

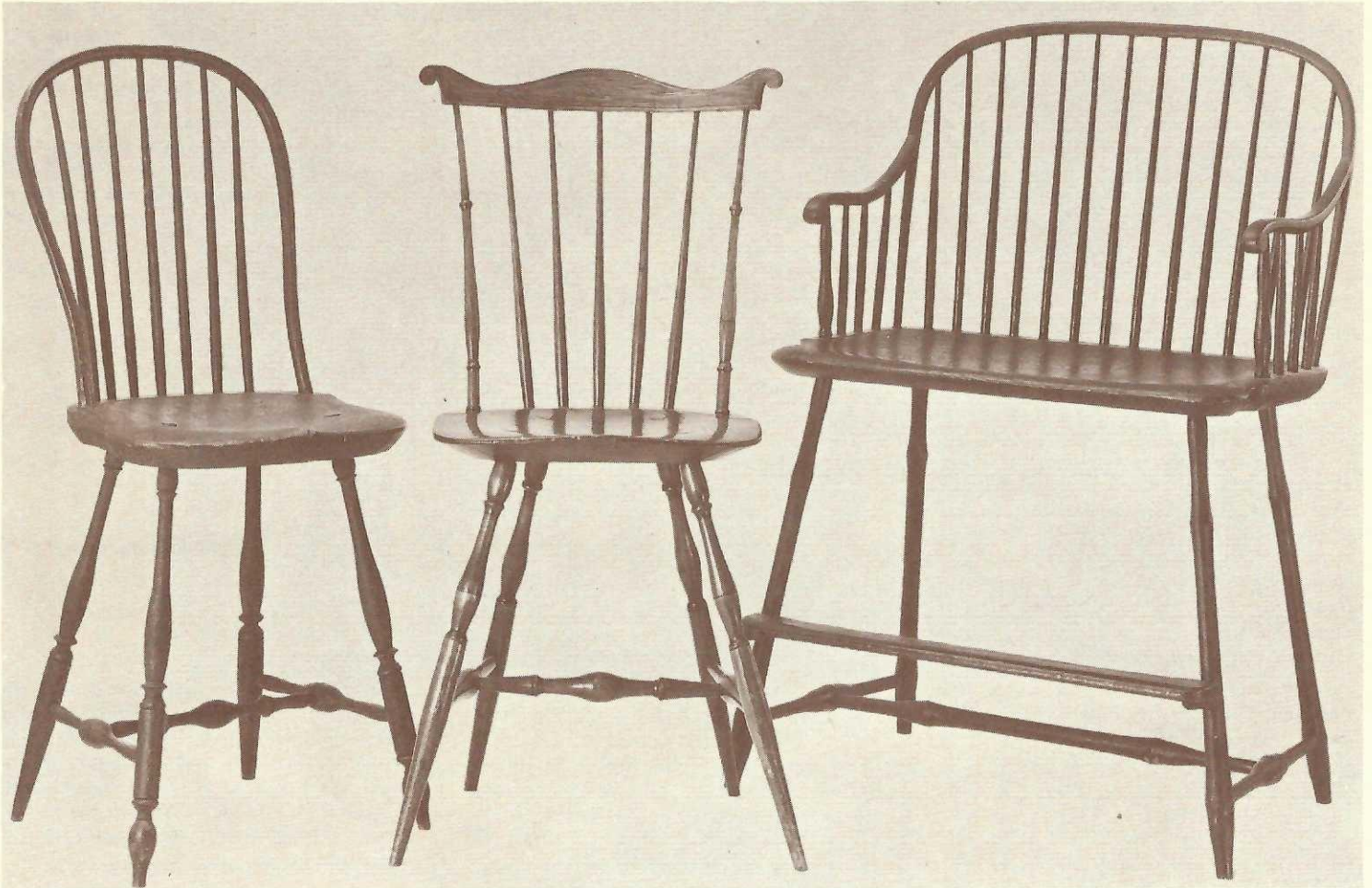
# THE CHURCH SQUARE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED SPRING AND FALL BY THE ARCHIVES COMMITTEE OF THE LITITZ MORAVIAN CONGREGATION

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18th-CENTURY SEATING FOR LITITZ MORAVIAN MUSICIANS

*A Winterthur Museum photograph used by permission of Nancy Goyne Evans, Registrar of Winterthur Museum, Delaware. Mrs. Evans is preparing a Winterthur Book on the subject of Windsor furniture, to be published c.1982. The book's illustrations will include the above view which was taken by Winterthur's photographer in our Moravian Museum here on Church Square.*

## TWO TROMBONES AND AN ORGAN An Unlikely Trio

A superlative composition of airy grace, the above photograph illustrates three of the most prized pieces in the collection of the Lititz Moravian Congregation. These long-legged specimens are rare examples of the art of Windsor chairmaking in that their seats are a full 24 inches from the floor.

The two chairs pictured here date from the 1790s.<sup>1</sup> The bow-back on the left exhibits the Philadelphia style leg while the New England leg is seen on the fan-back, center. In early Lititz, these tall chairs provided seating for the double-bass trombonists so that their exceptionally long slides would not strike the floor during performance (of the *Collegium Musicum*? Surely not of the

church music which was scored for only strings, continuo and, occasionally, woodwinds). There are six such chairs in Lititz: four in the congregation's collection and two in the collection of the Linden Hall School for Girls.

The bench, circa 1790-1810,<sup>2</sup> in dark green paint with foot-rest and bamboo-turned legs, is said to have been the organ bench used in the church with the David Tannenberg organ which served the congregation from 1787 until 1879. In later years, it gathered dust and cobwebs in the lower attic of the Single Brothers House. With the mid-sixties' revitalization of the Museum displays, this handsome piece was rescued from oblivion and once more presented to admiring eyes. When the bench is finally paired with the newly restored 1787 Tannenberg instrument, it will be known whether it actually was an organ bench

or whether it may possibly have provided seating for the teacher in an early Lititz classroom.

That the Windsor chair was the Moravians' favorite chair form, a form which seems to dominate the Moravian collections,<sup>3</sup> is given considerable credence by the presence of twenty-two Windsors in the collection of the Lititz Moravian Congregation while, in Bethlehem, the Central Moravian Congregation counts some forty Windsors in their midst. On a first visit to the Mother Church in the early '60s, Central's choir loft was found filled with a vast array of bow-back Windsors in dark green paint, a sight which left this observer in open-mouthed wonder. The choir's seating has since become more pedestrian with the Windsors retired from heavy use. It is

*continued on page 2. . .*

## PUTZING

A Faded Moravian  
Christmas Custom Revived

A dying feature of the Moravian Christmas celebration is the putz or nativity scene, large or small, simple or elaborate, which in earlier years was an inseparable part of the Christmas observance in most Moravian homes. And an eagerly anticipated social activity of the Moravian Christmas season was that of putzing — visiting one another's homes to see the putz and to sample the families' Christmas cakes and — in Lititz — currant wine.

As time progresses, we seem ever more prone to disdain such lovely, gracious practices which, were we to encourage their survival, would so enrich our lives, adding to what is referred to as *quality of life*.

At the suggestion of the Archives Committee's president, it was decided that the Committee would, among themselves, revive the custom of putzing. With Sisters Geraldine Alvarez and Irene Seadle arranging the occasion, the date was set for the evening of December 26, Second Christmas in the Dutch Country of Pennsylvania.

The night was chill and starry. We met on Church Square in the 1792 Johannes Mueller House, home of the Lititz Historical Foundation, with Dr. Byron K. Horne as our host. Brother Horne, in his delightful fatherly manner, spoke informally to us on the European origin of the nativity creche, its expansion by the Moravians into the Christmas putz, the putz's European history and its journey across the waters to this country where it became a cherished feature of the Christmas observance of Moravians wherever they settled.

A putz could vary in size. It might occupy a table-top; it could be found beneath the tree; or, with furniture pushed back against the walls, it might well fill an entire room. Whatever its size, Dr. Horne explained, the putz always told the Christmas story in a simple and direct manner and was often furnished with treasured heirloom figures handed down within the family.

Bidding a reluctant *Auf Wiedersehen!* to our scholarly counsellor, we stepped next-door to the 1793 James Gross House where we found our first putz of the evening: a charming story-book setting tucked into a bookshelf of the Music Room. Tall candles lighted every corner of the first floor of the eighteen-room stone house; an antique music box played. Sister Emma, who traces her lineage back to the early Bohemian brethren of our *Unitas Fratrum* as well as to the Prussian nobility,

was regal in black gown as she moved gracefully from room to room, identifying for us the museum-piece furnishings of their vast collection. Upon our departure, Brother and Sister Gross gave each putzer a candy cane and a red-ruffed beeswax Christmas candle as mementos of our visit.

Across Church Square to the 1763 *Gemeinhaus*-Parsonage, residence of Bishop and Mrs. Hughes. Here, amid an aura of the Old South, the tall tree, from the woodland of Brother Howard Minnich, sheltered the traditional family putz. Sheep and shepherds climbed the mossy hillside; a sandy path led the Magi to the Holy Family; fresh green vegetation sprang luxuriantly from the daily-watered mosses which the Hughes nurse from Christmas to Christmas in the *Gemeinhaus* garden. And too, there was the Advent wreath guarded by a tail-less mouse, weathered veteran of earlier years.

Walking by the Single Brothers House, we entered another world, a world of European elegance, the 1882 home of our Swiss Brother and Sister, Willy and Blanche dePerrot. A blazing hearth-fire welcomed us. The tree, in the Swiss manner, was hung with apples and straw stars and lighted with tiny wax tapers. The dePerrot putz, an exquisite miniature, is furnished with cherished pieces and is illuminated by candles. Before we left, Sister dePerrot seated herself at the piano and, at her request, we sang the old German carol, *O Du Frohliche, O Du Selige*.

Then, piling into our cars, we moved on to Lancaster and Marietta Avenue and the old Barr Nursery mansion (begun circa 1760 by a Moravian), home of Colonel and Mrs. Antonio Alvarez. The magnificent Christmas tree, a splendid tower of shimmering delight, first commanded one's attention. A Canadian balsam which arrived from Quebec packed in layers of snow, the tree brushed the ten-foot ceiling and was filled with treasures old and new. On the floor beneath it, in quiet and simple contrast to the glittering fantasy above, Brother and Sister Alvarez had arranged their creche of honey-golden beeswax figures amid scrolls of juniper from their gardens. Moravian Christmas cookies, both brown and white, and a sparkling beverage, served in the candlelit dining room, fortified us for the last leg of our journey — to the Glen Moore Circle home of Doctors Peter and Irene Seadle.

Here we basked before the Franklin stove before admiring the Seadles' collection of creche figures gathered during their travels throughout the world: those of hand-carved wood from Nigeria and Germany; another of clear spun glass from Nova Scotia and, of course, the family heirloom creche from

Germany, well over 100 years old. Our mood expanded with hot beverages and gustatory delights from the Seadle kitchen. The evening ended at the witching hour with all of us putzers pleasantly tired — all of us, that is, except Sister Gross who, stately and lovely as the queen whom she really is, was still vibrantly holding court at midnight!

This first evening of putzing was such a pure and simple pleasure that it has been decided to make the custom a Christmas tradition of the Archives Committee.

— WBL



**Musicians' Windsors,**  
*continued from page 1.*

interesting, too, to note that during the mid-century restoration of the interior of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, Central Congregation was invited to donate their collection of Windsor chairs to the furnishings of the national shrine, an honor which our Bethlehem brethren very wisely declined.<sup>4</sup>

Because of its relative discomfort, it may well be true, as one source has it, that the Windsor, along with the slat-back or ladder-back chair, is a penitential chair. Nevertheless, it does delight the eye with its distinctive purity of line and form coupled with an inherent strength and virility along with an unmistakable rakish air, qualities which, across the span of centuries, have endeared the Windsor to the discriminating connoisseur.

—WBL

## REFERENCES

- 1 Nancy Goyne Evans, Registrar of Winterthur Museum, Winterthur, Delaware. In a letter to the writer, dated February 23, 1979.
- 2 Ibid.
- 3 Harry Rinker, former Director of Historic Bethlehem, in a seminar on Moravian Material Culture, presented in June, 1974, during the Institute of Pennsylvania Life and Culture at the Pennsylvania Farm Museum, Landis Valley.
- 4 Lee Shields Butterfield, of old Bethlehem Moravian stock. In a letter to the writer, dated February 24, 1979.



1 Young Gentlemen Academy, 2 Church & 3 Parsonage.

### SCRAPBOOK YIELDS TREASURE A View From The South

Surviving in some quantity are 19th-century drawings of the Lititz Moravian Church Square and the buildings facing it. Five, including those of Samuel Reinke and Elias Vogler, are known to this writer. But what a cause for celebration is the rare discovery of an early view showing the rear of the buildings as seen from the path to God's Acre. Brother Vernon Nelson, archivist of the Moravian Church, Northern Province, found just such a drawing, pictured above, on file (Scrapbook B, page 43) in the Moravian Archives in Bethlehem. The artist, Levin T. Reichel, was pastor of the Lititz Congregation, 1853-1854, and sketched this scene sometime before the 1857 structural changes affecting the church and the *Gemeinhaus*. Reichel's signature is seen in the lower left corner.

This drawing is priceless as it gives us some idea of the early appearance of that more private, more domestic area behind the church buildings, an area not normally seen by the public of that day. Here, one found the parsonage vegetable gardens, the storage sheds,

the pig sty, the chicken roosts, all of which are mentioned in mid-19th-century diaries.

At the left is the 1759 Single Brothers House which, by the time of this drawing, had ceased to function as such and, instead, served as an auxiliary building to schoolmaster John Beck's Young Gentlemen's Academy. Not yet stuccoed over, the building of exposed limestone was referred to as "the stone schoolhouse" while the Academy's main building, an elegant 1822 Federal structure of brick standing on that spot now occupied by our Parish House-Museum, was termed "the brick schoolhouse."

At left center is the Corpse House with its round vent-hole in the gable. One can only speculate as to the purpose served by the vertical-boarded shed next to the Corpse House.

Reichel's view of the church reveals a portion of the southern bay of three tall, arched windows which matched a similar bay on the north wall across the room, looking out onto Church Square. On either side of the three tall windows was a smaller arched window at the upper level, lighting the gallery within the church, for, from the beginning,

galleries stretched, as they do today, across the east and west sides of the room. Beneath each of these small gallery windows was a door which opened into the yard behind the church. In Reichel's drawing, the gallery windows are hidden by trees; the east door, however, is clearly shown. These doors occupied those areas underneath the galleries where today's inscription windows, memorializing John George Klein and John Beck, are found.

With the strictly enforced segregation of the sexes in the seating plan for worship services, the church room was divided in two; the diaries refer to "the Sisters' side" and "the Sisters' gallery," which occupied the eastern half of the room toward the Sisters House and the girls' school. The western half of the room, toward the Brothers House and the boys' school, was known as "the Brethrens' side" or "the male side."

The door seen here was on the Sisters' side of the church. It and its mate on the Brothers' side were used at funerals. During the funeral service in the church, the corpse in its coffin was brought from the Corpse House and placed on a carrying bier in the yard behind the church. The service over, the

congregation moved through those doors and out into the yard, the Sisters using their doorway, the Brothers theirs. Here, a procession was formed with each sex assigned their allotted position. The cortege then passed through the yard gate "opened at funerals" and moved down the avenue of trees, through "the Wilderness," up the slope and into God's Acre.

As seen here, the west wall of the *Gemeinhaus*-Parsonage still retained its clipped or truncated gable, that distinctive European architectural feature which the early Moravians brought here from the Fatherland. Similar truncated gables, to which architects refer as jerkin-head roofs, remain on our Brothers and Sisters choirhouses. During the changes of 1857, the *Gemeinhaus* lost much of its Germanic character when the original gambrel roof with its clipped gable was altered in favor of the present, more conventional style. Visiting the *Gemeinhaus* attic, one may yet see the 1763 stone wall brought up to the height of the lower attic ceiling and, above it, the subsequent brick fill-in of 1857. Note, too, the dormer windows, now long gone, and the segmental window arches (of brick?) on the first and second floor levels.

Beyond the *Gemeinhaus* is seen the 1758 Single Sisters House, frequently referred to in the diaries of that day as "Rockville," presumably because of its stone construction, although all other buildings discussed here are also of stone.

For several years, the president of the Archives Committee had persistently pursued the acquisition of a copy of Reichel's original drawing resident in the Bethlehem Archives. Finally, in autumn of 1978, the treasure arrived; the photographic negative will be filed in the congregation's archival collection.

— WBL

## LATE BULLETIN

As this issue was about to go to press, another view of the rear of the church buildings arrived unexpectedly in our hands!! Along with several items of historic interest, an 1879 painting by Julius Augustus Beck, son of the noted schoolmaster, John Beck, comes to us from the estate of our late brother, John Beck of Dallas, Texas. The Gilbert Swift family flew here from Dallas in time to be with us for the Great Sabbath lovefeast after which they presented the prized treasures to Bishop Hughes and Wayne LeFevre. The Swifts remained for our Easter Dawn Service and the festival service at 10:30, returning Easter Monday for a tour of our old buildings under the gracious guidance of Sister

Mildred Young. The fascinating painting will occupy a choice spot in the Museum and hopefully will be featured in the next Journal.

## A SNAKE IN CHURCH It Happened At Lititz Moravian

July 19, 1841

*This afternoon when my wife conducted Brother Carpenter and friend from Lancaster into the church, behold a serpent was crawling on the platform of the pulpit!! Mr. C. took it out and killed it.*

—from the diary of Bishop Peter Wolley,  
church pastor.

*Mr. Moravian says, "Appearances are very often deceitful. Don't be misled by them. There may be much goodness under a shabby coat, even as goodness is not necessarily, or too often, the adjunct of purple and fine linen."*

from The Moravian, 1869;  
a clipping found in Bishop Peter Wolle's  
1869 diary.

## COMING!

### Another Historic Ramble with Dr. Horne

Do you remember the Lititz watchmaker, a lovesick and terribly near-sighted bachelor who proposed marriage to all the sweet young things who came into his shop, including the village wags who dressed themselves up as girls and stopped by to flirt with him? Do you remember the two-storied mammy who became indignant during the construction of her outdoor privy? Or the annual reunion of departed spirits in the cellar of the Parsonage? Have you forgotten the sweet-toothed fellow who toppled into the molasses barrel in the congregation store? Or the Danish snuffmaker and his friendly, smelly goats — all those early Lititz characters, favored cronies of Dr. Horne's to whom he introduced us back in November of 1977 as he took us walking down Main Street?

Well! Brother Horne has gathered together yet another group of 19th-century Lititz personalities and is quite eager for us to meet them, too! And we will do just that on Monday evening, May 14 at 8 o'clock in Fellowship Hall as Dr. Horne, under the auspices of the Archives Committee, presents the sequel to his earlier talk, *A Walk Down Main Street*. On that 1977 occasion, you will recall, our host guided us — all 300+ of us — on our ramble down the boardwalks on Main Street's south side, pointing out this dwelling, hailing that villager, sharing with us tale after tale of

Lititz's bygone days. This time, our Brother will lead us back up Main Street, but on the north side — the sunny side — on a tour laced with "much humor and some sadness."

So, join us, won't you, along with your friends and neighbors, for another colorful, unforgettable evening with our genial host, our invincible, indefatigable story-teller, Dr. Byron K. Horne. Early arrival won't necessarily assure you a front-row seat (remember last time?!?!?) and the audience may once again spill over into the chapel and the parlor, but that's part of the fun and excitement of an evening with Brother Horne, isn't it?

Now, Brother Rick Watson informs us that orders continue to arrive — from as far distant as New Hampshire — for cassette tape-recordings of Dr. Horne's first talk. It goes without saying that this recording, capturing Dr. Horne's infinite knowledge and humor along with the audience response to both, is a record without price, preserving for posterity much of the color and drama of early Lititz. You may have a copy of the recording, at \$5 each, by speaking with Brother Watson personally or by telephoning him at 626-4288. This recording will also be available for purchase on May 14th at the close of Dr. Horne's talk when, in addition, one may order a tape of our second tour of Main Street.

These special events, presented without charge, are sponsored by the Archives Committee.

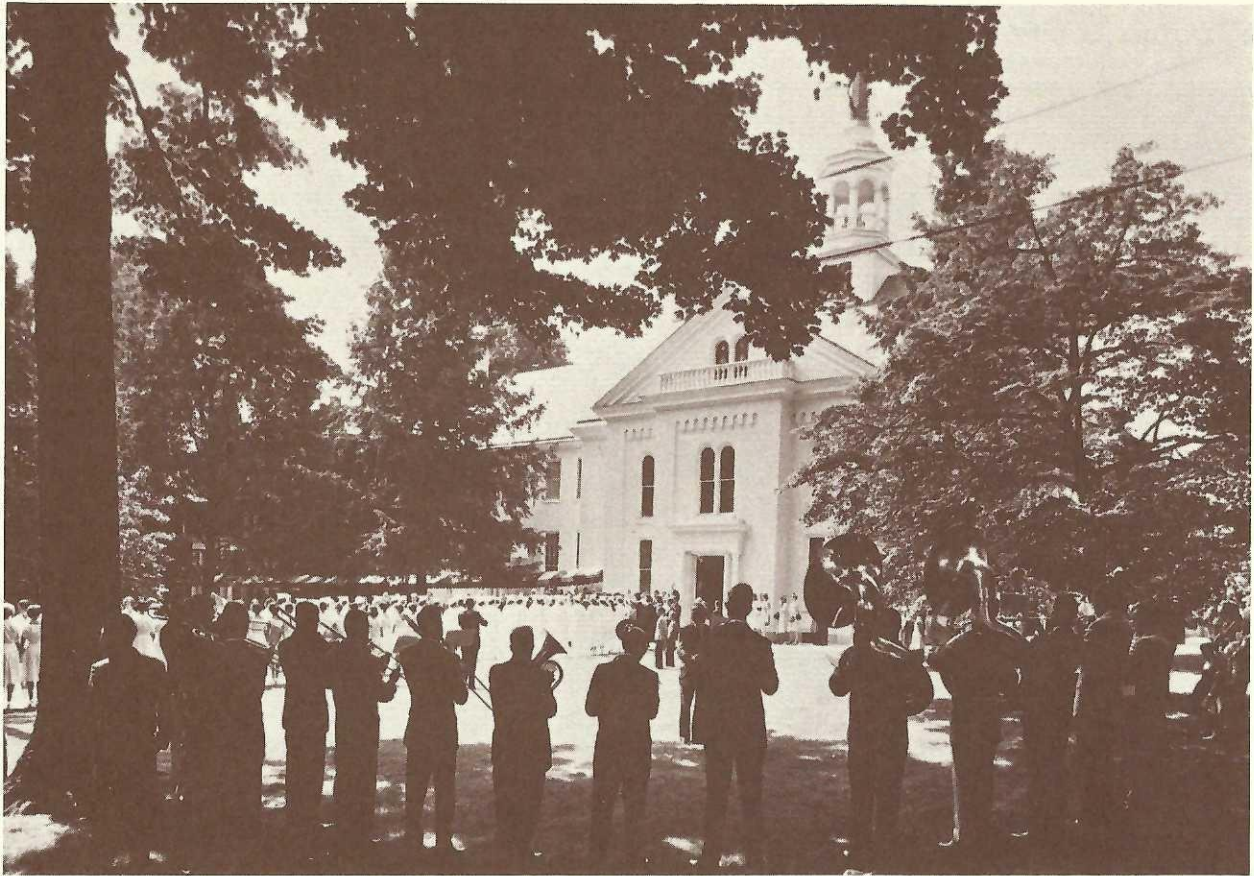
## HAVE YOU HEARD?

From a reliable source in Bethlehem, we are informed that Reverend Robert Woosley, chaplain at Moravian College, worshiped with us on Christmas Eve last year and returned home to tell Bethlehemites that the Christmas Eve service in Lititz is the most beautiful Moravian Christmas Eve service that he has ever observed.

And James McFarland, the skilled craftsman who is restoring our 1787 David Tannenber organ, tells us that the Organ Historical Society of America labels our instrument "one of the ten most important historical organs in this country!"

Then, from Durham, North Carolina, word has reached Lititz that, inspired by our choir's recording of our Christmas Eve music (a disc produced back in 1963 and long out-of-print), five non-Moravian churches in the Durham area are now observing Moravian-style Christmas lovefeasts and candle services!!

Which brings to mind yet another tale. But, alas! Space not permitting its inclusion here, it will have to wait until next issue.



Brother John Keehn conducting the Trombone Choir during the colorful June Sunday morning bacculaureate processional of the Linden Hall girls through the Square and into the church — another lost tradition.

1961 Photo: Robert Thompson, Lancaster

**JOHN KEEHN  
In Paradisum**

True Moravians, who have seen so many glad Easters, cannot face death with any shudder, for they know their going will be told in music on the evening wind \_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_\_ at fall of evening, the trombones will peal forth those old familiar tunes, informing the listeners whether it was child or grown-up, man or woman, married or single, that soul for whom the ancient horns blow a bon voyage on its passage skyward.

— The Easter People, Winifred Kirkland

One wonders: during his forty years as director of the Lititz Moravian Trombone Choir, for how many such home-going souls did our recently departed Brother John Keehn and his "fellas" blow a *bon voyage*? So many memories of John and the choir come flooding back to us now: their announcements of communion services, lovefeasts and festal days of the Moravian year; those summer concerts of the Sunday evening vespers in the Park; Christmas Eve on the Square and Trombone Choir Sunday in the church when you thought the roof, and you with it, would lift off and sail into the



heavens!

Might not the most touching facet of the Trombone Choir's work be the death announcement, *A pilgrim us preceding departs unto his home*, blown upon the passing of a parishioner? So often, one is aware of the presence of family members of the departed, standing inconspicuously along the far edge of the Square, listening to the requiem being played for their loved one. Then, of course, there are always those early pre-dawn hours of Easter when the choir

threads the streets of the town, playing the stately and joyful resurrection chorales and, a bit later, escorts the congregation out the long avenue to the old graveyard — an annual memory-filled pilgrimage, a path over which many of us will one day take our last earthly journey.

I so well remember this past Christmas Eve morning, sitting at the organ in anticipation of the Family Christmas Lovefeast and listening delightedly to Brother John's brisk interpretation of *O Tannenbaum* floating into the church from out on the Square. That evening, between the Christmas Eve Vigils, it was my privilege to be seated across from him at table during the candlelight supper served to the choirs. One week later, John had, as the early Moravians were so fond of putting it, entered into "the more immediate presence of the Saviour."

The next day, "on the evening wind," John's "fellas" gathered on the Square and played an exceptionally moving farewell to their leader. Instead of the customary three chorales, six were played as the choir's heartfelt tribute to one whom they revered and loved.

Well done, John, thou good and faithful servant.

— WBL

**If All Else Falls, Try These HOME REMEDIES OF LEADING 19th-CENTURY MORAVIANS**

From the diaries of Bishop Peter Wolle while pastor of the Moravian Congregations in Philadelphia (1826-1836) and Lititz (1836-1853). In the Lititz Congregation's collection.

In Philadelphia

1829: June 15

— *We resolved to have 2 bedsteads painted green to prevent bugs from nestling therein —.*

1829: July 2

*It [a walking tour of Philadelphia] was indeed a trying one to my dear Theresa [Mrs. Wolle], whose feet had never before carried her such a distance, but she performed very well, — and having washed her limbs with whiskey, she laid down to rest at the proper time, and arose [the next morning] in perfect vigor of body.*

In Lititz

1844: October 27

*Wife quite a sufferer. In the evening I went and procured from our wheelwright some skunk fat, to annoint her spine.*

1848: January 28

*Wife suffering again the most acute pain in her face. We tried something new, Sulphur applied in a bag to the affected side; also a piece of opium fastened to the temple. In the evening the pain subsided, but the night following, she had very strange sensations, probably owing to the remedies named.*

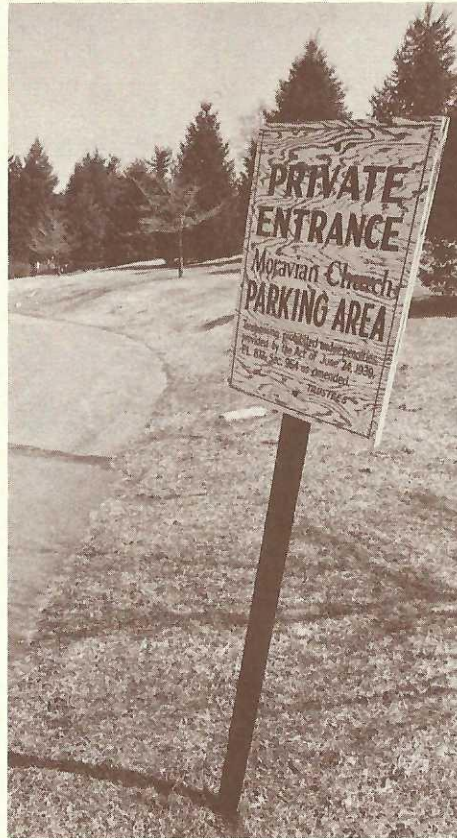
**TANNENBERG IN JAPAN**

In November of last year, our 1793 Tannenberg organ, housed in the chapel of the Single Brothers House, was photographed and recorded for inclusion in a seminar on American music, presented this March at the Swedish Mission Seminary in Osaka, Japan. Conducting the seminar were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller of Glen Ridge, New Jersey. The Millers did the photography and the recording as our organist, Brother LeFevre, played Sebastian Bach, Gottfried Stoezel and Johannes Herbst.

Written in Lititz, September 2, 1850:

*How well it is, if one can stop up the ears to all the tittle tattle of the town, and put a bridle on one's own tongue!*

—Bishop Peter Wolle, pastor of the congregation



Photos: Brother Carl Shuman

**ENTERING MORAVIANLAND — Before and After —**

Approaching the church through Cedar Street's rear entrances, the pilgrim to Lititz Moravian — be he parishioner or visitor — has been greeted these many years by a pair of wooden signs whose presence is required by law, should we ever find it necessary to enforce public respect for our grounds. The ravages of time and weather have been unkind: one sign leaned to the south at a tired angle; both were faded and peeling. In front of the church, a bent and rusted metal marker at the Church Street entrance to our property announced that one was now entering Moravianland. All of which provided a very poor first impression of our handsome buildings and grounds.

Last year, the Archives Committee secured the Board of Trustees' approval to replace those markers. Brother Wayne LeFevre, president of the Archives Committee, designed the new signs and selected their palette of colors; a deep grayed green to blend with the landscape in all seasons; black lettering on a field of lighter green; and over all, a Moravian Advent star in white and gold. The scaled working drawings were provided by Brother Robert Derck of the celebrated Lititz landscape architectural firm of McCloud, Scatchard, Derck and Edson which has been responsible for the site plan of the stunning Old Town Lancaster restoration. Construction, painting and installation of the signs was done by Lancaster sign-painter Rick Straub. Behold and see.

**LITITZ MORAVIAN ENCHANTS ARTIST**

*It's a beautiful atmosphere out there. I was whisked back to the 1850's. The organ was playing in the church, the bells were ringing. I was very inspired.*

—Rick Straub, Lancaster sign-painter, recounting his impression of Lititz Moravian received while placing the directional signs described above.

*With their rich musical heritage, it is no wonder that Moravians produce music that can raise a mortal to the skies or bring an angel down.*

—Professor Richard Bromer in *The Living and the Dead in Lititz*, a 4-page, 8-photo article on the Lititz Moravian Easter Dawn Service appearing in the April issue of *Susquehanna Magazine*.