



"Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history." — A. Lincoln

FLASHBACKS



Revealing glimpses of our creative past

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A Prayer for the New Year

by Florence Reeves

"Give our souls a vast horizon,
And our hearts a lilting song
That will flow in clearest cadence
When the journey seems too long.

Give our souls a vast horizon,
And our eyes a vision clear
To behold in care and striving
That our heaven lieth near.

For there is nothing lives but something dies
And there is nothing dies but something lives.
Till skies be fugitive,
Till time, the hidden root of change, updries,
Are BIRTH and DEATH inseparable on earth.
For they are twain yet one, and DEATH is BIRTH.

--Francis Thompson

A new era has dawned;
A community has come into existence in which
There is offered
Forgiveness for the past,
Spiritual power for the present,
And hope for the future.

--C. H. Dodd

As the span of life reaches its close,
We cannot go where God is not.
The life we have lived all along came from God, and it is enough to
know that we remain in HIS HANDS.

--Lawrence K. Hall

Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors.
If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come,
That we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath,
And in all changes of fortune, and down the gates of death,
Loyal and loving one to another.

--Robert Louis Stevenson

"THE ST. JOHN OF THE WEST"

Reverend George Nuzum, an early circuit rider in Vernon and Richland Counties, was greatly loved. He had been converted at the age of thirteen and in the early 1850s served a territory so large in Vernon County (then Bad Ax) that it took him six weeks to make the rounds to his churches. He had a good education, a gift for eloquence, and a taste for poetry." He had a special way with children which made him in demand for children's services. He was a generous soul for when he made any money for weddings and funerals he turned it over to the local preachers. In later years he was called the St. John of the West Wisconsin Conference.

The following comes from a little book, HERE ON THE KICKAPOO by Ralph E. Nuzum.

Looking further into our family tree, Grandpa Nuzum told us he once worked in a drug store, but quit the job because of the impossible claims that were always made for "bear-oil." Another thing that erked that saintly soul was the warning put on all bottles of hair restorer in those early days: "Do not spill this tonic on any part of the body where hair is not supposed to grow."

When Grandpa was twenty, he was doing janitor work for his tuition at the University of Athens, Ohio. In a little home-spun suit, with only thirteen dollars to his name, he was cooking his own meals to save expenses and feeling mighty lonely and blue

. . . And so in a couple of days after Christmas in 1852 he married Mary .. Groves, which put plenty of purpose in his life, for he promptly proceeded to raise a family of ten children and then cooperated in raising twenty-seven grandchildren. The quick patter of tiny feet and the slow shuffle of big ones, went on and on at Grandpa's, and never again did he find time to be lonely. In fact, he always loved married life and for twenty-eight years practiced what he preached, marrying over two thousand pioneer couples, most of them from along the old Bad Ax River and the two forks of the Kickapoo.

Grandpa Nuzum came to Wisconsin in the spring of 1856, together with Grandma and baby Frank. It was a five hundred mile migration and took them six weeks, traveling at an average of twelve miles a day.

The families of John and Will Groves came at the same time, traveling in covered wagons, leading their cows and bringing along their flocks of chickens and children. They camped by the side of the road each night, finally crossing the Wisconsin River and making their first camp at Monument Rock near Liberty Pole.

Nobody knows why these settlers passed up the level lands of Illinois and Indiana, or even the prairie country southwest of Viroqua, but they came from a hilly and wooden section and were always looking for plenty of fire-wood, as near as possible to a spring. That's why they settled in "the Ozarks of Wisconsin" among the hills of the Kickapoo

When Grandpa Nuzum first arrived in the Western wildwood, he lived in a parsonage at Newton. The salary of a circuit-riding preacher was then \$200.00 a year with sixteen dollars additional for each child under seven and twenty-four for each child between seven and fourteen.

Grandma Nuzum was a serenely practical and truly courageous frontier woman. She had to be because Grandpa was often away on his circuit riding for weeks and somebody had to manage the storms and wild cats which came snarling into her life. No matter what happened Grandma always remained as cool as a cucumber.

According to Aunt Mate, there are few who can remember the wonderful melodeon Grandpa Nuzum used to have. It cost the outlandish sum of \$75.00 and the neighbors used to come from miles around to hear its chords and get the children to sing "Church in the Wildwood." That's only one of the reasons why we loo, back so fondly on the little farm house of ours on top of the hill.

CHURCHES CELEBRATE ANNIVERSARIES

BAY VIEW UNITED METHODIST CHURCH Milwaukee District

Sunday 17, 1978, marked ten years since the former Bethel Evangelical United Brethren Church and the former Trinity Methodist Church came together to be known as the Bay View Church. The District Superintendent spoke at the morning services and at the anniversary banquet. The Bell Choir sang.

SALEM CHURCH, Waukesha

Throughout October, 1978, there were a number of services commemorating the 125th anniversary of the Salem Church, organized on October 19, 1853.

TRINITY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH, Richland Center

On August 27, 1978, Trinity United Methodist Church celebrated twenty-five years of services in their new church built in 1953. The afternoon and evening programs included singing of the old hymns, a puppet show, and the anniversary dinner at which flowers were given those who had been members of the church for over fifty years.

EMMAUS UNITED METHODIST CHURCH Milwaukee District

On September 24, 1978 the Emmaus United Methodist Church observed the 10th anniversary of the uniting congregation. The day ushered in "Operation Alive, a five Sunday attendance crusade."

"THE OLD RUGGED CROSS"

In January, 1913, Reverend George Bennard was called to the Sawyer Friends Church to hold a series of meetings for the people of the surrounding area. A large choir of good singers supported Reverend Bennard and Edward E. Mieras in musical numbers and brought out overflowing crowds. It was during these meetings that Reverend Bennard finished "THE OLD RUGGED CROSS." When he came he had one verse and the chorus done.

On the final night of the services, all four verses and the chorus were sung first in the parsonage by a quartet around 5:30 p.m. and again upstairs as a duet by Reverend Bennard and his song leader, Mr. Mieras. It did much for the spiritual uplift of all of the meetings which the local newspaper described as ending in "a blzze of glory." After the song was copyrighted, it was sent to Reverend Bennard who sang it in his own church. Since then it has received world acclaim.

From Bulletin on the Historical Anniversary
held at the Salem Friends Church of Sturgeon Bay
in 1947.

NOTE NEW ADDRESS --

After January, 1979, send articles for Flashback to Margaret H. Scott,
Schmitt Woodland Hills, 1400 West Seminary Street, Richland Center,
Wisconsin 53581

STILL ON THE BOOKS

Numerous odd and humorous laws for the proper observances of Sunday are still in effect in the United States, but have been forgotten with the passing of time. Violators can be fined and jailed for "willful negligence".

Vermont yet retains a very old law designed to protect its female population: no married woman is allowed out on the streets of a Sunday unless she is properly looked after. How? Her mate must follow at no more than twenty steps behind her at all times, and he is required to carry "a musket over his left shoulder".

Do you happen to own a horse in need of spiritual uplift? Then stay clear of Virginia: It still has an old law prohibiting a person from taking his horse to church.

Maine does not permit its citizens to listen to radio variety shows on Sunday.

Staid, Massachusetts does not allow one to duel with water pistols on the Lord's day.

In Nicholas County, West Virginia no clergyman is allowed to tell humorous stories while preaching in that dour place.

Did you forget to shave on Saturday night in preparation for attending church Sunday morning? You'll just have to go as you are if you live in either Connecticut or Ohio, for both states have laws forbidding men from taking a razor to their faces on Sunday.

Clergymen are forbidden to eat garlic or wild onions before preaching in Marion, Oregon.

Don't try to fish for whales on Sunday in Ohio.

~~If you feel inspired in a musical direction, don't exercise your abilities on Sunday by whistling in Cicero, Illinois.~~

"It usually takes 100 years to make a law," wrote Henry Ward Beecher, "and then after the law has done its work, it usually takes 100 years to get rid of it."

-- -- Canadian Churchman

Quoted in Woodland Echoes,
Schmitt Woodland Hills, January, 1978