



London Grove Meeting

London Grove, Pa.

FRIENDS OF LONDON GROVE MEETING

Note tribute to Helen Carson

1982?

To London Grove Meeting from the Committee for Worship and Ministry

Dear Friends,

As our First-day School program this summer on August 29th, we are sharing remembrances of Friends of London Grove Meeting who have been influential in our lives and in the life of the Meeting. We hope that we will not only become more aware of the history of our Meeting and the people who by their sincere dedication have helped to shape it, but on a more personal level that we will be moved to consider those persons who have been most influential in our own lives, and how we are, ourselves, influential in the lives of others and in the life of the Meeting.

When a small group of Friends started meeting together in each other's homes near London Grove in 1714 it was their awareness of the importance of silent worship in their lives and of loving concern for each other that held them together in a growing Meeting. The first London Grove Meetinghouse, built in 1724 to the south of the Penn Oak tree, and the main part of the present Meetinghouse, built in 1818, were spiritual homes then, as now, to individuals working together to form a loving community. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the slowness and difficulty of transportation made London Grove very much a family Meeting, with most members claiming at least distant cousin status. In this century however, with the advent of rapid and easy transportation, London Grove Meeting has become a more diversified community, many of whom come in contact with each other only on First-days and in committee and community work. So we must make more of an effort to know each other, and to learn of or share our memories of the Friends who by the quality of their lives have formed our Meeting.

Records were kept of the 200th anniversary celebration in 1914 of the beginning of London Grove Meeting, and fifty years later in 1964 of the 250th year celebration and pageant enacting the history of the Meeting. Between these two events there was an ebb in the Meeting's vitality, when participation was made more difficult by the restrictions of two world wars. The steadfastness of those Friends whom we will remember today, and many more who are still members of London Grove, helped to guide the Meeting to new growth. These Friends were active in the community as well as in the Meeting and expressed their Quaker beliefs in their daily lives. Each one contributed in individual ways; in vocal ministry during meeting for worship, in leadership of the business meetings, in work with the young people, in putting their Quaker beliefs into action in the community and in the world. Each one is well remembered by those whose lives they touched.

We have collected together memories of only a few of these recent Friends of London Grove. We hope others will be moved to write down or relate their memories of London Grove Friends so that we may share them. Then Friends of the next century will not say, as Edith Passmore did in her interview for the Oral History project (in talking about Augustus Brosius' work with the Indians), that "it's really sad, to think there's nobody to ask."

Pat Saxton for the
Committee for Worship and Ministry

Sources:

Quaker Roots - The Story of Western Quarterly Meeting, 1980
The Story of London Grove Meeting - (250th Anniversary Celebration, 1964, by Helen Walton)
Oral History Among Friends in Chester County - tapes and transcripts in the
Chester County Library
London Grove Meeting Minutes - in safe in London Grove Meeting and in Swarthmore
Historical Library

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J. Thomas Baker (1878 - 1954)

While Thomas Baker was a birthright Quaker and a life-long member of London Grove Meeting, it was in the last five to ten years of his life that he exerted his outstanding qualities of leadership and influence within the Meeting.

Born on a farm in London Grove Township in 1878, the son of George L. and Amy Gawthrop Baker, he was educated in the Friends School at London Grove, the Chatham public school and George School. In 1902 he married Florence R. Brosius, the daughter of Augustus and Mary Hoopes Brosius, and their children were: Mary Amy Baker who died in 1978, G. Arthur Baker who died in the 1918 influenza epidemic, Helen Baker Hodgson and J. Thomas Baker, Jr. In 1919 he purchased their home in Avondale and in the same year he began his automotive business in West Grove. He built his garage and service station in 1928, and operated it until shortly before his death in 1954.

Thomas was highly respected in the community. He was a charter member of the West Grove-Avondale Rotary Club. In the Club's memorial to him, it was stated: "There are scarcely any of us who have not known his fatherly advice and been guided by his wise counsel. This kindly, courteous and unassuming gentleman has guided us over the rough places, time without number."

Thomas and Florence gave of themselves, their time, their capacity for loving care to London Grove Meeting and became valued members of both the Overseer's Committee and of Worship and Ministry, then called the Ministry and Counsel Committee. After the death of Thomas L. Passmore in 1949, Thomas Baker was accepted naturally as the spiritual leader of the Meeting. He was always present at Meeting for Worship; his vocal ministry was simple yet profound, almost always Bible-oriented, yet expressed in words and similes of the everyday almost as parables, that had meaning for young and old alike. His faith was a mystical one in that God was very real and close to him. But it was also a practical one that found expression in understanding and compassion for the problems, the joys and the sorrows of all whom he touched. There was scarcely an outreach of the Meeting, hardly a project considered or undertaken without his wisdom and guidance.

Largely because of his influence, the Meeting learned to cooperate with other religious groups in the community and it was at this time that the Meeting was active in the Ecumenical Council and in the County radio ministry. Because of his conviction that Friends knew too little of the Bible, there was a time when regular Bible readings were a part of the Meeting for Worship.

His ministry extended beyond the First-day hour of worship. Many were the occasions when he brought his messages of joy, also of sobering responsibility, to our young people taking their marriage vows. Countless were the homes and families to whom his ministry brought comfort and hope in times of sorrow and bereavement. To a considerable degree he was able to teach and encourage younger members to follow in his footsteps in the ministry.

Thomas loved the young people and they loved him. He spoke their language and he was able to communicate to them something of his faith in

them, something of the esteem and importance he felt for them. He was a shining example that there is religion in wholesome happy useful living. It was good that he lived long enough to see the Meeting alive with young people and the Meeting House often the scene of various groups learning to get along together in the spirit of love and forbearance.

Many gifts given as a memorial at the time of his death by natural accord went into what was first called the "Thomas Baker Fund" to be used to help young people attend Friend's Conferences: this fund later became administered by the Religious Education Committee as the "Conference Fund".

At his memorial Meeting over two hundred and fifty Friends and friends gathered at the Meeting House to pay tribute to the greatness of his personality and the outreach of his ministry. One comment seemed to say it all: "Thomas Baker would want each of us to start right where we are to work a little harder at this business of living in the presence of God."

Florence R. B. Baker (1875 - 1959)

Florence, the oldest child of Augustus and Mary Hoopes Brosius, was born in 1875 near Centerville, Delaware. She was educated in public and Friends' schools and graduated from the West Chester Normal School, now West Chester State College, in 1895. She was a teacher for two years before she married J. Thomas Baker in 1902.

Florence was a loyal, loving, and supporting wife and mother. She served on the Ministry and Counsel Committee all the years that Thomas did and she was also Clerk or Chairman of the Overseers Committee for many years. Her very presence contributed to the Meeting strength and integrity yet kindness, encouragement, and dependability.

She always accompanied Thomas on the occasions of his special ministry for weddings and funeral or memorial Meetings. She gave him of her strength and support and one time was heard to remark: "Everyone says how well, how easily and naturally Thomas speaks, they do not know of the hours of prayer and contemplation that he gives in preparation of how much this ministry takes out of him; but he does it because of his need to serve and be serviceable."

Her contribution to him and through him to the Meeting was one of strength, of caring, of loyalty and faith. We are apt to equate contribution with doing: perhaps being is just as important and effective or more so.

Maurice and Mary Michener

The mention of the name Maurice Michener in connection with London Grove Friends Meeting, brings to mind his acting as Superintendent of the First-day School.

One who was a youngster in the 1940's and 1950's remembered him as

"always being there." Maurice brought a certain dignity to the 'facing bench', and to the title of Superintendent. The Young Friends felt it an honor to be asked by him to fill in the front facing benches on special occasions.

Maurice was a slim man with sandy hair. He was quiet and pleasant, and he often had a word or two for the children with whom he came in contact.

He took it upon himself to read selections from the Bible for the opening exercises of First-day School, or on occasion during Meeting. It was something he felt to be important.

When asked about his father and London Grove, Maurice Michener's son 'Micky', Milton L. Michener, gave the following recollections:

"Maurice and Mary Michener first moved to the London Grove Meeting area shortly after World War I in the 1920's. They moved to the farm located at the corner of Howell-Moore Road and London Grove Road, east of Chatham, currently owned by Russell and Wendy Jones. After a couple of years they moved to the brick house on the farm on Route 41 just north of Woodview Road."

"Maurice and Mary took their three sons, Walton, Milton, and Courtland, to Meeting for Worship at the London Grove Meeting. They required the children to sit quietly with them, first for fifteen minutes, then a half hour, and finally for forty-five minutes."

Micky remembers his parents as "good attenders, they always stayed for Monthly Meeting for Business." Micky said, "Dad never spoke in Meeting," however in recalling his mother, Mary Michener, he noted that she did speak in Meeting. In his mind, she was "liberated before her time." She was an original, and probably would have been on the bandwagon for the Equal Rights Amendment.

Micky pictured his father as sitting in the front bench of the Meeting beside "Cousin" Thomas Passmore. (Thomas was a portly little man who always had a smile. Thomas had a watch on a chain in his vest pocket, and he would consult it from time to time.)

Maurice was a farmer. In the late 1920's and early 1930's, the state instigated a program for testing all dairy cattle for Tuberculosis. The local farmers were reluctant to cooperate, because there was a great risk that their cattle would react to the T.B. test. Then the cows would have to be destroyed. Although there was some payment made by the state for losses, it could mean a hardship in lost numbers from the herd, and it took time to replace cows to rebuild the herd. At the time "Uncle" Alex Webb (brother-in-law of Anna Webb) was the local veterinarian who did the testing. Maurice Michener, understanding the importance of this testing, cooperated with and assisted Dr. Webb by acting as a forerunner and go-between with the farmers. He talked to them and persuaded the farmers of the importance of this testing.

Later, when the Seabrook Frozen Food Company made contracts with local

growers for planting, harvesting, and selling crops of peas and beans for the frozen food process, Maurice Michener worked part-time for Seabrook as a regional representative.

A contemporary of Maurice was Evan B. Sharpless, a farmer active in the community, and an attender of the little London Grove Meeting. Maurice often supported Evan when he encouraged equality with members of the black community with whom they came in contact.

Two of Maurice's sons survive today. They both live in Chester County, and are members of London Grove Meeting.

Courtland and his wife Margaret live about three miles west of London Grove on Street Road (Route 926). They have three sons, and grandchild(ren).

Milton and his wife Dorothy have moved to the vicinity of Birmingham Meeting. They are retired from association with the school system in New York.

Mildred Walton (1901 - 1978)

Mildred Walton was born on February 21st, 1901 in Homeville, Pennsylvania. She was the oldest child of William and Julia Anne Walton. She is survived by three sisters and a brother. She was raised on a Lancaster County farm near Steeleville, graduated from Coatesville High School and then from West Chester Normal School. Her childhood was marred only by a serious bout with polio which caused her to miss a year of school and to carry a weakened left side and a decided limp with her for the rest of her life. She came to Chester County to teach in a one room school on Hillendale Road. Here she met Walter Walton and in June of 1923 they were married. They built a home on the top of the hill on the farm of Walter's father, Howard, where they lived the remainder of their lives with the exception of the last thirteen years in retirement in Florida. They had a son, Howard J. II, and a daughter, Julia Anne, and five grandchildren. Mildred belonged to Sadsbury Meeting in Christiana, Pennsylvania before her marriage, when she brought her membership to London Grove. She was an active member and a regular attender except when they wintered in Florida, and when she was troubled with asthma.

Mildred had a very strong faith in God which grew with the years and was an avid Bible reader. Her quiet, cheerful, loving manner endeared her to all who knew her, especially the young teenagers who had her as their First-day School teacher for many years. During those years, she took them to visit churches as well as on trips to Yearly Meeting. She felt Bible verse memorization was important and one class member, Joanne Sharpless Cruse, remembers her as a patient listener and a teacher who made learning fun. During the war years she introduced them to a pen pal, a German girl their own age. They enjoyed corresponding with her and her mother for several years, as well as sending Care packages of food and their own clothing. In return, they sent the class a lovely creche carved by hand which the class decided their teacher should have. Her family still treasures that creche, a reminder of her love for others.

Dorothy Brosius feels that Mildred's greatest contribution to the Meeting came as acting Chairman of Overseers Committee for many years. Dorothy feels that Mildred had a gentle but firm manner. Mildred wrote many loving letters to young people, as Dorothy has done for so long, and Mildred would pay the dues for a year for a young member, having faith in that person's sincerity in wanting to remain a member.

Mildred lived by the Golden Rule, and so loved little children, but most importantly, she loved the Lord. One of her favorite Bible verses was "I will lift up mine eyes to the Lord, from whence cometh my strength." She died suddenly in April 1978, leaving such a void in the lives of those who loved her.

Augustus Brosius (1840 - 1925)

Augustus Brosius was born July 12, 1840 and died in Avondale on January 30, 1925. He was a birthright Friend and an active member of London Grove Meeting during most of his life. He farmed for several years and was appointed in 1881 as an agent for the Iowa Indians where he served for two years. For the largest part of his life he was a member of Pennock and Brosius, a milling, lumber, and coal firm in Avondale. He was a prominent citizen of Avondale, and was one of the organizers of the National Bank, of which he was an active director. He was the Burgess for a number of years and for years was the treasurer of the Fire Company. In that capacity he used his influence in a decision made to discontinue gambling as a part of the yearly carnivals and to meet its financial needs in other ways.

His interest in London Grove Meeting was shown by an active participation in its many activities. He was for many years a member of the Committees of Oversight and Worship and Ministry. For thirteen years he was Superintendent of the First-day School. He was the Clerk of Western Quarterly Meeting for twenty years.

He had the ability to express himself readily by writing and public speaking. This gift was shown not only in assisting in community betterment and welfare, but by his willingness to share his thoughts and his knowledge and spiritual strength by speaking in Meeting for Worship regularly. He always faced the Meeting and sat in the high gallery which is no longer in the Meeting House. His face was a readily smiling one with white hair and a fairly short white beard during part of his later life. He had a kindly nature, always mindful of the wants and needs of others. He enjoyed a wide circle of friends and relatives in his later years.

His wife and life long companion was Mary Hoopes, also an interested member, and they were the parents of two children; Florence, the wife of J. Thomas Baker, and Arthur, both of Avondale. Arthur Brosius of Cedarcroft, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania is a grandson and a member of London Grove Meeting. Linda Kimball, a recent member of the Meeting, who now lives in Bellingham, Washington, is a great-granddaughter.

Frank M. Bartram

Frank M. Bartram, a resident of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, was a long time interested worker in London Grove Meeting as well as in Quarterly and Yearly Meeting work. His special interest was with young people and he taught a High School age group for a number of years. During that time he encouraged many of the group to attend conferences and summer schools held at that time at George School and Westtown in years which alternated with meetings of Friends General Conference. He not only gave many members of his group the desire to go, but by his knowledge of available fund given for the purpose by William Biddle, a Yearly Meeting member, he took care of the necessary arrangements and procured the money. He attended some of these sessions and was always surrounded by a group of young people. He was Clerk of Quarterly Meeting for many years.

Frank and his sister Mary (May) lived together and neither was ever married. They were interested workers for good things for their town, especially in the work of the Kennett Bayard Taylor Library. They lived the later years of their lives at the Kennett Friends Home and for many years were members and regular attenders at Kennett Meeting.

Thomas L. Passmore (1866 - 1949)

Thomas L. Passmore was born in London Britain Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania on November 20, 1866 and died in Avondale, Pennsylvania on July 5, 1949. He was the son of Lewis and Ellen Cope Passmore. Most of his life was spent in farming at Chatham and in addition he was an agent for fire insurance companies and secretary and treasurer of an automobile insurance company for many years. His later years were spent in Avondale.

Following his marriage to Emma L. Brosius in 1901, he joined London Grove Meeting and was an interested and devoted member of Overseers and Worship and Ministry Committees for many years. He was a First-day School Superintendent and a teacher of the adult class at different periods through the years. He served long and faithfully as treasurer of the Kennett Friends Boarding Home Committee. His special concerns in the Yearly Meeting were Representative and Jeanes Hospital Committees.

In his community life, he was a member and treasurer of the School Board, a bank director, member and president of Rotary and farm organizations and was Burgess of Avondale at the time of his death.

For many of his active later years, he sat facing the Meeting and shared his knowledge of the Bible and his memories of poetry and other spiritual literature with the Meeting. He had an easy and well worded delivery and his messages were appreciated and welcomed. This same ability was shown at weddings and funerals where he many times gave moving and helpfully understanding messages. Reading was his great delight and from this interest he had a wide knowledge and a good memory of his own and of other people's experiences. He enjoyed people and his warmth and sense of humor brought him many friendly contacts.

In his early days of going to Meeting, he was one of the first to leave the men's side of the Meeting House and to sit with his wife and daughters on the women's side.

Before he died, he visited J. Thomas Baker, a friend and member of the Meeting. He passed on the thought that he, Thomas Baker, as a younger man, could assume a large share of the leadership in the ministry of the Meeting.

Two of his daughters, Mary P. Kendig and Sara P. Yocum, are now deceased. Edith C. Passmore is a member of Kendal Monthly Meeting. Anna P. Webb is a member of London Grove Monthly Meeting.

Edward A. Pennock

Edward A. Pennock, a birthright Friend, was born in Lamborntown, Pennsylvania, near London Grove Meeting. Following graduation from Swarthmore College, he went to Boston to do social work. There he met a teacher, Sara Smith, a widow with a daughter, Frances, and married her in 1898. They had a daughter, Margaret, later.

About 1904, they moved to Chatham where he became engaged in the E. A. & J. L. Pennock lumber and coal business for the rest of his life. A few years later, he spent a year in England with his family, studying at Woodbrook.

He was active in London Grove Meeting and frequently offered inspiring messages. He was a gentle, quiet person with a wonderful sense of humor. He was only fifty-eight years old when he died.

Alice R. C. Pennock (1865 - 1960)

Her's was a long life, ninety-five years, a good life blessed with reasonably good health, an excellent mind, alert to the last, and an active interest in education, peace, and social servise.

Born in Homeville, she was the daughter of John I. and Caroline Rakestraw Carter and lived all her life in Chester County. For many years she and her husband, James L. Pennock, lived in Chatham. Later, after his death, she lived in Avondale and she was a guest at the Friends Home in Kennett for her last six years.

Alice and James had one son, J. Roland Pennock, who is presently living in Swarthmore with his wife, Helen Sharpless Pennock; he is a Professor Emeritus of Political Science from Swarthmore College where he was a member of the faculty for many years.

In the Meeting, Alice Pennock was a regular attender and a First-day School teacher of the Junior High class for many years. Her many contributions to the life of the Meeting were in the field of social concerns.

At the time she was the chairman of the Social Service Committee, the committee's responsibilities included also the concerns now covered by the Peace Committee, what used to be called the Race Relations Committee, and the Social Concerns Committee. She kept members aware of current legislation pertaining to these affairs and served as a constant prod to their consciences, reminding them that "faith without works is dead."

During the time she was chairman of the Social Service Committee, she started a small group of women sewing at regular times for the American Friends Service Committee and the Needlework Guild. This group continues now as a larger Meeting project including members from West Grove and Fallowfield Meetings.

While a resident at the Friends Home, even as a nonagenarian, she gathered about her friends and Friends who enjoyed reading and education. This reading group read and discussed good literature; occasionally she would ask someone to come to give reviews of current books.

Her concern for faith into practice lives on after her death in a bequest she left to the Meeting, the income from which to be given annually for the work of the Social Service Committee.

Shirley Boggs Yeatman (1934 - 1969)

Shirley Boggs Yeatman died April 23, 1969 at the age of thirty-four. She lived almost half her life afflicted with leukemia. This longevity with leukemia was a miracle and the way Shirley lived her life in the "valley of the shadow" was another miracle. Of course she despaired, of course she suffered lots of depression, of course she was angry when her energy didn't let her do all she wanted, but most of the time she coped and coped well, living a full joyful life.

She dared to be normal, first by marrying, and Artie Yeatman was the fortunate choice. By doing so, she could give up her job and still afford her monthly blood tests and constant medication; and she could enjoy learning about Artie's cows (he was a dairy farmer then). She also loved her homes. First she set about making a place of charm out of the bungalow and then later she and Artie planned, built, furnished, and decorated Timberly. She also dared to have a child, Philip, which nearly cost her her life, but she pulled through and raised him till he was almost a teenager.

She sewed, she gardened, she was very active in the London Grove Kindergarten committees and in changing the Avon Grove Mother's Association to the Parent's Association. She spent several years on the Worship and Ministry Committee and spoke with some regularity in meeting. She talked about her illness and death easily and in doing so perhaps made it easier for others to confront it.

During her last year or so, she began to suffer a lot, and spent much of her final months at the National Institute of Health in Bethesda, Maryland. Her death, when it finally came, was a release for us all.

Sylvia A. Waddington (1927 - 1965)

Sylvia A. Waddington, known to all as "Sue", died January 16, 1965 at the age of thirty-seven. Her death came after a three month bout with a severely painful cancer of the liver and other organs. Only a few people knew of the real disease until about one or two months before her death, so we did not minister as we might have. When her death came, it was like a light going out. She was tall, dark-haired and beautiful, both in looks and in spirit.

The mother of four children; Carol, Beth, Charlie, and Cliffie, she was a favorite of other children and many went there to play often. She and her husband, Ed, did not encumber themselves with owning a home, but delighted in planting flowers and shrubs and caring for the trees in their rented quarters. They also made many trips to Mount Holly, to tend to some holly trees there.

Sue never fretted over housework, but just got it done, and to some of us, who labored to mop our kitchen once a week, she quickly did hers three or four times a week so it always looked clean. Then like as not, she took her kids sledding, or helped them build a jigsaw puzzle, or sewed for her girls, or if visiting children were there, taught them early on to play "Concentration."

She was president of the Garden Club, was an active mother at the London Grove Kindergarten, liked to play bridge, and crocheted many rag rugs. She taught me to do this and many times I ran over for help or because my large wooden crochet hook broke and I needed to borrow one.

Her husband, Ed, died a few years later leaving London Grove and Ed's brother in charge of many orphan children.

I asked my girls what they remembered best about Sue. Kelli, who was only four, and a very tiny person, remembered her as "very tall." Becky, who was 6½ when Sue died, said "I remember going to play, and she must have been someone special to children."

Ralph C. Hood (1893 - 1979)

Ralph Columbus Hood, a birthright member of London Grove Monthly Meeting, was married to Edna M. Valentine in 1931. Edna, now residing at the Friends Boarding Home in Kennett Square, still attends Meeting. This couple had two daughters; Eva who married Richard Clemson, deceased; has been living in Hershey, Pennsylvania; and Dorothy, wife of Frank Kershner, Berwick, Pennsylvania. There are seven grandchildren: five in the Clemson family and two Kershners.

In 1970 Ralph retired from his farm on Route 41 west of Chatham. It was then that he and Edna moved to Kennett Square. However, Ralph continued with his beloved hobby, gardening. He often made trips to his former farm where his garden was located and kept it in good condition. Surplus produce was frequently given to the Friends Boarding Home in Kennett Square.

Ralph is fondly remembered by older London Grove Meeting members for his steadfast dedication to the Meeting, and for the many services he rendered. He was a member of the Friends Boarding Home Committee for more than twenty years; a member of the Graveyard Committee; and also Superintendent of the First-day School for a long period of time. During his superintendency he knew every child attending and addressed him/her by name. When Dr. Sadamoto Sakasegawa needed a home in which to recover from illness, Ralph and Edna took him in and cared for him. For many of us, memory of Ralph continues to serve as an inspiration.

Mary Vernon Baldwin (1876 - 1955)

Mary Baldwin lives in my memory as a gentle, kind, and caring person; always present at Meeting and First-day School, always looking the same with her beautiful white hair, her lovely smile, her hand outstretched in welcome. Someone asked me once how old I thought she was and my reply was, "I never thought of her as old, for her spirit was ever young."

Mary, the daughter of Barkley Cloud and Emily Dowell Baldwin, was born in Marshalton and reared in Chester County. She graduated from George School and studied Library Science at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Mary began teaching in Chester County's one room schools, then became librarian, first at George School, and then at Coatesville High School. Not a birthright Quaker, she joined the Religious Society of Friends while at George School.

Mary was never married, nor was her brother George. They lived with their parents on the home farm on Route 82 near Doe Run. George farmed and together they cared for their parents in their latter years. In 1945, some time after the death of their parents, they sold the farm and moved to Coatesville, where they lived until Mary's death in 1955. Soon afterward, George became a resident of the Friends Home in Kennett Square.

Mary Baldwin's contribution to the life of London Grove Meeting was in the field of religious education. Long a member of the Religious Education Committee, she suggested and supplied study material for the First-day School classes. Serving as librarian of the Meeting, she always remained after First-day School to help teachers and interested persons, usually children, find the right book to read. Believing as she did, that Friends knew too little about the Bible, its wealth of literature, history, and poetry, as well as inspiration, she purchased and distributed countless Bibles to the children in First-day School. This practice later became the responsibility of the Religious Education Committee; today as children reach the age of fourteen, they are presented with a Bible of their own.

Mary's was a great serenity with a great capacity for friendship and caring, a life through which the Light could and did shine.

Alice Schrack Batteiger, who was both a student in Coatesville High School and later a teacher there, remembers Mary with admiration and respect. She remembers her simplicity, her dignity, her kindness, and recalls this incident: She, Alice, was deploring to Mary that in attempting to be a good disciplinarian, she was afraid that the children would hate

her. Mary replied quietly, "It is more important to be respected than to be liked."

Cathrine Larmore paints this word picture from her memory of the late 1940's, from a time when she and Ashly participated in a discussion group on Quakerism at which Mary was present.

"Mary Baldwin personified the spirit of Quakerism to me as I sat near her, watched her, listened to her. She was possessed of a secret, serene countenance, she was dressed simply, almost plainly, but becomingly. She wore a hat, on the bench beside her was her plain black bag and gloves, and a stack of books she had brought to refer to or to loan. She was an avid and informed reader and frequently made constructive comments to, as she said, 'forward the discussion.' When differing opinions were expressed she always accepted that they too had merit. She was broad minded, never abrasive. She always made me think of Wordsworth lines about his sister; 'None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise.'"

Frank LePatourel (1889 - 1968)

Frank Lepatourel was of small stature with pale blue eyes, grey hair and a warm friendly smile. He is remembered by all who knew him, because he really cared about and enjoyed people, especially children, taking the time to talk to them individually. Those, who made an agreement with him sealed with a handshake, knew they would be treated exactly as they had agreed, without pages of legal jargon, because he was honest. Moral integrity meant a great deal to him.

Born on the island of Guernsey January 9, 1889 the second child and second son of Alfred and Emily Gaudion LePatourel. His father was a Guernsey breeder who had come to the Allentown, Pennsylvania area in 1886 to work as a herdsman on a Guernsey farm. Their eldest son, Marcus James, had been born while in Pennsylvania. The job did not live up to expectations so the family returned home. Frank was named for the owner of the Allentown farm. He came to the United States in 1909 with a load of Guernsey cattle and traveled to Ohio, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and California working a few years with a herd then moving on to another herd. Occasionally he returned to Guernsey to accompany another load of cattle to the United States. His dream was to be a veterinarian as he loved animals and communicated well with them, but he never had quite enough money. In 1921, while working for John Haartz in New Hampshire, he returned home and married Miriam Flere Ogier. They lived in New Hampshire, in the Boston area and Cape Cod before coming to work at Maulton Farm for Morris E. Leeds. They drove from Cape Cod to Maulton between Christmas and New Years 1926 in an open Jordan car in a snowstorm. Miriam thought going south to the Mason-Dixon line was going to the sunny south with palm trees and no snow! Part of Frank's job description was taking the three Maule sisters; Margaret, Jane, and Emily, all in their mid eighties, to First-day and mid-week Meeting at the little Orthodox Meeting House in London Grove. He also had to take Jane upstairs promptly at 7:00 P.M. each evening for bed, as her hip had been broken and she was confined to a wheelchair, she was also stone deaf. This daily ritual was missed only a few times in the next twelve years. Frank and Miriam's only child, Elisabeth Ogier, was born in 1928.

Big changes in Frank's life and future were brought about by the deaths of Jane and Emily Maule in 1939, the occupation of Guernsey by the Nazis in 1940 and the loss of the big barn at Maulton by fire in February 1942. They bought the old Sam Pennock place in late 1942 and moved in February 1943, bringing a small herd of Guernsey cattle bought from the Maulton herd. He continued farming until 1957, when he sold the herd and finally after thirty-three years returned to Guernsey to visit his brothers and sisters and their families. He delighted in walking the paths, chatting with people, and climbing the many staircases found in the town. He revisited his homeland a few more times before he died in January 1968.

His four grandchildren adored him as he played games, read stories, sang songs and taught them numbers and letters. His eyes would twinkle as he gently teased and joked with them. Papa was a very important part of their childhood as he lived next door, and so saw them daily. His life was ruled by little maxims which we all learned to live by. "Plant until you are planted" as he planted trees to beautify areas. "Anything worth doing is worth doing well" as he helped do the Saturday night dinner dishes most methodically and slowly. And of course when you were tired of trying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

He enjoyed collecting antiques, especially pewter, stamp collecting, gardening, reading, singing, and his young friends and old. He was active in the Guernsey Breeders Association and West Marlborough Township politics.

Frank and Miriam had both been Methodists, Episcopalians in Guernsey, and after many years of being attenders the family joined London Grove in 1942. His contribution to London Grove Meeting was his presence, even if he did occasionally rest his eyes during Meeting for Worship. He loved the old hymns; "Follow the Gleam", "Abide with Me", and "Working for the Night is Coming", and was always sorry that "Rock of Ages" and "Onward Christian Soldiers" were not in our hymnal. He would sing these in song fest on Sunday evenings around the piano with Miriam playing. His daughter and granddaughter never wear slacks to a worship service, because they still feel he would not approve, and he had definite opinions on somethings. His presence is still felt. "one should love one's life so you can look all men straight in the eye without embarrassment or apology" was one of his favorite mottos. We feel he lived his life this way.

Jesse W. Croach (1918 - 1976)

Jess Croach joined London Grove Meeting a very few years before his death at fifty-seven, having practiced the values of Quakers for some time before uniting with the Meeting. Two factors were significant in moving him to an acquaintance with the Society: the work of the American Friends Service Committee, and his horror over the Vietnam war. His membership meant a closer association with people who held to their ideals of simplicity, peace, justice, and equality, an association he cherished constantly. He spoke lovingly of London Grove Friends; his soft tones deepened perceptibly when people in this Meeting were on his mind, especially Helen Corson. As she needed people for peace activities, finding Jess to be a willing worker, so Jess enjoyed her dogged adherence to peace work. As a Peace Committee member, Jess carried out any kind of task that arose, including regular attendance at committee meetings.

Jess was at Meeting for Worship every Sunday. He sat on the east side on a bench near the piano, grey-sandy head and beard in the sun, occasionally rising to full height to sing alone in his joy.

A nuclear physicist with a position of authority, he responded to nervous questions concerning nuclear power with gentle caution about adequate research before judgement. He was a member of the Yearly Meeting Working Group on Nuclear Energy which met frequently and compiled reams of reports. Jess summarized his views of nuclear power development as follows: (1) Hazards of radioactive materials are controllable; (2) Health hazards from fossil fuels are greater but unpublicized; (3) Nuclear power has good prospects for improving the lot of the world's poor; (4) Research on all forms of energy production is necessary but results will be unavailable to large populations for decades. Friends can find an explanation that Jess Croach wrote in the London Grove Meeting library.

At Jess' memorial service, Bob Shaffer helped to assuage our loss, redefining it as gratitude for a life given us for a while: "Rejoice always." Then Ellie Carnes' lovely contralto voice sang out:

All creatures of our God and King
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with silver gleam,
O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

And we all joined her.

P. Allen Cloud (1859 - 1953)

For those of us who knew him, Allen Cloud will always live in every bed of pansies in bloom, in golden daffodils swaying in the wind, and in the acorns that fall from the mighty oak at London Grove. Today Allen Cloud would be called a conservationist for he loved the land and all that grows. He planted for the future, planting many of the trees on the Meeting grounds. He naturalized daffodils on the banks of Route 926 in front of his home and everywhere he planted pansies.

Better still, Allen Cloud is remembered by the faith and confidence he so often expressed in the young people in Meeting. It was he who said in one of his rather infrequent messages in Meeting, "the growth of the tree is in the tips of its branches." He quietly yet surely communicated this faith, as in one instance he gave me, then a young Friend who had never considered taking part in special vocal ministry at funerals or memorial services, a little volume of "The Higher Life", saying, "for thee will have need of this."

Allen lived all his life in Chester County, much of it on the farm just west of the Meeting on Route 926. Allen was born in 1859, only thirty-one years after the tragic division of Friends, when there was still bitterness between the branches and a determination to keep each branch pure and separate from the other, as well as from all other church groups. When Allen married Matilda Baily of Marlborough Meeting, he was "read out" and for a time was no longer a member. But fortunately the time came when London Grove members became more charitable and he and Tillie were reinstated as members

and so remained all the rest of their lives.

His contribution to the life of the Meeting lay in his strength and stability, his love of growing things, be they plants and tress or children and young parents.

The children of Allen and Tillie were Elizabeth (Bessie) who lived to be eighty-nine and died in 1978, and a son Jesse, who moved to Detroit, Michigan.

Helen Walton remembers Allen Cloud who lived just over the hill on Route 926 during the later years of his life, until ill health of Tilly, his wife, forced a move to West Chester, where he lived in a small house with flower beds all around it. After Tilly's death, his own health caused him to move to Avondale to Harper's Nursing Home where he lived for several years. They had a daughter, Bessie, who died not long ago and is buried with Allen and Tilly in the Longwood cemetery.

Allen and Tilly were most faithful in attending Meeting. They often walked in, Allen carrying a bowlful of his gorgeous pansies to adorn the Meeting. Allen always had a big bed of lovely pansies in front of their home, where Mary Ramsey now lives. He had many other flowers too, and his observance of their habits of growth and bloom marked his very simple but sound ministry. He used to come into our greenhouse to discuss plant problems. One day he was leaning over a bed of blooms, our two year old son carefully scrutinized Allen's bald head remarking to me, "see all the little pickers" pointing to the tiny hairs that were trying to cover the bald area, unsuccessfully. Allen didn't say anything. I hushed the child as fast as possible, but from that time on, I always remembered it when I saw Allen. Looking way back in the Minutes, you will find that he was one of those who married out of Meeting, for which he was reprimanded most severely. He never quite got over it, but his life gave testimony to his simple beliefs. He was a true Quaker.

Hayes Taylor

Hayes Taylor, who died in 1955, was a well known minister, who was called on to speak at weddings, funerals and special occasions. Hayes was a farmer, whose farm was to the north of Route 82. However, he never liked farming, and his farm showed his distaste for it. He was really an educator, Cornell graduate, a poet, and a dreamer! I always marvelled at his ability to recall "lines" of the great poets at will. He would pause, reflect a few moments, and then go on with truly difficult verse. His was a God-given talent. His evenings were spent poring over books. Catherine, his wife, was the practical one, busy as a bee. Their children were Charles, Birdsall, and Muriel. Another child was killed when a school bus backed over her at the end of their lane. One stormy December day in 1946, their home burned, with all their preparations for Christmas burned; or rescued and set out in the sleet and freezing temperatures. I will never forget Hayes coming to our door to see whether we could move them into our present house, which we had begun to "make over", hoping to move in the spring. Muriel and I tried to degrease and clean the refrigerator that had been set out by the firemen. Cream flowed, and so did other Christmas dinner contents. It was a disaster, but thru all the "mess" the Taylor's could joke about it. I saw much of their family life that winter. Often, games were evident, and the whole family participated. Catherine spent a lot of time redoing the smoke-damaged furniture; Bert was the wood-chopper and steady worker; Charles, a musician. Hayes' later days were saddened

beyond measure, when Bert, having served in the Medical Corps, as a non-combatant, and come back to win honors in science at Penn State, became mentally disturbed, causing him to have to give up a promising future for the shelter of a hospital. Hayes continued to speak upon occasion, but grief changed him and he just sank into old age. We, who loved the family, sorrowed with him. He is buried, as is Catherine, at London Grove.

Naomi Moore recalls the following incident. "About fifty years ago when Pusey and I were members of the 'young marrieds' First-day School class I had an unforgettable experience. Hayes Taylor was our teacher. During the Lenten season he took the class to Wanamakers in Philadelphia to see two huge famous paintings displayed in the Grand Court. 'Christ on Calvary' was the title of one of them. The other was a related subject. We ate lunch at the Automat which was another new experience for me.

Dorothy Brosius offers the following memories of Hayes Taylor. "Hayes Taylor was blessed with a remarkable memory filled with inspirational poetry and the Meeting was blessed when he shared it with us. It was as if he had a feel for the quality of the worship and could and would contribute the very stanza that fitted in or summed up our seeking. I recall three such in particular: 'Each in his own tongue' by Carruth which ends with the line 'Some call it consecration and others call it God'; the lines from Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' that begin with 'So live that when thy summons comes....'; and from Whittier's 'The Eternal Goodness', 'I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air. I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care.' We all knew that life had brought much adversity to Hayes and Catherine and yet he could express his praise and faith in the beautiful poetry he remembered.

Ellen Pyle Groff

Ellen Pyle Groff was, to me "cousin Ellen". She, with her sisters, Margery and Jessie, and brothers, Robert and Laurence, lived in the lovely "home" adjoining the R. L. Pyle General Store (and Post Office) which is now "London Grove Apartments". Their father was a merchant of note, who also owned the West Grove store. Ellen and her sisters shared a happy and busy social life in the city, and were thought of as being a bit "above" the local young people, with fabulous clothes and trips to resorts etcetera. The family was, however, serious about being a part of our Meeting. The girls well remember sitting next to their father, writing down the "sense" of vocal messages for him, as he was quite deaf. Later, Ellen made a fine "clerk", easily summing up and getting the "sense of the Meeting." Ellen, as the others, attended and graduated from Swarthmore College. She taught at London Grove Friends School, across from the Meeting, as did her friend Jane Rushmore. In later years, Ellen married Thadeus Groff, a widower who worked at the store in London Grove. Her sisters didn't approve, as Thad was no aristocrat, but sometimes I thought he resembled one, as he rode his horse, in a stately manner, each morning. Their home was the red brick house, across from the store. It was a home of love and tenderness.

Ellen was on the Worship and Ministry Committee for many years. She often spoke in Meeting. Her messages were brief, coupled with quotations she had found meaningful. Ellen did many services needed by our Meeting. She wrote the 200th Anniversary account. She often rhymed and versified events for special occasions. She helped new Friends (convinced) with their numerous questions. I remember her complete honesty in answers she gave to my queries as I struggled to adjust my theological Baptist "bringing-up" to my newly felt convictions. She spoke at our wedding, most beautifully. In her later days,

although she was a "stickler" for accurate carrying out of the "Discipline" she accepted our more "youthful ideas" for special Meetings and celebrations. She had studied Whittier, and gave interesting talks on that and other studies she had pursued. After Thad's death, Ellen cared for her sisters for a while and as needed. Later, she moved to Friends Home in Kennett Square, spending her hours reading, or visiting those near by who needed cheering. Finally, she withdrew from life to the infirmary, where she died at the age of eighty-nine, in 1964. Her ashes are interred in our cemetery.

Dorothy Brosius remembers the following incident and her impressions of Ellen Pyle Groff. "Ellen Groff was Clerk of the Meeting when I became a member in 1927. I was greatly impressed with her ability to gather, to feel, so accurately, the sense of the Meeting and to record it in clear, terse minutes. The nearest I ever came to being 'elдерed' was by Ellen not long after I had become a member. She was also the leader of the adult discussion group in First-day School and the class was exploring Quakerism. The guide was a booklet with a brief presentation of the subject followed by a series of questions. On a particular Sunday, the 'lesson' had to do with training our children in Quaker ways; we had come to the questions and strangely enough one was worded something like this, 'how should you answer a question that a child might ask in First-day School about sex?' I say 'strangely' because one seldom mentioned the word aloud then (Quakers were ever ahead of their time) and after Ellen read the question, there was total silence. Finally I ventured, 'I think that such questions, like all others that a child asks at any time, should be answered truthfully and matter of factly.' Again silence, and then Ellen turned to me and said, 'I think thee will agree that such matters should be dealt with at home.' And we proceeded with haste to the next question.

Naomi Moore offers the following memory of Ellen. "As a young and fairly new member of Meeting I felt encouraged by the kind thoughtfulness of Ellen Pyle Groff. She gave me her 200th Anniversary memento of London Grove Meeting. It is an oval bronze pin with the Meeting House, 1714 - 1914, sculpted in bas-relief on the face of it. (It is on exhibit here today.) Also, when she prepared for retirement she sold some of her small discarded belongings to Friends for the benefit of the American Friends Service Committee. I chose a Bible and remembered her saying she was glad for me to have it, as it had been a gift to her."

Edward Bennett Walton

Edward Bennett Walton, who died in 1944, at age seventy, had also been a lifetime member of London Grove Meeting. A respecter of all persons for their various talents and gifts, he was a leader in the First-day School, a real worker on committees and, you guessed it, took charge of Graveyard and Property Committees, as needed. Communication being less well established, and back-hoes unheard of, he personally dug many graves and assisted in burials as he could. Although it was considered appropriate for caretakers to pasture the lawns, Ed Walton kept an observant eye on the pasturing, being sure the caretaker grazed the "adjacent areas" to the Meeting House from Monday to Thursday and the farther-out areas during the remainder of the week. He was the one who suggested, when a brewery offered a money gift, that we "accept it with alacrity, before it became any more tainted." Others had thought we really shouldn't accept "dirty" money, but he felt it could be laundered, and put to good use. Always prompt at Meeting, he and Anna sat near the front. I never heard either one speak in Meeting, but if faithful attendance and participation in Worship count, they were both "with it." Ed was a trustee for many years,

a farmer by vocation, with an avocation of a director of Avondale Bank, his path resembled that of his father, Bennett. Ed was active in both Quarterly and Yearly Meetings. To miss a meeting of either was as near sinning as he, as a Quaker could get. It was burdensome to be a daughter-in-law of Friends who were so punctual, perfect and capable. They met the trolley as needed for distant Friends coming to Quarterly Meeting. Visitors to Meeting were invited to stay for dinner with them, and it was always a sumptuous meal spiced with heart-felt welcome. Anna was so truthful that she simply wouldn't answer, if the answer involved even the "whitest" of fibs. Their visitation of the ill or bereaved was always done promptly and Ed seemed to be a strong, but compassionate man. Anna was so reserved that I never felt close to her. I only saw her cry once, - when her sister died suddenly. After Ed died, she never mentioned him, nor did I feel free to because I needed her okay. She grieved and never came thru it. I have a note she sent when our first son was born, and in it she revealed her inner self more than at any other time. She and Ed are buried with a whole clan of Waltons in our London Grove cemetery.

Margaret W. Thomforde (1887 - 1971)

Margaret and Charles Thomforde came into our Meeting in the 1920's. Their two oldest daughters were in my class in 1929. Margaret was a believer in simplicity and brought up her six children to share that belief. She was a kindergarten teacher whose love for her little ones sparkled in her eyes as she worked with them. She lived love and human "personhood" during the years when "minority" and "black" were unacceptable. She taught in our First-day School over many years. Children always followed Margaret about the Meeting. She would show them the wonders of nature, or help them make blue prints of flowers and leaves. She was a sunny person, and one of her gifts to little ones was an iridescent bangle that reflected the light, making sunbeams. Her completely natural way of teaching worship and prayer have blest our Meeting. She was responsible for "rythm classes" involving all the Quarterly Meeting children and their friends. A huge group would meet weekly. They had an excellent, trained teacher, who garbed in flowing Grecian robes, with the aid of a superb pianist, taught the "wholeness of body and mind", thru dramatic play. These teachings are prevalent today, but then, so far ahead of the times as to cause criticism by some Meeting members. Margaret persisted in her tremendous efforts to develop the deeper dimensions of life for "all her children" and even included adults who cared to adventure into newer ways of responding to life.

In her home, she and Charles wrote the sweetest verses to each other. Charles was more "down to earth", serving as local tax collector, growing fruit, and chauffering his youngsters to music lessons, and school events. All were talented in arts and music, as he, a cellist, was. A wonderfully gifted family!

A project that was dear to Margaret's heart was the publishing of a songbook, "World Fellowship Hymns," a collection of favorite words and tunes. Several tunes and verses are her originals. When the book finally came out, she felt disappointed because the print was not as ordered, but was difficult to follow in group singing. When we think of Margaret's vocal ministry, we remember her beautifully lighted countenance, the love that pored out to bless the waiting group, her great dependence on uttered prayer, and her complete reliance upon the healing power of God. Her outreach was tremendous as was her personal dedication to "one world," her greater family. Her later years were sad, because her illness inhibited her spirit, but she had a lovely tenderness and smiling greeting when you visited her. So much is unsaid, but

our present kindergarten, which I wish could have been named as a memorial to her, was her idea and goal.

"The London Grove Kindergarten stands as a living testimony to the 'caring' of it's many friends who have loved our growing community of children thru many years. Untiring and boundless support have nurtured this school, physically and spiritually, in the persons of Frank and Helen Walton, and their family. Yet, it is to another that Helen bestows these words of dedication in loving testimony:

"Our kindergarten reflects the light that always lighted Margaret W. Thomforde's (1877-1971) face as she devoted her life to the young lives about her. It was after Margaret filled the gap as a well trained teacher and boldly established the London Grove Kindergarten complete with teacher, enrollment, and a Friend's philosophy. Margaret was always followed by loving children; and she loved them as much as they loved her. Out of this mutual love grew our kindergarten, continuing today in the spirit of Margaret's loving and caring." The philosophy she created still guides the teaching of our kindergarten. "Let your light shine." She did just that!

Dorothy Brosius remembers Margaret Thomforde. "I have many precious recollections of Margaret Thomforde. I always felt that her life fitted the definition that I think is attributed to Rufus Jones: 'A saint is a person who lets the Light shine through.' I remember that one of the many things she gave the small children as an illustrative when she taught First-day School was a little prism, and I can see her as she held it up to the light and the many colors shone forth and she explained that our lives can be like that as we let God's love shine through us. Her life was."

Helen Corson

Perhaps, the Helen Corson I knew differed from the obvious, which recounted years of service to human causes. Yes, this small woman from far Minnesota devoted most of her adult life to assisting, in any way she found available, those around her who were in physical or spiritual need. But, I felt she was an aquired older sister, because as she lived with us for a number of years, there was a sincere sharing of ideas, work, and friends, as well as books and Meeting work. She was a good critic of my writings, and I, of her needle-work. We enjoyed mutual friends. She loved to entertain them here, so during Helen's years with us (1950's and early 1960's) we enjoyed the Poley's from Germantown, Frieda Isley from Germany, Clarence Jordan of Koiania (where we get our pecans), Frederick Libby, Raymond Wilson, a group called the "WIG"s (Women's Inter-Racial Group), and so many others. I was so glad that my strength held out for the impact.

For a while, Helen had a suitor. She really considered his proposal. She would pack lunch for two, and they would meet under the Oak at the Meeting. I expect the Oak has many secrets, and doesn't it keep them well? Finally, the romance ended. Helen said she had nothing against marriage. In fact, when she found a man who was better than no man at all, she would probably marry him. They still enjoyed each other during Yearly Meeting sessions, as long as Helen was able to attend.

Helen and I often joked about our being like "two ships that pass in the night." It was true, too. She and Frank always argued, and both of them enjoyed it. Sitting between them at dinner wasn't the happiest experience for me. Even if I needed to, I couldn't have gotten a word in edgewise.

During World War II, she used to argue about the war with Thomas Passmore at Meeting. Once I said, "Helen, he's not young, and you're raising his blood pressure." Her reply was, "Oh, if only I could."

When Unionville School was being pressured to build a bomb shelter, Helen went out to get signatures on a petition against the expenditure. She went dutifully to every home in West Marlboro Township. Ice and snow were everywhere, but she felt the challenge and accepted it. Of such stuff was our Helen made.

She lived with frugality, but sent a monthly packet of foods and clothes to a family in Germany. Six neices were also of concern to her. She gave help, in their various situations as long as she was able. They are lovely persons, who loved Aunt Helen dearly. Very concentrated on world issues, Helen was absent-minded about numerous small things she wanted to remember. She developed a system, whereby, she would write a note about whatever it was that needed remembering, and throw it on the floor, or on a stairway. It might have worked if she had lived elsewhere, but I would stop and pick up the paper, which to me didn't belong there. Later, Helen would say, "You made me miss that important meeting." I never could feel "blame", just despair! If we hadn't respected each other, we wouldn't have "made it."

Amazingly, we parted friends and felt a bond to the end of Helen's life. She left here to move, a bit indirectly, to the Friends Boarding Home in Kennett Square. It was time for her to relocate, as she so loved to travel, and with another winter, it was and had been far from wise for her to travel to far off meetings, returning alone, late at night. As Douglas Steere used to say, "Now, I see that Helen Corson has arrived, we may as well start." She so loved to meet with, and I believe, to find strenght from like-minded people to undergird her convictions. She was a good mixer. Her sense of humor was obvious. She would use it to lighten many drab occasions. She didn't wish Friends or others to sing "Faith of Our Fathers" because she said not one of us would dare to die for our beliefs, so why say that we would. At a reception on her eighty-ninth birthday, all went well until "Abide With Me" was used as a hymn (all five verses). Helen said, "Let's sing 'God of Grace, and God of Glory'" a truly majestic and meaningful hymn, written by Harry Emerson Fosdick. The words are on page 105 of the World Fellowship Songs. They are action oriented, expressing much of Helen's philosophy of living. She was not ready to sing "Help of the helpless, Oh abide with me."

Helen lived under the direct guidance of God. She relied on God for all of the direction and determination of her life. She accepted devine healing, as a natural attribute of her faith. As truly intelligent folks are able to do, she could adapt to change without perturbation. She was an adult leader at First-day School. Her memory served her until her last illness. Her ministry was a teaching type, and her devotion to peace and human rights were often uppermost in it, tho', scholar that she was, Bible lore also was a mainstay of her ministry.

I remember Helen with affection and as a dear sister that I loved and admired, thru which my patience with people and my understanding of their frailties have been enhanced. She represented the best that London Grove could possibly offer, in faith, hope, love, and service to her friends, her family, her community, the world. It has been good to share with you at this late hour in the world's history, when answers to world problems could be found if only there were enough "Helens", such as our dear friend.

Dorothy Brosius offers the following recollection. "Helen Corson was to me all that it meant to be a Christian and a Quaker. She was fond of reminding us to 'let our lives speak'; she would say that that was a phrase we liked to use, whereas many of ours spoke in whispers. While she modestly included herself in the 'we', hers was loud and clear. Lest we think of her as too perfect to be human, I like to recall the time when the Meeting and her many, many friends and Friends gave her a party for her eighty-ninth birthday. The social room was filled to overflowing for the covered dish supper, the Meeting room crowded as we gathered to express our love and tributes to her, to recount reminiscences and attempts at appreciation. She was obviously enjoying it all. When the time came for her to respond, I can see her yet: she was wearing a simple green print dress with a gauzy green scarf pinned at her throat, her white hair was soft about her face, and her eyes twinkled as she said, 'You know, this is better than being present at my own memorial service.'"