C, the son of James Emerson, Sr., and Ada Coe Powell on March 22, 1930. As a child he surrendered his life to Jesus Christ, and there at the altar, he felt the call to the ministry. He answered that call, completing his higher education at Randolph Macon College and the Candler School of Theology at Emory University. Jim was a fourth generation preacher. He began his ministry as Pastor of Ebenezer Church on the Stafford Charge, a church which was established by his great grandfather, Presiding Elder William Gwynn Coe. He served with honor and integrity at the following appointments: Annandale, Stafford Charge, Wayne Hills Charge, Galilee (Broad Run Farms), Arlington Forest, Jamieson Memorial, Chesapeake Avenue, Zion, Fairview, White Memorial, Charity, and Cradock.

While serving at Stafford, he met the love of his life, Virginia Eggleston. They served together as camp counselors at Camp Highroad. When rain put a damper on outside activities, Jim led the youth in indoor games such as square dancing. The kids had so much fun that when the weather cleared, they begged to stay inside! Some of Jim and Virginia's "dates" even included visitation of church members! Jim and Virginia were married for almost 60 years, often visiting in the community and working together in the church. Very much in love, they were often seen holding hands even as an older couple, and were an inspiration to others as well as to their family. Jim loved his children, Jim III, Laura, and Linda, among whose fond memories include family camping trips every summer. Camping in tents and in a popup camper in state parks, Disney World and even the backyard was the most fun this side of Heaven, and Heaven was a frequent topic of discussion and anticipation. Jim was a wonderful example of a Christ-follower to his children and to his children's spouses, Cheryl Powell, Ken Froberg and David Fylstra. And what great joy Jim took in his grandchildren, Sara, Andrew, Jonathan, Abby, Peter, and Rachel and in his great-grandchildren, Sapphire, Alice, Skyler, and Jackson!

Jim's greatest love was His Lord. His ministry was marked by the study of God's word, scripture memorization, the visitation of church and community members, jail ministry and evangelism. His character was marked by kindness, humility, gentleness and love. Jim was genuine, the same person at home as he was at church. He loved people, and he was so close to His Lord. Jim excitedly anticipated the return of Jesus Christ, and he often spoke and preached about His coming. Jim understood what it meant to follow Christ, to be led by the Holy Spirit, and to preach the word of God without compromise. His life verse was Galatians 2:20, "I have been crucified with Christ; it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

Jim Powell died January 22, 2018. Well done, thy good and faithful servant!

– *Written by his daughter, Laura Powell Froberg*

HERBERT K. SEEMANN
1945 - 2017

The Rev. Herbert K. Seemann was born on May 30, 1945 and passed away on Monday, October 9, 2017. The Rev. Seemann was a resident of Bridgewater, Virginia at the time of passing. He had served his country in the United States Air Force.

He began his service in the Virginia Conference in 1978 at Greenbackville. He went on to serve Potomac in the former Ashland District, Saint Andrew's in the Alexandria District, Mount Pleasant in the former Norfolk District, Beth-el-Saint Matthews in the former Rappahannock District, Mount Pisgah in the Harrisonburg District, Noland Memorial in the former Peninsula District, Franklin in the Danville District, Macedonia-Montague Avenue, Glover Memorial in the Staunton District, and Huntington Court in the Roanoke District. He was placed on Clergy Medical Leave in 2005 and retired in 2010.

BARBARA D. WARD
1934 - 2017

Barbara Louise Dodd was born on December 3, 1934, in Lynchburg, Virginia. Her parents were Saylor Everret Dodd and Louise Phillips Dodd. Barbara was educated in the Lynchburg Public School system, graduating from E.C. Glass High School. Her childhood was filled with joy, centered in her church, her music and her love of dance. Her music found its expression in the violin, piano, organ and singing. While in college, Barbara was an assistant organist and children's choir director at the Memorial United Methodist Church. She graduated from Lynchburg College in 1956 and became a kindergarten teacher in the Lynchburg Public School System.

While a student at Lynchburg College, she met and became engaged to Gerould A. Ward Jr. Upon his graduation from Duke Divinity School, they were married. They served several churches: Court Street (as an associate pastor), the West Campbell Charge, and Brookville Church in Lynchburg, and the Smith Memorial Church in Collinsville. In 1986 her husband changed his ministry from the pulpit to ministry to persons with handicapping conditions.

While he was studying for his Master's Degree in Special Education at Virginia Commonwealth University and serving as the minister of St. Matthews UMC in Goochland County, Barbara taught music in the Goochland County Public School system. Gerould served as the director for two special appointments in the Virginia Conference: the Virginia United Methodist Agency and the Virginia United Methodist Family Services (UMFS). During Gerould's years of service, Barbara began to pursue her lifelong calling to ordained ministry. She participated in a seminar in Evangelism in the West Indies in Antigua. She then enrolled as a student at the Presbyterian School of Christian Education/Union Seminary. Upon graduation, she was ordained as a Deacon in the Virginia Annual Conference. She served as Ashland District Director of Evangelism and Church Revitalization. After six years there, she became the minister of Discipleship at Bon Air UMC in Richmond. While serving at Bon Air, Barbara suffered a heart attack — the first of several illnesses, including breast cancer and a series of strokes, which led to her retirement.

During the years of her illnesses, Barbara became an active member of and chaplain for the Order of St. Luke the Physician, where she became a disciple of the Rev. Doctor Rufus Womble, a longtime national and international leader in the Order of St. Luke. Upon Rev. Womble's death, she became a leader in the Richmond chapter of OSL which now has weekly services at River Road UMC.

One of the joys of Barbara's life was the publication of her personal witness in a book, *One More River*, which has had three printings. This book is the unfolding of Barbara's spiritual journey and is available from her husband at no cost.

Barbara and Gerould adopted two children — Sharon Virginia who is a medical doctor in Key West, Florida, and Allen Everette, who is a contractor in Hudson, Florida. They have four grandchildren: John Ward Henry of Richmond, Rachael, Iain and Aidan of Key West, Florida.

Barbara has been recognized nationally as a devout member of the Order of St. Luke. She will be remembered as a devoted minister's wife, a disciple fulfilled by her service as a ordained deacon, and as a spiritual inspiration for her family, her local church and to all who would listen to her passion for the ministry of spiritual growth.

– Submitted by her husband, Gerould

BETTY LOUISE WATTS
1923 - 2017

Betty Louise Watts, 94, passed away peacefully on October 28, 2017.

Miss Watts was born in Portsmouth, the daughter of the late Edward P. Watts, Sr. and Louise Wilson Watts. As a consecrated Diaconal Minister in the United Methodist Church, she served, faithfully, various United Methodist Churches in Hampton, Richmond, Winchester, and most recently in Williamsburg.

Her ministry as a Director of Christian Education touched the lives of many. Shaped and influenced by her Christian example and her leadership, Betty's legacy continues in the churches she served. She loved her Lord, and she thrived in teaching others about his love for them.

She is survived by a nephew Stephen E. Watts and his wife Margaret Fox Watts of Virginia Beach. She is also survived by a nephew, Edward Clayton Watts; niece, Rev. Peggy Watts Jefferies and her husband Rev. Bruce Jefferies; and numerous great-nieces and great-nephews. Besides her parents, she was predeceased by a brother, George Wilson Watts and wife Jean McCartney Watts; sister-in-law, Virginia Matthews Watts; and niece, Nancy Watts.

DAVID STEEL WILLIS
1922 - 2017

Rev. David Steel Willis, Jr., 94, of 144 Patton Farm Road, Stuarts Draft, VA, passed away on Sunday, July 23, 2017 at Shenandoah Nursing Home in Fishersville.

Rev. David Willis was born on July 24, 1922 in New Bern, NC, the son of the late David Steel, Sr., and Esther Gray Willis. When he was 12 years old, his family moved from New Bern to Raleigh, NC which was quite exciting to him. David flourished and was proud of his North Carolina roots as he grew into a responsible Christian young man.

As a teenager attending Needham Broughton High School in Raleigh, David was active in sports, was an excellent student and graduated with honors. Additionally, he was honored by his student peers as Mr. Needham Broughton during his senior year. David began his college studies at North Carolina State in Raleigh in their horticultural program. It was during this year at NC State he received the Lord's call to become a minister. With the Lord's calling to ministry, he transferred to Duke University in Durham, NC. He graduated from Duke with a B.S. Degree. For his graduate work, he was accepted to Yale University where he received his Masters of Divinity Degree in the Spring of 1946.

During his last year at Yale he was introduced during a blind date to a local Jr. College student Elinor Marion Fall. For David, it was love at first sight. For Elinor, it took a bit longer but love did flourish. They married on June 4, 1946 and proceed immediately to honeymoon and venture across country to Falls River Mills, California. It was here David and Elinor began their married life. It was here David began his ministry and literally built his first Methodist Church from the ground up. Thus began the journey of the next 50 years of their married life and ministry. It was here they had two children, son, Jonathan and daughter, Beth. They were very happy in California but began to miss their family on the East Coast. After five years in CA and successfully building the church and its membership, David and his growing family moved back East and joined the Virginia Methodist Conference.

The state of Virginia was considered a half way point between David's family in NC and Elinor family in MA, although, it was believe they just loved the State of Virginia! Almost, immediately upon moving back East, they had their third child and son, Charles (Chuck) and within another 2 years followed their fourth child and son, David, III.

David loved rural churches and sometime served as many as four rural Methodist churches at a time! Some of the Virginia Methodist Church locations they served were: Stevensville, Capron, Portsmouth, Chincoteague, Alexandria, Waynesboro, Danville, Roanoke, Annex and Churchville.

Once they arrived into the Shenandoah Valley area to serve the Methodist Church in Annex, they both realized, if at all possible, this beautiful area of Virginia and its warm folks were where they wanted to continue to serve and ultimately retire. Their request and prayers were answered by the Virginia United Methodist Conference.

So, after 40 years of Methodist ministering, David retired from the Virginia United Methodist Conference into one of the newly purchased Virginia United Methodist Conference retirement pastoral homes in Staunton, VA. They were able to comfortable live and continue to serve the Lord in their beloved Valley throughout their retirement years. Their

retirement lasted 30 years!

Rev. Willis loved fulfilling God's work on earth. He cherished his family and was a good provider. He cared deeply about his Christian friends. He totally enjoyed everything outdoors whether he was fishing, hunting or tending his well-kept vegetable gardens. David will be remembered for his easy smile and contagious laughter. He loved people but equally enjoyed his quiet meditation and Bible study time. He will be missed by his family and friends, however; they know he is right where he wanted to be with his Lord and Savior for eternity. As he said about a week before he passed on, "The Lord has come to me. He is coming shortly to take me with him. I have worked my whole life on earth for the day when I will be with the Lord in heaven. Hallelujah!"

Within 8 months of David's passing into the hands of his heavenly Father, David's beloved wife of 71 years, Elinor past away in March of 2018. They are now in heaven together and singing, "Hallelujah!". David and Elinor sadly had lost their oldest son, Jonathan in 2015 after his valiant 16 year fight with cancer. They are survived by their much loved children: daughter, Beth Daisey, his two sons, Chuck Willis and David S. Willis, III. They have nine cherished grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren to continue their legacy on earth.

If you wish, memorial contributions may be made to Advancing Native Missions (ANM), P.O. Box 5303, Charlottesville, VA 22905 or Calvary United Methodist Church, 2179 Stuarts Draft Highway, Stuarts Draft, VA 24477.

EDWARD H. WRIGHT 1928 - 2017

Edward Herbert Wright was born on October 14, 1928, in the Bronx, New York, and died on August 14, 2017, in Hampton, Virginia.

Anticipating becoming a medical doctor, Ed attended and graduated from the Bronx High School of Science in New York. While a teenager, a Methodist pastor ministered to his family at the death of his father. It was then, inspired by the Rev. Wayne White (N.Y. East Conf.), Ed decided to become a minister.

He entered Western Maryland College (now McDaniel) in Westminster, Maryland, graduating in 1950. Studies at Western Maryland were interspersed with a variety of extracurricular activities and an active social life including a (later terminated) engagement. During his junior year he met the love of his life, "a silly freshman," Elizabeth Anne Schubert (Libby) whom he married after her graduation in 1952. In the meantime Ed attended Westminster (now Wesley) Theological Seminary receiving his Bachelor of Sacred Theology degree, after which he was ordained into the Methodist Church (now The United Methodist Church).

During his student days, Ed pastored his first church, Accotink. His mentor was the Rev. Clark Wood, a cigar-smoking character of a Methodist preacher. In 1951, Accotink was combined with Bethel and Silverbrook creating a three-point circuit, Hoadly. From that rural appointment, Ed went to Dunn Loring and Andrew Chapel (Fairfax County), a two-point circuit near Tyson's Corner which at that time was just beginning its transformation from rural to suburban. In 1960, Rev. Harold H. Hughes, Sr. invited Ed to be his associate at Arlington Methodist Church, a position Ed continued with Rev. Roland Riddick.

After his experience with these two saints, Ed was appointed to Charles Wesley Church in McLean. It was during his tenure here that Ed participated in the Poor People's Campaign with Martin Luther King and Jessie Jackson, much to the chagrin of some of the members of the Charles Wesley congregation.

Following these life-changing events, Ed decided to enter a year of studies while he contemplated his life ministering in the local church. Applying for and receiving a Masland Fellowship at Union Seminary, New York, Ed moved his wife and four children to a year in New York City, living at 121st and Broadway. He received a Masters of Sacred Theology (with emphasis on Psychiatry and Religion) from Union.

In 1970, some termed Ed's return to Virginia to Duncan Memorial on the Randolph Macon campus in Ashland, "the best appointment of the year." This was followed by a downtown church, Trinity, in Newport News, then 12 years at Sydenstricker, a suburban church in Springfield from which he retired in 1994. While at Sydenstricker, Ed was given the Southeastern Jurisdiction award in recognition of the most new members received on profession of faith.

Throughout Ed's 44-year career, an important focus was tending his flock and enabling them to participate in ministries in the church and community. When a parishioner came to him with a good idea, he always appointed that person "chair"

and supported them to the fullest.

Ed enjoyed traveling with his family, in particular two pulpit exchanges to which his wife and children accompanied him – 1971 on the Abaco circuit in the Bahamas and 1972, the Horsham circuit south of London in Sussex, England.

In addition, Ed served on some Virginia Conference Boards and agencies: district and conference youth work with Millie Cooper; mentor for “Churches in Transitional Communities”; member of the conference Board of Ordained Ministries; and co-chair of the conference Memoirs Committee for many years. A hallmark of Ed’s ministry was his participation in social-justice action. He was a founding member of the Virginia Chapter of the Methodist Federation of Social Action.

After 25 years of marriage, when his wife Libby experienced a call to ministry, he vigorously affirmed her endeavors to enter a profession heretofore a man’s domain. This created another clergy couple in the Virginia Conference which the presiding bishop at the time said, “thrills me like a good case of the itch.”

Following his retirement, Ed became a much loved “preacher’s husband,” singing in the choir and teaching popular Bible classes. He also initiated an English worship service at a Korean Church in Suffolk, happily greeting parishioners with “An Nyong Ha Sae Yo!” (“Hello” in Korean).

In 2003, Ed and Libby conducted a preaching mission in the Bahamas. Many times Ed mentioned how grateful he was that he was able to serve in such a wide variety of settings.

In between all his activities, Ed enjoyed reading, gardening and spending time at the old (1859) family log cabin retreat in Mutton Hollow, Greene County, Virginia.

Ed Wright had a lifelong intellectual curiosity, an incomparable sense of humor, a great love for God and ALL God’s people – and the last word.

In addition to his parents, Edward Spencer Wright and Anna McTeer Wright, Ed was preceded in death by his brother Clarence, sister Ruth and infant grandson Spencer. He is survived by Libby, his wife of 65 years; a brother, Wally (Pauline) Wright; children, Shirley-Ruth Hulick, Violet (Toby) Breder, Fred (Sheila) Wright and Garry (Sally) Wright; grandchildren Betsy (Timothy) Pinder, Edward (Vicky) Hulick, Anna-Kate (Mark) Sedaca, Corey, Tommy, Angelyn Wright, Kelsea, Eliza, Preston and Madison Breder, Kati, Mandy and Matthew Wright; and great-grandchildren Regan, Quinn and William Hulick, Heath and Kathleen Pinder, Jeremiah Sedaca; and a host of devoted nieces and nephews.