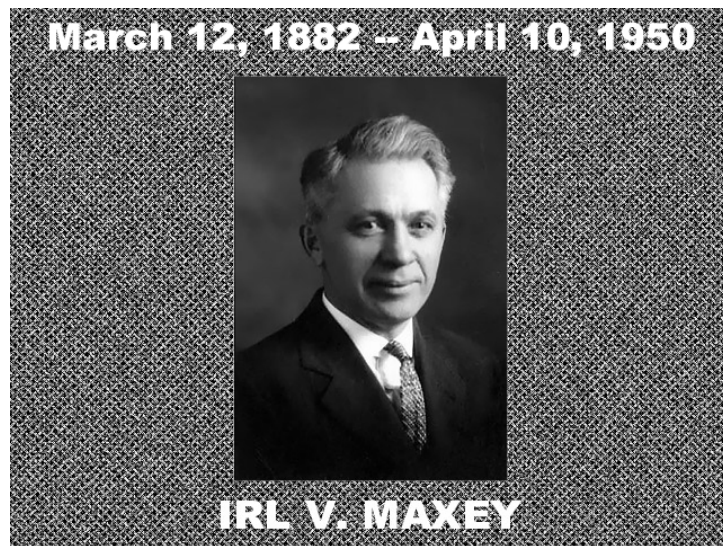


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**IRL V. MAXEY -- A HERALD OF HOLINESS  
(His Ancestry, Life, Ministry, And Family)**

**Compiled, Written, and Edited  
By Duane V. Maxey**



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### **INTRODUCTION**

This file is a compilation about papa -- Irl VanCleve Maxey (1882-1950), his Ancestry, Life, Ministry, and Family. Only a small amount of material is given about papa's children, their spouses, and papa's grandchildren following the account near the end of this file about his death and burial. While the general publication of this compilation is copyrighted by HDM, papa's surviving children and grandchildren may feel free to extend this file to include more about themselves and their families. The material has been obtained from various sources, including: the writings of papa himself, the sketch of papa's life by my sainted brother, Irl Parker Maxey, the writings of my brother, Gale E. Maxey, other members of papa's family, my own recollections, a brief diary of my mother, public records, histories of the Maxey family, a Maxey Information document, and from online sources regarding the surname, Maxey. My special thanks to my brother Gale for his time and efforts to get information to me for this file. My thanks also to my nephews, Gary S. and Paul S. Maxey, sons of Parker, for information from them, and my thanks to Tom Clough, son of my sister Ruth, for the information he sent me.

I pray that this compilation will be a blessing to all of papa's posterity who may read it, as well as to all others. Papa was more than a dear father to his family: -- he was a saved and sanctified man of God, an earnest and sacrificial preacher of the gospel, a true Herald of Holiness whose influence still lingers on earth, and a triumphant Christian whose reward is sure to come from the hand of the Savior he loved so much and served so well.

You will not find Irl V. Maxey's name among those of the religious luminaries of his time. An humble, Holiness Preacher, papa labored "as unknown" to millions, "and yet well known" to God (2 Corinthians 6:9). When God called him Home in 1950, he was "as dying" in this present, evil world, but "behold, he lives" forevermore! with the Lord. If his immediate family "circle is unbroken in the sky," it shall be largely because of his godly life and faithful, holy influence -- felt first and foremost by those in his family. Thank You, Papa! through you, all of us in your household have had "a goodly heritage" (Psalm 16:6). -- Duane VanCleve Maxey, (Ahwatukee) Phoenix, Arizona, March 17, 2006.

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## 01 -- THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME, MAXEY

I shall not go into great detail about this, partly because the origin of the Maxey name seems to be somewhat uncertain, and partly because the origin of the name is really important. Nevertheless, a little bit about this may interest some.

One online source says the name Maxey is a "habitational name from a place in Northamptonshire," England. Another online sources says: "The village of Maxey lies within the current boundaries of Cambridgeshire, England: some 8 miles north of Petersborough. It is home to nearly 700 residents. Originally part of Northamptonshire, Maxey can trace its 'modern' roots back over 1,000 years and is mentioned in the Anglo Saxon Chronicles." Another such source states that "Petersborough itself" is "70 miles north of London." I take it, then, that the village of Maxey, England is located about 78 miles north of London.

The latter site (<http://www.maxey.co.uk/faqs.htm#originate>) also says: "If your family has an uninterrupted bloodline, and no one decided to change their name by deed poll or similar, then you can be reasonably certain that anyone with the surname Maxey (or close derivative, i.e. Maxcy) has their ancestral origins in the village/environs of Maxey."

It is also said that "Maxey" village "is first officially recorded in the Anglo Saxon Chronicles in 1013 AD" when the name was spelled, "Makesey". Several theories are posited about the origin of the name. I shall present but one:-- It is said that the village of Maxey is actually an island surrounded by artificial cuts and dikes. The word "ey" or "eye" meant "island" -- and the village was called "makes

eye" or "made island," apparently the two words being conjoined to "Makesey" and the spelling of that name eventually changed to "Maxey".

On the origin of the name Maxey, here I forbear -- except to say that if an entire population of villagers were named "Makesey" or "Maxey" then tracing any direct Maxey lineage back beyond that point would be impossible -- and it really doesn't matter anyway.

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## **02 -- THE DIRECT LINEAGE FROM WALTER MAXEY TO IRL V. MAXEY**

Most of the following information was taken from a document sent to me by my brother, Gale E. Maxey of Boise, Idaho. The document was ink-stamped by the C. E. Brehm Memorial Public Library, Genealogy Dept. of Mt. Vernon, Illinois -- our father's home-town. It is titled: "Some Descendants of Walter Maxey of Wales," written by Walter S. Maxey of Los Angeles, California in 1925, copied by Marjorie Drake Maxey in 1942, and both copied and edited by William Robert Shilland in 1999. Some additional information is from a sheet titled, "Maxey Information" that was sent from my Sister Ruth to my sister Beatrice, a copy of which I obtained from my brother Gale. A small portion of what follows was taken from a history of Jefferson County, Illinois, photocopies of which I obtained years ago, and finally, some material is from "History Of Jefferson County" submitted online by Misty Flannigan.

**WALTER MAXEY** -- This man is given as the first, known ancestor of Irl V. Maxey's family. It is said that he was "rug weaver" who emigrated from Wales to France "in the latter part of the 1600s." The first-mentioned document above stated that "it is probable" that the village of Maxey in England was named after this Walter Maxey. However, judging from my own investigation into the origin of the name, I seriously doubt that this is so. It seems more likely to me that said Walter Maxey received his name from the town, rather than vice versa. That aside, In France, Walter Maxey married a French woman and raised a family, his three sons being John, Edward, and Horatio.

**EDWARD MAXEY, SON OF WALTER** -- In about 1725, along with his two brothers, Edward Maxey emigrated to America, and settled on Sams Creek of Frederick County Maryland near Baltimore. His brothers then moved elsewhere, but Edward remained on Sams Creek, where in about 1760 he assisted Robert Strawbridge in organizing one of the first Methodist societies in America. Here we first see the association of our own branch of the Maxey family with Methodism.

**JESSE MAXEY, SON OF EDWARD** -- Edward Maxey had several daughters and at least two sons -- Jesse, and Powhatan. My primary source document says that it is "Jesse Maxey (from whom all the southern Illinois Maxeys descended)." Jesse Maxey was born in Maryland in about 1750, and married a French woman

there, whose name is not given. Soon thereafter, Jesse and his wife moved to New River, Virginia, where they raised their family -- the children being William, Edward, Walter, John, and Elizabeth. It is Jesse's son, WILLIAM, through whom Irl V. Maxey's family is descended.

Jesse served very briefly in the Lincoln Militia during the Revolutionary War from September 22, 1782 to October 21, 1782. His first wife (our forebear) died at an unknown date, and Jesse remarried Elizabeth Lovins on September 5, 1783 -- about a year after his brief stint in the Militia.

Following the Revolutionary War, Jesse Maxey and his family moved to what later became Sumner County, Tennessee, three miles from the city of Gallatin. During the move from Virginia to Tennessee, Jesse and family went with several other families and they built a log fort for protection from the Indians. One day, when hunting too far away from the safety of the fort, Jesse was shot and scalped by the Indians and left for dead. This was said to have occurred in 1788. In spite of this horrible experience, Jesse survived and lived thereafter about twenty years. Had he died, how would any of us, his posterity, have existed! I'm glad he survived! He died about 1808 and was buried at the Douglas County cemetery, just north of Gallatin. Again, It is Jesse's son, WILLIAM, through whom Irl V. Maxey's family is descended.

**WILLIAM MAXEY, SON OF JESSE --** While there is very little recorded about Walter, Edward, and Jesse, there is quite an abundance of information about this ancestor. However, before relating more details about his life, let me present the following vital statistics about him: William Maxey was born in New River, Virginia, September 12, 1770 -- obviously the son of Jesse and his first wife. He married Mary Emily Allen in Tennessee on February 14th, 1793. He died in Illinois on May 29th, 1838. His children were: Clarissa, Henry Burchett, Bennett Nelson, Elihu, Harriet, Vylinda, Charles Hardy, Joshua Cannon, Hostillina, William McKendree Adney, and Jehu G. D. It is through WILLIAM MCKENDREE ADNEY MAXEY that our family lineage comes, but first some of the details about WILLIAM MAXEY.

William Maxey and his wife raised their large family three miles north of Gallatin, Tennessee, until the spring of 1818. On April 20, 1818, when they moved to southern Illinois. William was 48 years old at the time. After a long arduous journey via wagon and horseback "they arrived at Moore's cabin in Moore's Prairie, on what is now section 24, fifteen miles southeast of Mt. Vernon and four miles southeast of the present town of Belle Rive."

Later, when Zadok Casey came to Illinois "he succeeded in convincing the Maxeys that they ought to move up to his settlement, which they did that fall. William Maxey settled on land adjoining Governor Casey on the east, built himself a good two-story log house and lived there until his death in 1837."

**William Maxey was described by those who remembered him as "a very strong man, square-shouldered, a little over medium size and dark complexioned, with very black hair." It is said that if his wife was like the other Allens, "she was tall, with a big frame and light complexion."**

**Beyond the love of pioneer life, it is said that William Maxey was "somewhat influenced to emigrate to Illinois on account of slavery in Tennessee. He had been converted to the Methodist faith by the preaching of one Henry Burchett.. After his conversion he freed all of his slaves except a Negro girl, Eliza, whom he brought with him to Illinois, and soon after arriving here he freed her and also educated her."**

**William Maxey was an enterprising and progressive man, and being an extensive farmer, he became "one of the founders of a cotton mill on the Cumberland River. Soon after his arrival in Jefferson County, seeing the great need of a mill, he built a horse mill on his farm (in 1820), which proved great blessing to the whole country, for up to this time the people made their meal by hand or went to Carmi, the nearest mill."**

**On the humorous side, the following about William Maxey comes from a Jefferson County history:-- "He was one of the early Justices of the Peace, having been appointed in 1821, and filled that office for a number of years. Many jokes and anecdotes were told of his official life, of which the following will serve as a sample: Being naturally diffident, the marriage ceremony was a cause of great embarrassment, and its performance among the most difficult acts he was called on to execute. Cases of debt or assault and battery he could dispose of in short order, but when it came to tying the nuptial knot, he was, to quote a slang phrase of modern invention, 'all broke up.' His first attempt was in uniting in marriage Ransom Moss and Anna Johnson. Their marriage took place on the 6th of July, 1821, and he had carefully prepared for it. He thought he 'knew his piece,' but when the couple came before him he lost his cue and broke down completely. Some say he commenced to recite the Declaration of Independence, instead of the marriage ceremony, and discovering his mistake, went back and started over again, and this time drifted into the constitution of the United States. Gov. Casey used to accuse him of informing the happy couple by way of prelude that the Lord instituted matrimony in the days of man's ignorance instead of 'innocence.' Finally, with the aid of a Methodist book of discipline and Clarke's Commentaries, he succeeded in getting through the ceremony and concluded with an invocation to the 'Lord to have mercy on their souls.'"**

**Concerning his spiritual character, it is said that William Maxey "was not only a good citizen, but for many years he adorned the Christian name and character... At the age of 23 or 24 he professed to obtain a hope of Christ, and hearing the Rev. Henry Burchett preach, near Gallatin, under the shade of a large spreading beech, the Lord broke into his soul more abundantly, at which time and place he joined the Methodist E. Church. In this society he acted as class leader and steward, it being**

the first society, perhaps, ever raised by the Methodists in this part of the world. Soon after he reached Illinois he united himself to the Methodist society, near Mt. Vernon, being the first ever raised here, a member of which he lived and died.

"He was a man of lively turn of mind, and a firm believer in the doctrines of Methodism. He was ever ready to assist in supporting the Gospel and all the benevolent institutions of the age. His seat was seldom vacant at the house of God, he was a heavy supporter of camp meetings -- he was lively and energetic in prayer, and, in a word, his example and influence were felt by his brethren and neighbors."

When William Maxey died on May 29, 1838, he passed to his heavenly reward, triumphant in Christ. Thus it is recorded: "The affliction which terminated his existence on earth was long and severe, but, aided by Divine grace, he bore it with Christian patience and fortitude. Many visited him in his last illness and were taught lessons of patience and humility by his example. As the time of his departure drew near, he was made sensible of it, and his children and neighbors crowded around him to witness the closing scene. After having said much to comfort and strengthen them, being unable to speak longer, the Rev. James M. Massey requested him, if all was well, to give a signal by raising his hand, at which he instantly raised his emaciated hand, as a token that God was with him, and, amidst tears and prayers and shouts of his children and friends, he left this world in the triumph of faith, without a struggle or a groan. Truly,

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate  
Is privileged beyond the common walks  
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

In conclusion about William Maxey, I present the following from the document, "Some Descendants of Walter Maxey of Wales," written by Walter S. Maxey of Los Angeles, California in 1925:

"William Maxey, his wife and his ten children lived practically their entire lives in a radius of three miles. They were all members of the same church (Pleasant Grove), and, with one exception, were all buried there. When William Maxey died in 1838 he had 101 grandchildren, an average of over ten to each family. This family of ten children lived to an average age of over 71 years. The seven brothers lived to an average of 73 ½ years; two of them dying by accident and one at the age of only 53, or they might have averaged 80 years. They were a stalwart bunch of brothers, averaging about six feet in height and weighing about 200 pounds. There were times when there were probably 300 Maxeys in Jefferson County; now there are about fifty. There are probably descendants of William Maxey in every state west of the Mississippi.. The Maxey family furnished thirty-three soldiers to the Union cause, more than any other family in Jefferson County."

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**ADDENDA: ABOUT PLEASANT GROVE M. E. CHURCH AND THE PIONEER MAXEYS AT IDLEWOOD -- Digitized and Arranged by Duane V. Maxey**

Although this addenda interrupts the listing of those in the "The Direct Lineage From Walter Maxey To Irl V. Maxey" between William Maxey and his son, William McKendree Adney Maxey, I have elected to insert it at this point of the file as perhaps the best place to do so. While the previous edition of the file was created on 03/17/06, I received this material only several days ago. The interruption of the lineage listings at this point should still not make it difficult for the reader to trace the lineage, and this addenda provides some really interesting information about the Pleasant Grove M. E. Church and the pioneering Maxeys at Idlewood, Illinois -- near Mt. Vernon. -- Duane V. Maxey, Surprise, Arizona, September 14, 2007.

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**III. MAXEYS AMONG FIRST PIONEERS IN IDLEWOOD SETTLEMENT**

By Fenton Harris in the Tuesday, March 23, 1993 edition of The Register  
News

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**I. -- THE SOURCE OF THIS MATERIAL**

I received all of the material in this file from Ross Parker Maxey, son of my brother, Irl Parker Maxey. Apparently Ross received the material from George W. Smith, 12619 Idlewood Rd., Mt. Vernon, Illinois, for that information was handwritten on the first sheet of the material pertaining to the Pleasant Grove M. E. Church. Beneath the handwritten information was a picture with the following caption beneath:

"Pleasant Grove Methodist Church  
Fourth Church Built On This Site

**4 Miles North of Mt. Vernon, Ill.  
Erected in 1924"**

The reader will note that the history of the Pleasant Grove M. E. Church was written by two different writers: L. R. Seymour in 1920, and Verne S. Melton in 1951. The item titled "Maxeys Among First Pioneers In Idlewood Settlement" was written by Fenton Harris and published in the March 23, 1993 edition of The Register News, a Mt. Vernon, Illinois paper. -- Duane V. Maxey, Surprise, Arizona, September 14, 2007.

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## **II. -- A HISTORY OF THE PLEASANT GROVE M. E. CHURCH, MT. VERNON, ILLINOIS By L. R. Seymour and Verne S. Melton**

### **A. -- PREFACE**

This little booklet has been prepared in order to preserve the early Church history, of Pleasant Grove as written by Rev. L. R. Seymour in July 1920, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the first grave in the cemetery. The last section of this booklet deals with the building of the fourth church on this site in 1924 and with additional history of the Church, cemetery, parsonage, and early circuit.

These pages reveal how time has taken its toll of three church buildings at Pleasant Grove, including a log, a frame, and a brick church. The great majority of those who have worshipped here have transferred from this earthly tabernacle to that building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

As the pilgrims brought the Christian faith to America, so the early settlers brought it to this community. They were very devout, many of them ministers. They were thankful for the necessities of life and showed their faith by their works in establishing houses of worship. The foundations of faith laid by them have been handed on down to us. So in view of our rich heritage of faith and the promises of an incorruptible and undefiled inheritance, that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us, therefore let us make the most of our opportunity for service by being, "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." -- Verne S. Melton. [In the Pictures Folder, see hdm2542b through hdm2542g, and hdm2542o.]

### **B. -- HISTORY OF PLEASANT GROVE METHODIST CHURCH By Rev. L. R. Seymour, July 1920**

The history of Pleasant Grove begins with the first white settlers of Jefferson County. Isaac Casey with his family came from Cave-in-Rock in 1816 and settled where Mt. Vernon is now located. The Maxeys came from Tennessee the same year.

These families purchased land under the " Bit Act for twelve and a half cents an acre. Thomas Casey, the third, and eighteen years old son of Isaac Casey, married Harriet Maxey, Oct. 5, 1819. Their marriage license is the third on record in Jefferson County, the other, two being, recorded on the same date. During the winter months the young man selected a place north of Mt. Vernon and built his own home near the present residence of Fred Smith (¼ mile west of the present brick church). (Now Harold Garren residence in 1951.). The snow was raked away, and a rail pen built with a roof made of weight poles. He moved his household goods in and took possession in his independent way.

On July 9th, 1820 a still-born child came to the home and was buried on the ground where Pleasant Grove now stands. The grave is marked with the following inscription, "In memory of an Infant, first child of Thomas M. and Harriet Casey, which was still-born July 9, 1820. The above was the first interment made in this Churchyard, the land being donated by its parents to the Methodist Episcopal Church for burial and other purposes forever." There is only one older grave in Jefferson County. A Maxey child ten months old was buried in Moores Prairie Township two years and two months prior to this. Pleasant Grove and Old Shiloh where the first wife of Ransom Moss was buried about this time are the oldest cemeteries used for burial purposes today. Rhoda Allen's grave made in August of the same year was the beginning of Old Union Cemetery.

Mr. Casey never claimed to be the founder of the church, but was always foremost in church work. Others followed and helped him. Methodism had been organized only thirty-six years previous to this time. Its spread was evident. The donor of this sacred spot was licensed to exhort in 1831 and to preach in 1843, ordained Deacon by Bishop Morris and ordained Elder by Bishop Janes. He was a father of eleven children, one of whom is still living. It might be of interest to know that an uncle of his, Zadok Casey preached the first sermon in Jefferson County in 1817, and every man, woman and child in the County was present. More might be said of the man who one hundred years ago gave the property for this church and cemetery. These early settlers with their grand simplicity and sturdy virtue have achieved recognition and fame, as Enoch Arden did -- after death.

It is not known just when the first church was built at Pleasant Grove, but it was soon after Thomas M. Casey gave the ground for this purpose. There was no money needed to build it, for everybody helped Chop the logs and erect the building which was 24 x 30 feet square, located about 20 rods South West of the present building where the Clint Casey house now stands (Hal Smith home 1951), Everything was made of the best timber. The logs were oak, not hewn, but scalped out and daubed with clay. There were two windows, one in the north and one in the west, each, four feet in height with lights made of oiled paper, later replaced by 8 x 10 glass. The floor of puncheon split like rails and hewn smooth. The building was heated by a fire-place at the east end. The chimney was made of sticks plastered with clay. The door at the south end of the building was made of clap-boards hung on wooden hinges. It was seated with hewn puncheon supported on four pins:

These seats were worn smooth by the slow process of friction at the expense of pants and dresses. A well was dug at one corner of the building as was the custom in those times. Services were held here for several years. Just when this log church was torn down and the pretentious frame church was built is now known, but it is supposed at the time the church was properly organized in 1839. It was the only frame church with one exception for a hundred miles. Committees came for fifty and sixty miles to look at the wonderful church. A deed was properly made for the property in 1839 and the following men were chosen as Trustees July 2nd, to hold office for twenty years: Thomas M. Casey, James E. Johnson, Wm. B. Johnson, Elihu Maxey, Bennet Maxey, Charles Maxey and Jehu G. D. Maxey. The first preacher sent to the church when it was placed on regular work was Rev. Wm. T. Williams in 1839. The frame church was wainscotted about three feet high and sealed. No plastering was used. The pulpit, located as it is now, was at first four steps high enclosed in a circular affair of two inch walnut. Then the preacher's head was very near the ceiling. Later the rostrum was taken out and two chairs placed back of the pulpit, The Altar was made of walnut fifteen inches wide and placed in a semi-circle around the pulpit. Public school was taught in the church. Benches were used for desks. Each child furnished his own chair, which was a four legged home-made stool. Every Thursday. at eleven o'clock the people gathered at the church for class meeting, and great meetings they were in those days of the old time religion.

This building was probably set on fire by a tramp on Christmas Eve 1858. Harris Smith's father (Earl Smith's grandfather) living at Idlewood, saw the light during the early morning, but there were no telephones to use for notifying the people. The next morning Drucilla Swift (Dr. H. M. and. A. R. Swift's mother) with her parents drove to the church for the services and were within a few rods before they knew that the building was gone.

The people immediately set about building another church, Adnah Maxey (Mrs. A. R. Swift's grandfather) had just completed his brick home which was torn down by Dr. Swift in 1919 and a modern brick home built in its place. Mr. Maxey with the help of his sons agreed to burn the brick for the new church. This was done across the road from A. R. Swift's present home. He also donated the stone for the foundation which was taken from the pond in front of Harry Swift's new home (G. B. Homan farm 1951). The people cleared the ashes away where the frame church had stood and hauled the stone and brick to the grounds. Masons boarding from home to home completed the present 30 x 40 brick building at a cost of about \$2,000. Drucilla Swift, a niece of Thomas M. Casey, and G. W. Prince, an adopted brother, then very small children, gathered hickory nuts and sold them to raise one dollar each to help pay the expense of building the new church.

In the fall of 1859 the work was completed and Rev. G. W. Hughey was assigned to the charge. At the Quarterly Conference he had a resolution that all men sit on the east side of the church and the women on the west side. The salary

was set at \$470.00. In 1869 it was raised to \$900.00. The present salary is \$1,000.00, (Circuit) 1920.

On the fourth of July 1861 six Sunday Schools gathered at this church. Over fifteen hundred people were present. In 1884 a celebration was held here in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Today we are celebrating the giving of this ground that was dedicated as a resting place of loved ones one hundred years ago. Then there was one placed to rest here, now there are over twelve hundred resting side by side in this hallowed ground.

In 1851 there were nine officers in the Sunday School and an average of twenty-five scholars. The last seven Sundays there have been an average of sixty-three and a half persons. The membership has increased until now it is the largest in the history of the church. Thirty-five new members have been taken in the last eighteen months, making the membership reach close to the hundred mark.

This pulpit which we have now is the finest pulpit in the charge. It might be said with some degree of correctness at least, that it is the finest in Jefferson County. It was hand made by Sylvania Foster, a civil war veteran and donated to the church in 1890-95.

Part of the time this church was on the Walnut Hill circuit and part of the time on the Mt. Vernon circuit, as it is at present.

Much of the sterling quality in the character of the early settlers can be seen in the descendants of today. Such character founded on the religious characteristics of James E. Johnson, who never took a drink of water without first thanking the Lord. for it will not be soon eliminated from the pages of history. Thomas M. Casey held secret prayer in the timber back of his house, and fingerprints where he clasped a wild grape vine could be seen for years after he departed this world.

The good old shouting religion has not entirely disappeared, but time, is gradually changing the attitude to be less emotional. Time may change the occupation of the people and their religious attitude, but it can never wash from the pages of history the old time religion of our forefathers. Its record is written in God's great book of books and will be written on large gold letters through all eternity.

**C. -- HISTORY OF PLEASANT GROVE CHURCH (Continued)**  
by Verne S. Melton, October 1951

The principal item of interest concerning the history of Pleasant Grove Church in recent Fears is the building of the present church, which was dedicated in 1924. This was the fourth church to be built on this site, it being preceded by three other buildings, a log, a frame, and a brick church.

The first brick church which was built in 1859 was 64 years old in 1923, when the decision to replace it with a new building was made. Those early brick buildings were not as substantial as those built today. There were cracks in its walls, one especially noticeable which ran from above the front door to the roof. An iron brace rod on the inside south wall and another on the inside west wall helped hold the walls in place. One Sunday morning after Sunday school some of the men present made an examination of the loft of the church and there they discovered some of the hewn joists supporting the ceiling had slipped from their position on the wall, so the building was considered dangerous, especially in the event of a wind storm, The problem of replacing the old church with a new one was ready to be solved. The members set forth with a determination to accomplish the task, but a year and eight months were to elapse before a new church was ready for service.

The carrying out of this task of removing the old church and erecting a new one was begun with a meeting held Tuesday, March 20, 1923 in the old church where two committees were named.

The first Committee for Plans and Specifications for a new church consisted of Robert Paisley, Homer Pace, Robert Moss, Guy Benjamin, Will Eller, Chas. Pettit and Orley Burke.

The second and equally important Committee was the soliciting Committee, the following being named on this committee: Madames Pearl Slivers, Anna Benjamin, Alice Gordon, Lucy Gaddis, Mary Moss, Nettle Pace, Mary Swift, Annie Eller, Nell Pettit, Cora Miller, Alice Hill, Edna Upcraft, Eula Smalley and Messers Geo. Sargent, Raymond Maxey, Arthur Foster and Olin Maxey.

On April 2nd and 3rd of 1923 the old church was emptied of seats, piano and pulpit and the floor was taken up. Less than a week later the windows were taken out and the roof taken off by a number of men, including the pastor, Rev. Chas. Ramsden.

On April 3 there was purchased of G. B. Hawkins two car loads of brick to be shipped to Idlewood. They arrived April 11th and 14th, and were promptly unloaded by a number of teams. In those days the Southern R. R. Company maintained a siding at Idlewood where freight cars were loaded and unloaded. Passenger trains stopped there on flag, and a small depot was there to shelter passengers.

A tentative plan for the new church was submitted and generally approved on which a cost of \$5,000 was estimated.

This plan was later rejected in favor of a plan received from the Bureau of Architecture of the Methodist Episcopal Church (now Methodist Church since 1939). This plan was studied and discussed by the committee and modified to suit the location and conditions. It was approved without dissenting vote by a meeting of

the congregation held one the evening of June 8, 1923. The Quarterly Conference held on June 9, 1923 approved the plan and voted to continue the committee on Plans and Specifications as the building Committee. Robert B. Moss was chairman of this committee, also treasurer of the building fund, with Robert Paisley as secretary. These men devoted many days of labor and evenings working over the problems necessary to the building of the church.

The estimated cost of the church on the approved plans was \$6,500.00 which called for a building with auditorium approximately 30 x 40 feet inside measurements and two 12 x 15 feet class rooms, a vestibule on the southeast corner with belfry above and a full basement. During this time a few met at various times and worked at clearing away the brick and debris of the old church, the ladies several times brought lunch and helped by cleaning brick, October 29, 1923 a few men including Rev. Z. W. Story, who replaced Rev. Ramsden after annual conference, began excavating for the basement. Sand and rock was ordered shipped to Idlewood, C. M. Winn contracted to do the basement concrete work for \$1.00 per hour for his time and \$1.00 per hour for his machine, other labor to be paid for by the church.

November 26th constructing levels and making forms began and the first concrete was poured Dec, 1st. A severe cold wave came when the floor was put in and hay and all available coverings were used to protect the newly poured concrete, but the efforts were unsuccessful, the floor was damaged, and a new floor had to be put in the next spring over the damaged floor, making a floor seven inches thick in the basement. The cost of the basement was about \$1,250.00.

The brick work began June 30, 1924 by Oscar Williams at a contract price of \$1,500.00. W. T, Dennis was hired at his offer of \$1.00 per hour as a carpenter and also to superintend the carpenter work. The total carpenter work amounted to \$1,480.00. Walter Atkinson's bid of \$263.00 on window and door frames and outside doors and transoms was accepted.

The cornerstone was donated by the Mt. Vernon Monument Co. On the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone on July 13, 1924, the name of each person contribution \$1.00 or more was placed in the cornerstone, 148 names giving \$1.00 each and 22 other names giving, in amounts ranging up to \$100.00 were placed in the cornerstone. A total amount of \$465.00 in cash and \$592.00 in pledges was received on that day.

Rev. C. L. Peterson, pastor of the First M. E. Church in Mt. Vernon, preached the sermon at the cornerstone laying, others speaking briefly were Norman H. Moss, Mrs. J. M. Swift and Judge Albert Watson.

The work progressed and the Dedication Day arrived Dec. 7, 1924 over a year and 8 months from the time work began On removal of the old church. An

indebtedness of \$3,900.00 on Dedication Day was over pledged in 45 minutes. The indebtedness was not only raised, but exceeded by \$300.00.

Dr. Cameron Harmon, President of McKendree College at Lebanon, Illinois, preached the dedicatory sermon. At the Sunday School hour a lecture on the Sunday School lesson was given by Judge Albert Watson, whose Sunday School class in Mt. Vernon First Church contributed \$100.00 and \$400.00 more from individual members of his class.

The cost of the new church was approximately \$11,000.00. Over 500 individuals gave nearly \$6,000.00 cash to the building fund of the new church. The largest single contribution of \$750.00 was received from the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the M. E. Church. The Ladies Aid Society were an important factor in the building of the church, and had contributed \$1,250.00 to the building fund before the cornerstone was laid, that amount paying for the basement. \$1,500.00 was pledged by them on Dedication Day, giving them credit for one-fourth the total cost of the church. A newspaper item at that time said in part, "They will give another ice cream social Tuesday evening, July 22, for the purpose of raising money, to add to their building fund."

Everyone had a part in helping build the church including the Primary Sunday School class, who paid \$165.00 for the furnace. Every dollar counted and ten of them came into the building fund from the sale of a horse furnished Rev. Ramsden by the church for transportation, and sold when he left the Circuit in the fall of 1923.

The old material used and donated labor and new material amounted to approximately \$2,000.00. Items donated included cornerstone, window sills, door stone, keg of nails, paint and generous discounts on the furnace and other material purchased and uncounted days of labor by many members and friends of the church.

The 100th Anniversary (Centennial) was observed Sunday, August 13, 1939, one hundred years after the church was formally organized in 1839 although a log church was probably erected soon after the first burial in the cemetery in 1820.

The Centennial was observed with a big basket dinner on the grounds, a tent was erected in the church yard where old relics and souvenirs were exhibited, Sunday School teachers from West Salem and Hopewell churches taught the Sunday School classes at the 10:00 o'clock hour. After the Sunday school hour several visitors spoke, the oldest speaker being Sylvanus Foster, last survivor of the Civil War in Jefferson County, who built and presented to the church the pulpit which is still in use (1951).

Afternoon services included address of welcome, by Rev. W. E. Shaffer, Pastor of the Church at that time, Invocation by Rev. J. L. Miller, former pastor.



Several appreciated numbers were rendered by the choir with H. B. Jacobs as leader, and Judge Albert Watson was the speaker for the occasion.

Others on the program included Mrs. Louie Meffert, solo, with Mrs. Chas. Reynolds at the piano. Trio, Misses Roberta and Pauline Reynolds and Miss Wilma Maxey. Men's Quartet from Park Avenue Baptist Church, and talks by former residents, visitors and descendants of pioneers. Dismissal by Bro. Ham Marlin of Hopewell Church. Thus ended a day long to be remembered.

The new church had become old enough for a new roof in October, 1946. The Women's Society of Christian Service, formerly Ladies Aid Society, assumed responsibility for raising the \$300 for the roof. In the fall and winter of 1947 the interior was redecorated which also included new plaster for the ceiling, refinishing the floors, and painting the outside wood work. The cost of this refinishing job was near \$1,000.00 and approximately one-third of this amount was paid by the Womens Society of Christian Service. Services were held in the basement during this period which required about five months.

Referring now to the land where the cemetery and church are located in Shiloh Township, bordering the west line of Mt. Vernon Township, there are two deeds on record, both from Thomas M. Casey and Harriet, his wife, to the Trustees of the M. E. Church and their successors. The first, deed recorded in June 1841 (Deed Book A, page 707) conveyed a parcel of land 14 by 16 rods amounting to one and two-fifths acres. The names of the trustees in this deed are named in Rev. Seymour's history and were to hold office 20 years. One clause in this deed states that in further trust and confidence that they (the trustees) at all times forever hereafter permit such ministers and preachers as duly authorized by the general or annual conference of the M. E. Church to preach and explain God's Holy Word therein.

The second deed recorded twenty years later in July 1861 (Deed Book M, page 461) increased the size of the cemetery to 23 by 28 rods (four acres and four square rods) which is the present church grounds and cemetery.

The names Of the trustees to whom this deed Was made are--Joshua C. Maxey, Wm. M. A. Maxey, John D. G. Maxey, Charles H. Maxey, Sr., Charles H. Maxey, Jr., Hezekiah W. Lane, Erastus Fairchild, Marcus Hails, and Thomas M. Casey.

The following information concerning the cemetery comes from an old newspaper clipping:

"A number of the friends and patrons of Pleasant Grove Cemetery, wishing to insure the future care of the resting place of their departed loved ones, petitioned subscriptions to an endowment fund, The interest and interest only, of such fund to be used from year to year

in caring for the cemetery. And wishing to make it legal and more secure, R. B. Moss, J. N. Pettit, Harris Smith, A. F. Maxey, R. F. Clew and T. J. Holtslaw made application for, and obtained a charter under the state as an incorporated body, to be known "Pioneer Pleasant Grove Cemetery Association."

"The above applicants with friends met at the residence of J. N. Pettit, April 23, 1912, for the purpose of perfecting the organization. J. N. Pettit, A. F. Maxey, S. T. Maxey, O. F. Burke, R. B. Moss, Harris Smith, C. A. Pettit, L. S. Seward, R. F. Clew, and T. J. Holtslaw were elected as trustees with the following officers for the ensuing year: J. N. Pettit, President; Harris Smith, Vice President; A. F. Maxey, Treasurer, and T. J. Holtslaw, Secretary.

"It has been estimated that it will require per year the interest from a fund of \$500 to properly care for the cemetery. At present we are lacking about \$200 of this sum."

The above mentioned: charter was filed for record on the 25th day of March 1912 and recorded in Book 82 page 312 of Deeds, Jefferson Co., Ill. Only C. A. Pettit of the above named ten men is living at the present time, October 1951.

The endowment fund of the Cemetery Association has been increased since that time, but not in proportion to the cost of properly caring for the cemetery. According to the early religious history of Jefferson County, the majority of the early settlers in Jefferson County were Methodists, several of them Methodist ministers. This was different from most of Southern Illinois, for in the majority of Counties the Baptists were the pioneers of religion.

The Methodists organized the first church society in the County (Shiloh Township) in 1819 and in the fall of 1820 a house was built at Old Union where the Old Union Cemetery is located. However, the building has long been gone and in recent years a Baptist Church has been built near the cemetery. The first religious society organized in Mt. Vernon Township was Baptist and was organized in the old log courthouse in 1820. In the fall of 1821 a Methodist house was built at Old Shiloh, both of these early buildings were used for church and school purposes. Mt. Vernon had no Methodist Church until about 1836 and the people walked out from town to Old Union for preaching services, except when services were held in the Court House or in private houses.

Pleasant Grove, after being properly organized in 1839 was part of the Mt. Vernon Circuit except from 1851 to 1869, when it was a part of the Walnut Hill Circuit along with Walnut Hill, Antioch, Jordans Chapel, Flannigans School House, Little Grove, Mr. Pisgah, Hopewell, Zion, Council Bluff, Rome, Fikes School House, Locus Grove, Ebenezer, Copple's School House, Romine Prairie, Tennessee Prairie, Flat School House, and others. Part of these remained continuous on the records during this period and part only temporarily.

**Some of these early churches have ceased to exist and some have later been reorganized by another denomination after being sold or abandoned by the Methodists.**

**For example two of the churches named above were sold by our conference many years ago. Ebenezer, our neighbor on the north, was sold in 1874 and Little Grove neighboring on the west in 1888. Later a Christian church was located at Ebenezer, and it too has ceased to exist.**

**One hundred years ago the Walnut Hill Circuit began in September 1851. Walnut Hill was selected as the proper place for the parsonage and one was bought there at that time for \$300. \$100 down, \$100 in six months, and \$100 in twelve months, The first Quarterly conference of the Walnut Hill Circuit was held in Walnut Hill Dec. 6 and 7th, 1851. Two questions asked at this conference and their answers impress us with the fact that money was not plentiful a century ago:**

**First, what has been done for McKendree College? Pleasant Grove gave 50 cents, six other churches gave 25 cents each, and the minister gave 50 cents, a total of \$2.50.**

**Second: What has been collected for the support of the gospel for this Quarter? Amount \$49.65.**

**There is no doubt that a scarcity of money in those days was balanced by a richness in faith.**

**The Mt. Vernon Church was a part of the Mt. Vernon Circuit until 1854. At the annual conference held at Mt. Vernon Sept. 1854, Mt. Vernon was formed into an independent station, and the circuit was then reorganized and composed of the following appointments: Shiloh, Union (Old Union), Pleasant Hill, Liberty, Zion, Tailor School House, Pleasant Green (not Pleasant Grove), Spring Garden, Franklin, Cub Prairie, Elk Prairie, Wolf Prairie, Bethel, Salem (West Salem), and West Long Prairie.**

**The annual Conference of 1869 united Mt. Vernon Circuit with a part of the Walnut Hill Circuit and a part of Knob Prairie making a large, circuit called the Mt. Vernon circuit. After the reorganization of the circuits (1869) Mt. Vernon Circuit consisted of Pleasant Grove, Rome, Hopewell, Shiloh, Little Grove, Salem, Bethel, Elk Prairie, Knob Prairie, and Zion. Salary for 1869 was \$900, however in a few years the salary was down to \$450 and the circuit reduced in size to six churches, Pleasant Grove, Hopewell, Zion, Salem. Shiloh and Bethel.**

**These churches were the principal appointments on the Mt. Vernon Circuit up until 1944 with only minor changes now and then with the exception of Bethel which was discontinued several years ago.**

In 1944 the Circuit was reduced to three charges, Pleasant Grove, West Salem, and Hopewell, with a salary of \$1500. Now the salary is near \$2400, with the three churches above named as the circuit.

Beginning in October 1938 preaching services were held each Sunday and continue so to the present time. Previous to this time preaching services were held twice each month. In an early day a slower schedule by the preacher (circuit rider) was probable, but many services were conducted in those days by class leaders and local preachers.

Evidently the Circuit parsonage was outside Mt. Vernon prior, to 1882 as the matter of selling the parsonage and buying at Mt. Vernon was brought up at the second quarterly conference held at Shiloh Feb. 4, 1882, and the Trustees were by unanimous vote authorized and instructed to sell and buy when in their judgment best to do so, it being the sense of the conference that the interests of the pastoral charge would be better served thereby.

The circuit parsonage was located about two blocks northwest of the L. & N. R. R. Station at 1718 North St., in the 1890's and early 1900's. It was sold for \$550 and a lot purchased in June 1907 from Albert Watson for \$200 located at 1720 Oakland Ave. (Lot 11 in Block 2 in Watson Place). The parsonage trustees were Roy R. Ward, Douglas Jones, Richard W. Boyd, Benjamin W. Mitchell, William A. McNut and James Stonecipher. Mr. Watson allowed a discount of \$40.00 on the lot and loaned the Trustees \$400, and the parsonage and a barn were built in 1908 at a cost of approximately \$1,050.00. Pleasant Grove, Hopewell, Shiloh, Bethel, Zion and Salem were all contributors to the building of this parsonage, which served the circuit nearly forty years, until sold in May 1947 for \$4500.

The present modern parsonage at 1814 Stanley Ave. (Lot 8 in Block 5 in Watson Place) was purchased in August 1947 for \$6300, with \$200 added for improvements. A \$2000 indebtedness incurred was paid in about two years by the three churches whose parsonage trustees --Frank Moss of Pleasant Grove, Terry N. Marlin of Hopewell and Arthur Edmison of West Salem, made the sale of the old parsonage and the purchase of the new.

The following is a nearly complete and correct list of ministers who have served Pleasant Grove Church, the date given being that in which the conference year began, in autumn:

1839 -- William T. Williams

The following seven early preachers not in order:

John J. Hill

Norman Allen

Thomas Jones  
\_\_\_\_ Van Cleve\* [See Below]  
T. J. Farmer  
Thomas A. Eaton  
LaFayette Casey

1847 John Thatcher  
1848 -- Isaac Kimber

No record for two years.

1851 -- Richard I. Nall  
1852 -- James Walker  
1853 -- Wiley Wood  
1854 -- J. A. Scarritt  
1855 -- A. Campbell  
1856 -- Cavey Lambert  
1857 -- George W. Keener  
1858 -- John Shepherd  
1859 -- G. W. Hughey  
1860-1 -- John W. Lane  
1862 -- J. C. Willoughby  
1863 -- T. O. Spencer

No record for five years.

1869-70 -- L. A. Harper  
1871 -- Wm. Van Cleve\* [See Below]  
1872-73 -- J. B. Ravenscroft  
1874 -- G. W. Farmer  
1875 -- C. N. Bottorff  
1876-77 -- S. Brooks  
1878 -- J. P. Younging  
1879-80 -- J. W. Flint  
1881 -- J. R. Reeve  
1882 -- Levi S. Walker  
1883 -- W. E. Ravenscrofts  
1884 -- H. W. Leever  
1884, Dec. -- Thomas Sharp  
1885-86 -- W. A. Browder  
1887-90 -- H. Hutchcraft  
1891-93 -- Silas Green  
1894-95 -- W. D. McIntosh  
1896-99 -- Josiah C. Kinison  
1900-01 -- John H. Davis  
1902 -- William Powis

1903-04 -- A. G. Proctor  
1905-06 -- Charles Atchison  
1907-08 -- Samuel Albright  
1909-11 -- S. O. Sheridan  
1912-15 -- William J. Hopper  
1916-17 -- Marion S. Bumpus

No preacher from Oct. 1918 to Jan. 1919

1919-Sept. 1920 -- R. L. Seymour  
1920 -- Louis Jones  
1921-22 -- Charles Ramsden  
1923-24 -- Zachary W. Story  
1925-26 -- Angus Phillips  
1927-29 -- W. J. Leslie  
1930-31 -- Henry C. Ingram  
1932-33 -- Marion Jackson  
1934-37 -- J. L. Miller  
1938 -- W. E. Shaffer  
1939-40 -- A. B. Clodfelter  
1941--J. T. Smith, who was ill four months and his place filled by C. L. Heflin during his illness.  
1942-44 -- Orlando W. Brakemeyer  
1945-46 -- Cal C. Ryan, who was in school until Feb, 1946. Rev. Earle Harmon supplied the circuit from Oct. 1945. to Feb. 1, 1946 until Rev. Ryan finished school.

[\*I have long suspected that the middle name of my grandfather, my father, and myself was the maiden name of a "Van Cleve" who married a Maxey: John Van Cleve Maxey, Irl Van Cleve Maxey, and Duane Van Cleve Maxey. The fact that two of the early ministers of the Pleasant Grove M. E. Church had the last name of "Van Cleve" seem to lend even more credence to this assumption. -- Duane Van Cleve Maxey]

At the annual conference held in Sept. 1947 the annual conference date was changed to May. This made the conference year of 1947 a nine months year. Paul E. Wartenbe was assigned to the circuit for this year, but served only eight months, leaving the Circuit without a minister for the month of May 1948.

The following years begin with the conference date in May: 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, Joseph C. Harris, who is the present minister serving his fourth year.

The present membership of the church is near the ninety mark, and Sunday School attendance averages about fifty each Sunday.

The church at Pleasant Grove has ministered to the spiritual needs of the community for over a century and a quarter.

Here have been many revivals, class meetings, prayer meetings, Sunday School classes, quarterly meetings, weddings and funerals, to say nothing about the thousands of preaching services.

Uncounted numbers of people have been born anew into God's Kingdom here.

No one living can estimate the great influence for good the church has rendered to the community.

Heaven itself can only reveal the good that has been accomplished here.

May the Church at Pleasant Grove continue in the future to be a fruitful branch in God's vineyard.

\* \* \*

**PLEASANT GROVE METHODIST CHURCH**  
**Members of the Official Board**  
**Conference Year 1951-1952**

**Rev. Joseph C. Harris, Pastor**

**Stewards**

**Miss Myrtle Byard**  
**Verne S. Melton, Treasurer**  
**Mrs. Elnora Sledge, W.S.C.S. Pres.**  
**Cranston Smith**

**Trustees**

**Forrest Byard**  
**Murland Foster, Chairman**  
**Waldo Foster**  
**Frank Moss, Parsonage Trustee**  
**Jos. M. Parker**  
**Gladys Pettit, Communion Steward**  
**Marvin Sledge, Church School Supt.**  
**Earl L. C. Smith**  
**T. Hal Smith**

\* \* \*

**Myers The Printer, Mt. Vernon, Illinois**

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### **III. MAXEYS AMONG FIRST PIONEERS IN IDLEWOOD SETTLEMENT**

**By Fenton Harris in the Tuesday, March 23, 1993 edition of The Register News**

**Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of accounts on early settlers in Jefferson County that will appear periodically in Shape of Things.**

**The Maxeys came to Jefferson County at a time when early white settlers learned from native Indians how to salvage a crop from wildlife that put bread on the table.**

**That was the Shape Of Things when William Maxey led an entourage of 20 persons to what is now Jefferson County.**

**It was in 1818, just two years after the first permanent pioneers arrived. Maxey, who was 48 years old, brought with him a wife, 11 children, and several in-laws. Johnsons and Allens were included in the latter category.**

**At first they stopped in Moores Prairie Township. However. Zadok Casey, who had established his roots in the area a year before, persuaded the Maxeys to move closer to his home in Shiloh Township.**

**They did but a short time later the family found a location better to their liking in Mt. Vernon Township, about four miles north of what eventually became the town of Mt. Vernon.**

**They built their log homes, put out a patch of corn, then established a church and a school. [In the Pictures Folder, see hdm2542p.]**

**Like all of the pioneers of that era the Maxeys saw to first things first and that meant shelter and food were of number one priority.**

**Corn was the main staple; it provided grist for bread, the table-fare companion of wild meat that kept the rugged individuals up and going. There were, of course, no mills so they ground out their own meal that made their bread.**

**The rugged souls of that day mostly used hollowed oak stumps and native stone to grind the corn by hand.**

**Histories say the early settlers learned from Indians to plant corn in hills "a long step apart," with enough kernels to provide "two for the cutworm, two for the crows, two for the squirrels and two to grow." Next in line of importance for the Maxeys were places to worship and learn. The Pleasant Grove Methodist Church and Pleasant Grove School that they established became landmarks of the locality where several generations of the family prayed and studied for years to come.**



The rural school is a thing of the past. The church is still there as a different denomination. Many of the Maxeys, including William Maxey, are buried in the cemetery near the church.

The Maxeys soon built mills and became leading residents in the area where the country settlement known as Idlewood eventually developed. After a stage line was established through that spot, Elihu Maxey, the fourth son of William and his wife, operated a trading post and lodging facility that became well-known from the first state capital of Vandalia to the Ohio River. Nearby was a rail fence where Indians sat and whittled.

To this day there are Maxey descendants in that locality. One is George Smith who is custodian of all the family history he has been able to lay his hands on.

George is a great grandson of Mervil Smith and Hostelina Maxey Smith. Hostelina was a granddaughter of William Maxey. [In the Pictures Folder, see hdm2542q.]

Some of the other living descendants are Virginia Asher, Cranston Smith, and Noble Maxey. The genealogy of virtually all Maxeys, and many Smiths, who live in the county, can be traced to William Maxey. That would account for a lot since he was known to have close to 60 grandchildren.

Elihu was a young adult with a purpose in mind when the family set foot on soil in the Idlewood area. He homesteaded 80.16 acres, built a cabin and headed back to Tennessee from where the family had come to Illinois. He married his sweetheart Evaline Taylor and brought her back to Illinois where they set up household in the tiny log house.

Later Elihu replaced the cabin with what has been described as the "best house in the county." It became the stage-line tavern and trading post that he operated.

As time went on Elihu Maxey also had a brick kiln near his post and a water mill on Casey Fork Creek, a mile east of his place. Burrs of an old mill built by his father were put into the facility on the creek.

Eventually a sawmill was added to the stream-side operation, using the water power to cut timber. for coffins, furniture and houses throughout the county.

That was all well and good most of the time but since the creek dwindled to no more than a trickle in the summer the business was left high and dry for several months of the year.

To overcome that dilemma horsepower took over for water in a large shed Elihu built to house other machinery Elihu purchased from his dad.

For many years remnants of the facilities could be seen where Maxey mills had hummed to help feed and clothe the 10 children that Elihu and Evaline raised.

One night as Maxey was returning home from a visit with neighbors he was alerted by the high-pitched howl of his dogs that were excitedly clustered around a tree near his house. With a rifle in hand he reigned his horse "Tiger" to a stop and scanned the tree until spotting a large blob that he assumed was the source of the dogs' anxiety. He fired off a one-ounce ball that brought the object crashing to the ground. It was a panther that measured nine feet from nose to tip of tail. In life, it stood three feet tall.

In 1840, 22 years after the Maxeys reached this desolate country, a lone New Yorker, a carpenter carrying a bag of tools, left a boat at Cairo and set off northward. His name was Mervil Smith.

After Smith stopped at the Maxey tavern for a night of rest his journey was delayed by nasty weather. Then the course of his future was determined by Hostelina Maxey who stopped him dead in his tracks, never to move another step toward his original destination. He stayed and worked for Elihu and soon married Hostelina.

Twelve years later Elihu Maxey left home on horseback to look for his cows. He never returned alive. His body was found three miles away with a broken neck. It looked as though he had been kicked by his horse.

Within a few years Mervil and Hostelina Smith bought part of the Maxey farm and erected a house of hewed timbers held firmly together by wooden pins. Their children grew up there. Like others of the family that came along later, they learned arithmetic and spelling at Pleasant Grove School.

The 10-room structure, with 10-foot ceilings and four fireplaces, stood over a large cellar where foods were stored. The foundation was made of hand-hewed stone.

When the house was torn down in 1937 a chisel was found where it had been left during construction.

In the meantime the enterprises that Elihu Maxey had launched continued to serve the area. After the Southern Railroad was built the development acquired the name Idlewood.

The village had a blacksmith shop, two stores, a depot; wagon scales and an evaporator to dry supplies. It became a practice for girls to toss apples from the nearby orchards to railroaders when Southern trains went through on a line that passed under a bridge for an overhead road. One day a brakeman, on top of them

moving train-cars, was fielding apples tossed his way when he failed to duck and was killed when he hit the underside of the bridge.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM MCKENDREE ADNEY MAXEY, NINTH CHILD OF WILLIAM MAXEY --** Dr. William McKendree Adney Maxey was a farmer / physician / minister, better known as "Uncle Adney". He was born in Tennessee. It is uncertain how he came to be given the two middle names, McKendree and Adney. But being a Methodist, the McKendree may have been bestowed upon him after William McKendree, the first American-born Bishop in the M. E. Church, and, perhaps the Adney was his mother's maiden name. At any rate, William McKendree Adney Maxey was six years old at the time the family moved to Illinois in 1818 -- which means he was born about 1812. It is recorded that he was raised "amid the stirring scenes of the pioneer period" and that as "a young man bought timber from which he split rails at fifty cents per hundred to pay for his tuition for a few months at a subscription school, in which the three fundamentals of "readin', writin', and 'rithmetic" constituted the course of study." He married Edda\* Owens in 1830. (Other sources gave her name as Edna, not Edda.)

He was a soldier in the Civil War in the Union Army, in Company E of the 80th Illinois Infantry. He enlisted in August of 1862, but contracted an illness during the Kentucky campaign and, being at that time unfit for further military service, he left the army some time in 1863.

Although he was not a licensed physician, William McKendree Adney Maxey "read medicine for more than forty years" and, in practice, he became one of the most successful doctors in Jefferson County, Illinois. His services were requested by many, and his devotion to his medical practice testifies of his desire to help mankind, rather than to gain wealth thereby. He rode hundreds of miles in performing his calls as a doctor, and on these trips he was often absent from home for several days. His medical jaunts took him throughout Jefferson County, Illinois and adjacent counties.

As a farmer, his farm was one of the best in Jefferson County. William M. A. Maxey was also a local preacher, and a businessman. It is stated that his business partners in Mt. Vernon with James M. Swift, and later with Thomas Wessett. Prior to his death in 1890 (at about age 78), he had moved to Iowa. His body was brought back and buried in Pleasant Grove Cemetery in Mt. Vernon.

The children of William McKendree Adney Maxey and his wife, Edda, were: Simeon W., Samuel T., John VanCleve, Harriet, Dr. William C., Sarah, and H. Nelson. It is through John VanCleve Maxey that our own lineage comes -- "John Van" being the father of our father, Irl VanCleve Maxey.

**JOHN VANCLEVE MAXEY, SON OF WILLIAM M. A. -- John VanCleve Maxey is our grandfather. The following facts come from my brother, Gale E. Maxey, along with some information from the "Maxey Information" document:-- "John VanCleve Maxey was affectionately known as 'John Van'. Here again we think that his middle name may have come from his mother's side of the family, however we don't have firm information about that. My half-brother Duane's middle name is VanCleve.**

**"John Van was born in either Illinois or in Iowa on September 30, 1836. At any rate, he spent much of his life in Mt. Vernon. He was a farmer/lay-minister/businessman. We have been told that at one time he owned property in downtown Mt. Vernon and later donated it to the city. Like his father, he spent time in the state of Iowa. We have learned also that John Van was a musician / drummer / soldier in the Civil War as an Illinois volunteer. We know that Illinois was a Union state.**

**"John's first wife was Elizabeth Jane Bullock, born on December 21, 1841, married John in 1855 at age 14 on December 27, 1855. They had eight children. She died on September 7, 1878 at age 37."**

**The eight children of our grandfather, John VanCleve Maxey, by his first wife, Elizabeth Jane (Bullock) Maxey were:**

**Alice Carey Maxey -- Born December 12, 1856 -- Died February 5, 1886  
George McKendree Maxey -- Born October 30, 1858 -- no date of death  
Cecil Everett Maxey -- Born November 26, 1860 -- Died February 6, 1880  
William Thomas Maxey -- Born February 11, 1862 -- no date of death  
Viola Nevada Maxey -- Born April 21, 1865 -- Died March 27, 1915  
Stephen Stratten Maxey -- Born February 26, 1868 -- Died March 28, 1889\*  
John Etmon Maxey -- Born July 11, 1873 -- Died September 26, 1893  
Otto Oakren Maxey -- Born August 1, 1876 -- Died some time in 1947**

**It is stated that Stephen Stratten Maxey died as the result of the cyclone in 1888. See our brother's, Irl Parker Maxey's, particulars about this cyclone later in this file.**

#### **OUR GRANDPARENTS:**

**JOHN VANCLEVE MAXEY -- Born September 30, 1836 -- Died September 27, 1906**

**MARY ANN (SAUNDERS) MAXEY -- Born August 28, 1849 -- Died January 27, 1921**

**In the following year after the death of his first wife, our grandfather, John VanCleve Maxey, married our grandmother, a school teacher named Mary Ann Saunders from Valleeene, Indiana, on May 18, 1879. John and Mary Ann had six children. The were:**

Lilly Pearl -- Born June 30, 1880 -- Died April 10, 1914  
IRL VANCLEVE -- Born March 12, 1882 -- Died in 1950\*  
Annie Juretta\*\* -- Born December 4, 1882 -- no date of death  
Cora Edith -- Born August 27, 1886 -- Died March 28, 1920  
Charles Leroy Maxey\*\*\* -- Born August 23, 1890 -- no date of death  
Jesse Veneta Maxey\*\*\*\* -- Born September 14, 1892 -- November 27, 1906

\*IRL VANCLEVE MAXEY, the second child in John VanCleve Maxey's second marriage, is our father. I shall relate the precise date of his death, along with other particulars related thereto, near the close of this file.

\*\*Annie Juretta is no doubt she whom we have called "Aunt Retta". I was privileged to meet Aunt Retta and her husband during the summer of 1961 between my second and third year at Bible Missionary Institute in Rock Island, Illinois. She and her husband treated me cordially, and the next day I visited the Jefferson County Courthouse and first saw some of the Maxey family history from a Jefferson County History that I have used in this file. I regret that I never made the effort to visit her again after that one visit. -- DVM

\*\*\*Regarding "Uncle Charlie" the "Maxey Information" document of our sister Ruth shows that he made his home part of the time in San Francisco, California and part of the time in Portland, Oregon. I pastored in Portland, Oregon from the middle of 1972 into 1977, and during that time I learned that "Uncle Charlie" was buried in a cemetery there. I do not remember the precise time that I did so, but I endeavored unsuccessfully to find his grave-site. I had heard nothing of his death until after it occurred, but obviously he died and been interred in Portland, Oregon, some time prior to no later than 1977.

\*\*\*\*The "Maxey Information" document relates that "Aunt Retta said Jesse (Veneta, the youngest sister of papa) was the nicest looking of the whole family," and that "she died just two months after father (John VanCleve Maxey) with Typhoid and pneumonia."

I shall next present most of my brother Irl Parker Maxey's SKETCH OF OUR FATHER'S, IRL VANCLEVE MAXEY'S, LIFE AND MINISTRY. However, both the title and subtitles of the following division of this file are mine, and I have inserted some [bracketed words]. -- Duane

\* \* \* \* \*

### 03 -- THE LIFE, MINISTRY, AND FAMILY OF IRL V. MAXEY -- PART 1

The following material comes from our brother, Irl Parker Maxey. With his permission it has long been published in the HDM Digital Library as hdm0129:-- "We'll Get To That Later." In those places where I have inserted my own words or comments, or portions of text from other sources, they are [bracketed].

## **1882-1899 -- HIS BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE**

**My father [IRL VANCLEVE MAXEY], a holiness preacher, was born in Mount Vernon, Illinois on March 12, 1882. His father [JOHN VANCLEVE MAXEY] owned a whole block of business houses in the downtown area, including a furniture store which he operated himself. He was also a part time Methodist preacher.**

**When he was six years old my father went through a traumatic experience that influenced, at least somewhat, his later life. A tornado struck first in the center of town, completely destroying his father's place of business, and then lifted up and came down again out at the north edge of the town where the Maxey home was located -- a large two-story house. The house was lifted up into the air some distance and then dropped down almost exactly on its foundation. In the process a large tree was thrust through the house leaving one end sticking out the front door and the other end out the back door. The family was all home when that happened. My father narrowly escaped being crushed to death by the tree. He, along with his mother and a sister, was pinned under debris.**

**It seemed to them hours before they were rescued. His mother was severely injured and never fully recovered. One of Father's brothers was stuck between two walls with a bolt run into his cheek. When the storm passed a daughter, Pearl, was missing. After a desperate hunt someone, looking into the fireplace chimney, noticed feet sticking down. They were Pearl's. She was dragged out but still alive. Supposing they were dead, three sons were taken to the morgue. On further examination, however, they were found to be alive. Miraculously none of the family died in the tornado. But because of the awful fear the storm left in his mind at that early age, my father vowed he would not live in that part of the country when he grew up. As a young man he moved to the state of Idaho and lived the rest of his life in the great northwest section of the United States.**

## **1899 -- HIS CONVERSION**

**Father became a Christian on October 15, 1899 and was baptized into the Methodist Episcopal Church, Southern Illinois Conference by the Rev. J. C. Kinison.**

**[The following story of his conversion is related by our father in "Heart Melodies" (hdm2504):-- One night all burdened with my sense of the need of God, I came to the mercy seat. Though I had lived a very high moral life, yet the inner sense of my need of God was terrible. As I was kneeling and praying, the pastor prayed and thanked God that Jesus loved me so much that He died for me. While he talked with God, it dawned upon me that God really loved me. This was such a wonderful prayer. It brought the feeling to me that God was near. The Holy Spirit gripped me. Under this power I began to see Jesus dying for me. I said: "Oh, God, I love you!" Scarcely had these words been uttered when the pastor called my name and said, "Look up." Looking up, I arose. Such a sweetness filled my soul. I**

shouted His praise. The three miles homeward were spent rejoicing. Arriving home, I went to my little bedroom to retire. Near midnight I knelt at my bedside as had been my custom for many months, but how different now. Suddenly I heard music. My sister had a piano and I thought it might be that she was playing. I said to myself almost out loud: "What is that? What can that be? Surely no one is playing at this late hour of the night!" I stopped praying to listen. How long I do not know. What wonderful music! Yes, I really heard music. I was back to God. I was in tune with God. And I am sure I struck the home tone, "God is love." I heard the angels sing, "There is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner who repenteth." My heart was melodious.]

#### **1900-1904 -- HIS CAREER AS A SCHOOL TEACHER**

During the years of 1900-1904 he taught in the public schools of Jefferson County, Illinois.

[The following is from papa's sermon "Where Art Thou?" (hdm2509). It includes a sermon illustration taken from his school-teaching experience:-- Yes, we all must come to the place of acknowledgment of sins and deep, soul-repentance before we enter the kingdom -- as a child says, "I am six years old. I can go to school," so the soul says, "I have repented of my sins. God says He forgives. He does." As the child enters the school room, trembling, seeing new faces and new surroundings, soon the kindness of the teachers bid it all depart. So, the soul comes to God and all new things appear, and His love shines it all away (i. e., shines away all the fears relative to being a new-comer in the "newness of life" in Christ.) We are in the kingdom, but we are apt to feel that we ought to be manly and pray as well, and testify as well as those who have been there a good while. I will illustrate: -- I once had a boy start to school to me. A month after school commenced, he came and wanted to sit with one who had been coming all the time. I granted it, as he was unacquainted with the work. I made some letters on his slate for him to try while I heard the first class recite. I noticed him crying and boo-hoo-ing. I said, "Emory, what is the matter?" He said, "I can't make those crooked things." He wanted to do it as well as Donald. Do not measure your ability with others -- "my grace is sufficient." Now, we want to stay in school -- not go just part of the time. One of the most unsightly things to my mind is a great, large boy or girl in the first grade who has been in and out of school, or who did not study and failed to pass. So, many have gone this way -- backslidden -- so much work, then so little, until manhood or womanhood finds them in the church still babes in Christ. God help us here! Go on into college -- go on to college!]

#### **1906-1907 -- HIS CALL TO PREACH AND EARLY MINISTRY**

When Father felt the call to preach he attended the McKendree College in Lebanon, Illinois for a year. He then transferred to Taylor University in Upland, Indiana, the college where Samuel Morris, the black boy from Africa, attended and also died. Because of poor health Father never graduated. Later on in the year of

1914 he applied for admittance to Willamette University in the state of Oregon, but he was unable to attend. By that time he had a wife and family to support.

[Parker's relating of papa feeling called to preach and his attendance at the two colleges mentioned comes after Parker's relating of how papa taught school from 1900 to 1904. But another source says that papa entered the ministry at age 17, which would have been about 1899. I suspect that he may have felt called to preach at age 17 and did some preaching, but did not actually "enter the ministry" of the Methodist Church until near the above dates: 1906-1907] As a young, Methodist Itinerant in his early 20s, papa's preaching places were at Irving and Witt, Illinois, small towns on State Highway 16, northwest of papa's home-town of Mt. Vernon, Illinois.]

#### **1908-1910 -- HIS MOVE TO THE NORTHWEST AND MARRIAGE TO JESSE HULL CALDWELL**

[Perhaps papa moved from Illinois to Idaho as early as 1908 or 1909, but it was no later 1910, for it was on December 5, 1910 in Montpelier of southeastern, Idaho that he was married to Jesse Hull Caldwell.]

In his mid-twenties Father moved west and married my mother, Jesse Hull Caldwell, daughter of Nelson Caldwell a native of Canada, in Montpelier, Idaho on December 5, 1910. -- Gale. They were united in marriage by Rev. Henry W. Parker (after whom I was named). Mother married at the age of 20, a young woman whose ancestors in earlier years migrated to Canada from Ireland and then to Michigan before moving west. Earlier in that same year Father received a local preacher's license in the M.E. Church in Caldwell, Idaho on June 7.

#### **1911-1913 -- HIS MINISTRY AT GLENN'S FERRY, IDAHO**

From 1911 to near the end of 1913 Father pastored in Glenn's Ferry, Idaho. Here their first child (a daughter, Veneta) was born on October 8, 1911. In his early ministry Father was a Methodist circuit rider.

#### **1913-1915 -- HIS MINISTRY AT IMBLER AND ALICEL, OREGON**

It was while he was on one of these circuits in the northeast corner of the state of Oregon in the beautiful Blue Mountains where he lived then that my brother, John and I were born. John, the second child, was born on December 29, 1913 at Imbler, Oregon about twenty miles north of the city of LaGrande. I was the third child, born in the little village of Alicel halfway between LaGrande and Imbler on August 24, 1915.

#### **1916 -- HIS MINISTRY AT ASHTON, IDAHO**



**My earliest recollection was while Father was pastoring in Ashton, Idaho near Yellowstone National Park where we had moved in 1916. While pastoring in Ashton Father added to his duties that of editor of the "Pocatello District League." Being true to the doctrine of heart holiness obtained in two definite works of grace, Father eventually found himself without a place to preach among the Methodists who no longer held to that doctrine.**

#### **1917-1918 -- HIS MINISTRY AT PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON**

**Anxious to keep busy in the work of the Lord, he moved on west to Port Angeles, Washington where he was ordained into the First Baptist Church March 24, 1918. That same year he met the General Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains and offered his services as chaplain to the armed forces of our country. However, the demand for chaplains had ceased with the termination of World War I.**

#### **1918--1922 -- HIS AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION WORK IN WASHINGTON**

**From 1918 until the latter part of 1922 Father worked with the American Sunday School Union preaching and establishing Sunday schools in the western and northern section of the State of Washington. The work he was engaged in required many moves, from Port Angeles to Kent, from Kent to Cashmere, from Cashmere to Lakeside on the shores of Lake Chelan, and from Lakeside to Wenatchee. It was while we were living in these last two places that Father worked mostly in the Chelan-Okanogan area of the state in the interest of the American Sunday School Union. During these various moves a second daughter, Beatrice, was born in Port Angeles July 21, 1920. On September 9, 1922 a third daughter, Ruthelaine, was born while the folks were living in Lakeside,\* Washington.**

**[\*Ruth's oldest son, Tom Clough, emailed me this information: "Mom always told me she was born in Chelan, Washington. That would be a town you could use in your biography." Lakeside and Chelan, Washington are very near each other at the western end of Lake Chelan. Thus, I assume that the family residence may have been in Lakeside, when Ruth was born in nearby Chelan. Or, perhaps Parker was mistaken, and the family was actually residing in Chelan, and not Lakeside. Whatever the case, Ruthelaine, papa's third daughter, was born in Chelan, Washington.]**

**Father was very energetic for the cause of the Gospel and for the doctrine of heart holiness and was always on the drive to open up a new work wherever and whenever he could. This was in the days of the Model-T Ford car and poor, sometimes impassable, roads. We crossed the streams by boat or ferry, which was at times very hazardous but always adventuresome and thrilling. Income was on the bottom and we spent many hunger-ridden days. There were days when Mother put food out for us children but she never ate-there just wasn't enough food for her to have some. A good share of the time Father was away preaching or opening up a new work.**

One winter in Wenatchee there was no money for rent, so Father moved us into a tent where we lived through one winter with snow piled higher than the tent itself. But it was all for the Gospel's sake and we thought nothing of what some would term sacrifice. This is the reason it has always been hard for me to tolerate how preachers of this day drop out of the ministry when the going really gets tough. Father never gave a thought of anything other than to keep going full time in his calling to preach. All these years he was always on the lookout for a holiness group he could feel clear to join and in which he could raise his family.

#### **1922-1926 -- HIS JOINING THE NAZARENE CHURCH -- GRANDVIEW, WASHINGTON MINISTRY**

One day while living in Wenatchee Father announced that we would be moving to Grandview, Washington approximately in the middle of the state, and he would be pastoring The Church of the Nazarene in that town. That was in the latter part of 1922. Father had come into contact with Bishop A. C. Archer of the Free Methodist Church who strongly urged him to join that group. At that same time Rev. Joseph N. Speaks of the Church of the Nazarene was superintending the Nazarene work in that part of the country. He also came in contact with my father. The Nazarenes as well as the Free Methodists were on fire with the presence and power of God, but at that time the Free Methodists ruled out musical instruments in their worship services. The Nazarenes allowed the piano as well as other musical instruments. Both Father and Mother favored the Nazarenes for that reason and were also in support of Northwest Nazarene College in Nampa, Idaho where the Nazarenes at that time operated a school from kindergarten through four years of college. Father anticipated having his children in a holiness school someday. Thus in 1922 we became members of The Church of the Nazarene and moved to Grandview, Washington. While living there a third son, Bruce, was born in Sunnyside, Washington, December 26, 1926.

#### **1927-1929 -- MOVE TO KUNA AND TEACHING AT NNC**

[I have figured the date of this move from Kuna to Emmett, based upon the fact that Parker was born in 1915 and the fact that young men generally enter the 9th grade at age 14. Parker says below: "At that time I entered the ninth grade." That would mean it was 1929. -- DVM]

After a four-year pastorate in Grandview where many interesting events took place, Father moved his family to southern Idaho where he became pastor of The Church of the Nazarene in Kuna as well as a Bible teacher in Northwest Nazarene College. Although unable in his earlier years because of ill health to continue his formal education, he did continue to study on his own initiative. He had taught himself, studying the Bible in seven different languages, made his own (unpublished) translation of the New Testament and had committed to memory the New Testament as well as parts of the Old Testament. I never knew him to open his

**Bible while preaching. He always preached without notes and quoted the Scripture from memory, word perfect. I never personally knew a man who had the determination, discipline and drive in life to continue his education on his own initiative when his health forced him to step out of formal college education. His educational accomplishments were sufficient to have earned him a doctorate degree in Bible and Theology. His expository preaching was recognized by his contemporaries as far above ordinary. His Bible teaching in college was unsurpassed. Father's purpose in moving to southern Idaho was not only to become a teacher in the college but to move his family to where he could put them in a Christian school.**

#### **1929-1934 -- HIS MINISTRY AT EMMETT, IDAHO**

**At that time Northwest Nazarene College was seeking accreditation. Since Father did not have a baccalaureate degree, the college could no longer use him even though he was considered one of the best Bible teachers of that day. As a result, Father left Kuna and moved to Emmett, Idaho into a full-time pastorate and we three older children were enrolled in the Nazarene school in Nampa, Idaho. At that time I entered the ninth grade and attended there through high school, college and a post-graduate course, graduating not only from college with an A.B. degree and a Th.B. degree, but also the Master's Degree in Theology that was being offered then. This was prior to the time the Church of the Nazarene had established the seminary for the training of preachers at Kansas City, Missouri and the Nazarene Church had designated its college in Nampa, Idaho as the school where preachers could obtain an accredited Master in Theology degree.**

**While Father was pastoring the Church of the Nazarene in Emmett, Idaho Mother gave birth to her seventh child, a girl. Avis was born in Samaritan Hospital, a Nazarene hospital in Nampa, Idaho, August 28, 1930.**

#### **1934 -- THE BIRTH OF GALE AND THE SAD DEATH OF JESSE CALDWELL MAXEY**

**Mother's death came suddenly in her forty-fourth year on May 29, 1934. She died of heart failure shortly after the birth of her eighth child, a boy, Gale, born April 18.**

**[Here ends the material used from our brother's (Irl Parker Maxey's) book, "We'll Get To That Later" -- hdm0129. The following details regarding the birth of our brother Gale and the sad passing of papa's beloved wife, Jesse, are related by Gale in his "Life Remembrances, The Personal History Of Gale Edward Maxey."]**

**"I was born April 18, 1934 at the Samaritan Hospital in Nampa Idaho. (These days the Old Samaritan Hospital building houses the music building for Northwest Nazarene University - then named Northwest Nazarene College) I was the eighth child of Irl VanCleve and Jesse Caldwell Maxey. Other siblings were Veneta, the oldest, then John, Parker, Beatrice, Ruth, Bruce, Avis and me.**

**"The oldest three children of the family Veneta, John, and Parker were sharing an apartment in Nampa and attending NNC. While there they eventually married and started families of their own. This left Bea, Ruth, Bruce, Avis, and the new arrival (me) at home.**

**"Veneta married Lester Johnston and spent many years on the mission field in Argentina. John married Leona Calloway and became a music teacher in Idaho and Washington. After that he was a high school administrator and principal. Parker married Edith Morehouse and pastored many years in the Nazarene and Bible Missionary Churches.**

**"There were childbirth complications at the hospital when I was born. Near delivery time, my mother began to hemorrhage. She had been in Nampa visiting our brothers and sister. When this began to happen, our brother John was nearby and called an ambulance. Instead of sending an ambulance the dispatcher sent a taxi. With no time to waste, mother was helped into the taxi and taken the short distance to the hospital. By this time she had lost a considerable amount of blood and I was taken Cesarean section..**

**"Soon she and I were sent home to Emmett. Mother was instructed to take fluids and to rest in bed. (In 1934 blood transfusions to replenish her blood loss were not available) My mother had contracted Rheumatic Fever earlier in life and delivering an eighth child was very difficult for her. She was not able to regain her strength and passed away several days later -- May 29, 1934.**

**"I was taken back to the hospital and lived with the nurses for six months. Then for the next three and one half years, I lived with three different families who were members of the church or friends of the family. One was the Malpass family. I have been told the names of the other two families but do not remember their names. I believe one other family was the Ellis from whom my original middle name was taken."**

**\* \* \* \* \***

#### **04 -- THE LIFE, MINISTRY, AND FAMILY OF IRL V. MAXEY -- PART 2**

##### **1935 -- HIS EMMETT RESIGNATION -- MARRIAGE TO ADELAIDE DOLORES CHANDLER**

**Just over a year following the death of his beloved wife, Jesse Caldwell Maxey, on May 29, 1934, papa married my mother, Adelaide Dolores Chandler. I have beside me now a certified copy of their marriage license, which bears the following statement:**

**"I, Katherine M. Brogan, Ex-Officio Recorder in and for the County of Boise, State of Idaho, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the Marriage License issued to I. V. Maxey and Dolores Chandler, June 6th, 1935, and duly recorded in Book 2 of Marriage Record page 239."**

**Their marriage took place in Boise, Idaho, performed by Probate Judge, Hugh Adair, and witnessed by Jonathan Moulton and Arthur Wright.**

**At the time of the marriage, the marriage certificate lists papa's residence as Boise, of Idaho's Ada County, and mother's residence as Emmett, of Idaho's Gem County. Papa was pastoring the Emmett Church of the Nazarene at the time of Gale's birth and the death of Jesse Caldwell Maxey. It would appear from the marriage license that our father had moved from Emmett to Boise before his marriage to my mother, and if that is the case he had probably also resigned his Emmett pastorate before their marriage.**

**Whatever the case about this, Adelaide Dolores Chandler became the second wife of Irl VanCleve Maxey, and though she was considerably younger than he, mother took on the responsibility of being a mother to the five children still living at home:-- Beatrice, Ruth, Bruce, Avis, and Gale.**

#### **1935-39 -- MOVE TO AND WORK AT ROSEBURY\DONNELLEY, IDAHO**

**At some point after papa's resignation at Emmett, he accepted work again with the American Sunday School Union in the Donnelley \ Rosebury, Idaho area, about 88 miles north of Boise, Idaho and about 12 miles south of McCall, Idaho. Donnelley was then, and still is, not much more than "a wide spot in the road," and Rosebury was also very tiny -- about 1 mile from Donnelley. I suspect that this move may have occurred shortly after our father's June 6, 1935 marriage to my mother.**

**The family may have lived first in Rosebury, for it was in Rosebury, on May 16, 1936 that my brother Roger Adney Maxey was born -- our father's 9th child, and my mother's first. I have beside me now, Roger's birth certificate verifying the place and date of his birth. Roger's middle name, Adney, was no doubt given after William McKendree Adney Maxey, papa's grandfather.**

**If indeed the family first lived in Rosebury, they had moved the very short distance to Donnelley prior to my birth. I now have beside me, my own birth certificate, showing that Duane VanCleve Maxey was born in Donnelley, Idaho on June 4, 1937. However, the name of the town was misspelled on the certificate as "Donnelly". My middle name, VanCleve, came of course from both my father and my grandfather -- Irl VanCleve Maxey and John VanCleve Maxey. I was born at the Maxey home, and if I correctly located the site when I visited there years ago, it was a little house very close to the railroad tracks -- probably the same railroad tracks mentioned by my mother under the subtitle below.**

## 1937 -- EXCERPTS FROM DOLORES CHANDLER MAXEY'S BRIEF DIARY

From what I recall mother telling me, times were tough for the family then. We were a big family of 9 [7 children and the two parents] in a very small community, involved with a small church, and living in a relatively small house, on what was probably a very small income. A couple of days ago, I found a little diary that my mother began in April, before my birth in June. In spite of the family's scarcities and trials, mother's diary exudes a Christian spirit in the diary. Below, I shall present a few excerpts from it.

"April 16, 1937 -- Friday

"The last day of school this year for Avis and Bruce. How quickly the year has gone by! Avis is no longer a 1st grader, but a full-fledged second grader now, and how she has grown. Such a good and bright child as she is! and a wonderful help to me.

"Now the snow is melting fast,  
Spring is on the way at last.  
Robins, sparrows, bluebirds, all  
Have come to stay with us till fall.

"Life is very rich and full for me these days. With Gale 3 this next Sunday and Roger 11 months old today. I live in happy "infanticipation." [She was expecting ME -- nameless though I probably was at the time.] This is my prayer today: Oh, Lord make me patient -- a patient, loving mother -- and, Lord, make me submissive, a submissive child of God and a submissive wife. Amen! My heart is full today -- bubbling over.

"April 17th -- Saturday

"What a busy day, as only Saturday can be!.. A long walk in the evening -- or rather before supper, gave me renewed courage if not new strength.. I went up the railroad tracks to meet Irl who had gone roaming to pray.. I wonder -- in another year, will we be here? or where? Irl has cast about in Texas, Montana, Washington, to ascertain whether God would be pleased to open us another place.. Both of us anticipate with keenest curiosity the advent of our next (perhaps our last) baby. Our Roger is a joy to both of us.. [This was obviously before they discovered his sad retardation -- which apparently went undetected during those first eleven months of his life.]

"April 18th..

"3 years ago today Gale was brought into this mundane existence. May God give me sufficient wisdom to rear him well, this my little "foster" child. With all the

ardor and impetuosity of his little "Irl-ish" heart he loves me. "I'm your boy and Roger is papa's boy, am I, mama?" he says. Alas! we have not wherewith to cook a birthday dinner for him at all, but the children gave him some presents which meant much to him.

"Irl's sermon on "What is the Almighty that we should serve him, and what profit is there that we should pray unto him?" struck deeply to the hearts of the listeners, we felt. May God continue His conviction upon their hearts! But Oh me! I am so tempted to be disheartened at the small attendance and seemingly indifferent attitude of most people. Mr. Joseph's friendliness during our visit there this evening encouraged us, though.

"Monday, April 19th, 1937..

"Irl went to Boise with the N&S Highwayman. Hope he doesn't regret not having taken his overcoat by persuasion of the driver.

"After a busy day of house cleaning, occupied after the school hours by helping Bruce clean yard and, as usual became so interested in cleaning yard I could hardly break away to get supper...

"Tuesday, April 21st..

"I am reminded again that life here is short as a puff of wind. How soon we shall all be removed from the stage, the scenery changed.. "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable!"

"April 23, 1937

"Well, well, I wonder while I wait this evening whether Beatrice has 'orated' yet or not -- whether she will win anything. She did look nice in the black dress and red scarf...

"April 29th

"Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday slipped by without my recalling to write herein. However, outwardly no great events have happened in my "confined" life. I am so "great with child" that I find my work rather of a burden now..."

I read the remainder of mother's entry for April 29, 1937, and though I had been hoping to discover that her entries in the diary would at least go up to the time of my birth and perhaps shortly thereafter, I was disappointed to discover that the little diary she began on April 16th ended on April 29th! I suspect that it was the "unborn I" who had something to do with her discontinuance of the diary -- along with other, more pressing things that had to be done.

In his "Remembrances," Gale says: "Our sister Beatrice finished high school in Donnelly and soon left home to attend NNC. There she met and married Elvin Leavell. Elvin became a chaplain for the US Navy and later pastored several Nazarene churches."

#### **1939-41 -- MOVE TO ALABAMA AND WORK THERE**

Papa and mother had pondered where they might move from Donnelley -- perhaps to Texas, Montana, or Washington? It was never to be Texas, nor ever again Washington for papa's ministry. It was to be Montana, but not quite yet. Papa's next ministerial work was to be in Alabama. Gale writes: "I have been told that because of these changes in our family, the general Church of the Nazarene asked our Papa to pastor and work with Home Mission churches. After living in Donnelly for a time. Papa decided to take a pastorate in Alabama."

But when did this move occur? I have beside me now a Cradle Roll Certificate that reads: "This is to certify that Duane VanCleve Maxey has been enrolled as a member of The Cradle Roll of the Nazarene Church Boise, Idaho this twenty-seventh day of November 1937." It is signed by Mrs. Donald Craker, Cradle Roll Superintendent, and by Mrs. Marvin Jagger and Everett Spencer. However, I doubt that the move to Alabama occurred shortly after November of 1937, for if I recall correctly, one winter in Donnelley it snowed up to the eaves of our little house, and my siblings put me up on the roof in a dish pan so as to slide down and catch me. I doubt that I would have remembered such when I was less than 6 months old. I have beside me now a picture of myself taken in September of 1939, when I was 2 years and 3 months old -- taken outside of our residence at 621 20th Street, Phenix City, Alabama. I suspect that the move to Alabama may have been made some time in 1939.

Gale describes the trip to Alabama:-- "We packed our belongings in a Model-A Ford pickup truck pulling a trailer with our earthly belongings. The trailer weighed 2,000 lbs. It was a long, arduous trip. Lack of finances made it necessary to camp out along the way. The Model-A truck and trailer could scarcely climb long hills. We children, Ruth, Avis, and I rode in the back of the truck under a tarp cover. Papa, Dolores, and Bruce rode in the front. I was occasionally asked to climb up front and pound Papa's back when he was weary from driving." I am not sure where Roger and I rode -- perhaps me in the back with Ruth, Avis, and Gale, and Roger up-front -- but all 7 of us made that move.

In his "Remembrances," Gale writes:

"In Alabama, we first lived in Montgomery in a large house. Papa pastored a church there, then in Selma. We lived in each of those locations for about one year, then we moved to Phenix City. I have been told that Papa was attempting to establish a church there. In Phenix City, we lived in a small house with steps from



the side walk up into the yard. In the front yard was a Persimmon tree. I can remember trying to eat one of the Persimmons. It tasted awful and made my mouth shrivel up! I have heard preachers tell stories about a young boy who ate one. He said to his mother, if you have anything to say to me before I die, say it now because I'm closing up! I completed first grade in Phoenix City. I remember very little about my experiences except there was a huge sawdust pile on the play ground. I would somersault over and over in it during recess and noon hours. Bruce has shared with me that he carried two paper routes there, one in the city and another at a nearby military base. He would often tell us story after story about his experiences trying to collect from his customers. He helped with family finances from the earnings of his paper routes, as did Ruth."

According to Gale, mother also helped "bring home the bacon" by working in a Woolen Mill in nearby Columbus, Georgia. I too have some memories of our life there in Montgomery, Selma, and Phenix City, but I forbear including them here -- maybe elsewhere in a different file.

### **Roger Is Taken To Idaho**

After her first husband, my grandfather Julius E. Chandler left my grandmother, Laura Newell Chandler, grandma remarried Frank R. McKay, and while we were living in Alabama they were making their home in a house above the Triangle in Montour, Idaho -- a short distance from Boise. My full-brother Roger's retardation had been discovered, and besides all of the other pressing trials upon the family, mother's and papa's last child, Pearl Sharon, had been born with no soft-spot in her skull, and she was soon in physical pain as the result. The decision was made to take Roger to live with Grandpa and Grandma McKay. Mother and Roger and I (and perhaps Sharon also) made the long trip across the nation from Alabama to Idaho by train. I have a vague memory still of that trip. I have several distinct memories of the time we spent with Gramp and Grandma in the house on the hill above the Triangle. We stayed a short while, left Roger in their care, and made the return trip to Alabama.

### **The Birth And Death Of Pearl Sharon Maxey**

It was probably during our residence in Alabama that our little sister, Pearl Sharon was born, and it was during our time there that she died. I have beside me here a certificate from Parkhill Cemetery, Muscogee County, Georgia, regarding the interment of baby Sharon's remains. It states:-- "Georgia, Muscogee County -- In consideration of the sum of \$11.00 paid to the management of Parkhill Cemetery in said County, permission is hereby granted to I. V. Maxey to inter the body of Perle Sharon Maxey in space 14 in Babyland in said Cemetery..." Pearl Sharon's first name was misspelled. Penciled onto the front of the certificate is the name of the funeral home:-- Harris Funeral Home. Those interested in reading my own experience regarding Pearl Sharon's suffering and death can do so by opening hdm0888 and reading the first item:-- "P. S. I Love You." I am sure that the

psychological blows must have fallen hard upon papa between 1934 and 1941 -- the loss of his beloved Jesse in 1934, the fact of Roger's sad condition, the death of Pearl Sharon, coupled with all of the trials and financial privations involved in the work at Donnelley and Alabama -- and these things had an impact upon the rest of the family as well. Nevertheless, God helped us, and he and we survived, but soon left Alabama.

### **About Our Sister Ruth**

According to information received from her husband, Homer Clough, via their son, Tom, Ruth graduated from Central High School in Phenix City, Alabama on June 5, 1940. This information also states that Ruth "entered N.N.C. as a freshman in the fall of 1941 after working a year in Boise, Idaho." On this, Gale writes:-- "My sister Ruth graduated from High School there in Phenix City. Soon she traveled by train to Idaho, where she worked and attended NNC. Working her way through college was no easy task. However, she eventually finished her degree and taught Elementary school. Ruth met and married Homer Clough. They pastored several Nazarene churches in the mid-west. In the 1950s they returned to Idaho and both taught school. Homer became an administrative supervisor in the Boise School District."

### **1941 -- MOVE TO CHINOOK, MONTANA**

Gale writes:-- "After three years in Alabama, we moved again cross country to pastor the Church of the Nazarene in Chinook, Montana. The trip to Montana was filled with danger. Icy road and bad storms. I remember that the trailer being pulled by our Model-A truck jack knifed and pinned Papa and Bruce. Thankfully neither one was hurt seriously, just shaken and a frightening experience.

"I attended the second grade there. My teacher's name was Mrs. Strunk. I was/am left handed and remember that she felt that I should be right handed. Being left handed was not considered to be acceptable in those days. Being right handed just did not work for me. It caused many emotional problems. I was very shy and emotional anyway, and moving so much and being required to change schools added to my problems.

"I remember that we had extremely cold weather in Montana. Minus 50 Fahrenheit was not uncommon. Then suddenly a warm Chinook wind would blow and melt most of the snow.

"One sunny December Sunday morning before church, I was all in my Sunday clothes. Mother Dolores had dressed me and set me front steps of our church and told me not to move. Suddenly I looked up and saw wave after wave of airplanes crossing the sky. It was December 7, 1941. At dinner that day, grownups spoke in hushed tones. They were saying something about Pearl Harbor being

bombed. I didn't know what that meant but the way they were talking, I knew it was something very serious."

I, Duane, was only 4 when we were in Montana, but I too have some memories from that time and place -- one of them being, as I recall, how one of the visiting preachers had a car that sloped down both in the back and the front. When I beheld it, it seemed like an oddity! Nearly all of the automobiles that I had ever seen in those days sloped down in the front, but were quite square-backed. As I recall, it seemed to me that it might make some people on the road think the car was "coming" when it was "going"! Some years ago, Dorothea and I revisited Chinook and I took some pictures of the little Church building and parsonage right behind it. Like most of papa's churches, this one was also very small.

Gale writes of a blessed answer to prayer that may have occurred when we were in Chinook, or in the following pastorate:

"One morning Papa.. told the family that breakfast was the last food we had in the house. He said we were going to pray and that the Lord would hear our prayer and would provide for us. We all got down on our knees and Papa prayed. I know that the Lord answered his prayer. Later that day, (I distinctly remember) there was a knock at the door. It was a man from the church. He said, 'pastor, I don't know why but the Lord told me to bring you bring you this sack of potatoes and this bacon and that you folks needed food.' This event made a great impression on me of just how good God was and how He provided for our family."

I am sure that once again, I. V. Maxey and his family were not "living on Easy Street" financially in Chinook, Montana. With World War II raging in 1941, the government Office of Price Administration issued War Ration Books. Also, little red and blue tokens were rationed out to people, allowing them to buy only so much of this and that. Apparently this rationing was done for every individual in a household -- and the government issued strict instructions about the use of these rations. To my right now, I have a one of those little ration books. On the front it reads:

**"UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**

**"War Ration Book One**

**"WARNING**

**"I Punishments ranging as high as Ten Years' Imprisonment or \$10,000 Fine, or Both, may be imposed under United States Statutes for violations thereof arising out of infractions of Rationing Orders and Regulations.**

**"2 This book must not be transferred. It must be held and used only by or on behalf of the person to whom it has been issued, and anyone presenting it thereby represents to the Office of Price Administration, an agency of the United States**

**Government, that it is being so held and so used. For any misuse of this book it may be taken from the holder by the Office of Price Administration.**

**"3 In the event either of the departure from the United States of the person to whom this book is issued, or his or her death, the book must be surrendered in accordance with the Regulations.**

**"4 Any person finding a lost book must deliver it promptly to the nearest Ration Board."**

**This ration book was issued to Maxey, Duane VanCleve, of Chinook, Blaine County, Montana on May 7, 1942 -- just shy of a month before I turned 5 years old.**

**We were not long in Montana either, perhaps less than a full year. Perhaps one reason why papa's churches were generally small and his tenure short can be explained by the following that I received from Gale:**

**"Papa was a fiery Holiness preacher. He would often go for a long walks early on Sunday mornings. He would often tell me all about his - Roaming Walks - as he called them. On his walks, he would pray for clear guidance from the Lord for his sermon. Arriving back home, his mind and heart and mind would be clear. At the end of his sermons, I would often be found at the alter. He has been credited as knowing the entire New Testament from memory and large portions of the Old. I know, for example, that he knew the entire book of Isaiah. While preaching, he would often quote Scripture from memory rather than reading it from the Bible."**

**"Papa's Ministry Philosophy -- Our brother Parker tell the story about our Papa's ministry philosophy. Papa said that when arriving at a church, he would preach from the Bible for the three months, then preach three months preach to the needs of people in the congregation, then for six months he would be looking for another church to pastor because he knew that he would be voted out on the next congregational vote."**

**1942 -- DESMET, SOUTH DAKOTA -- WHERE THE ANGEL PRAYED WITH PAPA**

**Judging from the May 7, 1942 date on my War Ration Book in Chinook, Montana, it was sometime between then and the beginning of the 1942 school year that we moved to DeSmet, South, Dakota, east of Huron, SD at the junction of US Highway 14 and State Highway 25. While we were pastoring in Coeur d' Alene, Idaho, my wife Dorothea and I drove to Chinook, Montana, DeSmet, South Dakota, and Tuttle, North Dakota. None of these places were large then, and none of them were large when papa pastored in them when I was a small boy. Unlike when Dorothea and I were in Chinook and Tuttle, I took no pictures in DeSmet because it was at dusk or after sundown when we arrived, and we did not spend the night there. However, we did drive by what was the Nazarene Church building where papa pastored, and viewed both it, and the house directly across the street from it that**

was the parsonage. From this little town in mid-eastern South Dakota, when I was a 5-year-old, I have "Precious memories -- how they linger!" Herein, I will only mention several, along with those of my brother Gale.

Gale writes:-- "The next year we moved again, this time to DeSmet, South Dakota.. I attended the third grade in DeSmet. I remember very little at all about my third grade year. Papa and Bruce would work shoveling coal from railroad cars into trucks. They would often pick up coal that had fallen from the coal trains and bring it home to help warm our home. The railroad company allowed them to do this.

"Our church in South Dakota was very small. One day Papa was trying to do some re-modeling on the church. While working on a high ladder inside the church, he fell and injured his back. He shared about an occasion about entering the church one day to pray. As he stood in the isle at the back of the church, suddenly a man appeared and stood there beside him. After discussing some of the problems heavy on Papa's heart, the two of them walked down the isle together and talked about the needs of the church. As they knelt and prayed there at the alter, suddenly Papa looked up, and the man was gone. Papa said the man was an angel. I truly believe that it was an angel that came to pray with him that day."

I too distinctly remember that remodeling, for one day when I walked barefoot across the street from the parsonage to the Church building, there was a pile of old boards with nails in them laying just outside the entrance. I stepped down on one of the nails and ran it up into my left foot quite deeply! No, they didn't take me for a tetanus shot, but that painful experience etched itself so durably in my memory that 63 years has not erased it!

I also remember two things about worship services in that DeSmet Church when they were still conducted in the basement of the building. The first involved a man who was bent upon disciplining his two young boys -- even during Church Services. At times when he thought they were misbehaving, right while papa was preaching, suddenly he would shout loudly, "BOBBY! PAUL!" -- and, I'll tell you, he not only got THEIR attention, he got the attention of everyone else in the little crowd too! I think those loud vociferations may have disturbed papa's train of thought more than whatever it was "Bobby and Paul" were doing! ;O)

The other thing I recall from those basement services in DeSmet Nazarene Church in 1942 was papa, getting blessed while he was preaching, shouting, waving his handkerchief and demonstrating in the Spirit. Although it caught my attention, I was too young to understand it then, but obviously God was blessing his faithful servant in the pulpit -- in another small town and in another small church.

I remember the day that I failed to fully obey mother and use the hoe to chop up some clods at the corner of the parsonage -- how when papa got home I got a good whipping and was sent upstairs -- how after I had cried and cried for some

time, they let me come back downstairs, and papa let me crawl up in his lap as he sat in the rocker by the heating stove. I put my arm(s) around his neck and felt that I was loved -- even though I had been punished. World War II was still on, and as I recall, while I lay on papa's lap and chest, he and mother were listening to Gabriel Heater on the radio -- a well-known radio newscaster of those days. I can't remember one thing that Gabriel Heater may have said about the war. That meant nothing to me then. What mattered deeply to me was the warm knowledge that papa and mother loved me still. I verily believe that while parents should discipline their children, it is important to let them know that punishments that are not indications that they aren't loved. I got two messages loud and clear that day:-- (a) Do what you are told, obediently and fully (I had chopped only a few clods and quit), and -- (b) Papa and mother loved me, even though I got a good spanking!

Also in DeSmet, I remember standing outside the parsonage on school days after school had been dismissed -- watching the school children coming home from school -- and thinking: "I am 5, and next school year, I will get to go to school too!" That, I did -- but not before the Irl V. Maxey family moved again!

We had "Billy, our Model-A Ford Pick-up until shortly before leaving DeSmet. I recall the day when, from inside the house, we heard a loud "BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!" It was papa -- he had traded-off "Billy" and driven up and parked on the street beside the parsonage in a "beautiful" new-looking, black, 1937 Plymouth Sedan! My, how I was impressed! Such a wonderful car, it seemed to me, compared with the drab, but durable old Model-A Pick-up, "Billy" -- and he had managed to buy it for just \$100 dollars! (perhaps, including the trade-in of the pick-up).

### About Our Brother Bruce

If I recall correctly, it was when we were in DeSmet, South Dakota that Bruce left the family to attend NNC Academy in Nampa, Idaho -- later called College High School. Gale writes:-- "After schooling at NNC, Bruce joined the Navy. He trained to be a Navy Sea Bee. The Second World War had begun. Later during the Korean conflict he was back on duty with the Navy on Guam. He has told me many stories about his experiences there. He settled in southern California and married Betty. Now we have two Betty Maxeys in our family [The name of Gale's wife is also Betty]. For many years Bruce worked for Sears, then started his own RV business. He is the business man of the family."

### 1943 -- TUTTLE, NORTH DAKOTA -- THE END OF PAPA'S MINISTRY

We probably moved from DeSmet, South Dakota to Tuttle, North Dakota some time between the end of the 1942-43 school year and the beginning of the 1943-44 school year. Tuttle was, and still is, a little town located in central North Dakota near the junction of State Highways 36 and 3 -- just north of the present-day Interstate 84, and northeast of Bismark.

I began first grade here; Gale would have been in the fourth grade, and Avis in the 8th grade. Again, the Church of the Nazarene that papa pastored here was not large, but perhaps larger than those in Chinook and DeSmet. It was a German community, and some of the German-American people of the town were "on-edge" about the fact that we were at war with Germany. With the war on, we grade-schoolers were at times assembled to sing patriotic songs such as "We Did It Before, And We Can Do It Again!" -- and others. Unknown to me, Miss Lockwa (sp?), my first-grade teacher was apparently one of those "edgy" German-Americans. One day when some of us boys were out at recess playing, several of us had been putting two left fingers under our nose (a simulation of Hitler's mustache) and lifting up our right hands in a mock salute of Hitler, saying "Hiel Hitler!" It was all just playful fun to me, and I had no idea that saluting my teacher that way would offend her. When passing by her back into the classroom after recess, I playfully saluted her with the "mustache, mock-salute, Hiel Hitler!" thing -- and Whap! she slapped me a good one right on the face, and let me know I must never ever address her thus!

I have many memories of our time in Tuttle that year -- but papa's ministry ended there before the school-year ended -- in fact, unknown to any of us at the time, papa's ministry on earth ended forever in the middle of that school-year in 1943! As I recall, it was not because papa was unable to pastor any longer at that time. It was, rather, that the family was not able to get by on the meager salary he was receiving from the Tuttle church.

Something had to be done! So, at the middle of the school year, papa and mother did two things: (a) Papa resigned his pastorate in Tuttle and went out to Vancouver, Washington to work in the shipyards -- where jobs could be obtained with the war on; and (b) Mother obtained an emergency teaching certificate and got a job teaching at a little country school just outside of Tuttle at \$100 per month -- along with the permission for Mother, Avis, Gale, and I to live in the tiny "Teacherage Quarters" in the back of the county school-house. As I recall, before he left for Vancouver, papa helped us move from the parsonage in Tuttle out into those quarters. I recall him taking the chalk and showing us how he could quickly do some sort of mathematics on the blackboard. He seemed to enjoy his time with us before leaving. Then, after spending at most, a few days with us, he left the 1937 Plymouth with us, and made the trip to Vancouver, Washington -- probably by bus. Where, exactly, papa resided in Vancouver while working at the shipyards in 1943-44, I don't know, but I think it likely that he lived quite frugally and sent money back to us in Tuttle right along.

Some of my most fond memories come from the time "we four, and no more" (Mother, Avis, Gale, and I) lived in the back of that country school-house the rest of that school year. It was out on a little prairie, and just a small group of "country children" attended -- one or two of them rode a horse to school. Mother became my first-grade teacher, Gale's fourth-grade teacher, and Avis' eighth-grade teacher. The "Teacherage Quarters" in the back of the school were tiny and cramped, but a 6-

year-old doesn't need much room. I enjoyed my school lessons, the country atmosphere, the gophers that popped up around the edge of the school-house, the fun with the students, and some long, half-hour recesses.

One day, mother let me and James, a third-grade pupil, out for one of those long recesses. We went out to the horse-barn behind the school and after crawling around in there a bit, I noticed some hay on the ground inside the barn. I told James, "Let's play fireman!" We took some hay and put it out at the edge of the school yard. then I went inside the school-house and back into the living quarters and got some matches -- without asking mother -- and went back outside. James and I had sticks, and I told him I would light the hay on-fire, and we would beat it out with the sticks. I lit the hay on-fire, and a gust of wind took it into some brush -- and all of a sudden, I had created a prairie fire!

I ran back inside and told mother, but by then the fire was burning on down a slope toward the School Board Superintendent's cornfield. School was dismissed, and the students came out to help keep the fire from burning toward the school-house. A man nearby came with a tractor and harrow, and re-harrowed the fire-guard ground around the building. There was quite a "hubbub" before it was all over. The school-house was spared, but I thought for sure I was not going to be spared a whipping! However, to my surprise, even though I honestly confessed to her that I had sneaked the matches and started the fire, mother didn't whip me. To this day, I don't know why. I certainly deserved it! Years later, when Dorothea and I visited the spot, the old country school-house was gone. No, it had not fallen into decay and been destroyed by the elements on the spot. We were told that it had been moved to another location. I took a rock from the site, mounted it, and it is sitting right now on top of a cabinet behind me -- a memento of those days 63 years ago.

Gale's memories of our time out there in the country school-house are not as pleasant as mine. He said that mother was a good teacher, and when he was lazy and didn't want to do his schoolwork she would be very insistent. "One time she helped me with my English lesson. She would hold my chin in her between her thumb and forefinger and require that I conjugate the verb - TO BE - from memory. I would cry and cry, tears running down my face as she held my chin up. Tears got me nowhere, I was still required to do it. To this day I can recite that perfectly." Whether such academic discipline as a fourth-grader helped Gale or not, I am not sure, but I do know that in his teens and young manhood Gale was a real plodder and succeder, and not "a quitter" once he set his mind to achieve something -- his persistence as a student in college, his academic achievements, and his great success as a high school Band Director -- and beyond -- have proven that!

He writes in his "Remembrances" -- "I spent eleven years from 1988 until 1999, as Education Specialist for the Arts and Humanities at the Idaho State Department of Education. In this position I was given the opportunity to travel extensively across the State of Idaho representing the Department, visiting with



**Teachers and Administrators... Today I remain active with the Department working with schools to fulfill their Accreditation responsibilities for the Northwest Association of Schools, Colleges and Universities. In 1999, I received the Idaho Music Educators Association s Music Educator of the Year award one of the highest honors I have ever received. From 1984-88, I served the Association as President-elect, President and Past President. Today, I am Retired Chair on the Association Board."**

**Quite a list of achievements! for the fourth-grader whose tears were shed during those English lessons in that little country school-house! Hats off to you, Gale! You have been a great success in your field!**

**But now, back to the thread of the story...**

#### **1944 -- THE MOVE FROM NORTH DAKOTA TO IDAHO -- RESIDENCE IN WEISER**

**After the school year, perhaps with the help of some others, including Avis and Gale, in the early Summer of 1944, mother managed to get our trailer loaded, tarped, and hitched onto the back of the 1937 Plymouth. We drove into Tuttle and stopped briefly (probably for gas), and headed for Bismark. There, papa met us, having quit work in Vancouver as planned, to accompany us on the move from North Dakota to Idaho.**

**I distinctly remember, we had reached southern Idaho on my 7th birthday, June 4, 1944. After a stop, perhaps for a new tire in Twin Falls, we made our way on to Payette, Idaho where Gramp and Grandma McKay were then living -- and still caring for Roger. After a short stay in Payette, we moved 12 miles away to the little town of Weiser, Idaho. Gale says, "We lived in large two-story house on Commercial Street then moved to a small white house on the east side of Weiser. I was a fifth grader at Pioneer school."**

**It was during our residence in Weiser that mother and papa visited Dr. Mangum, a Nazarene M.D. in Nampa to see what was ailing our father. Mother had noticed indications of something wrong, and apparently by that time papa himself realized the same thing. Dr. Mangum gave them both the sad news that papa had arterial-sclerosis (aka hardening of the arteries), and that it was incurable.**

**Evidently, papa knew then that his ministerial work was finished -- and, he probably also realized that, sans a Divine healing, this progressive condition would eventually bring about his death. Indeed it did -- just less than 6 years later! Minutes ago, I placed phone calls to Payette, and then Emmett, Idaho and succeeded in getting both the exact date of papa's death and the day of his funeral, along with a fax of his obituary which is to be sent within the hour. This information I will present later in this file.**

Papa was no "quitter" -- and while the news of his incurable condition forever ended his ministry, it did not end his relationship with God! He plodded on, as long as he could, doing what he could to help support his family. So, he got a menial job doing sweeping at the Railroad Round-House in Huntington, Oregon -- 28 miles up the river and into Baker, County, Oregon from Weiser, Idaho. I just called Huntington and spoke with a couple of individuals. From what I was able to learn, papa did sweeping in the terminal itself, and not in passenger cars. The Huntington, Oregon website says: "Huntington was known as a "division point" for the railroad. It was an important railroad town since 1884 when the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company made Huntington their common terminal." But the Union Pacific Railroad is at least one of the railroads that did "turn-arounds" there, the Round-House being the terminal where engines were "turned around" so as to be able to head back the other direction. But the Round-House did not outlast papa long:-- it burned down, the woman at the Huntington Library told me, in either 1952 or 1953, and now all the trains just pass through the little town, which today has population of about 500.

Mother got a job teaching just north of Weiser in another country school -- Monroe Creek school. Unless I err, papa commuted back and forth from Huntington with other workers from Weiser, and mother drove the '37 Plymouth to and from Monroe Creek school. Gale and I attended Grade School there in Weiser, which was not far from either of our domiciles there -- he being in 5th Grade, and I in the Second Grade. Sister Avis was a freshman in Weiser High School, and was allowed to play in the band -- at least for those band functions that papa did not consider "worldly". I recall one night when the family went to hear her play in a concert at the high school. For some reason, one of the songs the band played that night has lingered with me over 61 years. It was the first time I had heard it, and I can still vividly remember its haunting tune: -- "Stormy Weather."

In spite of his later success in life, Gale describes another hard time for himself during that school year:-- "Fifth grade was a very traumatic year for me. Being left at the hospital the first six months of life, and spending three and one half years in foster homes plus moving every year attending a different school each year did not make for a good beginning or a very good education for me."

But, with mother's help, he "made the grade," just as he always has through life. His outstanding talents were in the field of music, into which God led him, and wherein he has been a great success. I had less difficulty in school, but much more inward trauma as I neared high school graduation and for some three years thereafter. For the most part, school was a breeze for me-- it was facing real life after school that most overwhelmed me. Conversely, Gale has always done well -- "down where the rubber meets the road" -- and as he matured his academic acumen did just fine too.

I recall the day during that 1944-45 school-year when our Second Grade teacher, Grace Bohrer, temporarily left the classroom, and then returned being

quite distraught. She told us, "Our President (Franklin Delano Roosevelt) has died!" It had struck her as a great, national tragedy, and she rang the school bell, dismissing classes for the day. But it is spiritual memories from that year that are the most important.

Though papa was not pastoring, we were attending the Weiser Church of the Nazarene, and he had not abdicated his spiritual leadership of the family. As children, when papa had pronounced something as worldly, it was sometimes said among us:-- "Papa says that's worly," the last word, of course, being a mispronunciation of "worldly" -- but there was no mistaking his meaning:-- he judged the thing to be "worldly" and therefore wrong before God and taboo to us!

Papa had stopped being an "Herald of Holiness" from the pulpit, but he was still a holy man of God and did his best to "nip in the bud" anything that he considered to be unholy or worldly in his family. He wanted nothing to do with "Santa Claus" and in December of 1944 he refused to put on a "Santa-Suit" for the Christmas gift-giving at the Monroe Creek school where mother was teaching. Grandpa Frank McKay obliged mother and played the part, but papa would have none of it. I'll be honest with you, long ago I came to believe that papa's position on that was the right one. Though Christ-mass itself is of heathenistic origin through Roman Catholicism, if it is celebrated by Christians, I think that "Christ" should take "front and center" and Santa Claus be left out. Anyway, on with the story...

I have another lingering memory from Weiser that also vividly illustrates in my mind papa's strong dislike for anything he felt was worldly. I had heard that the Squirt Bottling plant in Weiser was giving away free Squirt-Stickers that could be moistened and stuck on the side of a car. So, one day after school let out, I walked clear on up town past our house to the Squirt plant and got me one of those stickers. You know what I did with it -- I put it on the side of the black, 1937 Plymouth. Mother was home with the car, but papa was not home from Huntington. I was quite happy with my accomplishment. But, after papa had returned, when I later glanced at the left-rear door of the car where I had stuck the Squirt-Sticker -- it was gone! When I learned that papa did it, I was unhappy about it, but he was unhappy having it there! To say nothing of the fact that it was silly, no doubt it smacked of worldliness to him, and that was that! He wasn't about to leave that on our car through yielding to my whining over the matter. I may have been fortunate that I didn't get a whipping for putting it on the car.

But it was while we were in Weiser that I also first met Jesus when I was brightly saved one night at a revival in the Church of the Nazarene. I have described this experience in "Illustrative Sketches From My Life" (hdm0888), a file long published in the HDM Digital Library.

**1945-1950 -- THE MOVE TO PAYETTE -- THE YEARS BEFORE PAPA'S HOME-GOING**

We had never stayed long anywhere -- from the time of my birth -- and we spent only one school-year at Weiser, moving back to where Grandpa and Grandma McKay lived, in Payette in the summer of 1945. Our first house in Payette we rented -- a quite spacious, white, two-story house on First Avenue South, right next to the "Cy" Harper home. Very opposite from us, "Cy" Harper was a financially prosperous man who owned and ran the Payette Coca Coal bottling plant.

For a short time during the 1945-46 school-year, Avis remained with us, but soon she was sent to live with Aunt Margaret in Port Angeles, Washington. Grandpa and Grandma McKay decided to discontinue caring for Roger also while we were living on First Avenue South. With an increasingly disabled husband, mother was not able to work and care for him at the same time. Arrangements were made with the State of Idaho to place Roger the Idaho State School and Hospital in Nampa, Idaho (the state institution for such as he). There, Roger remained until he was about 47 years old, at which time the State had residents of the Hospital placed in Group Homes. Roger was placed in a Group Home in Weiser. He died this past December 23 at age 69, and I arranged to have his body cremated and his remains buried in the Sweet, Idaho Cemetery -- very near the place where Grandpa and Grandma McKay had first cared for him in the house on the hill above the Triangle -- near what had been Montour. Our long-time friend, Stan Schwanz of Parma, Idaho took care of the excavation for the urn containing Roger's ashes; Larry Roberts of Boise, Idaho beautifully conducted the interment ceremony -- and my brother Gale spoke briefly thereafter and with a "Good-bye, my brother," placed the urn into the excavation and covered it. My aunt and uncle, Gertrude and Bill Bliss of Payette were among those attending. Gertrude had given me permission for the interment to be done between the side-by-side graves of Grandpa and Grandma McKay -- a fitting place for them all, until Jesus calls them forth on that great and glorious Day of the Lord.

The family now was not large; Avis was gone, but papa was increasing debilitated, and I was only 8 and Gale but 11. Somebody had to "bring home the bacon." I think it may have been shortly after school began that year that mother first got a teaching position at Fruitland, Idaho, perhaps conditioned upon her taking correspondence courses toward a college degree. In his "Remembrances" Gale writes of the time when papa "was employed at the Lime, Oregon Cement plant west of Huntington, however his health failed rather rapidly and was soon no longer able to work." Perhaps this was after we moved to Payette, I don't know. When we were at Weiser, papa worked at the Huntington Round-House. Whatever the facts are, somehow, during the 1945-46 school-year we survived. Our residence was only about a block and a half from East Side Grade school, where I attended 3rd Grade, and Gale 6th Grade.

Unless I err, before another school-year rolled around we moved again -- the last move we made as a family. Grandpa McKay had built a little L-shaped house near the alley at 1620 Center Avenue in Payette. Mother arranged to buy the place, and, if I am correct, we moved into it during the summer of 1946. Mother continued

teaching, and papa's condition continued to steadily deteriorate as both physical debility and mental incompetence began to change him dramatically from the man he had previously been in those ways. Once, when we were all gone, he came home from somewhere one day and broke his wrist in a fall as he tried to go down the little stairway into the basement of the house. And, during his trips to town he did not always make wise purchases. Something had to be done. When school began in the Fall of 1946, mother was away teaching, Gale and I were attending 7th and 4th Grades respectively -- Gale at the Payette Junior High School, and I at East Side Grade School. There was nobody home to help dear papa when he needed both assistance and monitoring. Gale recalls times of visiting with papa during this pathetic time, how papa wept and told him of things in his past. It was sad -- but the decision was finally made to place papa in Carter's Rest Home -- across town on River Street. Why God took our father when Gale and I both needed him so badly, I don't know. I do know this:-- Jesus is too good to do wrong, and too wise to make a mistake -- even when that which He allows and does is beyond our human understanding.

Life went on, but papa was gone -- only mother, Gale and I left, dwelling in the little house at the back of the alley at 1620 Center Avenue. I have beside me now, my school report cards from grades 1 and 2, then 4 through 12. Though his condition was deteriorating, "I. V. Maxey" did every one of the signings on my Second Grade report card. He had preached that parents should know how their children were doing in school, and he was still living up to that. He probably also dutifully signed my Third Grade report card -- during the year we were on First Avenue South. Then, after we moved to 1620 Center Avenue, he signed only for the first two school grading periods, and all of the rest of that report card, along with all of the others have only mother's signature on them. Therefore, I believe it was shortly after school began in 1946, that papa left us for Carter's Rest Home.

One very distinct thing did occur with Gale that year he was in the 7th Grade. Five years earlier, God had touched his heart. He writes:-- "When I was seven years old in my Papa's church in Chinook, Montana I distinctly remember the Lord speaking to my heart and telling me to go sit by my brother Bruce. I said yes to Him and did that. I felt the Lord very near to me at that moment." God honored Gale's obedience, and perhaps it was then that Gale was really first born again -- like John Wesley's "Heart-Warming" experience when he was born again at Aldersgate. Like myself, Gale remembers our Family Altar:-- "In the years before and after that our family would always have Family Altar. In the mornings Papa would read Scripture and we would all get down on our knees and everyone would pray. All of the children too. I am assured that the Lord watching over me in those years."

Indeed, God was watching over Gale, and during that year in the 7th Grade there in Payette, Gale tells how he came to know what his life-calling was to be:-- "I started playing the Trombone in the sixth grade. (My brother Bruce gave me his Trombone) I believe the family had purchased the horn from the Montgomery Ward catalog for \$65, and Bruce had played it in his school band. My teacher was Mr.

Jay Stoner, a man who had been a Trumpet player in a military band. He spoke often of knowing members of the John Phillip Sousa band. I was totally impressed with his stories. I did well in band and loved every minute of class. By the middle of the seventh grade I tried out and was accepted in the Jr. Sr. High School Band. Wow, was that big time? Not long after that in the same year of school, I definitely felt God calling me to be a music teacher no doubt about it."

It is my purpose in this compilation to confine it primarily to only those years that papa was yet alive. However, I shall mention a few things during the nearly four years he yet lived across town from us -- practically speaking only in body. His triumph had really already been gained, and heaven was his, though his body lived on those few remaining years.

The summer of 1947, between my 4th and 5th grades in school, when I was 10 years old, I visited my Aunt Jean and her husband, Finley McNaughton at the old "C.C.C." (Civilian Conservation Corps) Camp near Cottonwood Ranger station -- maybe 40 miles or so from Boise. Uncle Mac was near the beginning of his career in Forestry following World War II, and their living quarters in that old abandoned C.C.C. camp were primitive -- gas-lamps for lighting, a cold spring down the road for a "refrigerator" -- and I don't recall any "inside plumbing"! But, I had some real fun with my little cousin, David, swimming in the beaver-pond down the road.

When I returned to Payette, the Polio Epidemic was raging across the nation - - crippling many, putting others in "iron-lungs" whose breathing function was paralyzed, and outright killing a number of others. I was awakened from my happy-go-lucky childhood pleasure with some of my first serious, eternity-remembering thoughts since we had moved from Weiser. Papa was gone -- but God was still preaching to me. For more details on my own life, and that of mother and Gale, during those nearly four years after papa left our household, I refer the reader once again to "Illustrative Sketches From My Life" (hdm0888). Suffice to say that things went backwards spiritually for all three of us during those years after papa's condition rendered him incapable of guiding the household.

The following summer, Gale had an enjoyable visit with his mother's sister, Aunt Margaret, in Port Angeles, Washington. In his "Life Remembrances, The Personal History Of Gale Edward Maxey," he writes:-- "The summer I turned fourteen, I visited my/our Aunt Margaret . It was a great summer! Avis was living with her then and we had many wonderful times. She was 15 or 16 when she left home and had some very different feelings and ideas about our families values and standards. That is probably why Papa sent her to live with other family members. Avis married and had a large family. Later, on a visit to her home I met some of her children. One of her daughters is named Missy and looks very much like her mother. Avis died at the age of 45 with cancer, probably from the effects of smoking."

I, Duane, was preaching a revival meeting in Grand Junction, Colorado, when I received news of Avis' passing. Some years earlier, when I was pastoring in Portland, Oregon, I made the trip on up to Port Angeles and had an enjoyable visit with her and her children. She and her husband, Bob Worthington, were separated at the time, but both Avis and Bob graciously attended a service in which I had been invited to preach, over in Seattle Bible Missionary Church. And, I think I may have heard after Avis' passing that, according to Missy, her daughter, Avis had let them know that all was well with her soul before she died. I truly hope that is so.

Life rocked on with papa gone from the home. Mother continued work toward her college degree with correspondence courses, and when I was in the 6th Grade, and Gale a freshman in Payette High School, mother got a position teaching in the Payette Junior High School. Gale worked at delivering the morning Statesman newspaper, and excelled in his Band classes and activities. Financially, we were better off. Spiritually we became more and more impoverished

\* \* \* \* \*

#### **05 -- IRL V. MAXEY'S HOME-GOING IN 1950**

#### **HIS DEATH ON MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1950**

When the 1949-50 school year came, as a 7th grader, I entered the brand-new Payette Junior High School building, built adjacent to the High School building. I was 12 -- Gale was 15 and a sophomore in High School. Just before that school-year was over, and just 8 days before Gale's 16th birthday, the long-expected, but sad news came. Papa had died at Carter's Rest Home. It was Monday, April 10, 1950 that our dear father went to be with Jesus. I called the Potter Funeral Home in Emmett, Idaho and obtained both the exact date of his death, and the date of his funeral. Aunt Gertrude Bliss of Payette, Idaho also obtained this same date for papa's death from the Idaho State Bureau of Vital Statistics. Thirdly, this date of his death is verified on a sheet of "Maxey Information" sent from our sister Ruth to our sister Beatrice. Ida, at Potter's Funeral Home in Emmett also discovered that they have a copy of the newspaper announcement of papa's death, and, at no charge, she graciously faxed a copy of this to us. Some information in it is not correct, and the end of the newspaper announcement was blotted and apparently truncated. Nevertheless, below I will present this partial newspaper announcement with my own corrections.

#### **HIS FUNERAL -- INTERMENT -- FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1950**

Members of the family were notified, and the arrangements were made for papa's funeral to be held in Emmett, Idaho where papa had pastored from about late 1929 till through early 1935. Emmett was really papa's last major pastorate, and perhaps his very best one. From what I have heard mother say, there were some dear saints of God in that Emmett congregation -- and it was among them, while

living in the home of perhaps the Hallmarks, members of that church, that my mother was drawn into the way of holiness. The date was set for the funeral: Friday, April 14, 1950, four days after his home-going. I had thought that the funeral was at the Emmett Church of the Nazarene, but the partial newspaper announcement stated that it was to be at the Flahiff chapel at 2. p.m. Given the other errors in the announcement, I am still inclined to think that the funeral service may have been conducted at the Emmett Church of the Nazarene, but I do not remember for sure.

For the entire family, it was a sad day. Somehow, I guess as a 12-year-old I had foolishly adopted the mistaken idea that men should not cry. So, though I was deeply saddened, I sat through the funeral service and fought back the tears! What a pity! I have for years, since that time, frequently wept over far less personally saddening things. I remember nothing about the funeral sermon -- except that for me it was a very sad and sobering experience, just as it was, I am sure, for mother, Gale, and all of the other siblings who were present. Papa's body had become so emaciated during his final years -- it was just a pitiful skeleton of what it had been. But I remember that, nevertheless, our dear brother Parker knelt down and kissed the white and emaciated forehead of papa's earthly remains as the family passed the open casket for our final viewing of his body, which was interred in the Emmett Cemetery, next to that of his beloved Jesse.

#### **THE CORRECTED, COMPLETED NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT**

While it is not stated on the partial obituary below, I suspect that it was published in the Boise, Idaho, Statesman Newspaper. The headline and second line of the obituary had papa's name, Irl, mistakenly spelled "Jrl" and the headline of the obituary said, "Payette Minister Dies In Hospital." In fact, papa died at the Carter Rest Home in Payette, not in a hospital. With my corrections, I present the following, partial copy of the obituary:

**"EMMETT (Special) .. .. Services for the Rev. Irl V. Maxey, 68, who died Monday in.. Payette, have been set for 2 p.m. Friday at the Flahiff chapel.**

**"He was born in Mount Vernon, Ill., March 12, 1882, and entered the ministry at the age of 17. He served in the Methodist and Baptist churches before joining the Nazarene church 30 years ago. He served as a minister for the Nazarene church for 25 years and retired because of ill health 5 years ago. He was the pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in Emmett from 1929 until 1934. He has made his home in Payette for the past several years.**

**"Survivors include his wife, Dolores Chandler Maxey, Payette; four daughters, Mrs. Lester Johnston, Buenos Aires, Argentina; Mrs. Elvin Leavell, Newport, Ore.; Mrs. Homer Clough, Hall town, Mo.; Miss Avis Maxey, Port Angeles, Wash.; six sons, Prof. John Maxey, Seattle, Wash.; the Rev. Parker Maxey, Sidney, Mont.; Bruce Maxey, Pasadena, Cal.; Gale Maxey, Duane Maxey, both of Payette,**



and Roger Maxey, Nampa; one sister, Mrs. Retta Lynn, Mt. Vernon, Ill.; and one brother, Charles, Portland, Oregon."

Thus ended the ministry and life of Irl V. Maxey, a true Herald of Holiness -- but his holy influence extended beyond his Home-Going, and continues yet today. Gale was sweetly saved and sanctified in 1952 during his first year at NNC in Nampa, Idaho. His second wife, Dolores Chandler Maxey, was reclaimed and sanctified in 1955. Duane was reclaimed in 1956 in Alliance, Nebraska and later sanctified in 1960 at BI in Rock Island, Illinois. These stories are recorded respectively in "Life Remembrances, The Personal History Of Gale Edward Maxey" and "Illustrative Sketches From My Life" (hdm0888).

The next division of this file will contain information about the children of Irl V. Maxey, their spouses, and papa's grandchildren. In concluding this portion of the tribute to our beloved father, Irl V. Maxey, I present the first three verses of Charles Wesley's poem, "Servant of God, Well Done."

**SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!**  
By Charles Wesley, in Tribute to George Whitefield

Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare's past;  
The battle's fought, the race is won,  
And thou art crown'd at last;  
Of all thy heart's desire  
Triumphantly possess'd,  
Lodged by the ministerial choir  
In thy Redeemer's breast.

In condescending love,  
Thy ceaseless prayer He heard;  
And bade thee suddenly remove  
To thy complete reward:  
Ready to bring the peace,  
Thy beauteous feet were shod,  
When mercy sign'd thy soul's release,  
And caught thee up to God.

With saints enthroned on high,  
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,  
And still To God salvation cry,  
Salvation to the Lamb!  
O happy, happy soul!  
In ecstasies of praise,  
Long as eternal ages roll,  
Thou seest thy Saviour's face!

\* \* \* \* \*

## 06 -- EXCERPTS FROM IRL V. MAXEY'S SERMONS

In addition to the excerpts from papa's sermons already included in this file -- viz., that about papa's conversion from "Heart Melodies" (hdm2504), and the excerpt from his school-teaching days in "Where Art Thou?" (hdm2509) -- I have decided to include other excerpts below, taken from various of his sermons. These selections are indicative both of his character and of his beliefs as an earnest preacher of Second Blessing Holiness. May I here encourage the one reading this file to also read all of Irl V. Maxey's writings in the HDM Library: -- files hdm2501--hdm2541.

\* \* \*

### FROM "HEART MELODIES" -- HDM2504

[I think perhaps both poems in the following quotations from "Heart Melodies" were written by papa.]

Somebody asked me one day whether or not I had read Trine's "In Tune With the Infinite." I have never read it, but I know what it means to be in tune with the Infinite. And it seems to me that something like this is what Paul means in the verse above quoted. Notice the cumulative thought, "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs;" then the burst of thought, "singing and making melody." It is very easy to see that singing is an expression of salvation of the heart. I have known those who could not sing until after they were converted; then the pent-up joys of the heart found expression in song -- perhaps not always the most harmonious, yet melodious.

\* \*

My poem "THE EVENING RAMBLE" is in place here:

I love the wood and fields to roam,  
And hear the thrushes sing;  
And see them in their leafy home  
While they make the Welkin ring.

I hear the murmur of the brook  
While trickling o'er the rugged stones;  
Alone I stand in shady nooks,  
And hear the trees' weird moans.

I hear up in the leafy oaks

The murmur of the summer breeze,  
Waking all the listless folks  
To nature's sweetest melodies.

I stand and gaze at verdant corn,  
Waving its gladsome rustling blades,  
Which adds glory to the beautiful morn,  
And luster to these night shades.

While golden twilight paints the sky,  
And weary man does seek his rest;  
I to some quiet place do hie,  
And hear in silence nature's best.

I sit and look at the beautiful stars  
Now coming plainly to my sight;  
Most beautiful of all is Mars,  
His glory puts the rest to flight.

While quiet in this pensive hour  
A loneliness pervades my being;  
I feel quite near majestic power,  
My spirit feels like fleeing.

\* \*

The lower animal nature takes up the chorus -- buzzing bees, winging birds, and prowling animals take up the chorus. They all make music. Wander some evening in the quiet recesses of the deep forest and you will hear to-whit, to-whit, to-whoop of the owl and across the field will come the chorus of the coyote yap-yap-yap. The roaring of the lion, the wailing of the hyena, the moaning of the elephant are all musical. The barking of the dog, the mewling of the cat, even the croaking of the frog and the cackling of the hens have their musical note.

I remember one time in a great chorus of 200 voices when right in the midst of an important swing the leader raised his baton, stopped the chorus, and said, "Hark! Did you catch that note?" What do you suppose the note was? The mere singing of a brown leghorn biddy in a nearby barnyard, showing very conclusively that he felt the common ordinary hen had her part in the universal chorus.

\* \*

I am sure that if the plant world is sensitive to tone, and some think it is, it also recognizes the music native to the heart of man. Who can't say that geraniums will grow better where the music of men does abound? Oh, that man had never grown discordant! Oh, that he had never lost the melody from his heart! But he did.

**And music went from his heart and his melody and harmony were lost. Out of tune with God, discordant with the lower animals and nature! As I now speak, my heart leaps with joy at the great realization of being in tune with God, nature, and lower animals. But, friends, I have been to Calvary.**

**\* \***

**I once heard a Negro male quartet sing; they sang those old songs of slavery time which greatly moved my heart. How melodious! Why? Because their hearts went back to the days of tears, heartaches and trials of slavery when their forefathers suffered. We could visualize their hard tasks and their surly masters and their backs dripping with blood. Friends, listen to me! The heart reaches its melody when it fully understands and appreciates the suffering of Calvary.**

**\* \***

**I once started to take music lessons. I was asked, "What method do you wish to follow?" It had not dawned upon me up to that time that it made any great difference what method players used. But after studying a moment, I said something like this: "If there is a difference in methods, I want the best method." And so we would say of the Lord that He would only be content to use the very best method in playing on our hearts.**

**\* \***

**Once I heard the Reverend Henderson say that while he was traveling in the West he looked out of a car window and said to a man seated by him "What is that digging on the mountain side yonder?"**

**The man replied, "That is a mine."**

**Henderson replied, "Do you know anything about that mine?"**

**"Yes," he said, "I do. That mine just pays expenses."**

**"Good!" said Henderson. "That just illustrates to me the heart that has grasped grace sufficient to meet its need merely to conquer the world, the flesh, and the devil. That was a hard-fought battle against the devil without and within, but I had grace sufficient."**

**Soon they saw another mine. Henderson said, "Do you know anything about that mine?"**

**"Yes," the man replied. "That one pays a great deal more than its expenses. It pays a fancy dividend to its stockholders each year."**

**"Oh!" said Henderson, "that illustrates to me grace triumphant-grace, more than sufficient. We do not go through the fire feeling as if we were almost ready to lose, but we have a sense of reserve power on hand."**

**Listen, dear reader, God wants to reach the deepest chord of victory in your heart. You have fought the devil within and without. You have kept him down sufficiently to live a good life, but God will route him from his clammy hold on your heart and make you triumphant over sin, giving you a sense of reserve while you are fighting. Glory be to God! He will sanctify you wholly. This is what all sad Christians need.**

### **A SANCTIFIED LIFE**

**Oh, life is sweet with Jesus  
Walking closely by my side;  
I go the way He chooses,  
And take whate'er betide.**

**The way is full of crosses  
And death for every day;  
And little seeming losses  
So thickly strew the way.**

**I'm willing to suffer losses,  
Willing to be killed all the day;  
I'm willing to bear the crosses,  
Willing to fight and pray.**

**Oh, joy so boundless, eternal,  
Attending my way today;  
Oh, blessing so truly vernal,  
O'er shadows this blessed way.**

**\* \***

**I remember one time a soul who had been sanctified recently stood up in the audience to give her testimony. After thanking the Lord and praising Him for His marvelous grace that had reached her heart and the cleansing power felt, just then, with tears streaming from her eyes she raised her hands toward Heaven and said, "I feel like taking the whole world of lost souls in my arms and bringing them to the feet of Jesus." Pure, holy, compassionate love for men springs from the heart when it is made pure. There is great heart melody because of heart purity. In tune, yes, in tune because he has been to Calvary.**

**\* \***

**One time in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, I saw a crowd of men. Hearing sweet music, I pushed my way through the crowd to the center. What do you suppose I saw? A small boy playing on a one-stringed instrument. What sweet music! Yield your capacity as it is. You may have to do seemingly small things in the eyes of men, but there are no small things in the sight of God.**

**\* \* \***

**FROM "THE PRODIGAL" -- HDM2505**

**Oh Glory! It was good enough to be a child of God, but I am to feast with the Father! Feasting! I am feasting with my Lord.**

**\* \* \***

**FROM "WORSHIP GOD" -- HDM2508**

**All worship is attended by ceremony and rite, and its is a general rule that the more heathenish and superstitious the people, the longer the rite. About the longest I read of was that of the Navajo Indians, which took 9 days. So long and complicated was it that on one man could learn it all. They would take up their pipes, go so far being careful not to cross the same path in returning. We have even this relic of heathenism in the long rite of the ancient Hebrew church, and even handed down to some churches today -- a superstitious idea that unless forms are long they are not sacred. Ah brethren, to this all, let me in the words of Paul say, "Whom you ignorantly worship!**

**\* \* \***

**FROM "THE PERILS OF RELIGION" -- HDM2512**

**You may think indeed that when I announce my subject [The Perils of Religion] that I am hardly in accord with the general trend of affairs and surely not commensurate with the general line of preaching. Of all this I am fully aware. But, as beautiful as the religion of Jesus Christ is, and as helpful to the soul as it always is, nevertheless the way is so narrow and rugged that close by the daily tread [of Christian Life] are chasms into which one may fall. In fact, if perils are not attendant, one has gotten a little off of the right track. If one did not experience salvation, the perils to which I shall refer would not be experienced.**

**\* \***

**One day at a time is the only way, and see to each day's stepping. I remember having started to climb a State Capital tower once. Only occasionally could I catch glimpses ahead of my path. If the full light had been thrown on my path, I would have failed when seeing the awesome truth of how far I had to climb. See to your**

present stepping, and let the future care for itself. Grace is for today, not for tomorrow. We find that the road always opens ahead.

\* \* \*

**FROM "PURE RELIGION AND UNDEFILED" -- HDM2513**

I once knew a Christian lawyer who left his office every day for two hours to spend in the slum district helping the needy. Ah, take time to read your Bible, take time to live holy, speak oft with thy Lord. Besides other time to do God's business and work, surely we can spend all day on the Sabbath for Him without letting business or mail bother us.

I once heard of a Prime Minister of England who felt it his duty to spend a tenth of every day in prayer and devotion, and so spent 2 hours and 24 minutes every morning ere going to Parliament -- and, he was never known to become ruffled over any bill.

I heard of another manufacturing establishment stopping for chapel services. Oh, give your time to the cause!

When this lawyer I spoke about went out to help the needy, he spent money in buying food and clothing and books for the needy. Oh, I will tell you, we must give our money to God's cause! I think everyone should give a tithe as the very least to give.

\* \* \*

**FROM "A LIFE TO SPEND" -- HDM2515**

I once met a young man in St. Louis who had worked hard to make money but spent it in drinking and in the houses of ill-fame, till he had syphilitic rheumatism and was going home to die. He sinned against his mind, his body, his soul, and society. Souls going to hell were in need of his money. Instead, his strength was gone, his money gone, and his soul coursing toward hell.

Will your life be spent in creating wealth, whether mental or physical -- your vocation, and all this wealth you create being withheld from the needy, hoarded up for yourself, till souls are lost and bodies perish for bread as you hope to be rich?

I'll tell you, God will count you a prodigal and like the man who wasted his energy in sin against his body, you have sinned against society and your soul.

Oh, do not waste your bodies in sin, but give them to honest labor if that is your vocation. Oh, do not waste your minds by mistreating your bodies by useless reading and thereby sin, but give them over to helping others into strong character.

**Oh, do not mistake. God expects you to use the wealth produced to provide for yourself and your own, and no less to help the needy of earth and the benighted out here and across the waters.**

**\* \***

**Not long ago, a young preacher who had just moved to a new field visited and old cobbler. He found him a devout Christian. When about to leave, the preacher said, "I am glad to find God is with you in your humble position." At this, the old man rose, stretched up to his full length, and looked upon him, saying, "Don't call my calling humble. I am a shoemaker by the grace of God, and if I do better work than you do in the pulpit I shall receive a greater reward in heaven."**

**So all are creators of wealth -- those who dig the soil, beat the iron or grind the wheat, etc. -- or distributors of wealth. They produce wealth and share their living with others that can't work and send the gospel to the benighted.**

**\* \* \***

**FROM "A SECOND SERMON FROM GENESIS 3:9" -- HDM2916**

**We come into this world with that Adamic nature, and so we transgress the perfect law of life and absolute perfection. Not knowing that we do, we go about the same things Adam and Eve did and so bring physical death upon ourselves. Death has passed upon all men, that all have sinned.**

**Let me illustrate:-- There are perfect laws of electricity which children do not know and understand. I read of a girl who was walking along the street and touched a live wire that was dangling down, and death followed. She transgressed the law of electricity. We transgress God's law and die a physical death. We say, poor thing! she did not know that touching the wire would mean death, and so we do not blame her, of course.**

**God says, poor children, they do not know the law of sin and death, but nevertheless when they sin death follows -- even before accountability, but God does not condemn those who are unaccountable and the grace of Jesus reaches and saves them.**

**\* \* \***

**FROM "SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD" -- HDM2517**

**A preacher friend of mine once called on an old lady who had nothing but a tent to dwell in, and a pile of straw to sleep on. When he called she lay on the straw sick. She raised her thin hands and shouted, "Glory to God! Oh, brother Davis, I am**



so happy! 'A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a mansion for me over there.'

"Let others seek a home below  
Which flames devour and waves o'erflow,  
Be mine a happier lot to own  
A blessed mansion near the Throne.

"I'm going home to die no more."

Peace! Oh, beloved, there can be no peace on the troubled sea of life unless Jesus speaks to the waves of sin and says, "Peace, be still."

\* \* \*

FROM "THEREFORE, CHOOSE LIFE" -- HDM2518

I once read of a man whose life was given to the broad way. He was a business man. He had only one daughter -- Gretchen. She was the idol of his heart. His wife was a good, kind woman, but Oh! Gretchen was so much to him. She would run out to meet him every noon and evening when he came home from work.

One day he came home and Gretchen did not meet him. He hurried into the house to find her awfully sick and the doctor there. For several weeks they labored hard to save her from the inroads of fever, but to no avail. The doctor did his best, his last, and then plainly told her father the end was near.

Death soon flapped his sable wings and claimed her body, but a bright angel from heaven bare her soul away to God's Home. She was tenderly laid away midst profuse flowers. Time passed. Day after day when he came home he looked for her at the spot where she always met him.

One day he came home at noon, tired and sleepy. He missed the girl at the accustomed spot. He went in and waited a while for his wife to get dinner. He slept. He dreamed. He was going somewhere and came to a dark, rolling stream. He looked just across the waters and there was Gretchen waving her hand and saying, "Oh, papa, come this way." He ran up the stream looking for a bridge, still keeping his eye on Gretchen -- then down the stream, but no bridge. All of a sudden the Savior stood before him and said, "I am the way." The dark waters fled, he got to his child, he woke.

He quit the way of death and became converted. If we have wasted our life in sin and turn to the right, we have nothing to count for us only from the moment we accepted God. Oh, go back now to the parting of the ways, to the choice we passed in childhood. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 18:3).

\* \* \*

**FROM "AN INDUSTRY GOD DID NOT CREATE" -- HDM2519**

I read of a man in the Hills of Tennessee who caught rattlesnakes to sell. He put them in a glass covered box to let folks see them. One morning, while he was around the house chopping wood, his little 4-year-old boy, Jim, pulled back the glass cover and pulled at a snake. It fastened its fangs in his plump little hand. He cried. His father heard his cries and ran to him, pulled the snake away and killed it. But soon little Jim was dead.

"Oh! Oh!" wailed the man, "I would not have given my boy Jim for all the profit of all the snakes in the hills of Tennessee!"

Oh, hear me! Do not sell 100,000 boys every year for 1 billion, five-hundred million dollars! Oh, such traffic in human life must cease!

\* \* \*

**FROM "BEING FIT TO LIVE AMONG OTHERS" -- HDM2520**

As Ira Landreth says, every man should be fit to live -- fit to live with, fit to die, and fit to live forever. So I must conclude living is very important. There is only one way we can train a child, and that is to be very careful with the child. One way to reach any end -- and that is to be very careful of the beginning. So, I conclude that if we ever live in heaven we must live here on earth. Oh, here is the place to live.

\* \*

Some think they can withdraw from society and shut out the responsibility of collective association. But with such reclusive thoughts and behavior they have lost, and have also affected everyone in society. Some think they can cease to be conformed on civic things, will not take interest in political things, and will not vote. Or, some will say, Ah well, the devil and the world have those things anyway. Let them have them. I won't go to the poles. Ah, traitor to the trust God has given you! Poor, deluded soul! You can't shirk responsibility, for none of us liveth unto himself.

\* \* \*

**FROM "WHAT I HAVE WRITTEN I HAVE WRITTEN" -- HDM2521**

John Newton, I think it was, was once a very profane boy working as a roustabout on the docks. A pure boy was working by his side. He noticed the boy and

teased him. He swore vulgar oaths in his presence. He told vulgar stories. He called him "Sunday School Boy." Finally, the boy yielded and swore at Newton.

Years passed. Newton was convinced of sin and became a Christian. God called him to preach. He became an earnest preacher. One night someone knocked at his door. He opened the door. A stranger said, "This is Rev. Newton?" "Yes sir," Newton replied.

"Well, I want you to come and see a man who is dying."

"Certainly," Newton said, "I will come at once."

He reached the bedside and talked with the dying man about his soul and pointed him to Christ.

All of a sudden, the man half-raised himself in the bed and pointed his finger at Newton and said, "You, John Newton -- YOU point me to Christ? when you're the man who took away my innocency!"

Newton acknowledged that past sin and asked forgiveness. God had forgiven Newton, but what was written was written., and that man's soul went into eternal darkness and despair.

Oh, that people had always lived pure lives and had always heard pure words out of my mouth! But my words are written down and the day closed, and eternity will find what I have written.

But say I should fall as a preacher. Folks will never forget it, and the influence will take souls down to eternity. I know when a preacher falls much is said about it and those who do not want to live right hide behind it. When a preacher goes wrong 'tis awful. I knew a Methodist preacher who could have been a bishop as brilliant as his life was, but tonight he is spending a 20 years term in the penitentiary for killing a girl. Oh, what an awful chasm where he went down! for it took dozens with him -- like Korah of old -- and today children are raised on the edge of this chasm and slip in, ever and anon. The people of that town will never forget that, even after the preacher has served his 20 years and should live for Christ the rest of his days. "What I have written I have written."

\* \*

I knew two boys to be expelled from school for drunkenness. Their father came to take them away and told Dr. Chamberlain: "When the boys were in their formative period I was a drunkard. Now, I am a Christian and would give so much if I could change that influence on my boys, but I cannot." He might have said, "What I have written I have written." God forgave him, but the awful results were still on his children.

\* \* \*

**FROM "WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES AND FOUND WANTING" -- HDM2522**

I read that the scales in the government mint are so delicate that if a fly lights on them it will unbalance them! Surely God will not be less careful!

\* \* \*

**FROM "THE JUDGMENT" -- HDM2523**

Neither does the influence of good men cease after death. I personally know a dear man who won six men who became preachers, and I know that they each have won over a thousand souls. One of those six won me for the Lord. Only the Judgment will reveal the wonderfulness of that wonderful man of God, William Browder.\*

[\*See my Introduction To This File for more about William Browder.]

I knew another preacher who won a young Irishman, and the young Irishman in turn won 1,100 souls for God in one year. Remember also, if a man turns from sin to Christ the evil he has done before his conversion goes on till the Judgment. Ah, Israel, "prepare to meet thy God" (Amos 4:12).

\* \* \*

**FROM "THE GREAT DOOR" -- HDM2525**

I once knew a man that never used to take his wife to town. I saw him come to the altar at old Pleasant Grove, and he was wonderfully saved. The next Saturday he took his wife to town. It makes the husband the kind he should be. It makes the wife what she should be, and surely it makes children what they should be.

\* \* \*

**FROM "BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH" -- HDM2526**

Oh! what awful wrecks unfaithfulness has made upon the home life! You plucked a beautiful flower from yonder Christian home. Oh, I can see her beautiful face as she stood by your side before the minister. I hear you answer, "I WILL" to the minister's question: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others keep thee only unto her as long as you both shall live?"

The days slip by, and you are away from home. Two children have blessed your home. This day, she longs to hear you even say you love her. Very little money you left to supply her needs, but Oh! worst of all -- last night you sat beside another woman and whispered words of love to her ears that you promised to say to your wife!

Unfaithfulness to Marriage Vows! Unfaithful to that dear heart! She is perishing in the desert of loneliness! -- perishing for your affection! -- while you waste your words on a wanton ear!

Oh! God look upon this scene! Can anything be more unbearable!?

But in the other case it holds true. You kissed your wife whom you loved so dearly, and tried in every way to nurture love in your marriage with her. But no sooner had your footsteps died away in the distance than another man crossed over your threshold, and your wife allowed that one to make overtures of love to her. While you worked away in the sweat-shop a stranger robbed your heart and home!

\* \* \*

FROM "YE DO ERR NOT KNOWING" -- HDM2528

The poet Wordsworth\* said of a certain tree:

"Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now."

So, I will say, "Critic, spare the Book! [The Bible] Touch not a single page. In youth IT protected ME, and I'LL protect IT now.

The Bible of our fathers and mothers is being torn away. I remember of seeing a picture that deeply impressed me. A mighty flood was sweeping community. The flood was called Sin. A number of people took refuge in a tree called The Bible. To their utter amazement, they saw a man sitting on the bottom limb, heaving away at the trunk of the tree with a sharp axe!

"Stop! Stop!" they cry, "Do you not know that this tree is our refuge and yours too?! Why are you trying to cut it down?!"

"Ah" said he, "I am trying to show you the true nature of the tree, and when I get it cut to the heart I will show you."

**But the people told him he might prune, but not hew at the trunk, and they fought him back. So he did not gain much headway.**

**Oh, let him hew, for the tree will break his axes, because in the tree [God's Word] are many hard spikes which will dull his axe and shiver it to pieces. I am not going to try to defend the Bible. It does not need it. But, I want to help defend your faith in the Dear Old Book.**

**\* \* \***

**FROM "REAL EDUCATION" -- HDM2533**

**Now friends, I think the exhortation of the text is in place: -- "Buy the truth."**

**Somebody has said, "We enjoy what we pay for." Truth is costly priced. Somebody paid dearly that truth might be in the world. While the old statement is correct, salvation is free. Surely it needs to be said, "It cost Somebody a Great Price!"**

**Yet, salvation is offered to us at a Bargain. Oh, the great Bargain Counter of the eternal God! During the time of Man's Earthly Probation, see the God's Signs everywhere: -- "Buy! Buy!"**

**"Buy?" you say, "Can truth be bought with money!?"**

**No, my friend, the price is not money. We may put a money-price upon things. What is money? It is supposed to represent so much labor, -- but,**

**"Not the labor of man's hands  
Can satisfy the law's demands."**

**"Come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price" (Isaiah 55:1).**

**God may be had for the asking -- IF, we pay the price.**

**The PRICE is: -- giving up sin. Does anyone think that is no PRICE? If you don't think there is a price in giving up sin, TRY IT! It may cost you your vocation, your reputation, your home -- and, the further price is giving up your life to God's will.**

**Does anyone mistakenly think that Consecration is no price? It will cost you your ambition, it may cost you your home -- it will cost you ALL!**

The last price is Eternal Vigilance -- to always detect the wrong and uphold the right, and to stand by the facts of the case and trust God. "There are wrongs that need resistance, and rights that need assistance."

Oh friends, I stand along with you tonight. I am ready to pay the price! I give up sin! It never has brought you one bit of true happiness. Jonah "paid the price" of rebellion against God: -- "He found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord" (Jonah 1:3) -- and it nearly cost him his life.

You had better not pay that price! But, pay the price for truth tonight! Give up sin -- rebellion against God! Christian, are you not willing to pay the price to God of entire consecration? Pay the price, and let the truth make you free-minded!

Oh, let us all pay the last price: -- Eternal Vigilance! Jesus said, "Watch." Let us pay the price of watching by day and by night, staying by the facts, living with Him Who is the Truth. Discern the errors and resist them. Watch and pray. Stay in this real freedom of thought which buying the truth brings. Sell it not! Put no price upon it!

\* \* \*

FROM "SINGLE IDEA MEN" -- HDM2534

I asked Ira Chaffin how he was so successful as an engineer. He said, "I throw away all orders and keep only one in mind:-- the last one given. The men who have accomplished great things in this world have been men who have been imbued with the one idea paramount to all others.

Unless Lincoln had gotten this idea of freeing the slaves uppermost in his mind, and felt it was his way of being a blessing to the world, probably it would not have been done today.

Cyrus Field\* was imbued with the one idea of laying the Atlantic Cable while folks were saying it was not feasible. Nevertheless, possessed of the one idea and ambition, it was done.

\* \*

Philip preached Jesus. When I am coming into this world, my spirit cries: "Preach Jesus to me!" In my boyhood I say, "Preach Jesus to me!" When I am a young man, I say "Preach Jesus to me!" When I have children by my side, I feel the responsibility and I say, "Preach Jesus to me!" When my head is stooped in old age with one foot in the grave, I say, "Preach Jesus to me!" Then when earth is passing and eternity drawing near, my soul cries out, PREACH JESUS TO ME!"

\* \* \*

## **FROM "SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND" -- HDM2536**

I have sometimes wondered why all of these great spiritual facts were hidden from us. "Ask" implies something we may be sure about, while at the same time some are certain that the "finding" is for us to have. "Seek" implies we are sure we need a thing, but the thing we need is hidden. Why is it hidden? Why is it "the glory of God to conceal a thing, but the honour of kings is to search out a matter" (Proverbs 25:2)?

I wonder if God really does hide the facts? Let us go to His Word and we shall find out whether does hide things. Read in your Bible Isaiah 59:1-2 -- "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear: But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear."

Again, Jesus said to His disciples: "And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables: That seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them" (Mark 4:11-12).

So we find that "sin" is the great hider of all the great spiritual facts to every heart in the world, and Jesus clothed His teaching in a veneer of earth so that the real hungry could discover His meaning, while the gross sinner would not.

\* \*

Again, spiritual facts are hidden by environment. Think of the teaching of the Pharisees -- how it filled every devout Jew that the Messiah should come as a conquering King greater than Judas Maccabeus, yes, greater than any Caesar. He would outshine Solomon in splendor or Joshua as a Leader, and Samuel in judgment. When Jesus really came He was hidden to their view. I tell you, the spiritual concepts of a church organization often hide some of the great facts of Jesus from our heart.

\* \*

I once read of a man who went prospecting in the mountains and found a rich gold mine. When he came back, he told several of his friends about the place and directed them to a certain spot, and said, "From there on the way is blazed, so you can easily find the way." The man who found the place did not go with the party of his friends for some reason. One morning, bright and early, they started on their way with full equipment for mining.



They traveled all that day and camped that night. Several days of travel and nights of camping followed, but still no blazed way was found. All of them but one man finally gave it up. "No, I will not go back," he said. "I believe the fellow told the truth. The gold is there and the way is blazed -- not so easily, perhaps, for all to find, but I will find it. Give me some of the equipment." He stayed and searched. Ah! There was the first blaze on the tree! How quickly he found the place and the gold. He searched till he found.

We too must have the help of others who have found the way. I remember how I went out time after time on clear, summer nights and looked for the Big Dipper. One night, a hired man said to me, "Did you ever see the Big Dipper?" "No," I said, "I have searched and searched among the stars, but have not found." He led me out from the cedars till we had clear view. Then he said, "See that star and that star and that?" "Yes. Oh! I see it now!" Well, why did I not see that before? Because I did not know how to look. I needed help in order to know how to look.

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## 07 -- ABOUT IRL V. MAXEY'S CHILDREN AND THEIR FAMILIES

Below is a listing of the names and dates relative to the 11 children of Irl V. Maxey, and if any such, the names and dates relative to their spouses and their children. I am not sure that I could obtain all of the information, even about all of papa's great grandchildren, and I have opted to limit the information below to his children and his grandchildren. However, any of those listed below who are yet surviving, if they so desire, may add more information to this file pertaining to the posterity of Irl V. Maxey. Unless otherwise indicated, to my knowledge, those listed below are yet living in March of 2006. My apology for any incorrect information or mistaken spellings in that which is listed. Having endeavored to get as much as I can by today, I have decided to go ahead and publish this final section of the file with what information I now have concerning papa's children and grandchildren. -- Duane V. Maxey, (Ahwatukee) Phoenix, Arizona, March 27, 2006.

### THE EIGHT CHILDREN OF IRL V. MAXEY AND JESSE CALDWELL MAXEY

\* \* \*

1st Child:-- Veneta:-- Born October 8, 1911 -- Married: July 24, 1938 -- Died: February 26, 1996

Spouse:-- Lester Johnston -- Born: July 5, 1914 -- Died: March 3, 1998

Children:

Elener Louise -- Born: June 29, 1945

Helen Lucy -- Born: May 16, 1947

Chari -- September 5, 1951

\* \* \*

**2nd Child:-- John Caldwell -- Born: Dec. 29, 1913 -- Married: June 1, 1939 -- Died: May 17, 1983**

**Spouse:-- Leona Calloway**

**Their Child:**

**Charlotte Lianne -- Born: July 5, 1951 -- Married John Xeureb**

**(Australian)**

**\* \* \***

**3rd Child:-- Irl Parker -- Born: August 24, 1915 -- Married: May 30, 1942 -- Died: May 12, 1998**

**Spouse:-- Edith Louise Morehouse -- Born: January 25, 1913**

**Their Children:**

**Bruce Alan -- Born: June 7, 1943 -- Died: June 21, 1955**

**Ross Parker -- Born: August 2, 1945 -- Married: May 30, 1967 to Dona**

**Johnson**

**Gary Stewart -- Born: March 24, 1948 -- Married: August 23, 1968 to**

**Emma Lou Zink**

**Lee Elliott Maxey -- Born: February 8, 1949 -- Married: June 28, 1974 to**

**Sandy Kurtz**

**Paul Stanley Maxey, Born: February 17, 1952 -- Married: May 26th, 1973**

**to Rebecca L. Joiner -- Remarried: April 7th, 1993 to Margaret (Peggy) Nissen**

**Keren Louise -- Born: September 5, 1953 -- Married Elisha Ibejunjo**

**\* \* \***

**4th Child:-- Beatrice -- Born: July 21, 1920 -- Married: November 2, 1942 -- Deceased**

**Spouse:-- Elvin Leavell -- Deceased**

**Their Children:**

**Mark Wesley -- Born: April 3, 1944**

**Esther Beatrice -- Born: September 5, 1945**

**Steven Kelley -- Born: January 9, 1950**

**John Timothy -- Born: March 2, 1952**

**David Ray -- Born: December 10, 1953**

**\* \* \***

**5th Child:-- Ruthelaine -- Born: September 9, 1922 -- Married September 3, 1944**

**Spouse:-- Homer Clough**

**Their Children:**

**Thomas Lee -- Born: April 15, 1948 -- Married August 18, 1970 to Jean**

**Tish**

**Brent Maxey -- Born: May 29, 1953, Unmarried**

**Elaine Ann - Born: November 11, 1955 -- Married to Randy Colby May**

**11, 1996**

\* \* \*

**6th Child:-- Bruce -- Born: December 26, 1926 -- Married: December 11, 1950**

**Spouse:-- Betty ?**

**Their Children:**

**Kathleen Ann -- Born: October 14, 1947**

**David Bruce -- Born: April 3, 1953**

\* \* \*

**7th Child:-- Avis Marie -- Born: August 28, 1930 -- Deceased**

**Spouse:-- Bob Worthington**

**Their Children:**

**Marletta Susan -- Born: February 2, 1957**

**Roberta Lynn -- Born: November 26, 1958**

**Robert Eugene -- Born: March 4, 1960**

**Donald Benson -- Born: July 5, 1961**

**John Caldwell -- Born: October 26, 1963**

**Tracy Edward -- Born: March 19, 1966**

\* \* \*

**8th Child:-- Gale Edward -- Born: April 18, 1936 -- Married: September 3, 1955**

**Spouse:-- Betty J. Bradford**

**Their Child:**

**Melanie Gaynel -- Born: September 3, 1961-- Married Richard Bartlett**

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE THREE CHILDREN OF IRL V. MAXEY AND DOLORES CHANDLER MAXEY**

**9th Child:-- Roger Adney:-- Born: May 16, 1936 -- Unmarried -- Died: December 23, 2005**

**10th Child:-- Duane VanCleve:-- Born: June 4, 1937 -- Married March 15, 1983**

**Spouse:-- Dorothea Alice Davis -- Born: January 3, 1947**

**No Children**

**11th Child:-- Pearl Sharon:-- Born: 1939 -- Died in Infancy: 1941**

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE END OF THIS COMPILATION**