MINISTER’S COLUMN

How endearing are the words, "My church." Father and mother and the old family pew, sister and brother sitting with parents as they used to do. The service was tedious to the young folk. I often wished for the last hymn and the nodding to friends and the last hand-shake to be over with. It was great to be free, to be out of doors, to romp and run with playmates. It was a relief to get home, lay aside the little blue suit, my blue suit only worn on Sunday, after church it was exchanged for another.

My church, the echo comes down through the years. My parents loved their church, they were glad when they said, "Let us go up into the House of our God." Dear old parents, Daddie went first, mother tarried a little while, they wearied and fell into that dreamless sleep, that will claim us all.

I was a restless little critter when a boy, I have heard it said that I was very mischievous. I can recall enough of the early years to know that I wasn’t a little house plant. However, when I was sixteen a strange thing happened to me. I heard a call. One of my school chums reminded me of a Revival meeting in the church, the church that dad and mother claimed as their church. That night my thoughts, my actions, the course of my life was changed. I can’t tell you much about it. This, however, may suffice, the church was like a new world to me, it was a great discovery. I handed in my name, I was received a member, the church then was my church.

Through the years the church has absorbed much of my thought, the church has fastened itself about my heart, it has grown dearer as the years have passed. Many times from the depths of my nature, like an overflowing spring, the words have gushed forth, "I love Thy church, O God, the House of Thine abode." My church, The years have unfolded a mighty drama of experience, sometime, somewhere, I can’t explain, and it doesn’t matter, a voice within has inquired about these many churches, and good folk who have clung to many different brands of churches, one generally opposed to the other. Folk contended, and labored diligently to preserve and maintain their church. Something within me was insistent in its inquiry, why God has so many families and why the great divided family, called the church.

Back in my school days I was told that Catholics and Protestants were hopelessly divided, that Jews and Gentiles were far apart, and that Baptists and Episcopalians refuse to exchange pulpits, that Lutherans and Presbyterians could never be one, at least this side of Heaven. Multiply this tragedy a hundred times and you have the facts.

My old church home was very dear to me, there I found God. From out those doors mother and father made the last earthly journey to a final resting place. From the old church the minister cried with great earnestness, “Brethren, let us contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.” Jude 3. That voice within me has grown
more bold as the years have passed. I have tried to be honest to my convictions. I have longed for

and sought diligently for the way, the highway, the right way. It was painful at first. I was fearful lest I might be mistaken for I sought for the church, a church of the living God marked by simplicity of worship, a people spirit-filled, a church free from the fetters of man made doctrines. Just a meeting place of God and man. I longed for a great Bible church, where the word is interpreted and made easy to understand. A church that opens its doors to whosoever will, a great spiritual church where weary folk may find refuge, and the Holy Spirit lightens the way. A church where all sectarian differences are told to be gone. A church where God’s family is one, one in faith, one in purpose, controlled in motive and action by the mind of the Master. God’s church and God’s way, a great victorious merge, a united Christianity. A victorious irresistible force of the redeemed of Heaven, serving notice on the world that sin is of the Devil and this is God’s world and Christ is our King. My church voiced by the multitude, sweeping the earth like an army with banners, acclaimed by every nation and every tongue. God’s great triumphant church that which he hath purposed from the beginning.

GEO. M. HULME

Part of the Easter Sermon by GEO. M. HULME
Stow Community Church
April 12, 1936
HE IS NOT HERE. HE IS RISEN.
Matthew 28:6

Here! That was where with sad steps they came to gaze on the grave of the sleeping Master. Here in the hush of the early dawn, grief stricken and heavy hearted a company of friends thread their way to the garden of Joseph of
Arimathea on the hill and near Golgotha, the place of the skull. Here they would find the beautiful tomb, here they would find a rich man’s burial lot, here they would find the Roman guard. Here they would find the body of their dead friend. Here they would find the body of Jesus. Here they would complete the work of embalming. Here they would find again their loving dead.

There might be some difficulties, the guard might be strict, the stone difficult to withdraw from the vault. But it’s here where He was laid, and to this spot called, HERE, we hasten just as the first light streams across the hill-tops. O wondrous Easter morning, the guards had just left, the stone which was a heavy cork like wedge, fitting the entrance to the tomb, the stone large enough in diameter to admit the stooping form of one entering the vault. No wonder they lisped, “Who will roll away the stone?” for the stone was a solid block and as much as twelve strong men could lift, this massive door-like protector of the silent dead, was already drawn from its place, and an angel, in raiment white as snow, said, “He is not here for He is risen.”

Never in the history of the human race has anything so glorious, so inexpressible taken place. Jesus when He lived among men gave evidence that He could raise up the dead and cause them to live again, but this matchless, wonder-working Man has been crucified as a malefactor, He, himself, is sealed in Joseph’s tomb. But the Easter morning messenger, the heralder of the race’s most stupendous truth, cries aloud from the garden on the hill, while dew is still on the roses and while the golden sun sheds light and life across the earth, “He is not here, He is risen.”

Night was turned into day, defeat forgotten in victory, the miracle of the ages had been wrought, Christ rose from the dead. That indescribable darkness that hung over Jerusalem had passed and given way to the sweetest and purest morning that ever dawned, the Resurrection Morning. The earthquake, the black thunder storm, two chill and foggy nights, nights of suspense and weary waiting for the first day of the week, had at last worn on to the gray soft light of this wonderful morning, the morning when our Lord came forth from the dead.

Dazed and dismayed was the little company that had tripped along on the sad journey to the grave if only they could touch his cold body, look into his loving eyes, now closed, lay their hands on those hands that had blessed little children. O, yes, if for the last, last time we can render a loving service by embalming our holy dead then will we thank God and hope in the last great day to meet again.

But the angel, whose appearance was like the lightning, said, “He is not here, He is risen.” In all of human history there was nothing fraught with such momentous meaning. Jesus Christ has left the tomb and left the garden and left the grave clothes. Risen yes, the angel proclaimed it, the morning beautiful proclaimed it, the news streamed across the world and down through the centuries and uncounted millions shout the glorious tidings. He is not here, He is risen. If the guards had still been on duty, if the stone had been fast in its place and the company of friends had sobbed their sorrow in
THE Boy Scout Committee will have charge of the next meeting of the Stow Civic Association. A program of especial interest to ladies is being planned. ALL citizens of Stow Township are invited to attend.

Time: Tuesday, April 21st, 8:00 P.M.
Place: Town Hall

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died and he rose again and in him we have the pledge that all the countless dead who sleep in Him shall live again.

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No fear, no woe shall claim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

CONFERENCE
On Tuesday, April 21st, 7:30 p. m. at the Christian Fellowship Mission, 888 Johnson Street, Akron, there will be a conference of Undenominational churches from the Akron district.

Rev. Pike of the Christian Fellowship Mission will give the address of welcome. Rev. G. M. Hulme will speak on the general outlook of the undenominational church. Others who are expected to have part in the evening program are Rev. G. M. Baumgardner, Community Church of Forrest Hill, Rev. Carl Burnham from Five Points, Rev. Paul Lorah, North Canton, Miss Rose Hallowell, East Akron, and Rev. Wm. Shivley, Goodyear Heights. Each minister is asked to bring delegates to this conference from their own church.

NOTICE
Wednesday, April 22nd, 8:00 p.m. the Ladies Bible class will hold an important meeting at the home of Mrs. Ermal S. Dunn, 180 Williamson road, Stow. Mrs. P. A. Schnee secretary of the class urgently requests that every member and friend of the class be present. The report of the nominating committee will be read and election of officers for the ensuing year will take place.

MEN
The Men's Bible Class was quite

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encouraged last Sunday. Twenty-six men were present. Interest in the lesson was evident. Discussion of the lesson was general. The president of the class, Mr. Biggs, acted as teacher. He tells us that next Sunday in considering the lesson the following factors of relationship will be discussed: 1—What is a home? 2—What does the word Father mean to the average son? (Editor's Note: Mr. Man Don't let your son get ahead of you. Come out to Bible school with him and get some refreshing ideas from your neighbor. Find out what your neighbor thinks about and let him know what you think.)

MEN'S AFFAIR

Friday night, about 8:00 p.m. on April 24th, C. M. Woodring has invited the Men's Bible class to a party and business meeting at his home on Thorndale. Attend this meeting men. All parties at Woodrings have always been interesting and worthwhile. Bring your neighbor.

STOW GARDEN CLUB

Mrs. H. I. Cozad will speak on "Wild Flowers," Mrs. Daisy Wetmore on "Reminders for May," at the meeting of the Stow Garden club to be held next Wednesday, April 22 at the Stow Public Library. The roll call, "Wild Flowers in My Garden."

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PERSONAL
Fay Marie Haartje was a victim of the mumps Easter Sunday.
Mr. Ted Hooper, West Arndale road, has a new Chevrolet.
C. V. Shakespeare has a new hat: size seven and one eighth.
Irina Temple, Ellsworth road, was absent last Sunday on account of illness.
"And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."—John 11-26.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ferris and son Chalmers were in Stow for Easter.
Billy Starcher missed Bible school last Sunday because of illness.
J. R. Somers, West Graham road, had his house insulated last week.
Mrs. A. J. Kurinsky’s mother is visiting with her for a few days.
Miss Jane Henderson was confined to her bed with a severe cold Easter Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. John Sheka, Hudson road, spent Easter with Mrs. Sheka’s mother at Loudonville, Ohio.
"For with the heart man believ-

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GARDEN SEEDS

FROM

THE STOW HARDWARE

BUY EARLY

of last week Jimmy Trent was hit by an automobile.

Dr. L. B. Sebrell of Silver Lake is a patient this week at the City Hospital. At the present writing it is expected that he will have been operated upon this Thursday.

Frank Starr of Darrowville failed to attend Bible School last Sunday on account of a badly blistered heel acquired while delivering church papers Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Poster Young of West Arndale road and sister Miss Shenalt visited with their parents at Londonderry, Ohio last Saturday and Sunday.

Daniel Carpenter returned home on Tuesday of last week from Boise, Idaho, where he has been since last October in the CCC camp.

Visitors Sunday at the home of Mrs. Neugebauer, Hudson road, were Mrs. Neugebauer’s brother, Capt. H. B. Humbert and family.

WHILE you buy your groceries, chicken feed, vegetables, meat, etc. IN STOW, park your car with us and let us grease it, change the oil, clean it up, or fill it with gasoline.

Shell Gas Station

140 East Kent Rd., Stow "Eddie" Parsons, Prop.
of Jeffersonville, Ind. and Mrs. W. C. Bruckner and family of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Two of Rev. Hulme's sons and their families were visitors at church Sunday—Paul of Akron and Milton G. of Pittsburgh. Milton G. Hulme, the eldest and is president of Glover and McGregor Brokerage Company, Pittsburgh.

Visitors at the home of Mrs. C. A. Thomas during the past two weeks were her brother E. C. Genereux, wife and daughter of St. Paul, Minnesota, and Mrs. Thomas daughter, Mrs. Delahunt, husband and children of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Two hundred fourteen at Bible School Sunday and not far from that number were at church. In the Sunday School at the Community Church of Forrest Hill, where Rev. Baumgardner is pastor, we hear that the attendance was two hundred seventeen.

That dependable tenor of 206 West Arndale road has been missing for several weeks from the Community Church choir. How many names on a petition would it take to get him back in the line-up.

Jerry Gillam (Phone WA-1823) rendered valuable assistance to H. J. Stockman last Saturday when his Plymouth was mired deep in a mud hole in the road just north of Meadowbrook Lake. (Another job for the road supervisor.)

Mrs. Troesch, with three High School students, namely Anna Jane Lee, Neal Nickerson and Richard Beckwith leave this Friday to take part in the Shakespeare Reading Contest being held this weekend at Ohio Wesleyan university.

Mrs. Kay H. Sowers of Chicago was an Easter visitor at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Henderson. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Henderson and son Richard were also Sunday afternoon visitors at the parental home.

Mrs. C. V. Shakespeare says that last Sunday Evening's Musical was the first one she has really enjoyed. And while on the subject of musicals, didn't the closing song raise the roof? Orchestra, choir and congregation almost raised the roof! Some say it was the most enthusiastic wholehearted singing they ever heard in Community Church.

Those joining the church last Sunday morning were Miss Marilyn Cox, Hudson road, Miss Dorothy Michaels, West Arndale, Miss Harriet North, River road, Miss Dorothy Bentley, River road, Miss Eleanor Trommer, West Arndale road, Master Curtis Holley, Ritchie.

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**THE STOW HARDWARE**
road, and Mr. Ralph Nichols, Baumberger road. Those baptised were Mrs. Golda Haartje, Robert Lowe, and Miss Eleanor Trommer. Miss Dorothy Michaels and Miss Marilyn Cox expect to be baptized the last Sunday in April.

NEWS

Since it is the time of the year when gardens are usually started, and since the Editor's monthly grocery bill is now from two to four times what it used to be when we devoted more time and attention to gardening we therefore publicly proclaim, announce, etc., etc., that we will endeavor to stave off bankruptcy another six months or so, and on Monday evenings and some other evenings, for the next few weeks, some time will be devoted to the study, care, culture, cultivation or whatever it takes to produce a good garden. Hence, in order that local news items may not perish from the paper, will all public spirited members of the Ladies' Bible class, the Men's Bible class, and all others, please hand in such news items on Sunday morning. As soon as it is possible, it is our wish to get the paper published a little earlier in the week so that when it gets admitted to the mail (if ever) folks will receive their papers before Sunday. As a final word please send in news items and send them in early.

JAMES T. FLOWER, JR.
(Paid Political Ad)

Sheriff Jas. T. Flower, Jr., is highly commended in a letter he recently received from John Younger, professor in charge of the Industrial Engineering division of Ohio State University, who was employed by the Summit County commissioners last year to make a survey of all the offices of the county courthouse.

"During the survey," wrote Mr. Younger, "I was very much impressed with the business-like way in which you organized and handled your department. I was also impressed greatly with the calibre of the men you had appointed as deputies. They undoubtedly were well picked for their respective tasks.

"I found that these men work long hours and do a great amount of work in addition to their assigned duties. They are completely loyal to you and, what is more, to the public.

"As I informed the county commissioners, I found that all the divisions in your office—criminal, civic and jail—were being operated efficiently and economically. I was led to believe there might be irregularities in such an organization but found to my pleasure as smooth a running a group of men as you could see in industry. In fact, many an industrial firm could congratulate itself if it had as efficient a staff as yours.

"In making my report to the county commissioners, I commended you highly for your work as Sheriff. Furthermore, I feel that the people of Summit County should understand what you have done in your office and should be grateful for your services. You have done a fine job and consequently you deserve high praise.

"If the people of Summit County feel as I do, you will be Sheriff for many years."

Inasmuch as this letter came from a "cold-blooded," impartial efficiency expert who was employed by the county commissioners for the sole purpose of reducing county expenditures, it is considered an unusually significant endorsement of Sheriff Flower.—(Adv.)