


February 2019

Series III. Folder 4. Poems, n.d.

Melville Homer Cummings

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Did you ever think as you strive for gold,
That a dead man's hand a dollar
can't hold,
You may pinch and tug, strive and save,
But you'll lose it all when you
reach the grave.

Did you ever think as the hearse goes by,
That it won't be long till you and I
Go riding out in the big plumed hack,
And never remember coming back.

Then while you are here do all the good
you can,
To all the people you can, in all
the ways you can,
So that you may be known as

A PRINCE AMONG MEN

- 0 -

When first I heard of Buterbaugh,
My heart was almost filled with awe;
I thought perhaps that maybe he
Might be a giant, six feet three,
And I who am not very tall
In stature would appear too small.

Also, the thought occurred to me,
He might be stern as stern could be.

But when he called me on the phone,
And in a kind and gentle tone
Invited me to come up here,
His voice allayed my ev'ry fear.
He said he wanted me this week
Behind this desk each night to speak.

And so I came. I say in rhyme
That ^{we} have had a lovelytime.

Your pastor is a man of God
He walks the path the prophets trod.
He stands for righteousness and truth-
He is the friend of age and youth.

His wife and children, as you know,
Are John and Wesley, Helen, Joe.
Each one has been so nice to me,
You've entertained me royally.

My thanks to you I would convey
For kindness shown me ev'ry day.
This is my earnest wish and prayer
That God will keep you n in His care.

Mrs. Wm. W. Le Clare, Fredericktown, Pa.
George C. McClellan, Box 181, "
Nancy Lee Petrovic, Box 596 "
Donald Ball, Box 462 "
William Meikrantz "
Mrs. George Gossett, Box 224 "
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Earl Fuller " 813 "
Mrs. Marjorie Bregovsky, Box 61, La Bell, Pa.
Mildred Murray, Box 184, Fredericktown, Pa.
Mrs. Ruth Gossett, Box 83 "

The First Methodist Church

FREDERICKTOWN, PA.

MINISTER
H. CARL BUTENBAUGH

PHONE
FREDERICKTOWN 104 R 7

INTRODUCING ROSS CULPEPPER

It gives me pleasure and delight
To introduce to you tonight
Our new ecclesiastic boss-
A man whom thousands know as Ross.
His surname is Culpepper
And he's indeed a stepper!

His mind is never dull and hazy;
No one could ever call him lazy
But like the surging, raging ocean,
You'll find him active and in motion.
From early morn till late at night,
He works will all his main and might.
He is a human dynamo
And by his zeal he makes things go.

He is my seventeenth D. S.
I trust we won't cause him distress
But try to do our very best
To meet each quota and request.

We're glad to have him here this week-
Our Superintendent now will speak.

Mrs. Reed
Campbells

MY CONFERENCE SWAN SONG

Dr. Henry High has asked me
And, moreover, he has tasked me
That at this auspicious time,
To address you all in rhyme.

When to this wondrous world I came,
My parents gave to me a name;
They called me Homer and you see,
A poet I was deigned to be.

Cognomens, you'll observe, are tricky.
For instance, take the name of Wicky-
Spelled, "Double U-I-C-K-E,"
But should we add the letter "D,"
Then wicked ~~would~~ ^{would} this great name ^{be}.

That would not do- 't is understood,
The bishops of our church are good!

I do not think 't would be amiss,
Ere I begin to reminisce,
Our able bishop to commend-
He is the preacher's loyal friend.
No one more faithfully has worked,
~~Not one more faithfully has worked,~~
At no time has he ever shirked.

What shall I say about DS's?
They need our help in their distresses;
For superhuman they must be
To please the church and you and me.

I've never been a superintendent;
On them I've always been dependent.
When waters ~~seemed to~~ ^{troubled seemed to} troubled be,
There was no one to carry me
And elevate me to the place
Where I could ~~love~~ ^{own} a ~~me~~ ^{large} brief case
And serve with dignity and grace.

I'm very glad - I don't complain
I have been spared much grief and pain.

When but a lad in Tennessee,
James O. McClurkan licensed me
To preach the gospel of God's love
And point men to that home above.

The year was Nineteen-Hundred-Seven,
The subject of my sermon, "Heaven."
That night I tried as best I could
To urge my hearers to be good,
To give up sin and live for God
And walk the path that Jesus trod.

One person deep conviction felt
And to the altar came and knelt;
While he was praying, he believed
And life eternal, he received.

From then until the present hour,
I've asked the Lord for strength and power
Salvation's message to proclaim
To souls in darkness, sin, and shame.

Where'er I went, in church or tent,
I preached that people should repent.
Some heeded what I had to say
And others coldly walked away.

Then nine and forty years ago,
I was assigned by John Beddow
To Boomer in the magic valley
Where all my strength I had to rally
To be the pastor of that charge,
Its nine appointments made it large.

And after two years did elapse,
There were some folks who thought perhaps
It was time to have a needed change
And so James Engle did arrange
For me that fall to go away
And I was moved up Elk to Clay.

Next year to Ripley I was sent
Where two years in that town I spent.
From there I journeyed up to Proctor
Where I resided with a doctor.

To Wheeling next I was assigned;
While there a wife I chanced to find.
The war broke out- - - across the sea;
I hearkened to my country's plea,
The call to colors I did heed
And I was stationed at Camp Meade.

Then when the Germans ceased to fight,
A church I pastored at Glen White.
Two children did our lives adorn
And in this town, they both were born.
Five years passed by, 't was time to go
Down where we watched Ceredo grow.
From there to Fayetteville we went;
To Williamstown, we next were sent.

When we were moved, 't was understood
That we should go to Ravenswood.
We left that village with its bounty
To Coalwood in McDowell County.

Twelve years ago, Straughn called my name
For Glasgow and to it I came.
A kinder church I have not served
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~It was better far than I deserved~~
Their loyalty has never swerved.

The time has come to step aside
For others better qualified.
Another voice for me will speak;
Another souls undone will seek.

I go but you remain;
My loss will be your gain.

And in conclusion may I quote
A poem which ^{another} ~~somebody~~ wrote:
When as a child, I slept, Time crept.
When as a youth, I talked, Time walked.
When I became a man, Time ran.
And when I older grew, Time flew.
Soon I shall find ere long, Time gone.

*The hymn these lovely ladies
sang
How sweetly all their voices
rang*

*And now I want to thank each one
For every kindness to me done
May He who guides with lov-
ing care
The song birds thro' the path-
less air
Fulfill to you the promise
bright
"At evening time, it shall
be light."*

*The work that I
have tried to do
will ably be per-
formed by you.*

Ligatured combination - double 24: which was introduced by French scribes in the 11th century

Scintillate, scintillate, asteroid minific,
Fain would I fathom your nature specific!
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

150 C.C. Faith Book Shop
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 \$500.00
3,800.00

46
37
322
138
1702
50
1752

MY SWAN SONG
By M. Homer Cummings

(In order to obtain the rhythmic effect of this poem, it should be read aloud. When spelling the name W-I-C-K-E, be sure to pronounce "W," double U. This will give the line the necessary number of syllables and the proper accent.)

Dr. Henry High has asked me
And, moreover, he has tasked me
That at this auspicious time
To address you all in rhyme.

When to this wondrous world I came,
My parents gave to me a name;
They called me Homer and, you see,
A poet I was deigned to be.

Cognomens, you'll observe, are tricky.
For instance, take the name of Wicke-
Spelled W(double U)-I-C-K-E
But should we add the letter "d,"
Then "wicked" this great name would be. (Laughter and Applause.)
That would not do- 't is understood,
The bishops of our church are good. (Laughter.)

What shall I say about DS's?
They need our help in their distresses; (Laughter.)
For superhuman they must be
To please the church and you and me.

I've never been a Superintendent;
On them I've always been dependent. (Laughter.)
When waters troubled seemed to be,
There was no one to carry me
And elevate me to the place
Where I could own a large brief case
And serve with dignity and grace. (Laughter and applause.)
I'm very glad- I don't complain,
I have been spared much grief and pain.

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James O. McClurkan licensed me
To preach the gospel of God's love
And point men to that home above.

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Where all my strength I had to rally
To be the pastor of that charge,
Its nine appointments made it large.

And after two years did elapse,
There were some folks who thought, perhaps
'T was time to have a needed change
And so James Engle did arrange
For me that fall to go away
And I was moved up Elk to Clay.

Next year to Ripley I was sent
And two years in that town I spent.
From there I journeyed up to Proctor
Where I resided with a doctor. (Laughter.)

~~And I~~

To Wheeling next I was assigned;
While there a wife I chanced to find.
The war broke out---(Continued laughter and applause.)
I mean the war broke out across the sea! (Laughter.)
I hearkened to my country's plea;
The call to colors I did heed
And I was stationed at Camp Meade.

Then when the Germans ceased to fight,
A church I pastored at Glen White.
Two children did our lives adorn
And in this town, they both were born.
Five years passed by, 't was time to go
Down where we watched Ceredo grow.
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To Williamstown, we next were sent.

When we were moved, 't was understood
That we should go to Ravenswood.
We left that village with its bounty
To Coalwood in McDowell County.

Twelve years ago, Straughn called my name
For Glasgow and to it I came.
A kinder church I have not served;
There loyalty has never swerved.

The time has come to step aside
For others better qualified;
Another voice for me will speak;
Another souls undone will seek.

I go but you remain;
My loss will be your gain.
The work that I have tried to do
Will ably be performed by you.

And now, I want to thank each one
For ev'ry kindness to me done.
May He who guides with loving care
The song birds through the pathless air,
Fulfill to you the promise bright:

"At evening time, it shall be ^{light.}~~light.~~"

And in conclusion I shall quote
A poem which another wrote:

*"When as a child I slept,
Time crept.
When as a youth I talked,
Time walked.
When I became a man,
Time ran.
And when I older grew,
Time flew.
Soon I shall find ere long,
Time gone."*

Now is the time for all good men to come to the

Straight type *italic*

Awaiting your *immediate* reply

Rush Holt has said we need a change,
A change with him is nothing strange.
With open mouth and swinging fist,
He started as a Socialist.
He then became a Democrat
But he was not content with that,
It did not suit his scheme and plan,
So he has turned Republican.

For Roosevelt, he once was strong
But soon felt FDR was wrong;
For labor, he stood up and spoke
But with this group, he quickly broke;
He once was John L.'s ardent friend
But this friendship came to an end.

He is consistently contrary,
Progressive and reactionary-
Republican and Democrat,
He stood for this, he stands for that;
He's been on both sides of the fence-
We wonder where he'll go from hence.
Nobody knows when he may bolt
But he is always for Rush Holt.

THE CYNIC

By M. Homer Cummings

He sits around and smokes his pipe
And all he does is growl and gripe.
He sees no good in anything-
Not even in the birds that sing.
The world to him's an awful place,
It's full of crime, sin, and disgrace.
Since to the dogs our land has gone,
Why should he try to carry on?

The weather never pleases him,
He grumbles when the skies are dim;
He does not like it when it rains
And when it's sunny, he complains.
It is too sultry or too cold,
'T is so unlike the days of old.
He tells us when he was a child,
The temperature was always mild.
The winters did not make him freeze,
Each summer had a pleasant breeze.
Well, he insists that anyway,
Things were not like they are today.
He does not seem to care at all
For winter, summer, spring or fall.
The seasons if he could, he'd change,
The sun and moon, he'd rearrange.

He talks about his rheumatiz
And other ailments which are his,
His aches, his pains, his back, his head
And that he ought to be in bed.

What people do is always wrong,
That's his contention and his song
And, he is very frank to say,
It should be done some other way.
To him 't is plainly understood
That he's the only one who's good.
All other folks in his opinion
Are living under sin's dominion.

He does not like his preacher
Nor any other creature.

"Young people of today," says he,
"Are not at all what they should be;
When I was young in days of old,
The children did what they were told."

But does this brother tell the truth?
Was he an angel in his youth?
When he was young, was he a saint?
Oh, no! my friend. He used to paint
The town a crimson red and he
Was just as mean as he could be.
He drank his liquor, cursed and swore,
Got into fights and did much more.

Yes, he should hang his head in shame
And should not be so free to blame.

Who is this person? what's his name?
In Glasgow, he resides today
And throughout all the U. S. A.
In ev'ry village he is found
And all he does is sit around
While others work, and smoke his pipe
And murmur, grumble, growl, and gripe.

This truth, I trust, you do not miss
The moral of ~~the~~^{our} rhyme is this:
Don't occupy the scorner's seat
But live for Jesus and be sweet.

Mrs. Jones \$1.00

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226
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17

Before there was a ray of light,
Before there was a day or night,
Before a prayer was ever prayed,
Before the world was ever made,
Before there was a moon or sun,
Before the moments had begun,
Before there was a now or then,
Before there was a where or when,
Before there was a here or there,
Or anything or anywhere,
Before there was a single trace
Of anything but boundless space-
And what is it that there we find?
Lo, it is God, the Master Mind.

*electric light, telephone, typewriter, ^{talking machines} ~~sewing machines~~,
automobiles, ^{flipping machines} radios, television, atomic and hydrogen
bombs, linotype*

14 presidents

31 states with a population of 25 million

48 150 million

Benson

10/8/46

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If you desire the best
In goods that stand the test
And really wear,
Go forth this very day
And buy them from O. J.,
You'll find that it will pay
To get them there.

Perhaps you want to choose
The latest style of shoes
See his supply;
His shoes look nice and fit,
They do not hurt a bit
This truth you will admit
Whene'er you buy.

*A coat your wife may need
And if your wife should need
To Morrison's now ahead
A coat of Buck Skin Suede,*

He has it there;
He'll sell to ~~you~~ ^{you} for less
A winter hat or dress
And clothes that
~~XXXXXX~~ will impress
With beauty rare.

He has all kinds of toys
For little girls and boys
With which to play;
Doll babies that will cry,
Velocipedes that fly,
Tricycles they can try
Which run away.

"In everything give thanks!
For all that God doth send-
For joys of home, for love of friend,
For blessings without end.

"In everything give thanks!
For this great world of ours,
For beaming sun, for fragrant flowers
And for refreshing flours.

"In everything give thanks!
For seasons as they go,
For autumn's leaf and winter's snow,
For summer's heat and glow,
For glad approach of spring,
For happy song birds as they sing
And for the cheer they bring.

"In everything give thanks!
For bitter with the sweet,
For trials that we often meet,
For storms that o'er us beat,
For happiness or pain,
For sunshine bright or falling rain,
For cruel loss or gain.

"In everything give thanks!
For Christ, our Lord, who came
To earth from heaven to reclaim
Lost souls from sin and shame,
And let us work each day
For Him, the Truth, the Life, the Way,
Thy kingdom come, we pray.

Things for which to be

Things For which We are Thankful.

1. Family
2. Friends
3. Alive. (what Marion Lawrence once said)
4. Health & the exercise of the five senses.
5. Things we not worse
6. America
7. A God to whom we can go.
8. His sustaining grace. "when chastised etc."
9. Happy about everything. The colored man
10. Nothing for which to be thankful.

Two ways

to look at things. "Just right"

It gives me pleasure and delight
To greet each one of you tonight,
You Nazarenes and Methodists
And others on our prayer lists
Which we from time to time have missed.

You all have gathered in this house
To hear Evangelist Joe Crouse.
This man can do most anything-
He plays the organ, he can sing,
His fingers he can run with ease
Across the board of iv'ry keys;
That there accordion, why he
Will pull it back and forth, you see,
And it will quiver, quake, and shake
And from it, he can music make.

He is so competent and handy
The ladies think he is a dandy
And they the impulse can not squash
To ask if dishes he can wash.

Not only can he sing and play
But he can preach also and pray.
He magnifies the Savior's name;
He tells of Christ, the Lord, who came
The lost to seek and save from sin
And give us victory within.

His wife- ah, don't you know that she
Is just as talented as he?
He is king size but she is small;
She's low of stature, he is tall-
And yet sometimes 't is shown by test
That little packages are ~~the~~ best.

I'm sure that you will all agree
She's better looking far than he.

*Could Paderauski
once more stir
No. I have
Politely he would
bow to her*

That old piano does not talk
when she plays, she
But she can almost make it talk
She cleverly can strike each note
That any mortal ever wrote.

And little Joe and Carol Sue,
we're happy, too, to welcome you.
we're glad to have these four in town
may great success their efforts crown.

"Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing." Ps. 100:2.

GLASGOW METHODIST CHURCH

M. HOMER CUMMINGS, PASTOR

Glasgow, West Virginia

We do not want to see them stranded
And leave our village empty-handed.

I'll ask the ushers to come near.
I have some envelopes up here;
Give them to ev'ry one, I pray,
And in them you can put your pay-
A five or ten or twenty-five
Or fifty, if that well you thrive.
Don't be too timid, mild, and meek
But bring them back to us this week.
Sign your name so we can view
How much this meeting meant to you.

The preacher bought a car, they say
In Huntington the other day,
Altho' he did not have the cash,
He traded for another Nash.

It was a silly thing to do
But foolish acts are nothing new
They've done by all, both me and you
And by the many and the few.

My car broke down last Wednesday night
It was indeed an awful plight
I had to leave it on the road
Until the next day when 't was towed
And taken to the Nash garage -
A happening I had hoped to dodge
Two hundred dollars they declared
'I would not to have the car repaired
I'd trade the old one for the new

'Tis needless now for me to say
'I was I who had the love to pay
Against the grindstone and its wheel
For two long years I'll keep my nose

Yes, he who buys a car buys grief and sorrow
Which to obtain he often has to borrow.

unjust flight
I had to leave it on the road
until the next day when it was towed
and taken to the Nash garage
the happening I had hoped to dodge
Two hundred Dollars they declared
I would cost to have the car repaired
Then I decided what to do
I'd trade the old one for the new
It is needless now for me to say
I wish I who have the best to pay

Against the grindstone ^{it's well} each one knows
For two long years I'll keep my nose

To the grindstone as the saying goes
For two long years I'll have to keep my nose.

Yes, he who buys a car buys grief and sorrow
which to obtain he often had to borrow.

The Preacher bought a car they say

VOTE FOR MYERS

Would you good government promote?
For Howard Myers, cast your vote.
He's not controlled by any faction-
No one directs his ev'ry action.

He is the friend of all who toil
In mines or shop or tilling soil,
In factory or as a clerk-
Whate'er your calling or your work.

To industry, he will be fair
Yet seek for labor its full share.

* * *

He knows the value of a dollar
And does not wear another's collar:
Taxpayers' money, he'll not waste,
Our funds by him won't be misplaced.

Corruption, he abominates,
Good schools and roads, he advocates;
Clean government, he will restore
To our great commonwealth once more.

In this campaign which we now face,
What is the slogan of his race?
'T is "*equal rights for ev'ry one
And special privileges to none.*"

WHAT IS IT ALL?

What is it all when all is told,
This ceaseless toiling for fame or gold,
The fleeting joy or bitter tears?
We are only here a few short years;
Nothing our own but the silent past;
Loving or hating, nothing can last.
Each pathway leads to the silent fold,
Oh! what is it all when all is told?

What is it all? A grassy mound,
Where day or night there is never a sound
Save the soft low mourn of the passing breeze
As it lovingly rustles the silent trees.
Or a thoughtful friend with whispered prayer,
May sometimes break the stillness there,
Then hurry away from the gloom and cold.
OH! What is it all when all is told?

What is it all?- Just passing through-
A cross for me and a cross for you.
Ours seem heavy while others seem light,
But God in the end makes all things right;
He "tempers the wind" with such loving care.
He knows the burden that each can bear,
Then changes life's gray into heavenly gold,
Ah! that is all when all is told.

No doubt you ^{thought} felt they should arrange
To give Glasgow a needed change
And send another in my place,
Someone with beauty, youth, and grace-
A man the people would prefer
And not a gray-haired minister.
With this, I heartily agree-
It would be best for you and me.

Nobody likes it when he's told
That he at last is growing old.
I'm confident you don't believe
That I'm as old as Grandma Eve
Nor Adam nor the first boy Cain
Nor brother Abel who was slain.
I'm sure that you won't waste your breath
Contending that I'm old as Seth.

Methusaleh! I know that he
Was older than I'll ever be.
I did not enter Noah's ark
And on that trip with him embark,
Nor did I wade the river Nile
When Moses was a little child

In fourteen-hundred-ninety-two
Columbus sailed the ocean blue
But, ~~being~~ ^{I'll be} very frank with you,
I was ~~no member of that crew.~~ ^{not with that motley}
No, I was not so rash and frantic,
I had to cross the deep Atlantic.
I came to earth ^{some years} ~~not long~~ ago
Out in the county of Monroe.
And, ~~since~~ ^{since} I do not ancient feel,
My age to you, I'll now reveal.

I was so young when I was born,
I can't recall that fateful morn
But I have heard my mother say
The time was after break of day.
She also said my birth occurred
In August on the 23rd.
But that does not disclose the year
Which ushered my arrival here.

The date begins with more than none;
The second, something all have done;
The third will rhyme with verdant tree,
The fourth, exclaimed by you and me,
Subtract from nineteen-fifty-three
And what remains, my age will be.

* * * *

Well, Hollister and Bishop Wicke
Did not appear to be too picky,
They felt that anyone would do
And so they sent me back to you.
I stand before you here
To start my seventh year.
Let us all work and pray
And do our best each day
That when ~~he~~ ^{God} calls us one by one
We'll hear Him say to us, "Well done!"