

THE CHURCH SQUARE JOURNAL

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Luminous interior of the Lititz Moravian Church, as restored after the 1957 fire. Photo: the late Brother Harry Landis

I have visited other Moravian churches, on Staten Island and in Bethlehem. In my opinion, the Lititz church has the edge. It has the edge not only in decor, but also the edge in Moravian architecture.

— The Reverend Sherwin Alleyne, chairman of the Provincial Elders Conference of the East West Indies Province of the Moravian Church. From an address given in Lititz on Sunday, May 15, 1977, during a lovefeast celebrating the 103rd anniversary of The Mens' Missionary Society.

IN THIS ISSUE

This issue of the *Journal* offers the reader items of timely interest by three contributing writers. The editor is grateful to this trio for sharing, through these pages, their knowledge and scholarship.

On page 5, James McFarland, organ-builder of Millersville who is restoring our 1787 David Tannenberg organ, tells of an unexpected discovery in the Single Brothers House attic.

During much of the year, elegant floral bouquets from the florist add to the beauty of our worship experience. In spring and summertime, however, one often finds informal bunches of old-fashioned garden blossoms — and on several memorable occasions, delightful masses of Queen Anne's lace and gloriosa daisies gathered from the fields and

meadows — all done by our Sister Herma Losensky, that tireless Moravian who, for 35 years, has devoted her energy and talents to the dressing of her beloved old church with choice blooms. Have you ever wondered about the significance of the various flowers placed in the church during Passion Week — the rich reds of Good Friday, the discreet purples of Great Sabbath? On page 2, Sister Losensky tells all and much more.

To the dismay of the editor of this paper, it has been discovered that there exist considerable confusion and misunderstanding concerning the privileges of and regulations for burial on God's Acre, the old flat-stoned Moravian graveyard south of the church. Recently, several single brothers, on making arrangements for their eventual interment on God's Acre, were charged surprisingly large fees. Too, the congregation has not been

properly educated as to the privilege of burial on God's Acre, the site of our Easter Dawn services. At least two families, supposing that burial is no longer permitted in that serenely beautiful spot, interred family members in the public cemetery at the rear of the property, even though they would have preferred God's Acre.

As this is a matter of serious degree, the editor requested Dr. Byron K. Horne, who served many years on the Cemetery Board, to dispell all uncertainty by listing the official regulations pertaining to the distinctive privilege of burial on God's Acre. Brother Horne's article appears on page 6. This paper urges the Cemetery Board to publish, in printed form, a similar listing and to place it, perhaps via the monthly newsletter, in the home of every Lititz Moravian for future reference.

— Wayne B. LeFevre, editor

FLOWERS AND DECORATIONS — CUSTOMS AND TRADITIONS OF LITITZ

There is probably no record of when flowers were first used to beautify the sanctuary. However, the Bible establishes the fact that mint, anise and cummin were tithed; so, possibly, flowers were also tithed and brought to the ancient altars.

The ivy which once climbed the walls of the Corpse House, as well as the pillars at the entrance to God's Acre, was grown from a slip brought from the ruins of the castle of King Podiebrad in Litice (Lititz), Bohemia, the 15th century refuge of our forefathers and the birthplace of our church. This is a most unusual ivy, as it changes character once a certain stage of growth is reached. It then grows clusters of heart-shaped leaves that extend away from the vine and produces blue berries. Some of this ivy still exists, growing on the western end of the 1793 James Gross House on Church Square.

We can suppose that if our Moravian forefathers brought slips of ivy, they also brought flower seeds with them when they came to the new settlement of Lititz, and that eventually flowers grown from those seeds found their way into the sanctuary.

There was a period when the Brothers Choir and the Sisters Choir had charge of providing flowers for certain special days. Can you imagine the chagrin of the Single Sisters when they arrived for morning prayer on their festival day one May morning, to find that the Single Brothers had decorated the church with bleeding hearts, tulips (two-lips), forget-me-nots and bachelor buttons? Whether or not this ended the custom of the Brothers having charge of the flowers for Single Sisters festival is unknown; but when Single Sister Miss Anna K. Miller (who was Flower Committee chairman for many years) acquired a new assistant [Sister Losensky] in 1942, the assistant was given *very explicit instructions* that the above-mentioned flowers were *never* to be used for that particular day!!

For many years, the late Brother Horace Eschbach would provide the flowers for that day in honor of his sister, Miss Emily. The flowers were then distributed to the Sisters as they left their communion service in the afternoon.

Decorations then became the responsibility of the Dieners. At their special love-feast which was held on the first Sunday in Advent, one could always depend on the late Brother Louis Huebener's motion — when the business meeting got under way — to decorate the church for the Christmas season. Many yards of laurel roping were used, draped across the panelled fronts of the galleries, each swag

accented with a wreath. Laurel was wound around the galleries' supporting posts as well as around the outside pillars by the front doors. Large cedar trees were placed against the windows on either side of the pulpit alcove. To reach the height of the window, two trees were used, with one placed on top of the other and pruned so as to appear as a single tree. A large painting of the angels' visit to the shepherds covered the back wall of the pulpit recess. This was illuminated and surrounded with evergreen boughs inserted in a screen of chicken wire. The painting was destroyed in the 1957 fire.

During this writer's years of service as co-chairman with Miss Anna K., the departments and classes of the Sunday School were assigned certain Sundays when they were responsible for church flowers. It was after Miss Anna K. resigned from the Flower Committee that the committee assumed the responsibility of providing flowers for each Sunday of the entire year. This was made possible by donations from the church members.

Over the years, the Easter decorations at Lititz have been unique and some traditions have been established. There was a time when a large cross made up of calla lilies was used. For many years, the upper pulpit was removed and in its stead, a rock garden was constructed of rock-cloth arranged over supports of various heights. Scattered here and there were pots of purple hyacinths, red tulips, daffodils and Easter lilies — plants that had been used for decorations during Holy Week — as well as a number of ferns and other green plants from members' homes. In the center of this lovely garden lay a discarded cross. This was discontinued when the church was redecorated just prior to the fire.

It is uncertain when the special color scheme for Holy Week was started. The following regulations were passed on to the present Flower Committee from the records of Miss Anna K.

All white flowers for Palm Sunday; same flowers used Monday with colored flowers added for Tuesday and Wednesday. No flowers for Maundy Thursday [Green Thursday], just the green plants. For Good Friday, red flowers to represent *the blood of Christ*; Great Sabbath, purple flowers to represent *the royalty of Christ* while the lilies bring the message of *the resurrection of Christ* on Easter Day.

Because of unpredictable weather conditions, placing flowers on God's Acre for Easter Dawn has never been a certain thing in Lititz. In earlier years, weather permitting, it was the custom, on the Great Sabbath, to scrub the grave-stones with baking soda and hot water. When, during the 20s and 30s, the areas between the mounded graves were filled in with

top soil and planted with grass, making God's Acre completely flat, the custom of scrubbing graves was gradually discontinued.

With the many memorial bouquets placed in the church during the year, we now enjoy beautiful flowers each Sunday. These same flowers usually find their way to the ill and shut-in, taking with them this little printed message:

These flowers have been on the pulpit of the Moravian Church of Lititz. They have heard the hymns that have been sung, the prayers that have been offered, and the sermon that has been preached. Now, with their silent message, they come to you with our love and good wishes.

— Herma Rickert Losensky

MUSEUM RECEIVES GIFT OF PRIZED MORAVIAN BELL

The last issue of *The Church Square Journal* (autumn, 1977) published a definitive article on those little Lititz Moravian bells which, during the past year, have been catapulted into fame and fortune. The article lamented the fact that the congregation's museum was bare of an example of this highly sought piece. During the ensuing Christmas season, Brother Lloyd Hess filled that void by presenting to the Archives Committee one such bell from his collection.

Those of our newer and younger members of the congregation will be interested to learn that Brother Hess is the father of Sister Dorothy Searles and Brother J. Robert Hess.

The Archives Committee speaks for the entire congregation in extending to Brother Hess sincere gratitude for his gracious and timely gift, ensuring the preservation of a virtually unobtainable commemorative piece which is uniquely Lititz Moravian.

The exquisitely silver-voiced bell has been added to the museum exhibits and illustrates a phase of our congregation's history which is fast becoming legend.

The trouble with America these days is not the noise of the bad, but the silence of the good . . . Each person sees what he wants to see . . . Let us get rid of the put-down by praising another's good . . . Let us always be conscious of the good things just ahead.

— Dr. Mervin C. Weidner, pastor of Central Moravian Church, Bethlehem, in a sermon preached there, June 27, 1976.

(Editor's note: One is reminded here of Ralph Waldo Emerson's challenging lines: *Nerve us up with incessant affirmatives. Do not waste yourself in rejections nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good.*)



Dr. and Mrs. Byron K. Horne

Photo: Harold's House of Photography, Lititz

HORNES CELEBRATE GOLDEN JUBILEE

On August 29, 1977, Dr. and Mrs. Byron K. Horne observed their 50th wedding anniversary. A festive dinner, with children, grandchildren and family from Connecticut, Texas, Virginia, Louisiana and Massachusetts, was held on Sunday, October 9 in the General Sutter Inn. That morning, a radiant bouquet of 50 yellow roses was placed in the church in honor of Brother "Barry" and his lovely bride, Sister Sadie (who loves walnut kisses!). The Horne home on Laurel Avenue welcomed out-of-town friends to a *schmaus*.

The Hornes arrived in Lititz in 1932 to assume the pastorate of our congregation. Nine years later, they moved on to the Moravian town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where Dr. Horne became pastor of the prestigious Central Moravian Church, the Mother Church of Moravianism in this country. But Lititz was to claim them once more, for in 1947, they returned, with Brother Horne accepting the headmastership of the Linden Hall School for Girls, a position which he held until his retirement in 1969.

Dr. Horne has served as president of the Lititz Historical Foundation, as archivist of the Lititz Moravian Congregation, as chairman of the Lititz 1976 Bicentennial Committee. And it was he

who presented to that committee his dream of a Sound and Light Show as the Lititz offering to the nation's bicentennial, a dream which resulted in the highly acclaimed presentation, *If These Walls Could Speak*, presented outdoors on Church Square all during the summer of '76.

Surely, no one has, since the home-going of Brother Herbert H. Beck, contributed more to our knowledge, understanding and appreciation of the life and history of our church and community than has Dr. Horne.

Brother Horne has guided our congregation and Linden Hall through many trying times. His calm manner and his irenic spirit in the midst of crisis and controversy have provided a pillar of strength and reassurance upon which many of us have gratefully leaned. And, of course, our Easter Dawn service would not be at all the same without Brother Horne's richly resonant and well-modulated voice reading his portion of the liturgy in warmly dignified cadence, high moments to which your editor looks forward year after year.

We wish you well, Brother and Sister Horne; we wish you very, very well. We wish you many more beautiful years together. And, Brother Horne, we wish for *ourselves* the unalloyed pleasure of many more Easters within sound of your voice. May God's richest blessings envelop the two of you in health and quiet joy.

HORNE PRESENTS TSCHUDY BASKET TO MUSEUM

On the evening of Monday, November 14th, Dr. Byron K. Horne and the president of the Archives Committee, Wayne LeFevre, met together in the library for a few quiet moments before going out on stage for the presentation of Dr. Horne's talk, *A Walk Down Main Street*. Brother Horne had with him a small oak-splint basket which he wished to give to the congregation museum. According to Dr. Horne, the basket was made in the 19th century by one of the figures prominent in his talk: Matthias Tschudy, the Moravian brother who made, here in Lititz, the only chip or splint hats and bonnets to be produced in this country. The Archives Committee is grateful to Brother Horne for this exceptional gift which has found its place among the museum's exhibits.

Brother Tschudy, an orphan, was raised by Peter Kreiter who built the sturdy Germanic stone dwelling which we know today as the Pretzel House. Brother Tschudy, when of age, entered the Single Brothers House where he learned the trade of weaving. Eventually, however, he was to turn to working with braided straw in hats and bonnets. In 1837, Tschudy presented a pulpit of his own design to the congregation; until then, our church, as is

true of the European Moravian churches yet today, displayed no pulpit but only the liturgist's table. Brother Tschudy's pulpit was later replaced by the present one. Tschudy also, at his own expense, beautified Church Square with plantings

of trees and shrubbery and enclosed the Square with fencing. Now, his pulpit is gone, his fence is gone; but, thanks to Dr. Horne, we do have Brother Tschudy's basket. And we may visit his grave on God's Acre.



Matthias Tschudy basket, gift of Dr. Byron Horne to museum. Basket's diminutive size is shown by comparison with Xmas-Eve lovefeast candle.

Photo: Jack Alvarez

**HORNE LECTURE
ATTRACTS MULTITUDE;
300 WALK DOWN MAIN STREET**

"One of the most illustrious, one of the most scholarly, one of the most colorful figures to walk the streets of Lititz today — or to ride them on his bicycle — is our own Dr. Byron K. Horne."

So began, on that memorable November evening, the introduction of our own Dr. Horne — and aren't we blessed and fortunate beyond measure to have him as one of us? — to an overflow audience of more than 300 people from throughout Lancaster County.

And, in his typical style, Dr. Horne responded:

"I am delighted that my wife was here to hear that introduction. I believe it. She doesn't."

The auspicious occasion was the Archives Committee's first venture in the sponsoring of a public lecture, a venture successful beyond all expectations, due, in great measure, to Brother Rian Shank's expertise in handling publicity.

For several years, the editor of this paper had been negotiating with Dr. Horne, attempting to win his consent to once again present his talk which had been given years ago. Dr. Horne's reply was couched in modesty and was frustrating to this writer who, along with so many others, had not been privileged to hear the earlier presentation.

"They've already heard it; they won't want to hear it again."

But they did want to hear it! Although the lecture was scheduled to begin at 8 o'clock, first arrivals appeared at 20 minutes before seven in order to "get a good seat," for Brother Horne's popularity and reputation as a skilled raconteur had well preceded him. By 7:30, Fellowship Hall, equipped for 200, was packed. And still, eager lecture-goers streamed through the doors of the Single Brothers House, the front steps of which were lined with candle-lit lanterns. Out on the Square, bumper-to-bumper auto traffic was snarled from Main Street up through the Square and around the church into the parking area where space was already exhausted. Men of the congregation, seated in the audience, rallied to the emergency, banding together to scour the first floor and basement rooms for additional chairs which were hurriedly set up in every available corner of the Hall. Those who came early to secure what they thought to be front-row seats soon found themselves in the fourth or fifth row! The two wings below stage were quickly filled to capacity, as was the entrance hall. Some

found refuge in the chapel and Eschbach Parlor, both of which open onto the auditorium. Finally, all were accommodated. At 8:15, the president of the Archives Committee appeared onstage, apologies for the delay were offered, Dr. Horne was introduced. As he stepped from the wings, Brother Horne was greeted by sustained, rousing applause. Then, settling back in our chairs for what we knew would be an unforgettable evening, we were off on our imaginary walk down Main Street with Dr. Horne as our guide and interpreter.

Dr. Horne chose a spring morning between the years of 1815 and 1840 for our visit to Lititz. Peeking into windows and back gardens and shops, introduced to one after another colorful town character, we strolled leisurely down the board walks lining Main Street from the Inn to Church Square, regaled all the while by Dr. Horne's vast treasury of knowledge, liberally laced with delightful anecdotes, all skillfully embroidered into a tapestry of immeasurable worth.

Those of you who chose not to join us for our walking tour — and if you had, where would we have put you? — have you heard of

- the village watchmaker, a near-sighted, lovelorn bachelor who proposed to every young girl who came into his shop?
- or of the young fellow who toppled into the blackstrap molasses barrel in the congregation store?
- Then, there was the scandal which shook the Single Sisters House in the middle of a snowy winter night, rousing the parson from his sleep!
- And have you met the red-headed coppersmith who so loved the residue remaining in the whiskey stills brought to his shop for repair?
- or "the two-storied mammy" who refused to be measured for an essential segment of her new outhouse under construction?
- We chuckled over the putz-visitors tottering home at Xmas time after an evening of putzes and currant wine (my dear!);
- hurried by the dwelling of the unmarried glue-boiler who never did any laundry but put his dirty linens on the attic, to the dismay of his newly arrived Boston bride,
- and looked in on the Danish snuff-maker (another bachelor!) whose five smelly goats visited themselves upon irate neighbors during hot summer days.
- Surely, you would have been pleased to meet still one more bachelor, a violinist in the church orchestra and a

musical instrument-maker, famous for the rum pot which he kept under his work-table — *"an interesting sinner, not a stale saint; there is a big difference."* — Horne.

- And, did you know that before the present Corpse House was built in 1786, there was a corpse vault in the cellar of the Gemeinhaus-Parsonage (where Bishop and Mrs. Hughes reside) next to the old lovefeast kitchen? To this day, on a certain night of the year, the spirits of all the departed — whose remains were kept there — have a reunion! Warning to the Hughes: *"that's the wrong time to go into the cellar of the parsonage!"*

Dr. Horne held his responsive audience rapt for nearly one and a half hours, tho it seemed as only 20 minutes. And, so soon, it was over and done. The huge turnout and the prolonged applause which greeted Brother Horne both before and after his talk were a great tribute to our brother who has won the respect, the admiration and the love of all those of us who place a high value upon those enduring qualities which he so well personifies: truth and substance and scholarship, dignity and restraint, urbanity and polish, well-basted with his own inimitable brand of humor and joshing.

Afterward, there was open house at the museum next door. Moravians and non-Moravians alike crowded the facility and were lavish in their praise. One such was John Aungst, administrator of the Lancaster County Historical Society and president of The Historical Preservation Trust of Lancaster County. Aungst pronounced our museum one of the finest in the area and asked permission to refer visitors to us.

To cap it all, one could have wished for Moravian sugarcake and coffee. Perhaps next time?

**HORNE LECTURE
AVAILABLE ON TAPE**

The Archives Committee engaged Brother Rick Watson to record Dr. Byron Horne's November lecture, *A Walk Down Main Street*. Using professional equipment, Brother Watson captured the entire evening, complete with audience laughter and applause, on a superb recording of the highest quality, providing an irreplaceable historical document of that informative event. A copy of the tape has been placed in the library of the congregation's museum. Tapes for your home library may be ordered from Brother Watson either by speaking with him personally or by telephoning him at 626-4288.

WIND, FIRE AND SPIRES



In his Millersville shop, organbuilder James McFarland displays bellows rib from the Lititz Moravian 1787 Tannenberg organ.

Photo by Bryan Dyker of James R. McFarland and Company.

While searching the attic of the Lititz Moravian Single Brothers House, looking for parts of the 1787 Tannenberg organ which may have wandered away from the main collection, I found one single rib from the original bellows. I had assumed up to this point that the entire bellows had been consumed by the 1957 fire. (See Volume I, page 5 of *The Church Square Journal*.) Although fire-charred beyond the point of its reusability, it will serve as a significant guide for attaining the exact dimensions during the reconstruction of the replica bellows. The fire-charred rib will then become available for display in the church museum.

It is difficult to imagine that, after the fire, anyone gleaning the rubble would recognize this blackened, simple board as part of the original Tannenberg organ, and if so, would bother to preserve it on that merit alone. More likely, a different fact caused its preservation and it is merely coincidental that it was placed in the Brothers House attic. As was the custom at the time, Tannenberg "sized" all interior portions of the bellows with glue and newspaper. Through some quirk, the newspaper glued to one side of this board remained readable after the fire. No doubt someone at that time found portions of front pages of *Der Wochentliche Pennsylvanische Staatsbote* worth saving. The calendar dates of the particular issues are somewhat illegible (being near the charred board edges), but the day of the week and the years are clearly discern-

able. One dates from 1771, the other from 1776. The paper was published by Henrich Miller* in Philadelphia throughout the latter half of the 18th century. The title of the paper translates roughly as *The Weekly Pennsylvania State Messenger*.

The bellows could be likened to two large (about 3 by 6 feet) fireplace or forge bellows. They were placed in the attic above the organ and connected to it by a long, wooden wind-trunk reaching down through the ceiling of the church. The bellows were manipulated by means of two ropes** hanging through holes in the ceiling beside the organ case. The bellows-pumper would stand beside the organ and rhythmically pull one rope and then the other, being careful to insure that one rope was always returning toward the ceiling, thus insuring that a steady wind supply was flowing into the organ. Pulling the rope would raise the lid of the bellows, drawing air from the attic into the device. Upon release of the rope, weights on the lid of the bellows would ensure a steady even fall as the wind was forced through the trunk and into the instrument.

While on the subject of wind, it might be of interest to note that we have removed [autumn, 1977] the modern electric blower from the 1793 Tannenberg organ in the Brothers House chapel and repaired that instrument's original bellows. These bellows work in a somewhat different manner from those of the 1787: either the organist activates a foot treadle or an assistant pulls the leather strap at the side of the organ case. It is interesting to note that the change in wind supply to this instrument [from electric blower to foot/hand operated bellows] has resulted in a much more natural and pleasant sound.

The 1793 Tannenberg is one of only two of his organs which remain — for all practical purposes — in the state in which they were when new. All other remaining Tannenberg organs (there are less than ten) have been altered through the years. *It is a shame that there are visual details lacking on the chapel organ.*† The hardware on the case, the paint and the draw-knobs are all modern and not at all like the originals. Atop the case sits one lone finial (or spire) where once there were three. *It would be exceptionally fitting, especially in light of the attention to detail being observed in the restoration of the other instrument, to correct the visual deficiencies in this one.* †

— James R. McFarland

EDITOR'S NOTES

* Henrich Müller (christened Johann Heinrich Müller) was a Moravian, having joined the brethren in Bethlehem under the inspiration of Count Zinzendorf who sub-

sequently appointed Müller as master printer for the Moravians. Later, with his Philadelphia press, Müller became one of the leading printers of the American Revolution; his *Staatsbote* was this country's first paper to publish, on July 5, 1776, news of the day-old Declaration of Independence. Müller is buried in Bethlehem's God's Acre. (See *Transactions of the Moravian Historical Society*, Volume XXIII, Part I, pages 61-76: *Johann Heinrich Müller: Printer, Moravian, Revolutionary* by Donald Lineback, a paper read at the vesper, October 9, 1975.)

** The Tannenberg organ stood on the west gallery of the church from 1787 until 1857. The two ropes which hung by its side have been earlier described by local historians as the ropes for ringing the bell in the belfry. Mr. McFarland assures us that these ropes were not for bell-ringing but for bellows-pulling. An entry from the 1852 diary of the church pastor, Bishop Peter Wolle, substantiates this view:

Sunday, July 25

... Soon after I had commenced playing the organ in Liturgy, one of the bellows ropes tore, and Masslich [the bellows-puller] got a fall. Of course, with but one bellows [functioning], there were many short intermissions [spurts] of sound from the pipes.

† Italics the editor's.



Close-up of front pages of the German newspaper, *Der Staatsbote*, dated 1771 and 1776, glued to the Tannenberg bellows rib.

Photo by Bryan Dyker of James R. McFarland and Company.

JULY 4, 1843, IN LITITZ

July 4, 1843

The first intimation of this national festival we received by being awakened with the tune of *Hail Columbia*, performed by the Band. Preparations had been set on foot to celebrate the day in a

pleasant manner at the Spring, and all circumstances being favourable, we could not have spent the evening more delightfully. A considerable number of citizens, and some strangers assembled at the Spring between 5 and 6 o'clock; precisely at 6, Mr. Beck [John Beck], standing at the head of a long table, well furnished with refreshments, and lined on both sides by happy participants, mostly females [!], delivered a very appropriate address, and read the Declaration of Independence. We then partook of the meal before us. At about ¼ p. 7 we performed the piece: 'Come joyful Hallelujahs raise' with the full Orchestra, much to the satisfaction of the hearers, who desired its repetition. When it grew somewhat later, about 600 candles were lighted up along the fences, on Pyramids, chandeliers, etc. — also a number of tar barrels were set fire to, fixed above the stream. The wind which had been high, abated in the evening, and it became quite calm. We did not leave the ground till ¼ p. 9.

— From the diary of Peter Wollé, pastor of the Lititz Congregation, 1836–1853. In the congregation's collection.

MET OUR NEWEST RESIDENT?

Late last fall, a portly, top-hatted gentleman arrived on Church Square to take up residence in the congregation's museum. Obviously dressed for a night on the town, he appears even more portly because of a large clock dial embedded in his middle. This late 19th-century clock of cast iron is the kind gift of Brother Irvin Miller and once told the time of day in the home of Brother Miller's grandfather over on Schaum's Corner on old Route 222. At one time in its history, the clock was repainted by our late Brother George Hepp who kept a jewelry and watch shop in downtown Lititz. A startling feature of the clock is the gentleman's eyes which oscillate in their sockets when the clock mechanism is running!

This extraordinary piece, highly prized by collectors of eclectic furnishings, has been placed in museum storage until an appropriate location is found for its proper display. Perhaps one day, the museum will develop a Victorian alcove in which our time-keeping gentleman will feel quite at home.

GOD'S ACRE

The area of our cemetery now known as God's Acre was consecrated on November 5, 1758, when the first interment took place there. For many years after that time, members of the church were laid to rest there without exception.

When the membership of the church was small in numbers, the conditions or regulations concerning burial requirements were few and well-known. However, as time passed and numbers increased and conditions changed, rules and regulations became expedient. At first, the regulations were few and understood by all concerned. Later, they were posted in an appropriate manner, and still later, they appeared in printed form and were modified to suit changing times.

When, in 1884, areas beyond God's Acre were made available for burial, the need for regulations for all areas became imperative.

In response to recent inquiries and as a matter of general interest to members of the Lititz Moravian Church, a resumé governing the use of God's Acre for burial follows. If additional information is desired, the superintendent of the cemetery (Brother Paul Seaber) should be consulted.

God's Acre, as this area is designated, is reserved for the burial of members in good standing of the Lititz Moravian Congregation and their minor children, the only fee being the cost of opening and closing of the grave.

Men and women, who are members in good standing of the Lititz Moravian Congregation, may bury their non-Moravian spouses on God's Acre, provided that said non-Moravian spouses are members of another Christian denomination. The fee for such burial, in addition to the cost of opening and closing the grave, shall be the same as the prevailing fee for such burial in the "public" area of the cemetery.

Members in good standing of Moravian churches other than the Lititz Congregation, may be buried in God's Acre. The fee for such burial, in addition to the opening and closing of the grave, shall be identical to the prevailing fee required by the Lititz Moravian Congregation for burial of non-Moravians in the public area of the cemetery.

Clergymen of the Moravian church, in or out of active service and wherever located at the time of their demise, as well as their wives or widows, shall have the same rights and fees for burial on God's Acre as do the members of the Lititz Congregation.

It is assumed that all who use the burial privileges of God's Acre will adhere to custom as relates to appearance of graves and the size of tombstones. The size of a tombstone for an adult is not to exceed 36 by 24 inches and 4 inches in thickness, while the tombstone for a child shall consist of white marble and shall be 12 by 18 inches and 4 inches in thickness. Likewise, shrubbery and plants shall not be planted on the graves.

It should be noted that the right of burial on God's Acre does not of itself include the services of the Lititz Moravian Trombone Choir at the time of interment. Such service, if desired, must be arranged with the officiating clergyman.

— Byron K. Horne

WE MISSED OUR CHILDREN. PLEASE RETURN THEM?

One of the loveliest moments of the church year, as it is observed here at Lititz Moravian, has always occurred in September when the children of the congregation, massed in the church gallery, sing to their parents at the close of the Married People's Lovefeast. Two hymns are sung: *Jesus Makes My Heart Rejoice* and *The Lord Bless and Keep You in His Favor*. The sweet innocence of the children's voices, floating through the room with that purity and lightness that are the particular charm of young ones in song, melted hearts of mothers and fathers, aunts and uncles — yes, and grandparents, too — and left faces wreathed in smiles of gratitude for this special blessing.

Last year, however, — perhaps for the first time since the custom was begun here in Lititz in 1768 — the children were not permitted to sing. It is to be lamented that some saw fit to pre-empt the children from us so that the Church School's fall program might be launched with a more auspicious beginning. This is precisely the way by which we lose, one by one, the touching and distinctive occasions which make our church year, our congregational life and our personal lives — as Moravians — so appealing to many coming to us from elsewhere. Bit by bit, we persist upon whittling away at it until soon there will be nothing left to distinguish us from Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, and we will be simply a part of a great gray, anonymous mass.

The argument invariably offered at a time like this simply will not hold water here, for how can it ever be irrelevant and meaningless for children to sing to their parents in God's house — something which can be measured neither by charts and graphs and progress reports, nor by attendance figures and dollars-and-cents income, those two great symbols of "success" in our present-day American society? Should not the education and nurture of our Moravian church school children, as our future congregational leaders, include the unique and beautiful customs that are ours as Moravians? The answer is all too obvious.

Brethren, we missed our children last September and do earnestly implore you to return them to us this year, 10 September, 1978!

— Wayne B. LeFevre, editor