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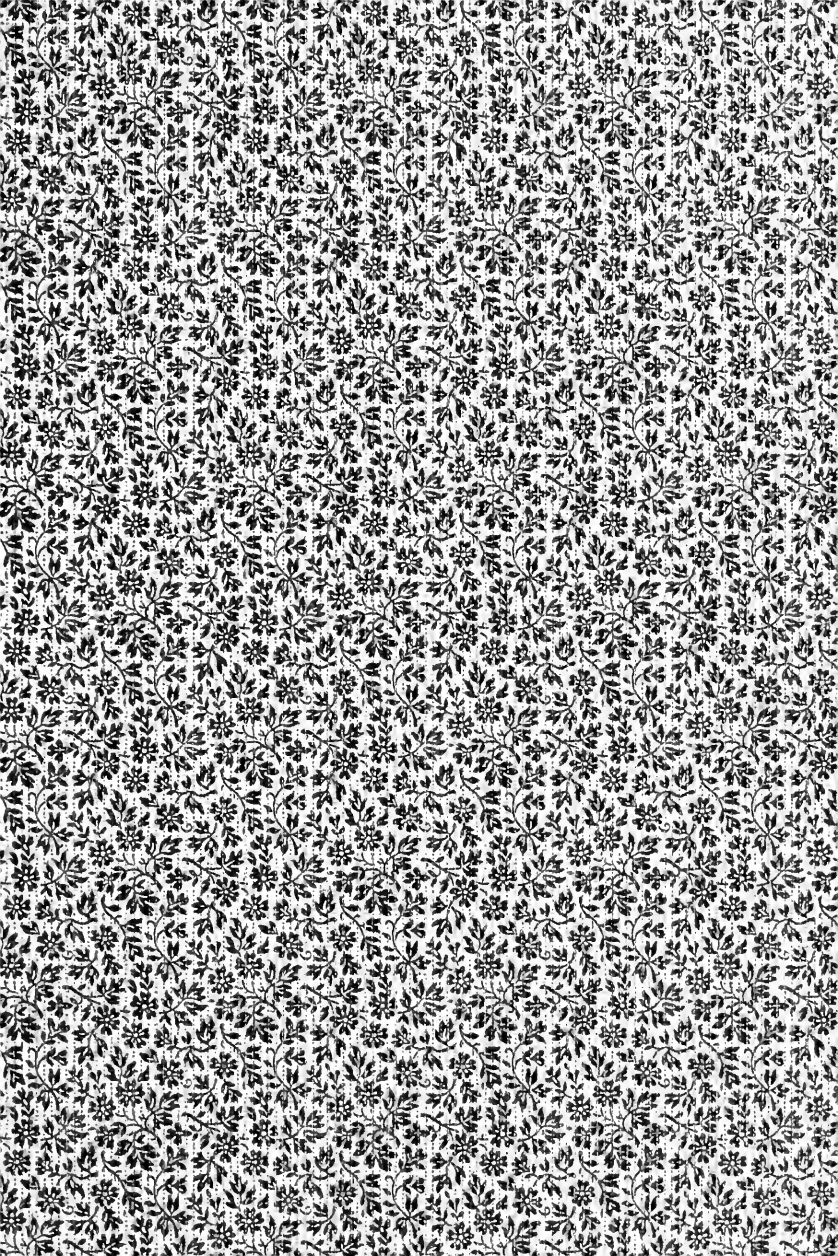


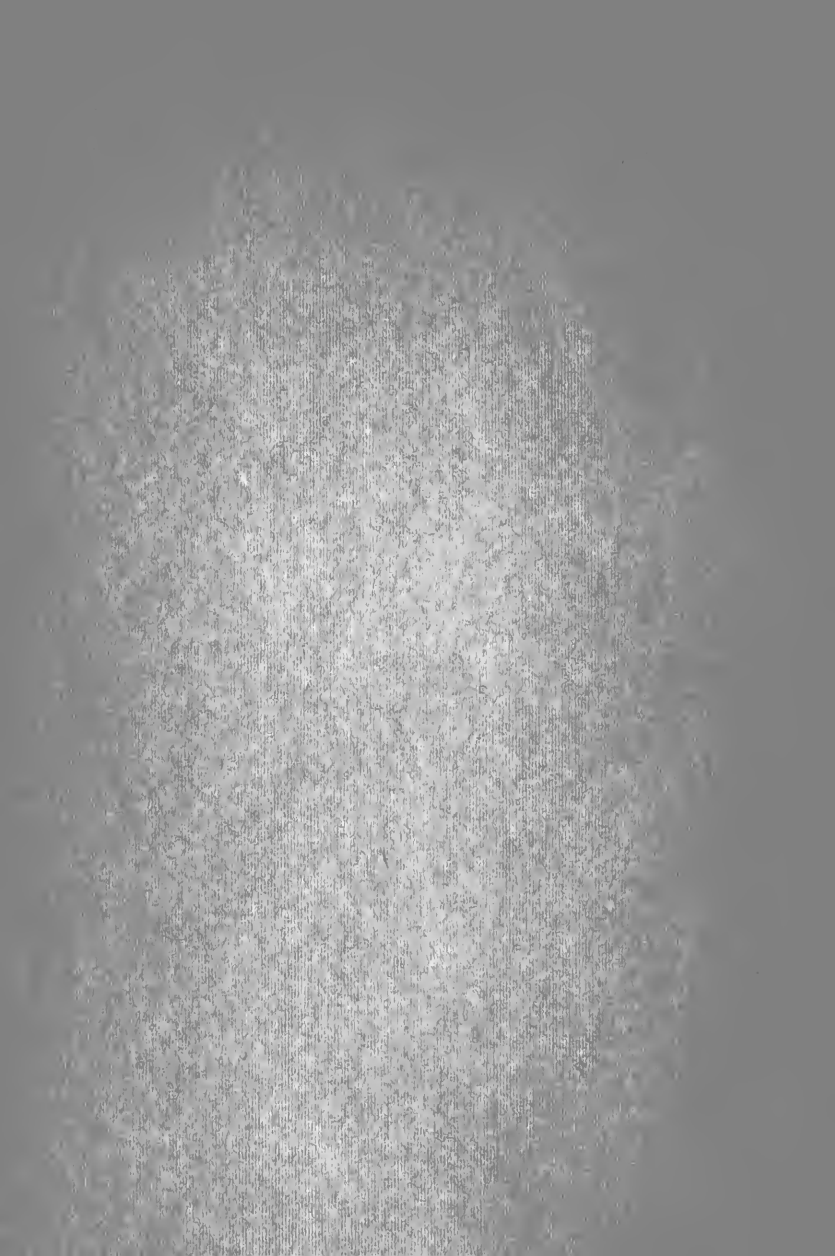
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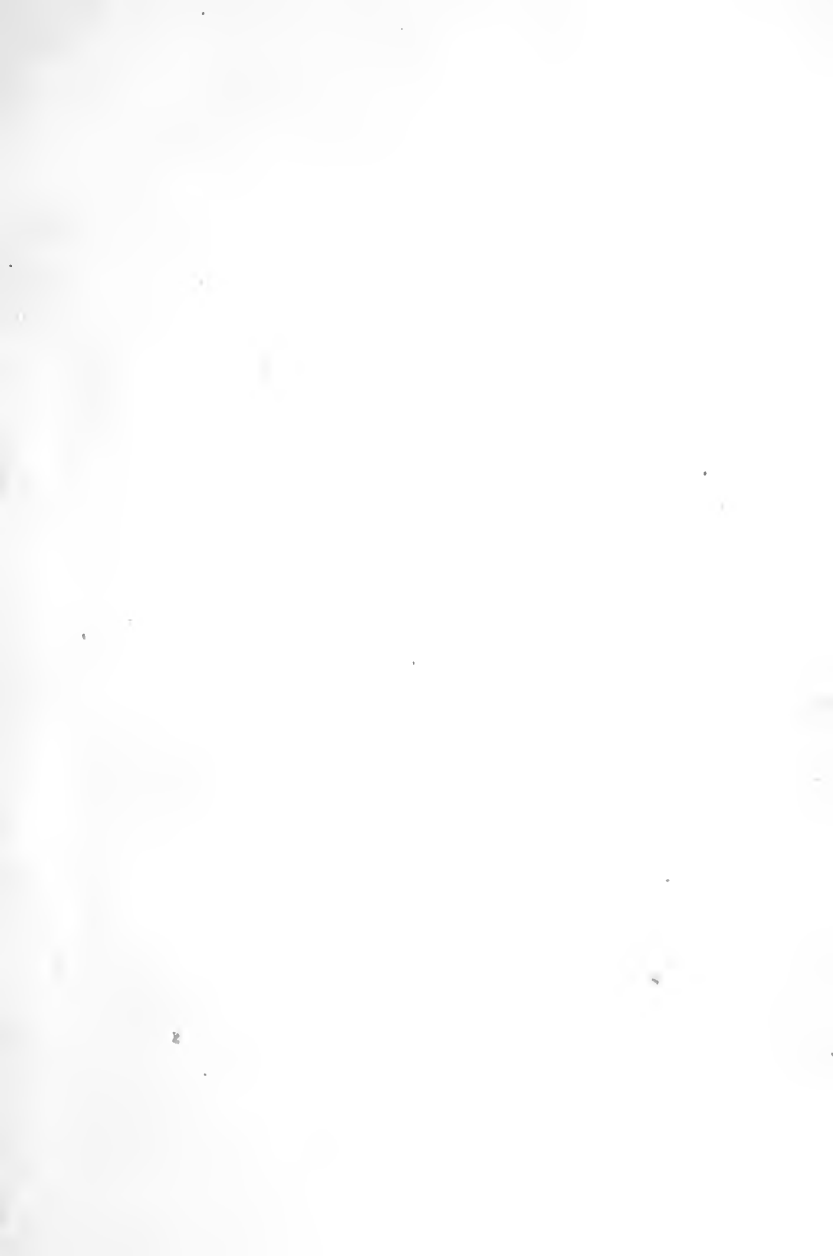




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IN MEMORIAM.





AMANDA MELISSA WITTICH.

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

In memoriam

Amanda Melissa Wittich

(nee Shultz)

Wife of

Albert Theodore Wittich

Was born November 15, 1844, in Miamisburg, Ohio,
and passed away, suddenly, in her own home,
at eight forty-five, Tuesday evening, November 4, 1902.
Aged: Fifty-seven years, eleven months, and nineteen days.

"A woman that feared the Lord"

Dayton, Ohio
Press of United Brethren Publishing House
1904

FLORAL TRIBUTES.

Very grateful acknowledgment is here made to the kind donors of the many beautiful floral offerings, namely:

Large spray white roses and violets, Valley Lodge No. 145 D. of R.

Large panel pink and white roses, Ruth Temple No. 10 Rathbone Sisters.

Sickle, Marechal Niel roses and fern leaves, Miami Council No. 44 D. of L.

Star, Dayton, Ohio, Chapter No. 125 Order Eastern Star.

Large panel white and pink carnations, W. R. Corps No. 204.

Spray of pink and cream roses, Mrs. Matt Marr.

Spray white chrysanthemums, Mrs. Hattie Mittendorf.

Basket of roses, Mrs. Laura Yensel.

Large bunch pink roses, Mrs. Mary Mader, Misses Laura and Emma Mader.

Cluster white carnations and roses, Mr. Geo. E. Mathews.

Spray pink roses, Mr. G. F. Wittich, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Gamble.

Large wreath calla lilies and white roses, office friends, Crown Piano Factory, Chicago, Ill.

Large panel chrysanthemums and begonia leaves, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Bent, Chicago, Ill.

Full blanket large chrysanthemums to cover casket, Mrs. Elizabeth Groby, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Catrow, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Catrow, Mr. Henry Catrow.

PALL BEARERS.

CLIFFORD M. SCHUBERTH.

CHAS. H. HALL.

GEO. E. MATHEWS.

HARRY C. SCHUBERTH.

(Nephews of the deceased.)

CHOIR.

MISS SUDE SMITH.

MR. JAS. A. KAUFFMAN.

MISS AMANDA BUEHNER.

MR. WM. A. REITER.

MISS EMMA BECHTOLD, *Accompanist.*

*Interment, Hill Grove Cemetery,
Miamisburg, Ohio.*

FUNERAL SERVICE

HELD AT

RESIDENCE, MIAMISBURG, OHIO,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, 2 O'CLOCK,

NOVEMBER 2TH, 1902.

CONDUCTED BY REV. F. W. E. PESCHAU, D.D.

VOLUNTARY—"THY WILL BE DONE"—CHOIR.

(MUSIC BY A. T. W.)

Father, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

Though cast down we 're not forsaken ;
Though afflicted, not alone ;
Thou didst give and thou hast taken ;
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done.

Though to-day we 're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on thy throne ;
With thy smiles of love returning
We can say, "Thy will be done."

By thy hand the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own ;
Lord of earth and God of heaven,
Evermore "Thy will be done."

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

MINISTER AND CHOIR.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

I. THESSALONIANS 4: 13-18.

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

"For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

ST. MATTHEW 9: 18-26.

"While he spake these things unto them, behold, there came a certain ruler, and worshipped him, saying, My daughter is even now dead: but come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live.

"And Jesus arose, and followed him, and so did his disciples.

"And, behold, a woman, which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind him, and touched the hem of his garment.

"For she said within herself, If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole.

"But Jesus turned him about, and when he saw her, he said, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour.

"And when Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw the minstrels and the people making a noise,

"He said unto them, Give place: for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn.

"But when the people were put forth, he went in, and took her by the hand, and the maid arose.

"And the fame hereof went abroad into all that land."

PRAYER.

BY REV. F. W. E. PESCHAU, D.D.

Almighty and Everlasting God, in whom we live and move and have our being, thou who art the giver of every good and perfect gift of body and mind and soul for the life that now is and for the eternal life that is yet to come to us, if we are thy dear children, have mercy on us. We thank thee for everything good and noble and holy and beautiful and necessary that thou hast bestowed upon us. We thank thee, O God, that thou didst establish in thy wise providence the Christian home. We thank thee for Christian parents and Christian brothers and sisters, and we thank thee that these Christian sons and daughters that are thine have gone out into the great world and established homes of their own, to honor thee and bless the world. O Lord God Almighty, we thank thee for the establishment of this Christian home. We thank thee for the life of this deceased Christian woman. We thank thee for the duties performed by her as child, as young woman, and as wife and mother, even to the last of her days upon the earth.

O Lord God, we pray thee to let thy divine benedictions rest upon us as we contemplate the life she led and consider the uncertainty of life, when we recall how unexpectedly she was called from time to eternity, that, like hers, our house may be set in order, our peace made with thee, our life's duties performed, so that we have only to die in the fullness of time. O Lord God, we pray thee to let thy blessings rest upon her venerable father. Do thou comfort and strengthen

Amanda Melissa Wittich

him in his high and advanced age as he is called upon again to be a mourner in his own family circle, and to stand by the coffin-side of one so many years younger than himself. Bless him and comfort him. And, O Heavenly Father, do thou let thy special blessings rest, we pray thee, upon the husband who misses the sharer of life's joys and life's sorrows, and who with him, through life's changing storms, came to the establishment of this home, in which Christian joy and peace reigned. We pray thee to comfort him. Wilt thou help him to say from the depths of his heart, "Father, thy will be done"? Wilt thou help him to realize that now there is another reason, that heaven offers, why he should live for thee and prepare for that endless eternity that is in thy keeping. Bless thou his aged father who in sorrow thinks of the loss that has befallen his son, and as he in his life's history has been called upon to mourn one who came, through marriage, as a daughter into his household. Comfort and strengthen him in his last and declining years. Do thou also bless and comfort with thy grace and Holy Spirit those that miss a sister, who spent life's sunny morning with her in days gone by, who grew up under the same parental care, who were reared in the same holy Christian church and then went out into the world, each of them with a home of his own, and were scattered amid the duties of life. God bless them, as they not only have a mother gone, but also now as the angel of death has taken a step nearer to them and taken her who was so near and dear to them and led her to everlasting rest.

O Lord God, our Heavenly Father, we pray thee that thou wouldst comfort all who mourn, the friends, the neighbors, the schoolmates of the years past, and the associates in life's many joys, who with her sought to honor God and his church, their parents, and themselves, according to thy holy Word.

O God, hear us and help us and guide us and bless us, and ultimately take us to thyself, whether suddenly or through the slow process of disease and death, only, O God, take us to thyself and to everlasting glory, we pray thee, in Jesus' name. Amen.

HYMN.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

SERMON.

BY REV. F. W. E. PESCHAU, D.D.

TEXT: Rev. 2: 10.

“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

How wonderfully this sudden death impresses itself upon our minds as we are gathered here to-day to look for the last time upon the face and form of one who spent nearly every day of her life-pilgrimage in this town and in the surrounding community! How strange! Her voice is hushed. The eyes that looked upon us have been closed. The heart that beat with its warm Christian friendship for so many has ceased to throb in this so frequently suffering human body. Up and down these streets for more than fifty years she moved, for a while as a child, then as a youth, then as a young woman, then as a wife, and then as a mother, and now the half-century and a little more of her life has come to a sudden close. Another coffin has been made, a new grave has been dug, fresh flowers

have been cut, another home has been filled with mourning, and we have laid down the burdens of life in our various places to come and in solemn silence and with sad hearts to sympathize not only with this afflicted and now bereaved husband, but to regret that such a beautiful life has come to a sudden close forever and evermore. Beautiful as are the flowers that rest upon her casket, still more beautiful is the sight of the silent friends who here, by their very presence, pay life's tribute of respect and love and honor to her who is no more. And now what shall we consider on such occasions but things that are suggested in the lives of those who are gone and themes of God's holy Word to encourage us in the noble, beautiful, true, holy solving of life's greatest problems. We therefore direct your attention for a season to a part of the tenth verse of the second chapter of Revelation, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

These words are a wide, sweeping law of life. There are many passages in the Word of God that treat of one trait of character, one phase of life, one issue of the important relations that surround us and of which we are a part, and which we can and must control or which can and must control us; but there are passages like this that cover the whole realm of human life in all its duties and all its interests, in all its many-sided characteristics, and hence are most glori-

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ous promises indeed. A beautiful promise like this, given us by the Lord God Almighty, links this life with death, and it links this life, through death, with an everlasting power and life on high. God and man clasp hands with promises and covenants and conditions of this character. Like the frail vine that clings to the mighty oak, and is supported by it and adorns it, so God and man in the covenant of salvation, and in the covenant of Christian liberty that is offered here, clasp hands, as it were, both for time and also for eternity. It is like a promise to a passenger upon a through train; it is like extending wishes to one that steps upon the steamer on one side of the great ocean with no place to stop until the other shore has been finally reached. Not only this, but it involves one of life's noblest principles. Fidelity is the end and hope of this gracious promise. And so we are impressed, in the next place, with the fact that it also refers to the world's greatest means and forces, a godly man and God; not to inanimate nature, not to the animal creation even, but He takes the two highest beings, man, the supreme creature of the earth, and God, the supreme being of an endless eternity. How strange that God should condescend to notice man, and that he would give us here, as it were, an endless chain of deliverance. It begins with the Christian profession on earth, and its effect never ends in all eternity. Its conditions are more than

reasonable and more than kind; they are encouraging, inspiring, strengthening, stimulating, uplifting, yea, saving. We are impressed with this unbounded divine generosity, for here God says, "I will give," as if he desired to say: I will bestow upon you freely and fully what you cannot acquire by merit, or talent, or strength, or wealth, or skill, or any power, or all powers that you have or that you can sway or that you can bring under your influence. I will give what wealth, strength, scholarship, skill, talent, science, and all the arts cannot give unto you.

We are impressed, furthermore, with the beautiful thought that God lays down the conditions and that he offers the liberal reward. No man could have planned a noble arrangement like this. It is beyond the power, the comprehension of man, and he has no claims, even as he has no control, over the Lord God Almighty.

There is no reference, you notice, to previous conditions nor present circumstances, except the one all-embracing law of faithfulness in the Christian life; but ah, it implies that a Christian life has been begun, for you and I can only be faithful in that unto the end that we have already entered upon.

And now, what do we understand by the term of "being faithful," or faithfulness, as embraced in the words of the text? We must not lose sight of the fact that there are two significations; the one is being

Sermon

full of faith, full of faith in God, in his holy Word, in his holy church, in his blessed sacraments, in the outpouring of his Holy Spirit, in the promises of the divine Christ, in the fact that there is an eternal word and an eternal life, that forgiveness is possible, and that salvation is attainable. These imply having a heart and soul full of faith and full of faith of the right kind. But the words of our text rather refer to the other signification; namely, that it implies being true, constant, persevering, unswerving, loyal to duty, continuing in duty, and being upright, sincere, honest, just, pure, virtuous, godly, constant without interruption and without change; beautiful, yea, most beautiful form of life this side of heaven, for only the angels, as we can think of them, are ever faithful to God, never having fallen from him. Indeed, God allows in his holy Word the fact to be emphasized that "he is faithful," for we read in one of the beautiful chapters of the Old Testament, "The faithful God who keepeth his covenants of mercy with them that love him." In other words, God characterizes himself as a God not only of power and wisdom, but also of eminent, true, beautiful faithfulness. We speak of faithful servants, faithful friends, faithful neighbors, faithful soldiers, faithful sailors, faithful physicians, faithful relatives, kind and faithful children, parents, or husband, or wife, and throughout the whole realm of life the beautiful and God-like princi-

ple of fidelity is ever emphasized, is ever admired, ever brings good fruit, ever calls forth unstinted admiration, and is indeed a golden monument of remembrance in every noble human being.

But we are not to lose sight of the fact that it is an easy thing in life to start; but to always keep up with the race is a most difficult duty. To begin right is not sufficient, but to continue in well doing, and in the right, and continue in a holy life to life's close, these are the things that God in his divine mercy expects of us. We dare at least refer to the question that there is more difference among men as to their fidelity than there is as to their ability. Men differ in their ability, but is it not true that they differ still more in their fidelity, or lack of fidelity, that may characterize them?

Let us consider now what God promises to those that are faithful to him. "I will give thee a crown of life." A crown is a sign or emblem of power, of real authority, victory, a sign of bravery, of worth and success, an honorary badge and symbol of high rank. All these are implied in the gift of a crown. We crown the bride with a wreath of flowers.

In times of old, for hundreds of years, the Olympian heroes received a crown of wild olives, the Pythian heroes received a crown of laurel, the Nimcan heroes received a crown

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of pine foliage, the Roman heroes received a crown of oak leaves, and the naval heroes received a crown of gold.

When a Roman citizen was the means of saving the life of another citizen he was led into the senate, and the senate arose in honor of his presence and honored him with the "civic crown." How much grander will be the crowning of the children of God that helped to save one soul for everlasting glory. Then, too, there was the "crown of triumph" that was given to the victorious general on the day on which his victories were celebrated. The Greeks and Romans, we remember, crowned the poets, and hence we have the term of "poet laureate," meaning crowned by reigning rulers or governing rulers of their day, and thus made immortal, as it were, on the pages of human history.

Not only this, but there were those who crowned the corpse, and on this account some of the early kings and emperors after they were dead were crowned, and because of this were considered deified. To demonstrate this, they crowned the busts and the portraits and the statues of the great men of the past. We are told that in many an ancient tomb a crown of beauty has been found. All the crowns of earth are only inferior things that have crumbled to dust amid the ruin of the years of the various centuries.

But we will consider, furthermore, some of the rich materials that constitute or adorn the crowns. Think of the kings of Israel! They had crowns of great value and great beauty. King David had a crown, and the king of Annon also had one.

The German emperors had a threefold or triple crown, one part of which was iron, one part made of silver, and the other part of it made of gold.

Hungary in its beautiful crown has Christ and the apostles, all, of course, in small form, represented upon the crown that its rulers wear.

France has had for centuries its beautiful crown adorned with three lilies of gold.

But we come to the finest crown of the earth. It was the crown of the late British queen and empress, that grand and noble woman, Victoria, the most majestic, the richest, the most precious of all the crowns upon the face of the earth. We are told by those who have described it that it had 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 723 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, a large ruby, seventeen sapphires, four small rubies, 227 pearls and lilies and crosses of gold; and still, my friends, with all this beauty, wealth, and splendor that it represented Queen Victoria had to "go the way of all flesh," and although she had the most costly, the most beautiful, the most influential crown of any monarch upon the face of the earth death was not dazzled by its splendor nor the "angel of death" charmed by its

Sermon

beauties, nor the monster of death frightened by the power of the nation that it represented, and she was compelled to lay down that crown and to give up life just as any other mortal must part with his or her surroundings.

Now, beloved hearers, what are these crowns compared to the crown that God promises to give us in this gracious passage, "I will give thee a crown of life"? Who can describe it? What is a daguerreotype, or a photograph, or even a beautiful portrait, compared to the man or woman that it is supposed to represent? What is the drawing of the house, made by the architect, compared to the structure in its finished condition? What is a drop of water compared to the mighty ocean, or a grain of sand to the majestic mountains; and yet greater than the contrast of these illustrations is the difference between "the crown of life" that God gives and any crown or all the crowns that this world ever has had, now has, or ever can have in the changing centuries of the future. What a gracious and rich promise this is, that God thus condescends to bestow upon the children of mortality so grand and indescribably majestic a crown of life beyond this world of sorrows and of tears. That it will be holy is, of course, implied. It is given to friends in eternity, where no clock strikes, and no watch ticks, and the shadows of no night fall upon the golden streets, and the sigh and sin of man

is never known, and "holiness unto the Lord" reigns.

And then we would consider that it entitles one to the honor and happiness and life of immortal blessedness. Oh, what a glorious reward for bearing the cross, laying down life's burdens to enjoy life's rewards, laying aside the cross to receive the crown, away from the bitter of this life's surroundings up to the glorious immortal wealth of God's own kingdom on high!

And now a closing thought of comfort to us in these words is the gratifying fact that it is promised to every individual man and woman that is in his service. "Be *thou* faithful unto death, and I will give *thee* a crown of life."

What a noble inspiration to individual duty! What a lovely encouragement to heart and mind and soul and life that you and I at last can have a crown of life on high.

This is one of the beautiful things that impressed us in the life and death of her around whose coffin we are now standing and around whose grave in a short time we will stand, and then to part to look upon her face no more. Ever dutiful, ever faithful as a daughter, as a sister, and as a wife was she; ever loyal and faithful to the son that God honored her with, until she made of him the model young man of the community, from what I learn; faithful to God and his holy church when she had strength, ever increas-

Sermon

ing in the spirit of prayer, and delighting more and more in the Word of God as the years rolled by. How beautiful a picture of being faithful to God we had in her life,—humble, unostentatious, with no desire for display, no showing off of her religious life; true, quiet, thoughtful, full of holy ardor, never swerving from the path of duty, the duty she owed to God and her church and her own soul! How sweet are the memories of her life; and while she is gone, gone in the hours when she seemed to think that, in the finishing hours of her life, rest would come and she would enjoy this beautiful new home, behold she has been taken to another home, the new and immortal home on high. Whilst with her noble devotion and the work, the association, and economy of her husband and herself they succeeded in having this lovely home to crown their efforts, yet it is more beautiful to think that God has given her a heavenly home and a crown of life which is far better. May this lesson impress itself upon our minds and upon our hearts, so that if death should come soon and unexpectedly, or if we linger between life and death for night and day until the end shall come, that we shall be worthy in the sight of God to receive “the crown of life.”

“She shines in the light of God,
His image stamps her brow;
Through the shadow of death her feet have trod,
And she reigns in glory now.”

HYMN.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on :

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead thou me on :

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene: one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path,—but now
Lead thou me on :

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on ;

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

SKETCH OF LIFE.

Our departed sister in Christ was the second daughter in the family of Hon. Emanuel Shultz and his beloved wife, Sarah Beck Shultz, the oldest daughter being Mrs. Wm. H. Manning, of Dayton, Ohio, and the youngest daughter, Mrs. Henry C. Schuberth, of our community.

The deceased was born in Miamisburg, Ohio, on November 15, in the year of our Lord 1844. Early in life she was given to God in holy baptism, the late honored Rev. H. Heineke officiating. At the proper age she was confirmed in the Evangelical Lutheran Church by Pastor C. Albrecht, and from that time on she was ever a most faithful and devoted member of the same. A very singular coincident is that the text chosen for her funeral sermon is the same passage of scripture as the exhortation given her in her confirmation certificate by Pastor C. Albrecht, June 7, 1862. This was only discovered quite awhile after the burial.

On the 1st day of September, 1864, in the twentieth year of her age, she was united in marriage in her

parents' home with Albert Theodore Wittich, Pastor C. Albrecht officiating. God blessed this union with only one son, Harley Shultz Wittich, who had not only been given to God in holy baptism, but also given to God for the holy gospel ministry, for which he was preparing when the angel of death came to end his young, beautiful, and most promising life. This occurred January 4, 1888. While this was the deepest grief and the most crushing blow she had ever been called upon to bear, yet her great faith in God and his precious promises came to her relief and surely proved to be the "very present help."

On February 18, 1897, her beloved mother passed with the invisible crowd of the dying into the eternal world, and thus another load was pressed upon her already heavily burdened heart. Who knows (but God and his angels) the many tears she shed upon the hillside of beautiful Hill Grove Cemetery over those two graves in her silent, unselfish, and loyal devotion as daughter and mother? Now she rests with them. The day of her passing away was a very happy one from two considerations: First, on that day a happy family reunion occurred, the occasion being the birth of a son to her niece, and the three daughters, with their aged father, spent the day so very pleasantly together in the old happy home. But little did they think that that day would mark their last reunion this side of the gates of pearl of the heavenly city. Such

Sketch of Life

it, however, proved to be, for that very night she unexpectedly, suddenly, but sweetly crossed the river of death. Thus a birth and a death were brought to the family in the same day. Second, the joy she experienced when her redeemed soul had all of its human barriers broken and was with God and her loved ones in the brighter, better, and more glorious world. Her sudden death, thanks be to God, also meant sudden glory. She passed away at 8:45 P. M., on Tuesday, November 4, 1902, aged fifty-seven years, eleven months, and nineteen days. A faithful member of God's church upon earth and a most devout Christian, she has gone into the church triumphant in the heavens. Sweet be her rest, for she now rests in Christ and in peace.

CLOSING PRAYER.

Almighty and Everlasting God, thou who from thy throne on high hast so often looked upon this new home and upon thy servants that lived here in thy fear and with one another, that read here thy Word, that united here their prayers to thee, and who hast now permitted the ties to be severed, the wife taken, and the husband left, oh, do thou continue to bless him. Oh, strengthen him as he comes back to this home full of the memories of the past, of joy, of sweet association with a Christian wife whom thou hast taken into thine eternal care. Grant, O God, that he may hold to thee firmer than ever before, that he may look to thee oftener than ever before, that he may so serve thee that when the time of his departure shall come it will be to go home to thee and to thy holy angels, to everlasting glory and life, to the assembly of the saints, to the company of his Christian mother that is gone, to the blessed association of this dear wife and their beloved son whom thou hast called to eternal rest. O God, hear our united prayer for him, we pray, in Jesus' name. Amen.

The remains were then slowly and solemnly conveyed to Hill Grove Cemetery and there in the name of God tenderly laid away to rest until the great resurrection morn.

During the lowering of the casket to its final resting-place the choir sang:

Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee;
E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,

Though like a wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,
Yet, in my dreams I 'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,

There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me, in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me, Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

TRIBUTES

Amanda Melissa Wittich

VALLEY REBECCA LODGE, No. 145,
MIAMISBURG, OHIO.

“How slender is life's silver cord,
How soon 't is broken here;
Each moment brings a parting word,
And many a falling tear.”

The loss of a dear one again brings home to us that solemn truth that “in the midst of life we are in death.” The silent messenger rapped at the door of our lodge-room and Sister Amanda M. Wittich answered the summons and closed her eyes on earthly scenes, to awaken into the glorious sunlight of eternal day. Her death, although sudden and unexpected to her friends, was not wholly so to her, for she was aware that, owing to an organic heart trouble, she was likely to be called suddenly away. Recognizing the summons, with only a few minutes' warning, she told her loving friends about her that the end was approaching. Our sister is gone, and we mourn the loss of a true and earnest worker, one whose bright and happy face will ever be missed in our lodge-room.

“Rest from all sorrows and watching and fears,
Rest from all possible sighing and tears,
Rest through God's endless, wonderful years –
At home with the blest.”

The heartfelt sympathy of this lodge is extended to the husband and friends so suddenly bereaved. In loving memory let our charter be draped in mourning, this memorial be recorded in the journal of our lodge, and a copy be sent to the friends and one furnished for publication.

MRS. LEONA M. POLLOK,

MRS. JENNIE GROBY,

MRS. EMMA PANSING,

Committee.

Tributes

THE DAUGHTERS OF REBECCA CONVENTION, 49TH DISTRICT, STATE OF OHIO.

The Daughters of Rebecca, Convention of the Forty-ninth District, in the State of Ohio, wishing to offer a tribute to the memory of Sister Amanda M. Wittich, it is hereby

Resolved, That when she was called to her eternal home, on November 4, 1902, she left with us the memory of a life of unusual sweetness and gentleness; that her devotion to all that was good and her happy, willing disposition to do what she could teach us a great lesson.

Resolved, That in her death we have lost a worthy member and an efficient coworker; that her desire to serve in the various duties of the convention was one of ready willingness.

Resolved, That though our hearts are made sad by these earthly partings, yet let us remember that God has ever a Father's pity toward us, and that in the removal of those who are dearest to us he is still loving and kind. Death separates, but it also reunites whom it separates.

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to that land where sorrow is unknown.”

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting and a copy also sent to the bereaved husband and family.

MISS REBECCA READY,
MRS. ELIZA LEAMAN,
MRS. ELIZABETH HICKMAN,
Committee.

Amanda Melissa Wittich

DAYTON (OHIO) CHAPTER, No. 125,
ORDER OF EASTERN STAR.

WHEREAS, In view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our sister, Amanda M. Wittich, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those nearest and dearest to her, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in the breaking of this link from our midst we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the bereaved husband and family of the deceased on which it has pleased the Divine Providence to place this severe affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the family of our departed friend.

DR. C. H. LEAMAN,
MRS. AGNES BEAVER,
MRS. C. H. LEAMAN,

Committee.

GERTRUDE GEBHART, *Secretary.*

Tributes

AL MASON CORPS, No. 204,
WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS,
MIAMISBURG, OHIO.

WHEREAS, God in his all-wise providence has silently, quickly, but truly allowed the angel of death, with his sickle so keen, to enter our corps and remove our highly-esteemed and beloved member, Amanda M. Wittich; therefore be it

Resolved, That as she has crossed the "mystic river" into the "city immortal," words cannot express our sorrow or that of her many other friends; that she was a loyal, loving friend and an earnest worker in the Woman's Relief Corps, one whose smiling countenance will be sadly missed.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved husband and family our sincere sympathy, commending them to Him whose sure promise of strength and comfort when "shadows darkly gather" will enable them to look upward for the "light which never fails" to shine through the darkest cloud.

Resolved, That this memorial be recorded in the minutes of our corps, a copy be sent to the family of our departed sister, and a copy be furnished for publication.

MRS. NORA E. SHULER,
MRS. SARAH WEAVER HOFF,
MRS. SOPHIA M. WEISER,
Committee.

Amanda Melissa Wittich

RUTH TEMPLE, No. 10, RATHBONE SISTERS,
MIAMISBURG, OHIO.

IN MEMORY OF
MRS. AMANDA M. WITTICH.

“Sweetly sleep, Oh! sister dear,
Ever to our hearts so near,
Angels waft thee gently o'er
To that bright eternal shore.”

WHEREAS, We as an order are once more called upon to bow in humble submission to our Heavenly Father's call in removing our dear sister from our temple on earth to the temple above, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we deeply sympathize with the bereaved husband and friends, we may still say, “Thy will, not ours, be done.”

Resolved, That a copy of this memorial be sent to the husband and also be placed on our minutes.

MRS. SARAH A. HUBLER,
MRS. LEONA POLLOK,
MRS. HATTIE HUGHES,

Committee.

Tributes

DAUGHTERS OF LIBERTY, MIAMI COUNCIL, No. 44, MIAMISBURG, OHIO.

For the second time within the history of our lodge we have been called upon to mourn the death of a worthy member. Amanda M. Wittich, on Tuesday evening, November 4, 1902, was called to her last rest. Yesterday happy in the enjoyment of this life, to-day a cherished memory.

WHEREAS, As God in his all-wise providence has seen fit to call our beloved sister from our council on earth to that great council in heaven, therefore be it

Resolved, That we greatly mourn our loss, but bow in humble submission to his will, knowing that our loss will be her eternal gain.

Resolved, That we condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and that we commend them for consolation to him who orders all things for the best.

Resolved, As a further mark of respect we recommend that a copy of this memorial be sent to the bereaved husband of the deceased and also spread upon the minutes of our council.

MRS. LULU MOORE,

MRS. LAURA B. YENSEL,

MISS LOUCETTA HIPPERT,

Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

AMANDA MELISSA WITTICH.

Oh, rest, dear one; though thy pillow be low
Thy soul 's with God and whiter than snow;
Thy mansion thou 'st gained in heaven above
Through God's great mercy and Christ's pure love.

We know God's glory shines bright o'er thy face
As reward for thy victory in thy Christian's race;
And now thou hast peace and eternal rest
While worshipping God with all of his blest.

Great joy thine forever in praising the All-Wise
In heaven above, Christ's own paradise.
And with thy loved ones, who 've long before
"Passed over" to yon most beautiful shore.

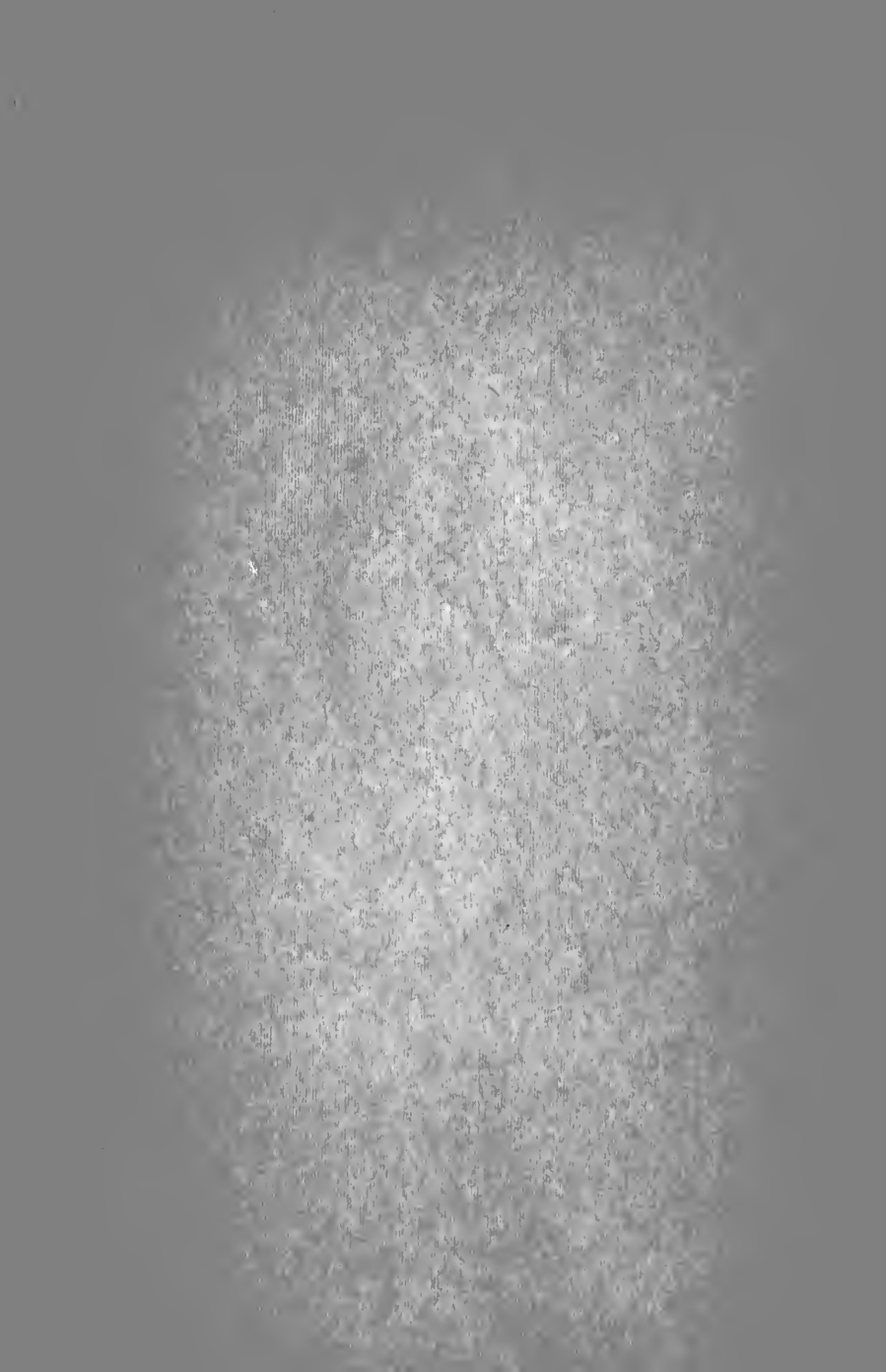
We know thou art waiting for others to come
Through death's dark valley, as thou hast done;
But thy waiting, dear one, shall not be long,
For soon we 'll be singing the same sweet song.

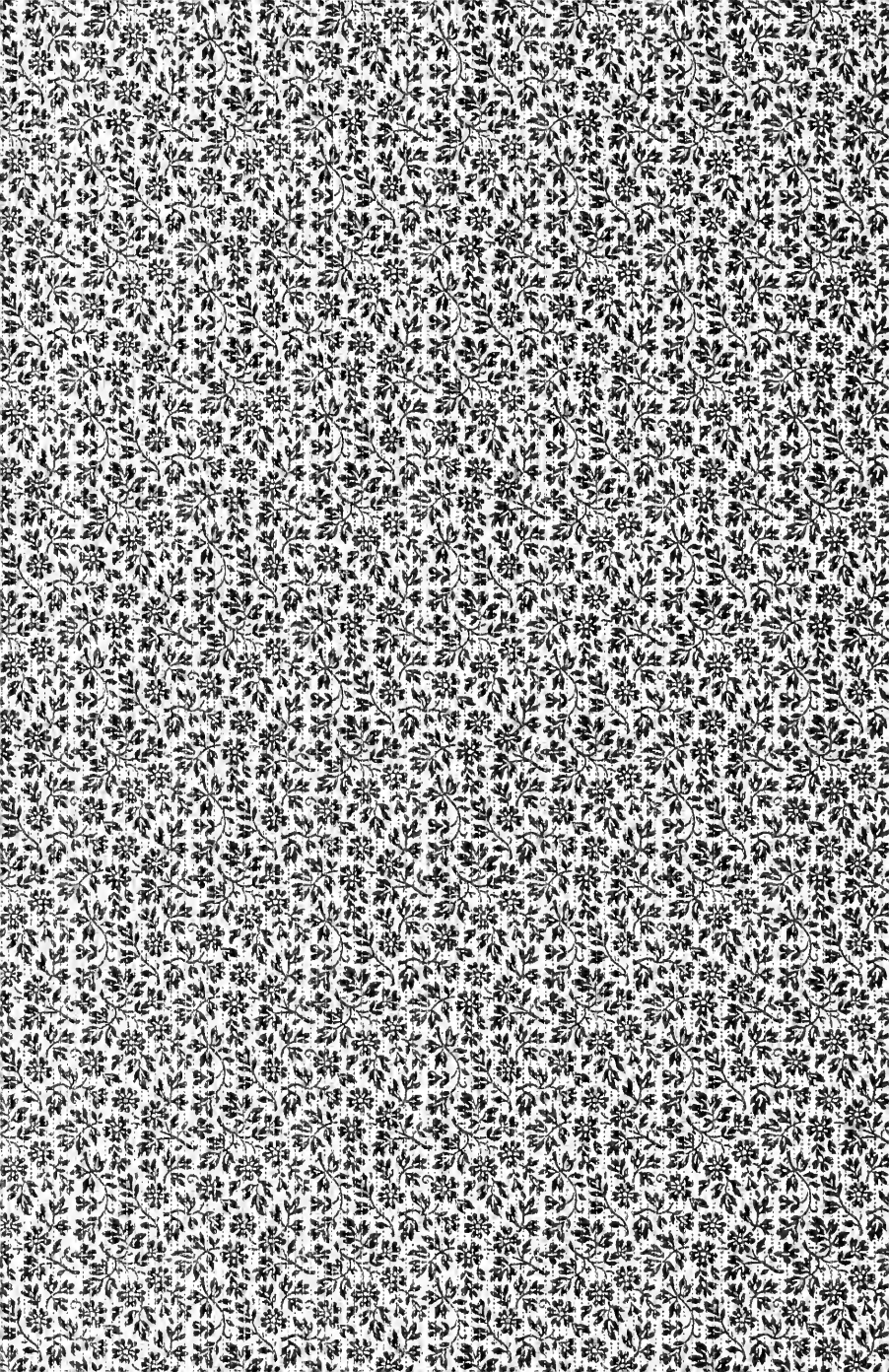
How beautiful must be thy mansion of gold,
Of rubies, pearls, jasper, and jewels of old,
With streets of pure gold and rivers of light,
With visions of splendor and never a night.

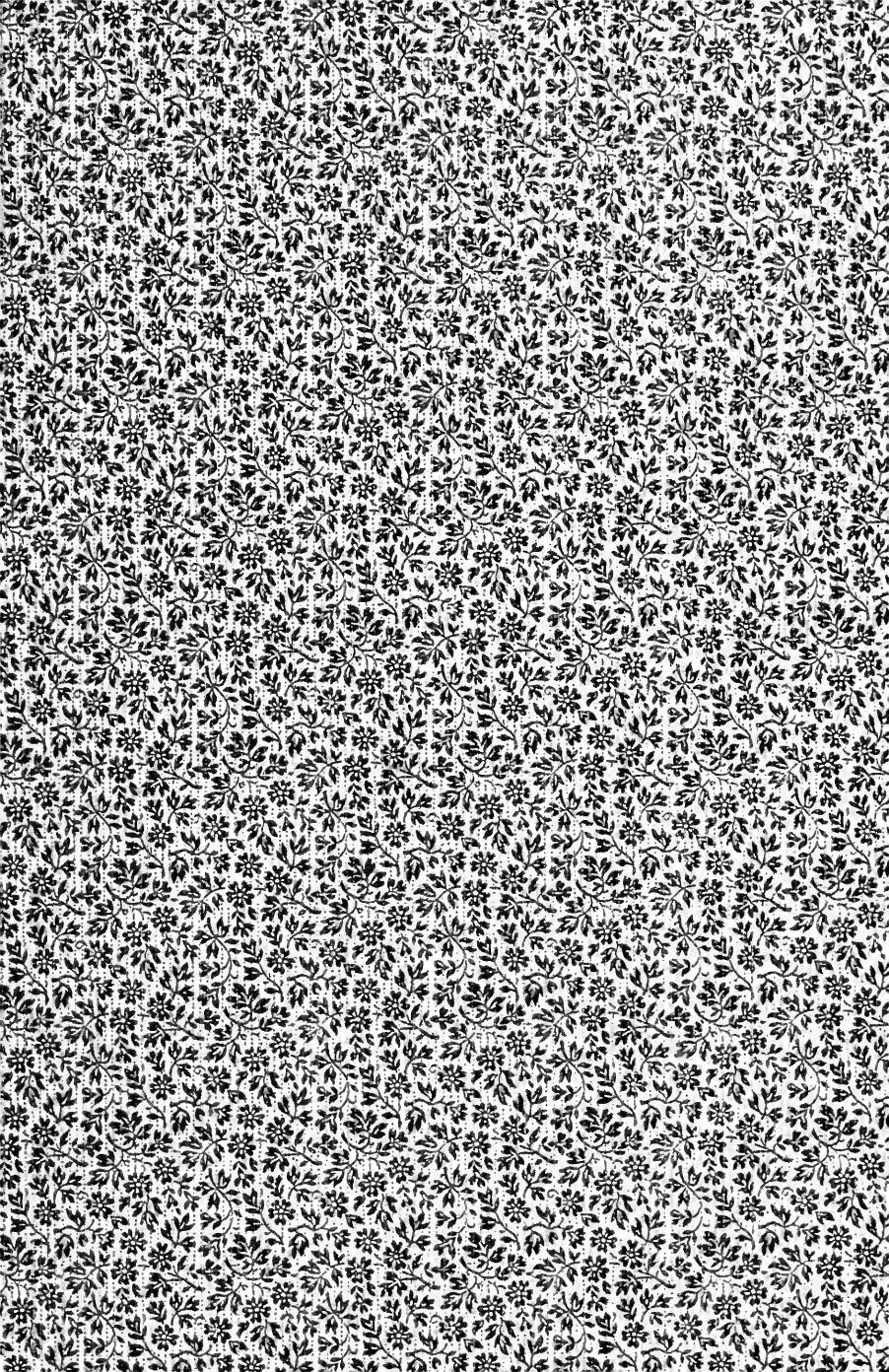
No labor, no sorrow, no tears of despair,
With only the company of ransomed there;
To worship forever with heavenly host
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

A. T. W.









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In memoriam, Amanda Melissa Wittuch (nee

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



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