

As- In Memory Of Mrs.

Mary Ann Rogers

Standard-Journal, Mar. 19, 1924

The In the year 1849, Owen D. Davies and his wife, Elizabeth Davies with their four children, David, John, Owen and William, left the land of their birth, Wales, and came to America, and settled at Oak Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Davies were among the earliest and the most respected Welsh pioneers of that settlement. After the parents came to this country, there were born to them six more children, Margaret, Mary Ann, Sarah, Kate, Eleazer, and Jane. Therefore Mrs. Mary Ann Rogers was the sixth child of this unusual large family, and the sole survivors today of this family of ten children that grew to manhood and to womanhood, are William O. Davies, and Mrs. Kate Roderick.

Mrs. Rogers was born at Oak Hill on July 12th, 1852, and her life journey ended at Jackson, February 29th, 1924, at the age of 71 years, 7 months, and 17 days. She fought bravely the inevitable for the sake of her beloved children, when her health failed her during the last three months. Yet at all times she was submissive to the will of her Master, as her way was not the Lord's way. Her day's work was well done, as Mrs. Rogers left no duty unperformed, nor any obligation unfilled as in early childhood when 14 years old she had given her life to God, when she united with the C. M. Church at Oak Hill. She had recognized in her plan of life the fact of death, and when her spirit passed in to the presence of her Redeemer, she was ready for the summons, as her house was in order. When the Angel of Death touched her brow, she was surrounded by all the children for whom she had devoted her life.

The good qualities of Mrs. Rogers will not soon be forgotten. Her smile and pleasant greetings were ever ready. She possessed one of those rare faces which was always full of calm content. She also possessed a cheerful spirit, and a sympathetic heart. Duty for her family and for her church was her two guiding stars. For these reasons her life will live in the heart of those that knew her. On January 9th, 1879, she was married to Thomas Rogers by Rev. M. A. Ellis at the Welsh C. M. Church, Cincinnati, and they were blessed with seven children. Their married life was very happy, although within a year after they were married Mr. Rogers met with a very severe accident in an ore mine at Shawnee, which prevented him thereafter to perform any hard manual labor. When the responsibilities of the father fell to a great extent on the shoulders of the good and industrious mother.

In 1882 the family moved from Shawnee to Jackson, where the parents spent the rest of their days. One son Owen was cut down in the bloom of youth when 15 years old. Two children also died in infancy and on July 29th, 1913 the loving father and the kind husband passed away.

There are to mourn the loss of this loving mother, Harry Rogers and Mrs. J. F. Kellar of Columbus, Miss Laura Rogers of Lakewood, and Thomas Jackson Rogers of Jackson; also one brother and one sister, William O. Davies and Mrs. Kate Roderick of this city, besides five grandchildren viz: Margaret Ann Rogers, Carrie Louise Rogers, Wilma Jean Jackson, Mary Ellen Kellar and Winifred Ann Kellar.

Today heaven has been brought close to this bereaved family and the cold grave will always be the warmest spot in their hearts.

We trust that the God of their parents will continue to guide the children and grandchildren, as well as the brother and sister until they unite again in that beautiful land where illness and death are not known and where parting is no more.

Card of Thanks

OBITUARY

CATHERINE HINE HOOVER.

"There is no death! an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent
tread;
He bears our best loved ones away
And then we call them dead.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead."

At the beginning of this obituary we would like to comfort our sorrowing friends with the thought contained in two stanzas just read: "There is no dead." The thing we call death is "but a sleep and a forgetting." True it is that the mortal part ceases to function, but the spirit, the immortal part, lives on forever; and many times, unseen, unheard, and unfelt, hovers over those left on earth.

What a comfort to realize that death does not end all. So this is not an occasion for weeping. Let us be comforted again by the words of the poet:

"Weep not that her task is ended,
Weep not that her race is run;
God grant we may rest as sweetly,
When our work like hers is done,
Till then we will give in sadness

Our treasure to Him to keep,
And trust in his precious promise with
"He giveth His loved ones
A sleep."

Catherine Hines Hoover was born June 14, 1854 in Liberty Township and departed this life February 24, 1924. She was the eighth child of Christian and Catherine Hines, who migrated to America from Germany probably near the year 1840. The father and mother of the departed left the German homeland to seek in America, the land of opportunity, economic, political, and religious freedom. All of the brothers and sisters of the departed have preceded her to the Great Beyond except Mr. M. M. Hines, of South Charleston, Ohio, and Mrs. William Nicodemus, of Robbins Station, Ohio.

While quite young, Mrs. Hoover was converted and joined the U. B. Church at Beaver. Later, for the sake of convenience, she transferred her membership to New Zion. Mrs. Hoover, all her life, has been a true, faithful, and consistent Christian. As long as she was physically able, she was a faithful attendant at Church. She loved everything connected with the service—the hymns, the prayer, and the preaching. No one could sing and hear sung the hymn, "My Jesus, I love Thee", with greater joy and sincerity than she. How well the last stanza of this hymn applies in her case:

"In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright,
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

On December 29, 1881, the departed was united in marriage to Mr. James Hoover and to this union were born two boys and three girls, all of whom are married and living within two miles of the old homestead: William Hoover, Beaver; Mrs. George W. Weber, Cove; Emin E. Hoover, Beaver; Mrs. Ray Davis, Beaver; Mrs. Walter Fout, Glade.

Also she helped rear the following stepchildren: B. P. Hoover, Lexington, Illinois; Mrs. Elmer McCartney, Springfield, Ohio; and Frank Hoover, deceased.

When we think of Mrs. Hoover's home, again the words of the poet come to us:

"Home's not merely four square walls
Though with pictures hung and
gilded;

Home is where affection calls
Filled with shrines the heart hath
built;

Home's not merely roof and room
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom
Where there's some kind heart to
cheer it."

The home over which Mrs. Hoover presided as queen for so many years satisfied every detail the poet's definition. She was a loving, faithful, and devoted wife, and a tender, kind and affectionate mother. She practically worshipped her family. Her happiest moments were those in which she was sacrificing for them. She really burnt life's candle at both ends for them. Her seventy-year old face tells many tales to those who can interpret it. It is written over with wrinkles which are legends only to whom love holds the key. Those lines about the mouth and eye are the result of worry and work for growing children.

Though winter had cast hoar-frost with lavish hand on the bent head, there was summer—perpetual summer in her heart.

"Yes, 'tis summer in the heart;
Snows may fall and tears may start,
But the soul that loves, forever
Keepeth summer in the heart."

Mrs. Hoover's first striking physical break came last September. But by December she had so recovered that she could perform a few minor household duties. Then about three weeks ago she was stricken with erysipelas. She struggled bravely but could not survive even with the aid of loving hands and medicine. At 2 P. M. Sunday the master called her with his "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

May we end with the thought with which we started.

"There is no Death! What seems so is
transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead—this one of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor
protection
And Christ himself doth rule."

OBITUARY

MRS. FRED MALONEY

The subject of our sketch, Albertie Bolen Maloney, wife of Fred Maloney, departed this life March 8, 1924, aged 37 years, 8 months and 29 days. She was born in Lawrence County. At the age of 5 years she moved to Jackson. She was united in marriage to Fred Maloney in the year 1907, May 15th.

To this union were born eight children, all of whom survive, but one Audrey Oleta, who died in 1921. She was the daughter of Elisha and Gertrude Bolen.

She was converted at about the age of 16 years under the pastorate of J. W. Willis in the U. B. church at Victory Chapel, at Jackson, and always lived true to the faith of Christ until he relieved her of her suffering, she having been in poor health for a number of years, but always bore up patiently wishing to do and care for her family. Finally she was smitten by a stroke of paralysis and lived but a couple of days.

She leaves to mourn their loss, a grief stricken husband, five daughters and two sons, a mother, her father having preceded her to the Great Beyond, June 27, 1922.

We will miss her gentle footsteps,
We will miss her tender care;
No more we'll feel her fond caresses,
We'll miss her everywhere.

Our home will be empty,
Our lives are emptier still;
But we know it is God who has bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

Farewell dear wife and mother,
Some day we hope to be
United again in Heaven,
And from earth's sorrows flee.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. R. P. McCarley, preaching from a text chosen by her.

Interment at Ashbury church by funeral director, Stout.