

The History of St. Paul's Episcopal Church

First published in commemoration
of its sesquicentennial year
in Ivy, Virginia

PREFACE

The preparation of the following history of St. Paul's Ivy is attributable entirely to the diligent and considerable effort of St. Paul's own longtime communicant, Virginia Kennan (Mrs. E. Victor). The historical narrative, enhanced on occasion by the mists of time, is continuously fortified with many lively anecdotes of personal reminiscences thereby giving to the congregation of St. Paul's for all time forward an insight to their heritage and the work of others that have gone before.

The Vestry of St. Paul's hereby expresses on its behalf and for the entire congregation heartfelt thanks and sincere appreciation to Virginia Kennan.

October 23, 1988

Ivy, Virginia

To The Reader

In writing this brief history of our parish life, I have surely been guilty of some errors and many omissions, for which I apologize here and now. At first I worried over not being able to cite each and every gift to the church, but before long the impossibility of giving credit to all donors and workers began to seem only consistent with a community in which a widow's mite may be as important an evidence of love for the church as a six-figure check. I hope I am right, and not making a virtue out of a necessity. Admittedly, much has been overlooked in an effort to compress 150 years into these few pages.

Virginia Kennan

The Background

It will perhaps surprise those newly acquainted with St. Paul's Church, Ivy - and possibly some old-timers, too - to learn that it began as a missionary endeavor, and remained a mission for over a hundred years, not qualifying as a full-fledged parish until 1950. The story of St. Paul's is one of leisurely evolution, and it is full of surprises. Unlike most American enterprises it shows little evidence of long-term planning or energetically sought growth. Several of the clergymen in charge before mid-century were Englishmen educated at Oxford, enjoying independent means, and driven by a strong calling. So, although such names as Kinsolving, Lewis, Garth, Harper, Price, Clarke, Wood, Woods, and Noland appear and reappear in connection with strenuous efforts on behalf of St. Paul's in the early days, the parish seems in retrospect less a creation of pioneer Americans than a colonial remnant. The early settlers in the region were English, most German pioneers staking a claim to the Shenandoah Valley. When Scottish and Irish Presbyterians immigrated in significant numbers in 1738, it became necessary for the bailiwick of the Anglicans to be carved out of what was then Fredericksville Parish. (The old Midwestern claim that Presbyterians settled America in covered wagons, but the Episcopalians waited for the Pullman cars seems not to apply here.)

Thanks to Ruth Balluff, who was for some time the secretary at St. Paul's and a devoted parishioner, a detailed history of St. Paul's was published in 1963. Since this is still available, the present effort will incorporate only the most salient facts about the early life of the parish, adding the information about what has taken place since the summary of the first 125 years was offered. It is necessary at the outset to understand the Virginia Mystique, and instead of deploring the absence of the robustly progressive spirit that "made America" to acknowledge that life in rural Virginia was for some time so idyllic for so many that any notion of change was unpalatable, if not threatening. Devotion to place is characteristic of many Virginians throughout the Old Dominion, but it has never been more fervent than in Ivy Depot, a rather ill-defined, sprawling community of people so delighted with their way of life that few would consider moving elsewhere permanently, however widely they might travel. Ivy was - and to many still is - HOME.

It was until very recently clearly rural. Its people lived on farms of many acres - or in modest but comfortable homes on a few acres that made room for an orchard, a kitchen garden, and grazing for a few animals. According to old church records an early demographer reported in 1839 that. . .

...We have had frequent occasion to refer to the evidence of the healthfulness of our country, as indicated by the good old age to which so many of its inhabitants attain.

He appended a list of some 60 oldsters headed by the names of a Mr. Goodsby and his wife, who were 108 and 105 respectively.

Shortly before World War II, a speaker at the University's summer Foreign Affairs session was well received when, with great emotion he thanked God that Piedmont Virginia had been uniquely blessed by its Maker, who had the sagacity to provide it with absolutely none of the resources needed for industrialization, thus saving its pristine beauty for the enjoyment of His flock and ensuring that their pastoral way of life would continue forever. His sentiments echoed the words of Abraham Cowley, written 300 years earlier in England,

Well, then: I now do plainly see

This busy world and I shall ne'er agree they, methinks, deserve my pity,

Who for it can endure the stings,

The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings of this great hive, the city...

... ere I descend to the grave,

May I a small house and large garden have! ... a few friends, and many books...

Pride and ambition here

Only in far-fetched metaphors appear ... I should have then this only fear,

Lest men, when they my pleasures see, Should hither throng to live like me, And so make a city here.

Its economy was, on the whole, rather mysterious, and ways and means were never discussed. There was clearly no opportunity in Ivy for the generation of any significant fortune,

but conspicuous consumption was regarded ruefully anyway, and one could live quite comfortably according to local standards on very little. In any case, many people had private means, and the unstructured society offered such employment as carrying the mail or selling insurance for those who did not. The time when a man's identity depended on his employment and one lost face by failing to prosper financially was still far in the future.

The extreme modesty of monetary transactions in the early days is evident from the fact that for many years the clergymen officiating at St. Paul's (and, usually, several other churches as well) were given a yearly salary of \$500. There are records of land going for \$1 an acre - the price paid for some of the land set aside for the church: and the offering of \$29 solemnly contributed to the Diocesan Contingent Fund in 1851 by joint giving of St. Paul's and the church at Buck Mountain tells us something about the dollar scarcity and low expectations in regard to money.

People living in the Ivy community could supply most of their necessities themselves, and all of their entertainment: wheat was ground into flour at one of the many mills hereabouts; meat was cured and smoked; vegetables were grown abundantly, and there was plenty of milk, eggs, and poultry. Before long, the orchards of Crozet contributed peaches and apples not only to the local population, but also to the big cities of the North. After the railroad came, one could see boxcars crowding the siding to accommodate the heavy yield of high quality fruit that before long was greatly curtailed by rising costs of land and spraying, and labor shortages. Parish records for as recently as 1943 note alongside the record of services that they had been held "in peach-picking season" or at the time of the apple harvest. A surprising footnote to news from the orchards is that at the time of World War II, the fruit was picked by prisoners of war from Rommel's Afrika Korps, who were interned in a POW camp near White Hall, and who fell in love with the countryside they thought so like Bavaria.

Rogation Day in the past was not just a quaint observance: many a fervent prayer went up from St. Paul's congregation, many members of which were seriously dependent, one way or another, on the yield of the land. It was said that in one dry year, Mr. Neve, then the rector, was asked to pray for rain, and did so to such good effect that torrents began falling as soon as

he had taken off for a trip to England. There was serious talk of trying to send a cable asking him to negotiate with the Almighty for something less extreme, for the rains persisted for days. Newcomers occasionally came from the big cities or from big-city suburbs in anticipation of retirement in this charming and easy-going place where the countryside was so lovely, "help" readily available, and taxes were low. The uncertainties of the war years, and the misgivings some Americans felt about where "that man in the White House" was leading the country accelerated the in-migration to some extent. It was sometimes a shock for these transplanted city dwellers from the West or the North to learn that central heating was not taken for granted in impressive ante-bellum houses, and that it was not unheard of for mattresses to be stuffed with dry cornhusks. Most of the newcomers, many of whom were people of considerable substance and accomplishment, were so taken by what they would earlier have regarded as unacceptably primitive but now saw as delightfully quaint, that they effected few "progressive" changes, and found themselves being - however slowly - assimilated into the Ivy community.

Even when the University had no more than 3,000 students, as was the case until mid-century, it brought people from distant places who fell so much in love with the place that they stayed, sometimes putting a higher value on the bucolic, fun-loving lifestyle than on ambition and career. For these and many others, the outdoor life was irresistibly attractive, involving as it did fox hunting, riding, and horse shows; the hunting of deer and wild fowl in season; field hockey played regularly by and all ages with great ferocity before admiring fans; and even bear hunting, which was the hobby of one of the female choristers in St. Paul's choir. There was scope in this individualistic place!

The geographical scatter made for isolation before the building of adequate roads, as the community found out when stringent gasoline rationing went into effect during World War II. But it made for great freedom and privacy, and added a certain spice to social life, which reflected traditional Southern hospitality and delight in the company of congenial friends. In the society that stemmed from the English heritage there was a unique kind of tolerance among those who had established a degree of cultural kinship. In the long run the mix was highly

cosmopolitan, to use a word seldom found alongside provincial, where, oddly, in this case it belongs.

One cannot, however, deny the existence of an underside to the society represented by two distinct populations. One, of course, was black. The black community had a symbiotic relationship with the white since a black worker in the home often became, within mutually understood limits, one of the family, and lasting bonds of affection were possible. Although St. Paul's was always thought of as a "white church," the records show a certain ambiguity. During his tenure, the Reverend Mr. Slack reported that evening services were held at St. Paul's for "colored members of the community," and were "fully attended." In 1878 the Vestry adopted a resolution authorizing the burial in the church cemetery of "any colored person who was a member of St. Paul's Church." It may be recalled that when the early Anglican colonists consulted Church authorities in England about the morality of the slave trade so vital to their prosperity in the new land, they were told that it could be justified since it facilitated the spread of the Christian faith to those who otherwise would have no opportunity to embrace it. In Ivy blacks lived alongside whites, no doubt because they had been - or still were - servants in the "big houses," and they had a keen eye for a lovely view. Social workers often found blacks living in great destitution who would refuse any help from the government since it would lead to a lien on the land they so loved and desperately wanted to keep in the family.

When Charlottesville's public schools were closed in 1958 to avoid integration, churches in town were asked to lend their property for the substitute schools for whites only, but its location saved St. Paul's from the savage controversies over this issue that took place at St. Paul's Memorial and Christ Church. Nonetheless, the integration struggle was very painful for many members of St. Paul's, including Dudley Boogher, then the rector.

It was gratifying to cooperate with the work of the Reverend Henry Mitchell, a leader in the black community in Trinity Episcopal Church. Since official segregation is no more, St. Paul's has had some distinguished black preachers who have reached out to us as we must reach out to their flocks - in brotherhood depending not on the law but on our common faith. Monica (Mrs. Jefferson) Baker was one of the first to work with Trinity, driving small black children to

Head Start activities initiated by the parish, and stitching one of her beautiful needlepoint frontals for the altar in its new church. Appropriately, Henry Mitchell took part in her funeral service when she died in 1987.

The drive from Garth Road to St. Paul's Church was always pleasant, but nowadays there is additional pleasure for an old-timer to see the changes in the black church on the corner of the Whippoorwill Hollow Road. In the old days, one saw a rickety fleet of vehicles parked at service time, often with a mule or two tied up to the hitching post: but today there are many shiny, well-cared-for cars there on Sunday, and recently the numbers on one license plate bore the prefix MBA. We owe much to those who were steadfast in their faith against such heartbreaking odds as they faced in the past.

The second element in the area's underside was made up of "mountain people." Until the 1950's one might occasionally see, near the Hospital perhaps, some woman smoking a corn cob pipe and looking about 60 until a second look disclosed that, although wizened and pinched, she was still young. For many years, however, mountain people were virtually invisible to the rest of the world, emerging seldom from the hollows of the Blue Ridge or Ragged Mountains, and becoming with each generation more ingrown and fearful and less able to deal with a world in which one must know how to read and write and negotiate with others. The Public Health people and the courts knew about mountain people after the Shenandoah National Park and its Skyline Drive were built in the 1930's and they were smoked out of their hollows by condemnation proceedings and the moving in of the outside world. Before the government established public schools and other services, this was a fairly numerous population that might as well have been living on the moon, and this became the target for an amazing missionary effort started in the late 1880's by the Reverend Frederick W. Neve while he was rector of St. Paul's, Ivy. They were all white, and Mr. Neve often spoke of their descent from "good stock." It was believed that some family lines were started by Revolutionary soldiers, Prussians among them. It was also sadly evident that undue inbreeding was responsible for the too frequent appearance of congenital handicaps.

The Unfolding of Time

In the first place, as nearly as can be ascertained, the choice of the year 1838 as the birth of St. Paul's is rather arbitrary, and the present site of the church is not its birthplace. The minutes of the Diocesan Council noted in 1836 that the Rev. Edmund Christian was in charge of St. Paul's Parish, and that he had been encouraged by the addition to the parish of several new communicants. That such encouragement was hard to come by in a rural Episcopal church is indicated by a report made in 1844 to the Council by Bishop Johns:

Preached in April at Old Church, Hanover, and confirmed two persons. Although the Church was early planted (in New Kent, King William, and Hanover), it is believed that this is the first occasion on which the rite of confirmation has been administered at either. The oldest residents had never witnessed it before, nor do they recollect any tradition of its having been performed there. For many years the Church in these parts has been virtually extinct.

It is not irrelevant, perhaps, that at this time the Church was highly authoritarian, requiring family prayer and regular church attendance as a minimum; such strictures no doubt were at odds with the Cavalier lifestyle. One recalls that the name Kinsolving, borne by some early communicants of St. Paul's, as well as by several generations of distinguished churchmen, has also been perpetuated in the student jingle, "My head is revolving, said Bishop Kinsolving."

Historians note that in New England, gregariousness was served by the Town Meeting; in the South, by the Church. At one time it was customary for the Greenwood congregation, which lacked a church building, to meet for an entire day in such a country seat as Clover Plains or Seven Oaks (now home of the Bradley Peytons) to spend the morning in Divine Worship, which was followed by a bountiful dinner. Then the day would taper away with sociability, after which would come Evening Prayer, and the flock would join again in a lavish meal until it was time to hitch up the horses. This practice was no doubt the precursor of an old Ivy custom sometimes both puzzling and alarming to newcomers, of inviting people home from church for a drink, and rather expecting them to stay for quite a time, catching up on all the news and making friends while actually drinking very little, or nothing at all.

Although there are many discrepancies in the record (naturally enough since in the early days there seem to have been several combinations and recommendations of parishes under the same rector), it will be easier to follow the sequence of events in St. Paul's history if a list of the clergy responsible altogether or in part for St. Paul's is consulted.

The name of the Reverend Edmund Christian appears early, but without clear indication of the time of his tenure. In 1848 Samuel Ruggles Slack, who was only a deacon at the time but who was to be Rector of St. Paul's until 1853, was present at the baptism of a member of the Kinsolving family at which the priest officiating was the Reverend RK. Meade, Rector of Christ Church. Bishop William B. Meade, who has a descendant in our present congregation, made the first Episcopal visitation to St. Paul's - in 1849, while it was still located in the location that is so hard to pinpoint today near Mechum's River.

The Reverend D.C.T. Davis was in charge in 1855. At one of the day-long Greenwood services mentioned, his wife topped off the program by giving birth to a son. Her convalescence at Clover Plains gave all those concerned; including the physician summoned to care for Mrs. Davis and her infant, much time to plan for the future of Greenwood's then embryonic church, and in 1859 Davis gave up his duties at Ivy in favor of devoting his time there. In view of the dislocation effected at Clover Plains by the precipitate arrival of his baby, it is fortunate that he was always spoken of as being "very well liked."

After Mr. Slack resigned in 1853 he reported to the Bishop, in accordance with Canon XII of 1853, that he had been acting under his appointment of the American tract society in Virginia and the District of Columbia. He continued to live in the area as an itinerant preacher, sometimes supplying at Greenwood. By then the Blue Ridge Railroad ran from Mechum's River to Waynesboro, so he could be said to have commuted. Not until after the railroad came was the name Ivy Depot used for what had previously been called Woodville, the first store in Ivy having been opened by a Mr. Wood.

The minutes of St. Paul's Vestry for spring 1859 contain the following:

It was resolved that the Rev. Wm. M. Nelson be called to take charge of St. Paul's and Buck Mountain churches, Fredericksville Parish, and that the Rev. R.K Meade (rector of Christ Church, Charlottesville), be requested to extend this invitation to Mr. Nelson, with a salary of \$500 guaranteed, as follows: Viz, \$320 to be raised by the Vestry of St. Paul's, and \$180 by the Buck Mountain vestry. It was also agreed that Mr. Nelson should reside in Charlottesville and act as Mr. Meade's assistant, preaching alternately at the county churches on Sunday mornings, and at Christ Church, Charlottesville, every Sunday night.

The hardships of the tragic period that followed are clear in a letter written by Mr. Slack, who was still in the neighborhood, telling an unidentified correspondent:

... You were correctly informed respecting the taking of books, robes, and other articles from St. Paul's during the war. The wagoners were in the habit of 'camping' about the church, and for a while contented themselves with the shelter of the grove and the Church edifice, but as the weary four years wore on and everything became of value, the books, a lounge, even the strip of carpeting disappeared, utilized by the destitute soldiers, no doubt, who really needed such things for bedding and cover, and nobody had the heart to complain.

In 1864 it was noted that:

"Meriwether Lewis Anderson, eldest son of Dr. M.I. Anderson and Lucy, his wife, was killed in battle at Fisher's Hill near Woodstock in the unhappy Confederate War, and his remains were brought home by his brother Harper to the grave of his fathers. Aged 19 years only."

Much later, a list of the Confederate dead buried at St. Paul's was compiled: W.B. Butler, Samuel J. Coffman, Jimmy Drumheller, William Harris, George L. Houchens, James Lewis, John M. Lewis, W.F. Lobban, Nathaniel C. McGhee, Joseph Perkins, O.F. Phillips, Dr. G.B. Stephens, Dr. J.B. Taylor, Charles Wood, David Wood, Thomas W. Wood, and James T. Woods.

In 1864 Mr. Nelson asked to be relieved of the dual responsibility of serving both St. Paul's and Buck Mountain while assisting also at Christ Church. He gave impaired health as his

reason, and carefully added that with reduced work he would have no claim upon a rectory. The vestries and parishioners involved rose to the occasion, however:

A meeting of the joint vestries was called, at which were present Messrs. Colston, Gilmer, Stephens, Lewis, Noland, Birkhead, Femyhough, and John P. Michie ... R. Win. Noland submitted a proposition to build a parsonage, and for himself he proposed to give a house containing 24 rooms, which he supposed to contain sufficient material to build the rectory; he was authorized, on behalf of Messrs. W. W. Gilmer and William H. Southall, to offer the Vestry a lot of land upon which to erect a parsonage. The condition imposed was that the other members of the Vestry agree to bear the expense of removing the same and fitting up a suitable home for the Rector of the parish. This proposition was agreed to, and it was understood that Messrs. Noland, Southall and Gilmer. were not to be called upon for further contributions to this purpose.

The following list of gifts was appended: William H. Southall, \$55; William W. Gilmer, \$55; S. G. White, \$30; Dr. G.B.Stephens, \$50; R. Colston, \$30; R.W.N. Noland, \$40: addition, each of these donors pledged a barrel of corn. The beneficiary of their donations communicated his profound thanks, saying "I trust that as they have ministered to me thus liberally in temporal things, I may be enabled to minister to them more zealously in spiritual things."

A memorial marker beneath one of the windows in the present St. Paul's gives the dates of the tenure of the next rector, John A. Greaves, 1873 - 1885. His son, also a Clergyman, who was educated at the University of Virginia and at Trinity College, Toronto, seems to have substituted for his father at times. Another son of the Greaves family, who died as a child of nine, is buried in the churchyard at the present St. Paul's. Mr. Greaves himself, like Mr. Neve, his successor, had been educated at Oxford. He had been a missionary in Australia for eight years, and had been elected Bishop of Newcastle, but declined the offer. His wealth must have been substantial, for with a salary from the church of only \$500 he could not have afforded to buy from Mr. Gilmer a large farm on which to rear his eight children. Although he lived in an era in which one's work was an end in itself rather than a means to an end, this degree of

sacrifice seems remarkable. That it was appreciated is attested to by a resolution passed by the Vestry when he found it necessary to resign for reasons of health:

Whereas our beloved pastor, Rev. J.A. Greaves, has tendered his resignation ... be it resolved that it is with pain and sorrow that we sever our connection with him. When he came amongst us, now nearly twelve years ago, he found a small congregation, struggling to maintain our organization as a church. Under his faithful ministrations, and with the blessing of Almighty God, the number of our communicants has been increased more than fourfold, our congregation, which was a mere handful, now fills our church building. Our youth of both sexes have been brought to confirmation, many of whom are now fighting life's battles amongst strangers (sic) ... We desire to say to him that wherever his Lot may be cast, our sincerest wishes for his happiness will follow him.

Those who remember the gracious "Miss Lou" (Mrs. B. Charles) Baker will be interested in learning that she and her brother, the elder John Higginson, had lived with the family of John Greaves, one of the eight Greaves children, in County Kildaire, Ireland, after the death of their mother, the Irish Mrs. John Greaves being their aunt.

Apparently St. Paul's accomplished the move to the present location in 1868. Although its rectors usually had the responsibility of other parishes as well as the one in Ivy, the Vestry decided that the time had come to establish a home base, as it were, complete with a rectory. Accordingly, they went about acquiring the land upon which to build a church with the materials of the edifice on Mechum's River they proposed to abandon. Vestry minutes for March 11, 1869, note that:

The Vestry viewed the proposed Location for the church upon the Land belonging to Mr. J. W. Woods, Mr. Woods proposed giving a lot supposed to contain from 1/2 to 1 acre, but the opinion of the vestry being that the true interests of the church would be advanced by at once acquiring the title to a more extended area, with a view to laying off a cemetery, and if possible the building of a rectory adjoining the church, Mr. Woods agreed to sell at the price fixed by the Vestry the whole or any part of the hill bounded on the south by the road, on the east and

north by the branch running from Mrs. Anderson's field, and on the west by the line fence between himself and Mrs. Anderson. The Vestry acceded to the liberal offer of Mr. Woods and fixed upon \$50.00 per acre as the price of the land.

The land was accordingly transferred to Raleigh Colston, W.O. English, W.W. Gilmer, John M. Lewis, P. N. Nelson, William H. Southall, George B. Stephens, Benjamin Wood, and Thomas W. Wood, with the proviso that the seller would have first choice of a lot in the cemetery to be established thereon.

The congregation undertaking this new responsibility must have been very small. In 1851 the rector of St. Paul's had reported having 40 communicants. When Mr. Davis became rector, there were 14 families, with seven communicants, and by 1859 there were 22. Interestingly, the Sunday School enrollment was rather impressive compared to today's: there were six teachers and 30 pupils in 1853, and four teachers and about 23 pupils four years later.

The inadequacy of the building materials salvaged from the old church brought the parish closer to ecumenism than ever before - or since. There was not enough to finish the second story, and the possibility of sharing quarters with another Christian body was discussed, with reference to a canon against "speaking and preaching in our churches by persons not Episcopally ordained." This became a highly controversial issue, but a resolution offered by Mr. R.W.N. Noland stated that "the feebleness of the Episcopal Congregation in this neighborhood makes it necessary for us, the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Fredericksville Parish, in our effort to erect a church at Ivy Depot, to ask aid of other brethren of other denominations." The matter was referred to the Diocesan Council, which disavowed jurisdiction in such an issue, and the new church was consecrated by the Rt. Reverend Francis M. Whittle, Assistant Bishop of Virginia, on August 1, 1870. The consecration must have been somewhat delayed, since in 1868 Mr. Nelson reported to the Council...

" .. increased interest felt in the church as evidenced by the subscription of \$1,300 to remove St. Paul's Church to Ivy Depot, and the liberal donation by one of the friends of the Church and

the offer of the same gentleman on favorable terms of sufficient land adjoining for a cemetery and other church purposes. "

He added his hope that "under the blessing of a gracious God, this church is about to enter upon a new career of usefulness." He noted the completion of the work in 1869, acknowledging...

"the hand of God's good providence, by whose blessing we have been enabled to move St. Paul's Church to a convenient and central position at Ivy Depot ... at a cost of about \$1750.00 (which) included an acre of land purchased and an acre and a half donated by a member of the Vestry, valued at \$100 an acre."

When Mr. Nelson resigned in 1870 a rather confusing problem regarding the rectory came to light. Apparently the Vestry had to acknowledge that it owned some five hundred dollars to the departing rector for repairs he had been obliged to make on the rectory he was vacating, which was jointly owned by St. Paul's and the church at Buck Mountain. At the same time, the Buck Mountain church, the responsibility for which the same Mr. Davis who had formerly been the rector at St. Paul's was now assuming, asked for a settlement, and the ensuing differences sundered the two congregations. Interestingly, the St. Paul's vestrymen who dissented to a plan to put up the rectory for collateral on the debt owed Buck Mountain were identified in the Vestry minutes as all being English.

One is obliged to wonder if British conservatism was sometimes at odds with the philosophy of other more "progressive" members of the Vestry. In any event, the matter was taken to Charlottesville for arbitration, Judge Cochran representing St. Paul's and Dr. Cabell of the University, Buck Mountain. The two arbitrators came up with a verdict worthy of Solomon in its unworkability: the churches should alternate possession of the rectory for periods of two years each. The matter smoldered for two years instead, and was again referred to arbitrators, who declined to give it further attention and absolved St. Paul's of the arrears for which the Buck Mountain church held it responsible.

Anyone following closely the chronological list of the rectors of St. Paul's will note a few intervals between the departure of one man and the arrival of his successor. It is not known whether there were some short-term incumbents, whether services were suspended, or whether lay readers conducted them, although the latter seems to have been the case. The Reverend John Armitage Farrar - again a man born and educated in England - was employed jointly by St. Paul's and Emmanuel, Greenwood after the departure of Mr. Greaves. It must be remembered that it was never taken for granted that each of the cooperating churches of the time would have the service of a rector every Sunday.

Both St. Paul's and Emmanuel were hard pressed for money. Emmanuel's Vestry wrote to Ivy's that Emmanuel could not continue unless the two churches joined, but the Ivy Vestry felt an unbreakable obligation to the Ivy congregation, which had, it was said, increased its financial support in order to have a rector on hand each Sunday. In 1886 a vestryman at St. Paul's suggested "advertising for a clergyman who could get up a school," but the advertising was in fact limited to notice of the vacancy published in an English church periodical.

The arrival of Mr. Neve in 1888 marked the start of a new era, one in which St. Paul's Church became a unit in the work of a man who was to be a driving force for the Anglican faith from the day of his arrival until the day of his death 60 years later, and who was to become well-known throughout church circles across the country - and beyond - for his "mountain work." There are still a few parishioners who remember him "in person." All who attend the church have seen Kirk Lea, the house he built alongside it for his family, which is now owned by William Little.

Mr. Neve was most truly the right man in the right place at the right time. He met a need that is no longer so acute - at least within an isolated, identifiable population - and he met it in bold, ingenious, and self-sacrificing ways that would be impossible within a bureaucratic system. In some respects his contribution might be compared with that of Jane Addams, his contemporary in far-off Chicago, who used settlement houses to show immigrants how to live in America. His emphasis, however, was preeminently on the Kingdom of God, in which his belief was unshakable and crusading. Distressed though he was over the physical

impoverishment and painful ignorance of the mountain people, it was the thought of their being deprived of a knowledge of the love of God that drove him on relentlessly.

The son of a prosperous English land agent, Frederick Neve grew up in the English countryside, as familiar with historic castles as with the ways of the peasantry. He was articled at 16 to a firm of lawyers, but after three years reading law he announced to his disappointed father that he had decided to enter the ministry. He attended Merton College, Oxford, where he specialized in theology and obtained a B.A. degree. After further preparation he was ordained in 1880 at the Old Abbey Church of St. Alban's, which, he noted in his autobiography, was associated with the early days of Christianity when Christians were still persecuted by the Roman government. When a very old man, he took great satisfaction in being a living link with the remote past of the Church. After his ordination he assisted in three parishes, daily visiting the poor, and also held services in a hospital. His last years before coming to Ivy were spent in Cornwall, where he lived in a thatched cottage and cared for the families of fisher folk and small farmers.

At that time a member of St. Paul's, Ivy, Sackville Caldbeck, had been asked by the Vestry to see if while on a trip to England he could secure a likely candidate for the church in Virginia. Caldbeck placed a notice in a church paper describing the opening, and this eventually came to Mr. Neve's attention and interested him sufficiently to bring about his departure for Ivy Depot. Being unmarried, he took lodgings there with a family named Small, and promptly bought a horse. He wrote later:

I had two churches to begin with, one. St. Paul's, Ivy, near my boarding place, and the other ten miles away near the Blue Ridge: in fact my two parishes lay between the main Blue Ridge and the Ragged Mountains which are really foothills of the Blue Ridge... The close proximity of the mountains had a decisive influence on my after life by the greatly enlarged extension of my work But at first my time was fully taken up with becoming acquainted with my new parishioners, who, according to the custom in England, included everyone within the boundary of my parish no matter to what denomination they might belong.

One of the members of my church at Ivy lived in the close neighborhood of the Ragged Mountains and ... told me of the conditions of the mountain people and of her interest in their welfare. She helped in a Sunday School held in a schoolhouse near her home. There was no church of any kind for some miles. One of my predecessors, she told me, had held an occasional service at the schoolhouse and I told them that I would be glad to hold one for the people on the first and third Sundays in the afternoon. I also began visiting among the people, some of them living in a long hollow, the mountains rising on either side. In this way I soon became not only acquainted but much interested in their condition, little dreaming at that particular time how this interest would grow until my work extended along the mountains from one end of the diocese to the other.

Much later, he took pains in his autobiography to clarify the standing given him in the innovative work he carried on while rector of St. Paul's:

... The Diocesan Council in May, 1904, had taken action in approving Bishop Gibson's appointment of me as Archdeacon of the Blue Ridge with a right-of-way in the mountains from one of the Dioceses to the other. The bishop asked me what salary I wanted and I replied that I would prefer not to have any as I had means of my own.

I did not think it necessary to be paid ... as I was asking the diocese to make the mountain work diocesan in character, instead of being merely a personal matter, and I am doubtful whether the Diocesan Council would have been willing to provide a salary for an archdeacon, who, at that time, was considered an innovation.

Much has been written about Mr. Neve, who was the subject of a Ph.D. dissertation in 1982 by Dexter Ralph Davison, Jr., but space will not permit the inclusion here of more than a few stories from his ministry. One he always enjoyed telling was that of a mountain man who came regularly to service, always mutely handing the preacher a single Albemarle pippin in appreciation.

At last he indicated that he wanted to join the church, and Mr. Neve agreed to go to his home and visit about this. He wrote:

A few days later I rode up to the top of the Mountain while he lived and went into his little cabin and talked to him about the matter. I asked him if there was anything he was doing which wasn't right and he told me there was one thing he wasn't sure about so I asked him what it was ... he pulled a box out from under his bed and from it produced an old fiddle. He looked at me to see ... whether I would condemn it so I asked him to play me a tune and he sat down and played the familiar notes of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." He was much relieved when I told him that I thought it would be a help to him in his Christian life.

The occasional animosity the missionaries encountered from suspicious moonshiners was more than compensated for by the welcome they had from others.

I had held a service at the Lost Mountain [sometimes called Loft Mountain]. .. and soon after I started on my way home I came across a woman walking along the road. I offered her a ride which she gladly accepted and I found that she had been present at my service on Lost Mountain the day before and that she had walked all day long on Saturday in order to be on hand for the service on the following day, staying at one of the neighbors for the night.

And as late as in 1916 Mr. Neve baptized a child who had "been brought by his mother after walking a distance of 22 miles for that purpose." His complete expendability is evident in his account of going to baptize a laborer on the Michie place two days after Christmas in 1922, the baptism taking place at the man's home "owing to his extreme illness."

Archdeacon Neve was always well aware of the money that his projects would - and did-require. He had great faith that the Lord would provide, but he certainly did his part in fund-raising. When an entertainment for the benefit of his work was given at Hot Springs, he went there and in preaching for his friend, the local rector, inspired further unplanned gifts. "I remember on one visit carrying home \$2400.00 for my work and I also interested some so much that they would send me a contribution every year, in some cases for quite a long time."

One visit to the Hot Springs was marked by disappointment, however. A number of bishops were stopping over after the General Convention of the Episcopal Church that had taken place in Cincinnati, and they were accompanied by J. Pierpont Morgan, who had made the trip in his private railroad car. When Mr. Neve took the Sunday services at the request of his friend the rector, unaware of the presence of these prominent men - or so he claimed later - he took as his text "Silver and gold have I none but what I have I give thee." Although the bishops present tactfully pointed out to Mr. Morgan what enormous good a contribution to Mr. Neve's work could accomplish, none was forthcoming, and Mr. Neve ruefully noted that perhaps his choice of a text had missed the mark.

The fact that Mr. Neve of Ivy Depot, Virginia, was a lifelong influence on Lady Astor, the first woman elected to the British Parliament, is so well known in England that when a film of her life was recently made, those involved in the production visited Pauline White, his daughter, who now lives at Martha Jefferson House, for help in depicting her father on the screen.

It all began shortly after Mr. Neve began working with the mountain people. The family of Nancy Langhorne, who would become Lady Astor, belonged to the congregation at Greenwood, and Mr. Neve stayed at Mirador, the family home, when he visited the parish. Her biographer, Christopher Sykes, notes that Mr. Neve was "quick to detect the religious impulse in Nancy," and "showed his skill as a fisher of souls by appealing to her sense of adventure," taking her with him occasionally on his rounds when she was no more than 14. He wanted her to know about the underside of her world of sunny privilege and ready admiration, and about the Kingdom of God, which was always as real to him as his daily bread.

She later described Archdeacon Neve as being six foot three, with very large feet: a poor preacher, but a man of God. "From the first I loved and respected him ... I have always liked and admired brilliance, but I loved goodness." She spoke of him as one of her best friends, and wrote to him every month for 40 years, often contributing her prestige, money, and effort toward his work. Not that their friendship kept her within the fold of the Anglican church, for she later became an ardent Christian Scientist; but the extent to which she depended on him is evident in her seeking his counsel when her first marriage became untenable. Although she

sensed very early that it had been a grievous mistake, she bore a son in the hope of mending the situation, and shrank so much from the idea of divorce that she contrived at first to effect a formal separation instead. The Archdeacon, however, advised divorce at the outset of her difficulties. When the divorce was immediately followed by the marriage of her ex-husband to his mistress of long standing, the Archdeacon's otherwise surprising departure from the Anglican view of the indissolubility of Holy Matrimony seemed fully justified. Although she became a controversial figure in respect to many issues as a Member of Parliament, Lady Astor remained firm in her Christian belief, about which she was chaffed by such formidable adversaries as George Bernard Shaw. She entertained her mentor and his daughter, Mrs. White, at Cliveden, and visited him in Ivy in 1947 not long before his death.

A brush with British "aristocracy" on an altogether different level occurred during the tenure of Dudley Boogher, when a self-assured Englishwoman introduced herself to the British enclave in the area as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, saying that she was in this country on a grant from some foundation or other to study American education, of which she apparently took a jaundiced view. The Lady Mary Wortley Montagu born in 1679 was famous for the letters about Turkish harems she wrote while her husband was England's ambassador to that country. The field of study chosen by her supposed descendant may have been less intriguing, but her request that Father Boogher hold a private communion service in the chapel for dear Lord Sandwich, who was unwell, spoke for her piety as well as her knowledge of the family tree, John Montagu having been the Fourth Earl of Sandwich and Lord of the Admiralty in the 18th century, as well as the supposed inventor of fast food. After the distinguished visitor left town, however, certain arrearages she had left behind came to light, and she was brought to book in New Jersey as an impostor. At present one need not go farther afield to greet a person of title, anyway, for there are several in St. Paul's congregation.

The University of Virginia doctoral candidate who wrote about Mr. Neve's contribution to education in Virginia goes further than listing the 12 day schools established before 1909, the day school at Hickory Hill, and seven new ones in the Blue Ridge and Ragged Mountains during the decade from 1909 to 1919. He notes that in many instances Mr. Neve was able to carry out what he called his "settlement plan," which called for an educational community, complete with

a house, a barn, a clothing bureau, a hen house, a ram house, a milk house, and a school-chapel. But he notes also the rather surprising fact that in 1918 Mr. Neve became interested in the promotion of a project much nearer home - the establishment of a public high school and plans for a university for women that he proposed to call the Lewis and Clark University, to be developed in cooperation with the University of Virginia. He launched this project with a service honoring Meriwether Lewis at St. Paul's in Ivy on August 25, 1918. Although encouragement came from a number of celebrities, including Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, the original "Gibson Girl," who was Lady Astor's sister, and the plan was praised in the Boston Transcript, his efforts resulted only in the construction by the authorities of the Meriwether Lewis School down the road from the church, the original building of which was replaced only this year (1988).

Although by 1919 Mr. Neve was in charge of 35 missions, of which 18 operated schools, he continued to visit even the neighboring public schools to urge that the pupils adopt the aim of making the world a better place. In 1929 he published an article noting that the educators of that day did not agree about the real meaning and purpose of education, some emphasizing the passing on of the cultural heritage and others placing high value on athletics and social life. While not quarreling with these objectives, he held that the development of Christian character was paramount.

Although one idealistic effort of his - to get the prelates of the Anglican Church to attempt a coalition for the promotion of world peace - failed, he continued looking for opportunities for growth and service, writing in 1925:

Ventures of faith are like the attempts of a young bird to fly, they may seem to come short of our expectations, but by faith and perseverance what seems difficult at first becomes natural and easy after a while, and this in turn prepares us for fresh and larger ventures, till life comes to have a wider sweep and a more glorious meaning. We can have as large a life as we choose for each day is, as it were, a door opening into a wider and more blessed experience.

On Easter Sunday, 1923, he resigned as Rector of St. Paul's after a tenure of 35 years, although he remained on the Vestry and continued working without salary for the Archdeaconry. He told the Vestry of St. Paul's that he would contribute \$500 a year toward his successor's stipend, and that he had taken out a \$5000 life insurance policy, naming the parish church as beneficiary. He thought it inappropriate for a successor to be paid the same stipend as himself, and sought to help the Vestry double it.

It is greatly to his credit that when the new rector, the Reverend Carlton Fox, undertook his parish work with the Archdeacon still living in Kirk Lea, he could report that Mr. Neve's role was altogether that of an available friend rather than that of a dominant elder. Mr. Neve was 92 when he died. He is buried in the churchyard at St. Paul's, along with his two wives and a child lost in infancy.

Although we still occasionally use in Ivy the Prayer of the Thousandfold in which he expressed the essence of his faith and hope, it is only in knowledge of the life and works of this indefatigable man that the words truly come alive,

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, Who with Thy Son Jesus Christ hast given unto us all things in heaven and earth, we beseech Thee to make us a thousandfold more useful to Thee than ever before, that so Thy power and blessing may flow through us to multitudes of others who are in need, and also make us more willing and loving servants of Thine to Thy honor and glory for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

In the course of his mountain work Mr. Neve influenced a number of men who later became prominent in their own right. Among them were Dewey Loving, who was born in the mountains and after being ordained became head master at the Blue Ridge School; Roy Mason, who became a bishop; Luther B. Franck, who became rector of Emmanuel Church in Washington 25 years after working in the mountains; the Reverend Walter Russell Bowie, who became prominent in the national Church; and many others. Although this list is far from complete, it indicates the ferment that took place under Mr. Neve's leadership.

Mr. Fox is credited with vesting the church choir and moving it from the nave of the church to the chancel. His stay in Ivy was brief, however, and he was followed in 1926 by the Reverend W.F. Bumsted, who left before long for permanent residence in England. Mr. Neve took the services for a while, but in 1927 the Reverend William E. Allen became rector, staying until 1931, when he was followed by the Reverend Carter Beverley, who died shortly after coming to Ivy. Then came the Reverend Beverley Tucker White, who left for Harrisonburg in 1938. Bishop Goodwin then suggested that a young seminarian, Winfrey Smith, become responsible for St. Paul's upon his graduation: Mr. Smith's tenure ran from 1938 until 1941. A number of old-time parishioners remember him and his valiant efforts to deal with his severe asthma.

In the meantime, the Reverend Dudley Boogher was living at Neve Hall, a mission in McIlhany Parish some six miles south of Charlottesville, and ministering to Grace Church, Red Hill; Good Shepherd, Hickory Hill; St. Anne's, Alberene; and the Church of St. John the Baptist. The Bishop proposed that he hold Sunday morning services at St. Paul's, Ivy, and conduct the Sunday School, while continuing to live on the other side of the country. So it was only after some 20 years of hands-on missionary work that Dudley Boogher became, in 1950, rector of St. Paul's, and St. Paul's became a full-fledged parish.

Much collaboration made it possible for St. Paul's to be served during the intervening period. Among those who helped out were the Reverend Victor Kennan, rector of Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, who visited his wife's parents nearby during the summertime; the Reverend David Lewis, Jr., who would before long become Suffragan Bishop of Virginia, and who had grown up in St. Paul's "front yard"; the Reverend Charles (Buck) Carnan; the Reverend Douglas Pitt; and Father William Turkington, a long-time friend of Dudley Boogher's, a monastic from the Order of the Holy Cross. That this was not a stagnant period is evidenced by the fact that Eucharistic vestments were used for the first time in 1939, and in 1940 a new organ was installed. Perhaps the greatest material achievement was the erection of the parish house, which was dedicated in memory of Mr. Neve, on what was to have been his 93rd birthday. This was partly paid for by funds the longtime secretary/treasurer of the church unexpectedly produced. Claude Mackreth had, in his own informal way, husbanded all church moneys and

had made some profitable investments with them, apparently in full confidence in his own judgment-and prayer, which he no doubt silently added. A bachelor living with his mother and brother Roy at Shiloh Hill, Claude loved St. Paul's. Few parishioners could pass below the window of his office in a crumbling antebellum building with lofty ceilings across from Timberlake's in Charlottesville, a great meeting place in those days, without his popping out in his rumpled brown tweeds for a chat about Ivy and St. Paul's.

For some time the parish had gotten along with a very austere parish house across the road; when Dudley Boogher was called, this was made over into an attractive rectory, with a small chapel just inside the entrance. After Father Boogher's death it was sold to the Frederick Mansons, who have added to it.

The purchase price of the "Old Rectory" became the nucleus of the present day "Dudley Boogher Fund" along with a bequest from the late Rector. The endowment account is managed by a board of trustees chosen by the Vestry and its interest is expended for projects in the Parish and in the community which "further the commission of St. Paul's Ivy."

Unmarried, Dudley Boogher bought to Ivy with him from Neve Hall a maiden lady of uncertain years who had served alongside him as a missionary and mothered him in the process. No one thought of Florence Wheat, sister-in-law of the Mrs. Wheat whose house became Martha Jefferson House, as a housekeeper, but she did in fact keep the rectory in order, cooking and coordinating messages for the rector, who was always on the fly, an active and spontaneous man not likely to be found behind a desk. The Rectory became the parish clearinghouse, and Miss Wheat who became much loved, was always on the job and willing to visit and advise.

Father Boogher was "high church;" this designation is used rather loosely in the Episcopal Church, but implies the use of Eucharistic vestments, a deep appreciation of the liturgy, and, overall, a mystical but highly disciplined approach to traditional religious belief and practices. He soon commanded the respect and affection of the young men in the congregation, and made a feature of regular corporate communions for men and boys after which all

attending were given Sunday-morning breakfast at the church. Boys vied with one another to serve as acolytes: he knew them all as friends. He occasionally expressed regret over having always been financially unable to contemplate family life, but his single state clearly did nothing to reduce the regard in which the women of the parish held him. Tolerant of idiosyncrasy in spite of having unshakable religious convictions, he often seemed to find the human scene amusing. Well-known outside the parish, he was active in community affairs, and was likely to turn up as the clerical representative at ceremonial occasions at the University and elsewhere. He gave much time to the Blue Ridge School, which had been founded by George Mayo under Mr. Neve's direction, and which continued, in a greatly amplified campus, to house youngsters mostly referred from the cities, thus departing from its original purpose and appropriateness. Father Boogher was instrumental in effecting its metamorphosis into the private prep school it has since become, one with the avowed purpose of giving special consideration to youngsters having difficulty reaching their potential in the usual academic environment. He also maintained an interest in Bloomfield, the home for handicapped youngsters that had moved from the mountains, where it was known as St. Anne's Preventorium and served mountain children at risk of tuberculosis, to the Bloomfield Road near St. Paul's. (Miss Annie Parks, the English nurse, who had given her life to St. Anne's, should always be remembered in connection with this work.)

The son of a clergyman in Halifax County, Father Boogher was a Virginian to his fingertips, having graduated from THE High School, THE University, and THE Theological Seminary (outlanders may insert the name Virginia in each case: locals will not need to !). When he resigned as St. Paul's rector in September, 1973, the Vestry adopted the following Resolution:

BE IT RESOLVED that the Vestry has received the letter of September 28, 1973, from our beloved Rector, Father Boogher, stating his firm and definite intention to retire as Rector effective December 31, 1973: that we take note of this decision with the greatest reluctance and with profound sorrow: that, as a result, we regretfully declare that a vacancy in the rectorship of St. Paul's Church will exist as of December 31, 1973.

Moreover, the Vestry asked him to continue living in the rectory without payment save for utilities. Dudley Boogher died in 1975. The Women of the Church raised \$1500 for a memorial, which took the form of a wrought-iron cross designed by Thomas Craven, placed on the facade of the nave. Some of those benefiting from our present Outreach program still speak of having had help from "Father B," as he was fondly called.

Much seems to have been accomplished with a minimum of stress and strain during the Boogher incumbency. The bell tower was erected at a cost of \$93,115, along with a substantial addition to the front and back of the church; while construction was under way the congregation met at St. John's. A sound system was installed, and air-conditioning, hitherto the ultimate luxury. The house, in which Bishop Lewis had lived as a youth, on the front of church property, was vacant, became dilapidated, was boarded up, put to use for Boy Scouts, and, finally razed. The land became available for approximately the same amount being asked for Kirk Lea, in which the Ashcoms had lived for some time - \$32,000. An unknown donor offered half of that sum, to be matched, and the choice lay between the two lots. The Vestry thought the street side lot most needed, and bought it. A Reuter pipe organ was installed in 1968.

For over a hundred years, the Vestry of St. Paul's had been self-perpetuating, but a congregational meeting held in 1949 adopted the system coming into use generally in the Episcopal Church whereby vestrymen were elected at large, constituting what was called a "rotating vestry." In 1962 the Vestry received a letter from the Reverend Robert Olton, then rector of All Saints, Richmond, and chairman of a Diocesan Committee studying "the status of lay women within the Canon Law of our Diocese." It asked whether women should be considered eligible to serve on vestries, and the reply from St. Paul's was a firm No. Nonetheless, before long the notion no longer seemed so preposterous, and Monica (Mrs. Jefferson) Baker was elected to the Vestry.

This step scarcely represented total capitulation to changing mores, for Monica Baker was a very special communicant, having been for years headed of the Altar Guild, landscaper of the church grounds, and in many respects Ivy's First Lady, to which she had come with her young family in the 30's. An Englishwoman with a strong sense of noblesse oblige, she was often

called upon to care for "the poor" who were in trouble and would visit in their homes on behalf of the church just as her forebears had done in English villages. She was an expert needlewoman. Most of the needlepoint at St. Paul's, including the frontals in the church and in the children's chapel, is her work; her work appears also in many Virginia churches, among them, Trinity Church on Preston Avenue. But at one point she drove the school bus, no easy or feminine task in view of the poor or almost nonexistent roads on her route. After her election, other women became "vestrypersons," lay readers, and chalicers: and girls served along with the boys as acolytes. It is difficult now to remember how bizarre all this seemed when first introduced.

In January 1964, St. Paul's Vestry decided to study "the probable spiritual mission of St. Paul's Parish, Ivy, for the present through the Year of our Lord 1975." The changing nature of the neighborhood led to anticipation of growth within the parish church that seemed an exciting possibility to some but, apparently, a threat to others. The architectural firm of Baker, Heyward and Llorens was asked to submit plans for a substantial addition to the parish house, the cost of which was estimated at \$100,000. A carefully worked out paper known as "the Ashcorn Report" weighed all the possibilities for the future, and wisely pointed out that it was naive to assume that proximity alone would make St. Paul's attractive to its new neighbors. The proposal to expand the parish house was tabled in spite of the increasing inadequacy of housing for church activities and the drastic expansion taking place in other churches in the area. A perusal of Vestry minutes over the years indicates that "planning" was approached with considerable enthusiasm but seldom led to change: and that a great deal of time was devoted to the nuts and bolts of maintaining an old and rather infirm property in a seemly state. From time to time questionnaires have been sent to the membership in an attempt to formulate goals for the parish, but their yield has usually been indeterminate because, given the diversity of the flock and the individualism that still characterizes it to some degree, the extremes at either end of the spectrum tend to cancel each other out.

Nor is it easy to find a firm figure for the membership of the parish at various points in time since, as noted in The Washington Post (August 20, 1988), data are not reported uniformly in the Episcopal Church, some churches reporting only active participants," not just

people whose names are carried along from year to year." And it is customary to continue on the rolls the names of any former members who have not requested transfer. There is additional reason to regard membership figures as only approximate since in 1986 the Planning Committee of St. Paul's reported that 13 percent of those interviewed said they had not transferred into St. Paul's, and one did not know of the requirement. With such modifying circumstances in mind, the following is offered from St. Paul's records:

Year	Communicants	Budget	Sunday School
1945	78	\$ 2,706	40
1950	140	7,549	65
1955	194	15,160	62
1960	226	19,285	76
1965	282	26,000	85
1960	313	33,000	109
1987	457	122,600	85

(The Post's analysis of Episcopalian reporting was incidental to its statement that the Episcopal Church now numbers 2,504,507 in the United States, with an 8.6 percent loss.)

It always annoyed Dudley Boogher to hear St. Paul's referred to, as it often was, as "a rich parish," for, as Bishop Hall noted in 1973, its budget (less than \$50,000) was , considerably smaller than the average for parishes of its size. (It should be remembered that Diocesan assessments and other obligations were included in the budget.) From the viewpoint of a historian rather than with the special knowledge of a treasurer, St. Paul's financial picture seems to have been one of peaks and valleys, the valleys representing the budget and the peaks coming about through often lavish and unanticipated private gifts. For example, the stained glass windows were given by Hunter Perry, who discovered the artisan who made them on one of his trips abroad: they have been valued at \$80,000. Most were installed in memory of Mr. Perry's family, but at least two - the windows in memory of Mr. Greaves and Caroline Lynes -

seem to have been installed as replacements for earlier ones of the Victorian, representational style that would be incompatible with those newly installed. Since the Albrechts were parishioners at about the time of their installation, it is likely that Dr. Albrecht reimbursed Mr. Perry for the two memorializing his wife. When the bright windows, so unlike those of Tiffany yellows and greens, were installed, they were not to the liking of some of the old-timers, who "spoke a piece" about the new treasures. Clearly, a "peak" had helped build the parish house, to which a parishioner later contributed an addition.

The great social changes taking place in society at large impinged on parish life. Although the integration issue affected the Ivy church very little, "Women's Lib" did bring changes. Women who had previously had a great deal of time to spend on church activities took paid employment, and turned away from the old fund-raising patterns of selling potholders, aprons, and preserves. With household help no longer to be taken for granted, more women stopped thinking of a dinner party as involving fried chicken, biscuits, corn pudding, and iced layer cake, and made a hobby of "gourmet cooking." This change led to the publication of the Church Mouse Cookbook, which, although outstripped by the publication of an endless number of specialty cookbooks since its first appearance, is evidence of the high degree of skill attained by Ivy's pioneering enthusiasts, which gave St. Paul's a reputation for fine cuisine that it still enjoys.

The whole Charlottesville-Albemarle community was growing rapidly from its mid-50's count of about 35,000 for town and county together. The post-war boom altered out of recognition wage scales. That had been so low that a first-year intern at the hospital made \$25 a month and lodging, and a department store saleslady would earn \$1800 a year. With integration came emphasis on civil rights: one could no longer hire and fire "to suit." (The notion of whether something "suited" or not had often been the key to transactions in the area: country people would end all attempts at persuasion by saying with bland determination, "It don't suit," and versions of the same served the more sophisticated equally well in this individualistic culture.) "Developments" began to replace meadows), and some Ivy residents fought bitterly against alteration of the familiar landscape - even the rather distant landscape.

Individualism as a philosophy and accommodation as a way of dealing were being replaced by regimentation and self-protective negotiation. The national Church took the occasion to draw up regulations for the employment of clergy, many long overdue. Whereas it had long been customary for a rectory to be near, if not attached to, the church, so that those living in it not only lacked privacy, but ended up owning nothing, it was now recommended that each clergyman be helped to gain title to his home, which need not be on church property. And whereas a rector had formerly held his post at the pleasure of the Vestry, he was now given job security save for reasons of moral turpitude. The latter ruling came too late for one dedicated priest in Charlottesville who had not seen eye-to-eye with a violently racist Vestry during the struggles over integration.

The present rector, the Reverend George William Wyer, has been the incumbent since 1974, coming to St. Paul's from Bethesda-by-the-Sea, Palm Beach, Florida, where he had been an Associate Rector for five years. George Wyer had been a business man before entering the priesthood. A Graduate of Oberlin College, he obtained a Masters Degree in the University of Pittsburgh's School of Retailing, and immediately thereafter joined the U. S. Naval Security Group, studying Russian for a year at the Naval Intelligence School in Washington. He was posted to Germany for two years, and on returning to this county became a field representative for the Aetna casualty and Insurance Company in Hartford, Connecticut. After becoming a partner in an insurance firm in Salem, Ohio, he entered seminary at Bexley Hall, Kenyon College, as a Firestone Scholar. He was ordained deacon in 1969, and priested the same year. Before going to Palm Beach he had served as rector of St. Mary's Church in Cleveland.

Not long after his arrival in Ivy with his wife Nancy and four children (one of whom, his only son, was to die tragically in a swimming accident while in the Navy) a home at some distance from the church was purchased for him, with appropriate financial help from parish funds and generous parishioners. Since Dudley Boogher had not maintained an office in the church, it was necessary to transform a room in the church basement into an office for the new rector. An indication of the countrified arrangements that had hitherto been considered

satisfactory appears in the Vestry approval to pay for "the installation of a private (telephone) line for the church to replace a party line now being shared with a local gas station."

Needless to say, it had become necessary to expand the church budget, which was \$67,500 (up \$11,000 in 1975). The Women of the Church (once called "The Auxiliary," and, later, the E.C.W.) made \$4200 from their annual bazaar in 1973, but new needs and hopes for expansion led to plans for the bazaar in 1975 at which a whole new format was introduced. After researching what other Virginia churches were doing, several energetic women arranged for an elaborate "Christmas Sampler" that brought many fine TV shops from around the country to Charlottesville to show their wares at Alumni Hall, with a guarantee to the church women of a 10 percent commission on sales. This was introduced by a champagne party where what was being offered for sale could be seen in advance. The proceeds were immensely gratifying - some \$7000: but there was some grumbling among local merchants, who feared competition, and some church members felt that the luxury items on sale were very much beyond their means. The event was so well done, however, that the two chairpersons were encouraged to go into business, which each did very successfully, as evidenced by the growth of The Second Yard and The Very Thing.

In 1975 the parish had to consider the use of the new prayer book. The Vestry voted to retain the old, familiar one for use at St. Paul's. It has often been said that the messenger bearing unacceptable news gets blamed for it, and this was the case when the national Church endorsed the new book. Naturally, word of the change reached St. Paul's communicants through the pulpit at St. Paul's, and those who were upset about it seemed to hold the parish church responsible - to the extent that a few joined protestors from other parishes to form what is now known as the American Episcopal Church. It is building a church on Route 250 West within a mile of St. Paul's.

After resentment over the new prayer book smoldered for some time, St. Paul's arrived at a compromise for its use, using Rites 1 and 2 in regular rotation. Anyone interested in exploring further the subject of the new prayer book is referred to a highly amusing and

surprisingly scholarly book by the social critic, Cleveland Amory, called The Trouble with Nowadays. A Curmudgeon Strikes Back, published in 1981 by Ballantine (New York).

A strong feeling developed in the parish that more Christian Education was needed, and in January 1976 the Planning Committee recommended getting a qualified person to serve part-time at first, working into a full-time arrangement. In July, Bishop Hall was asked about the possibility of getting a curate, but he suggested, in view of the \$15,000 annual salary considered appropriate, that the church consider sharing a Director of Religious Education. The \$15,000 needed to obtain a curate was nevertheless added to the budget, and the congregation was asked to vote on the securing of an assistant to Father Wyer by adding the requisite amount to their pledges. The full amount needed was not forthcoming, but Father Wyer persuaded the Women of the Church to make up the shortage from their unusually ample funds, and employed the Reverend William Gregg, who was, as it happened, a nephew of a parishioner. He was very zealous and well-liked, but left after a year to take a parish of his own in Abingdon.

In 1981, the Reverend Robert Olton, by then retired from All Saint's, Richmond, and Grace Church, Cismont, was secured to serve as Associate Rector. He assisted with the services at St. Paul's, and gave special attention to the elderly and to the work at St. John's Church, the small church in the Ivy Valley that Archdeacon Neve had originally founded in the course of his mountain work. Although he continues to be a member of the Ivy community, which regards him with great affection, he now devotes all his time to St. John's, the small congregation of which, so steadfast over the years, is seeking the status of an independent church after being for so long a mission of St. Paul's.

Among the improvements to the property effected since Father Wyer came is the acquisition of a children's playground, the updating of kitchen equipment, a new heating plant, and the important securing of a water supply from the county. Dependence on a well had long been a great source of worry, particularly in respect to the danger of fire. The hookup with municipal water was made possible by the development of Meriwether Hills, which brought the lines near the church. Several vestrymen put in a long day of hard physical work to thread the

pipeline through to the churchyard, accomplishing a project that had been thought out of the question for more than 30 years.

Many other groups and committees have been hard at work for the church: the Altar Guild carried on admirably after the resignation of Monica Baker, who had supervised its work for so many years. Altar Guild members quietly put in many hours a week making preparations for services. The Caring Committee keeps the older members of the congregation, and the sick or housebound aware of St. Paul's care for them. The Graveyard Committee is vigilant in its oversight of the cemetery, and has had walls erected and new space made available. Young parents and others give time to the Sunday School, both on Sundays and in planning and preparing teaching materials. Several churchwomen serve on the Board at Bloomfield, along with leaders, both men and women, from around the state: they remain hopeful of a closer connection with the parish, many members of which seem unaware of the great and difficult work that, although begun by the church, is now largely dependent on contributions from private individuals and parishes.

The parish owes an immense debt to the present treasurer, whose devotion to the church is no less great than Claude Mackreth's, however much his bookkeeping methods may differ.

An old timer recalls so much, looking back. One remembers our "saints" – Helen Skiles and Hallie Williams, who had been missionaries for many years before settling in Crozet; Mrs. Dabney Coffman, who played the organ for years and years, and her sister-in-law, Miss Mamie, who played field hockey into her old age; the Mackreth family; "Miss Edie" Worthington, whose family is still represented in the parish church and in the work of a grandson who is a priest; Mrs. Herbert Marshall, who cared for Mr. Neve in his final illness when she herself was an old lady. One remembers when Mrs. William Faulkner would attend St. Paul's, and when she sold her paintings for its benefit. The list of dear and interesting people is endless.

May God make those living in so different world their worthy successors!

The Quiet Congregation

Man, in his pride of life, tends to regard the dead with a certain unconscious and patronizing sense of superiority, particularly those dead who lived honoring the power of Mr. Jefferson's "Great Artificer" while remaining to the end ignorant of the power of Man as we know it - the power of flying through the air, being heard around the world, setting foot on the moon - and leveling a great city by the dropping of a single bomb. And, faltering in our Christian belief in our grief, we may be tempted to think of those close to us who have died as having met defeat, forgetting that they have undergone the Great Mystery still lying before each of us, and are hence, in terms of wisdom, our betters.

In any case, those who rest on the quiet and leafy hillside next St. Paul's Church deserve better of us than to be thought of as quaint.

Nonetheless, perusal of old records of burials at which a rector of St. Paul's officiated does help recreate a life furnished very differently from our own, although to stroll today among tombstones of a more recent date can bring many of us happy recollections of warm friendships and pleasant social occasions shared. And to be able to visit the grave of one's child or one's parents, for example, in connection with services at St. Paul's makes for a unique bond with that church.

It was long a Virginia custom, one still followed occasionally, to bury one's dead in the home place, and the old records tell of many interments such as the one of Elizabeth Dabney, described as an Englishwoman, who was buried in the family burial ground in December 1876 "beneath the large walnut tree where her mother and her mother's parents are buried." Such anticipation of dynastic permanence seems to have ignored altogether the frantic westward trek that offered the possibility of land and fortune at that time to those more venturesome and less charmed with their lot. Such a conclusion cannot overlook, however, that Meriwether Lewis, probably the community's leading celebrity, who with his companion, William Clark, explored the virgin West for Thomas Jefferson, was born in 1774 just up the road from the present St. Paul's. That St. Paul's has kept green the memory of this exceptional man and sometime neighbor, who died mysteriously at 35, is evident in the baptism in 1915 of John

Joseph William Meriwether Lewis Looney on the 144th anniversary of Lewis's birth, and, of course, the nearby school bears his name, although it is doubtful if many can connect it today with a feat of which it has been said that "No later feat of exploration, perhaps in any quarter of the globe, has exceeded this in romantic interest."

Other family burial grounds continually used are mentioned in the records, among them that of the McGees' at a place then known as Harding's Tavern (now Hardendale), where a number of McGees were laid to rest; Locust Hill, which preexisted by some years the churchyard at St. Paul's and contains the graves of many non family members; and Verulam, where is buried, among others, Dr. William Fleming Gooch, of whom it is written that he was

"a man of wonderful memory and extensive learning and accurate observation ... his antiquarian knowledge of the families of Virginia was very remarkable. He knew Mr. Jefferson and others of that generation and was a link with the past. When over 70 he learned French for the sake of reading French authors."

Mr. Neve never failed to note in the record the origin of the decedent when he or she was English, and his entries to that effect support the notion of English domination: Helen Worthington of Leicestershire (1893); Owen T. Creve of Guernsey, the Channel Islands (1895), followed in 1897 by Clifford Crewe of the same; and Edward Flowers, aged 74, described as "an emigrant from Buckinghamshire," buried in 1894. It was noted in connection with the burial of Walter Lloyd Whately of Crozet that he was "formerly of England, and a great nephew of Archbishop Whately." As late as 1924, when James Higginson of West Leigh died, he was described as an English settler." Several more recently erected stones state in such bold letters "Born in England" that one feels preferential treatment on that account was fondly expected; and there are many other stones on which a British birthplace is made to seem more like incidental intelligence. It is believed that one Englishman who, coming to Ivy in his early youth, lived to a ripe old age and is remembered by some still living, had arrived in this country as an indentured servant to become, ultimately, the well-respected beneficiary of American freedom-and a regular member of St. Paul's choir.

Events in the outside world are reflected by the stones in our churchyard, where lie a number of Civil War casualties, as well as a few from each succeeding war in which the United States engaged, including that in Vietnam. A mass grave marks the reinterment of Confederate and Union victims of a railroad accident. There was death from typhoid fever, one poignant entry being that of the burial on July 5, 1878, of "the orphan son of Absalom Ray, who died in the War," who was the victim of "typhoid pneumonia" at the age of 17. "Consumption" was greatly feared, and often killed the young: the Blue Ridge Hospital, which was exclusively for the tubercular until mid-century, ministered to them, at least one early patient being a communicant of St. Paul's at present.

The Lindsay family, on whose home place Peacock Hill now stands, used to tell how Walter Lindsay, who had left behind a highly successful career in New York finance for a climate thought more favorable for his health, had been once carried to Blue Ridge on a horse-drawn cart, hemorrhaging heavily and presumably racing with certain death at an agonizingly slow speed, only to recover. He lived to old age, and used to leave his wife at church every Sunday morning while he went elsewhere, refusing to the end to join the flock assembled therein.

The inexorable march of the "Spanish influenza" that killed so many in 1918 did not pass by Ivy Depot. And, oddly, fatal accidents that sound harmless in an age of speed and flight accounted for some of the deaths recorded. In 1876, Alice Lewis, described as a devoted parishioner and the exemplary mother of six, was killed falling from an ox-cart, and a fatal fall from a wagon was noted as late as 1923. One communicant was killed by falling into an empty ice-house.

Some Sunday as you leave the church, take notice of some of the markers, among the very oldest of which are those just behind the "reserved" parking. One woman there was born in 1803, thus presumably being reared by parents to whom the Revolution was a living memory. As is appropriate, three of those who preached from the pulpit of St. Paul's are buried in the churchyard, additions to which it has been necessary to make from time to time, with the newest lying downhill toward Leeds Lane.