

Manuscript - Clara Tear Williams memories

family background

I was born near Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio, Sept. 22, 1858.

Our Home was the farm on which my great-grandfather, William Tear, his wife, and my father, Thomas, with two sisters and four brothers, settled in 1826, having come from the Isle of Man, sometimes called Mona: and island about the size of Lake County, Ohio, between England and Ireland. My father was then six years of age. (Born in 1820, ED.)

The island was decidedly Protestant, and was said to have been the scene of John Wesley's best received ministries. My great grandfather was one of his hearers. The family, all but one, became connected with the Methodist Episcopal church in this country.

My mother, Mary Evangeline Searl Tear, was born in Lewis County, N. Y. Her father was Chas. Searl, her mother, Wealthy Wadsworth Searl. Their forbears were from New England. When my mother was about three years of age, her mother died, leaving her with two brothers, one a little older, the other younger.

Her father later took a second wife whose unkind treatment made it necessary for the children to be cared for in other homes. All three grew up to be loved and respected. Many years later my mother opened her door to this step mother in her unhappy old age.

early life

My parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal church and we had in our home the writings of the early Methodists; Mrs. Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers, the Wesleys, and others, besides periodicals, *Christian Advocate*, and *Guide to Holiness*, edited by Dr. Palmer and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

I was never strong, and it was doubted I would grow to womanhood. On this account, to my great grief, I was often kept from school, especially as the school-house was three-fourths of a mile from our home with a bad road in between. I was the only girl in the family with one older brother whom I dearly loved.

spiritual awakenings

At the age of thirteen (1871) I was impressed that I was taking the wrong road, that my heart was growing hard, and that if I did not soon submit to God, I would be forever lost.

Sitting back in the old home church one night the matter was settled, and as I started up the aisle toward the altar, the love of God came into my heart. It was not strong, but real; and one distinguishing feature was my attitude toward the Lord's children. Before, I wanted to shun them, now my heart was drawn toward them. "We know we have passed from death into life because we love the brethren." I did not know it was conversion, but fixed that as the turning point in my life.

As time went on, I failed to keep the blessing of the Lord and a place of amusement became more attractive to me than a prayer meeting.

The fall (of 1875) I was seventeen we learned that some so-called "holiness" people from Cleveland were holding meetings in Montville, a few miles from us. With my parents I attended one service. I still had good desires and kept my place in the church and in the services. My heart was touched; I knew my need and accepted an invitation to the altar, with no apparent result. As we drove from the church and I looked back at the unworldly appearing workers as they stood on the platform in the front, knowing as I did that they were despised, the question came forcibly, would I be willing to give up the world with its fashions and pleasures and fully follow the Lord? My heart responded "Yes" and there flowed through my being a flood of Glory that was inexpressible.

Not a word was spoken and while I believed I had received the cleansing of my heart, I was kept from testifying to it. I remember that in class meeting the following Sunday the pastor referred to my having taken higher ground. I found that as time went by, I was not free from anger and pride but from that time I believe Jesus was first in my life.

The following winter I spent with my aunt in Mentor and attended school there. My unlikeness to the trifling, giddy young people with whom I was associated brought some small persecutions and I felt resentment in my heart though I think I did not show it, and there were some things to show I was not without their confidence. Once when revival meetings were in progress in a nearby church, where all that was required of seekers was to confess that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and only Saviour, be baptized, and join the church, I was walking with two of my schoolmates, when the meetings were the topics of conversation. The young man said, "We'll not go into that, but if Miss Tear would preach to us, we would listen." I do not remember what I replied, but it was little if anything. My tongue seemed tied.

What were my feelings when a few months later I learned that this young man and woman were in eternity.

On a Sunday the following spring I went to what was called a Holiness meeting in Mampden, the town south of us. I had felt unusually irritable because my parents refused to allow me to invite a neighbor girl to accompany us. I was tempted to stay at home. The ride was far from enjoyable.

As we entered the church, the congregation was singing that familiar hymn, "I Need Thee Every Hour." Through the song, the Holy Spirit burnt into my soul the need of His abiding presence.

I remember little else about the service; but from that time on I knew what it was to "hunger and thirst after righteousness" and could think of little else. While I had given myself to the Lord, it now seemed infinitely more meaningful to consent to His taking possession and control of my entire being.

I had already taught a term of district school and my ambition was to make teaching my life work. I would earn enough by teaching in the country to secure a fine education. I could dress well and associate with nice, intelligent people.

But now if I abandoned myself to the Lord, and took my willing to be separate from this proud, wicked world, and live only to please God? To be like Him, despised and rejected of men? It seemed for two days and nights I could not say yes. The suggestion came that I had at times been much blessed of the Lord and had been living a good life, why not be content? But it was very clear that to draw back meant darkness and perdition.

On the following Tuesday I returned to the meetings. As I sat in the evening service, I came to the point where the matter had to be settled, and finally my heart said, "Perish every found ambition, all I've sought or hoped or known." I died to the world and self and faith was spontaneous. When there was a request for those to stand who had received the cleansing, I rose to my feet and as I did so, the Glory came! I have never attempted to describe it.

I had been very timid, never could pray in public and could give only a few words of testimony. Now my tongue was loosed. The fear of man was gone. I felt like a bird in the air. Oh, it was wonderful!

call to public service

Very soon after this, I was definitely called to public service. It came on three successive days. The Lord talked to my heart. The Scripture used was John 16:15. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bear fruit and that your fruit should remain; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father, He may give it to you."

I told no one of my call, because I was confident no one would believe it. I remember my mother having said that Clara could not tell what she knew.

A few days after this experience, I commenced teaching my second term of country school and soon began to fail physically. My former school was near home and thus I had a steady boarding place. Here the teacher was required to board around as it was called. My first week was in a very comfortable home where delicious food was served; the second where nothing was appetizing and the sleeping arrangements were very uncomfortable. My third boarding place was a good home but perhaps a mile from the schoolhouse in the valley below, and I commenced to find I was fighting a losing battle.

A cough was sapping my strength. My arms became so weak that I was obliged to rest before I could finish combing my hair. Some of the time in school I could barely speak above a whisper. When my mother came for me at week's end she was startled at my appearance. Weeks at home followed, and the care of a physician who pronounced the disease tuberculosis. My family despaired of my life but I knew that the Lord had work for me to do. I would recover.

Sometime after this I commenced to teach at the Center of Leroy and again my health failed. Later I taught two summer terms in my own district. My health slowly improved and my full heart found expression in prayer and testimony. At one time a gentleman from another town came to my home and offered me a position as a teacher that was quite tempting. I told him I would send him a reply in a few days. I went to my room and to my knees, when the Lord said to me, "Haven't I told you what I want you to do? Why pray?" I immediately went out and gave my answer to the man who had not driven out of the yard.

the hymn "satisfied"

I think I had been saved about four years and was helping in meetings on the charge of Rev. Hunscher in Troy, Ohio where Prof. R. E. Hudson conducted the meetings when, just before retiring for the night, the latter asked me to write a song for a book he was preparing to publish. Before sleeping, I wrote "Satisfied." In the morning, he wrote the music. Later I wrote several for a book to be published by Prof. C. E. Rowley but none of these had a long life.

1882 - 1886

In the fall of 1882 when I was twenty-four years of age, Sister Mary DePew, a very successful evangelist in the Wesleyan Methodist church, asked me to accompany her for the winter's work in the State of Indiana. I consented and made ready to go. As the time approached I shrank from going, and the day before I was to meet her at the train, there came into my heart the feeling, "I cannot go!" Very soon I did not feel well and next day sent the message that I could not go.

For a time I felt no condemnation and was planning how to work for the Lord near home. About the time I should have taken the train, it came over me that I had been guilty of falsehood. I was not so sick but I could have gone on if I had wanted to. Oh! the agony I suffered, I felt God had forsaken me. It was the first time I had failed to walk in the will of God, and the light of Heaven in my soul was changed to the blackness of night. After groaning and tossing for a time it was plain to me that my only hope was to confess what I had done. To confess to my parents cost a struggle but when I did it, my dry, burning eyes were flooded with tears and there came a sweet assurance that the Lord had forgiven me. I believe this is the only time in these nearly sixty years that I have failed to walk in the will of God as best I have known it.

About four years before this, I had joined the Free Methodist church and had walked in love and fellowship with that people. I was now so full of work with the Wesleyans that it seemed consistent that I should unite with them which I did.

The church and parsonage at Ligonier had been built chiefly by one man who had moved away and was in a dying condition. People said if you were in any other church you might have success but not there. The leaders said these meetings would decide whether they would close the church or not. A good work was done. One middle aged man who was unsaved, living across the street, commenced sitting in the back of the church. Each night he moved a seat closer to the front. Finally he reached the altar and was blessedly saved. His wife had left him and was in another state. The next morning being Sunday they walked into church together.

The spring after the meeting in Ligonier on my way to Conference, I was in the company with several of our preachers and was replying to questions when Bro. Hall heard the name Ligonier and asked about the church. He said he had a man in his church at College Springs, Iowa, who had been especially praying for us, and who every now and then asked, "have you heard from Ligoniere? They're going to have a revival there!" "If two of you shall agree on earth touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done unto them."

The following winters 1883-1885 I spent with Sister DePew in meetings in Indiana and Michigan. The next winter of 1885-1886 I worked alone in the State of Indiana, the DePews having moved to Houghton, N.Y.

Following this for some time, my mother's feeble condition made it necessary for me to be at home most of the time. I usually held Sunday services at places within driving distance.

1887

Oct. 21, 1887 my dear mother left us. Her death was preceded by marvelous victory. There had been a fierce conflict with the powers of darkness and at times she feared she was lost; but victory came. She had been a retiring woman but now she was inspired and preached with surprising strength of voice to those who visited her. Soon she restfully fell asleep.

resumes ministry after mother's death

After her death I soon held a series of meetings in a Presbyterian church S. Newby, Ohio, the home of my friend, Ellen Crofts Green, whose husband was deacon of the church. Following this I was persuaded to supply the church at Salineville, Ohio, it being suggested that it would give me much needed rest, which was a decided mistake.

In the spring of 1888 I went to Allegheny Conf. at Concord, Pa., having stopped over Sunday with my friends, Anna and Rachel Kirk, at Damascus, Ohio.

From the Allegheny I went to the Lockport Conf. at Fillmore, N.Y. having been invited to hold a series of meetings in Houghton, N.Y. It was at that time that I became acquainted with Sis. Bertha Grange and arranged for her to be my companion in the Lord's work. In the meetings following, she sang alto and I soprano. We went first to Bro. D. S. Kinney's at Syracuse, N.Y. where I cared for her through a siege of measles.

Following this we held meetings in the Wesleyan Methodist church there. There at that time bitter opposition to the teaching of entire sanctification and Bro. Bruce, the pastor, was only free to use the church for our meetings on his regular appointments, the other meetings being in private homes. About this time we had meetings at Nelson, N.Y., Rev. Van Arsdale, Pastor.

Our services were engaged for two camp meetings that summer, one at Boyleston forty miles north of Syracuse, the other at Blodget's Mill south of Syracuse. On our way to the former, we were entertained in the home of Bro. and Sis. Carpenter. It was reported that the first was to be a Holiness

camp meeting, the latter otherwise. The Syracuse church was not represented at the Boyleston camp.

We reached Blodget's Mill perhaps two or three days before camp was to commence and were entertained in the home of Pastor Scott. The day before the first service in the evening, I was sick with a cold and under sore temptation. Pastor Scott came from the grounds and reported that the Syracuse people were there in force putting up their tents. This did not lessen the terrible pressure that was on my soul.

I doubted if I was able to go to the first service of the evening, but bundled myself up and sat back in the congregation. I do not remember who the speaker was, but when he finished he called on me to follow him. I obeyed and illumination, strength, and voice came.

From that time God took hold of things. It was said there was scarcely a mealtime when all of the Syracuse people were at the table. Some would be in the woods groaning before God.

One of the bitterest opposers confessed publicly how she had persecuted her pastor and said, "If he was here, I would ask his forgiveness. Another strong woman, daughter of perhaps the leading opposer ran over the seats to get to the altar.

At one time when I was to speak, I was so burdened I could not get a thing to give to the large congregation waiting. As I went up into the stand, the text came, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" When I spoke, the message came. It was as fresh to me as it was to the people.

At different times three of the opposing preachers were prostrated by the power of God. One who was to preach commenced with finding fault with our connectional leaders and others and finally confessed that he was not right himself and soon fell with a crash. Another went down in front of the stand at the evening service and, with a very little strength left, struggled against it most of the night until he worked himself partly under the stand.

Yet not withstanding such manifestations of the power of God, I am not sure that later results were better than from many less spectacular meetings. All three ministers thus dealt with left us for more popular and worldly churches, and the Syracuse church left our communion and became independent.

I think it was following this in 1888 we held meetings in Groton and Seneca Falls, N.Y., after which Sis. Grange went to her home for a time because of the ill health of her mother. I attended a convention in Syracuse at which time I made the acquaintance of Dr. Emma Runyon. Later during the winter of 1888-1889 I visited my home in Ohio and planned to go to the Isle of Man for evangelistic work, being in correspondence with a distant relative of my father, Mr. Robert Tear, who, as I remembered, owned and supervised a Gospel Hall in the town of Ramsey, Isle of Man.

With this end in view I attended the Champlain Conference and held meetings near Brandon, and at Chittenden, Vermont, then on to the New York Conference. Listening to counsel which I was led to believe was from a reliable, spirit-filled source, I gave up crossing the ocean and spent some time at Lake Hills in the Catskills, Sis. Grange joining me there. We supplied the church for a time, and held a series of meetings at Chickester, a few miles distant. Sis. Grange being called home again because of the illness of her mother, I spent some time in the work at Briggs Corner and was entertained in the home of Mother Rounds.

In the fall of 1890 I was delegate to the General Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist church in Canton, Ohio.

In 1891, after returning to Lake Hill for a time, I went by urgent request of Rev. Hawkins to hold a series of meetings in a hall in Franklin, Pa. Rev. Hawkins had been expelled from the Free Methodist church for certain questionable teachings in a book he had published entitled "Redemption." He taught that an individual might reach a degree of holiness from which, like Enoch and Elijah, he would be translated. The part most objected to was a chapter on "Affinities."

Rev. Hawkins was received by the Allegheny Wesleyan Methodist Conference and some of his friends had left the Free Methodist church on his account, and he hoped to organize a strong Wesleyan church there. I asked them if there was any reason for their desire to join the Wesleyans other than their attendant to Rev. Hawkins. They allowed there was not. That was too narrow a foundation on which to build a church. Like my Lord, I was "numbered among the transgressors." In a few weeks, instead of translation which he evidently hoped for, Rev. Hawkins princely form was laid in the tomb.

From Franklin I went to my home in Ohio for a much needed rest. In April of this year (1891) I attended Conference in Rome, N. Y. and spoke in the Free Methodist church of which Bro. Terrl was pastor.

When I returned again to my home and my family saw my condition, they made some changes in the house so that I could care for my father, and part of the time be free from the confusion naturally and rightly furnished by my brother's three lively boys. My brother moved to a house a few miles away and I was left with my father. In the summer of 1892 Bertha was with me at home.

I think it was the winter of 1892-1893 that a family, man and wife, lived in part of our home, which enabled me to spend a few weeks in evangelization work in the state of Iowa.

In April 1894 I was delegate to our Annual Conference from Middlefield, Ohio. with instructions to

secure a pastor, or failing that to supply the work myself. No suitable pastor being available I undertook the work. The parsonage in Middlefield was partly furnished so I could care for myself there, and the barn held feed for my horse.

I cared for my father through the week, left things comfortable for him and drove twenty miles to Middlefield on Saturday, then drove ten miles to Windsor Mills for evening service, and fifteen home on Sunday. As winter was approaching, a Free Methodist minister, Bro. Way, took the Middlefield work and moved into the parsonage.

On Dec. 10, 1894, my father died after an illness of nearly five weeks, and during his sickness the church at Windsor Mills was of course supplied by others. After my father's death I returned to Windsor Mills and made my home with Elmer and Lizzie Kinney. Being at home for Christmas, I went from their to Middlefield, the charge still being in my name. Bro. Way had been engaged to preach at the Watch Night services in Bro. Dyer's church in Youngstown, Ohio and he for some reason persuaded me to go in his place.

After spending some time following this at Windsor Mills, I returned at Bro. Dyer's request and held a series of meetings in his church, called "The Little Brown Church" in Youngstown. The church was in the Methodist Protestant denomination.

clara tear is married

It was at this time I became acquainted with W. H. Williams. He was a lay preacher and Sunday School worker, and was held in high regard by Bro. and Sis. Dyer. It was simply a friendly Christian acquaintance and what was my surprise, when after retiring one night, there came to me the revelation that man was to be my husband. I loved the work of an evangelist, and being free from temporal cares. I looked forward with much pleasure to devoting my life to that work. My first reaction to the suggestion was, "Oh dear, I thought I was done with the subject of marriage!" But I was not my own and trusted the Lord to work out his purposes.

Not long after returning to Windsor Mills, I received one or two kindly letters, and later a proposal of marriage. The next May, 1895, we were married in Bro. Dyer's home. I could see afterward that the Lord knew I needed a home. I have never doubted this leading of the Lord, or regretted following it.

(Editor: This text is based on the typewritten manuscript of Buelah Williams McKinney, the second child. She has inserted the following at this point: "Among my mother's papers I found the following description of my parents marriage from a letter sent by my mother to a close friend, Rev. P. B. Campbell, President of the Allegheny Conference of which she was a member. 'Thanks for your kind words. The Lord has dealt very graciously with us, fulfilling Eph. 3:20. Our marriage one week ago today like the marriage at Cana, was honored by the presence of the Master and is very sweet to remember. There were present beside Bro. Dyer and wife only a mutual friend, a dear disciple, Bro. O'Conor. There was great simplicity and freedom in the Spirit. We sang, "Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah," and Bro. Dyer read Eph.5:15-33, followed by prayer by Sis. Dyer, myself, and Mr. Williams. We then rose and took the solemn covenant after which Bro. Dyer and the other brother prayed, followed by singing again. Bro. D. manifested much emotion and said afterward that it was the most spiritual marriage service he ever witnessed. Well the Lord has taken up his abode with us and we expect to walk through grace in all his will. I have every reason to believe that my Master has given me a companion who is very like Himself, meek and lowly in spirit and in whose mouth is no guile. My husband would think it out of taste for me to write of him thus but I am writing to my own brother and I could say much more. The goodness of God to His unworthy child almost overwhelms me sometimes. I am living in the 23rd Psalm.'")

early married life

We spent a little time in the home of Mr. William's mother, and then rented a small house on the south side of Youngstown. In the fall following our marriage, I was delegate to the Wesleyan Methodist General Conference.

The next May, 1896, a darling brown-eyed baby, Grace Evangeline, came to bless our home. Mr. Williams and I both had for years obeyed the command, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." We had lived economically and had given all we could spare for Jesus sake. He was receiving quite a good income from his work in the rolling mill, and there was the suggestion that now we ought to lay up for future need. I was not strong and there might be weeks of care and doctors bills.

It came so clearly from the Lord that if we planned for trouble, it would come. So we went on giving all we could spare for the Lord's work and the needy. My covenant-keeping Lord was faithful to His child and brought me through beautifully. When my baby was ten days old I was able to give her all the care she needed, and we were not left in debt.

move to houghton, n. y.

In one year from the next fall (1897), we were offered the free use of a good house in Houghton, if we would go into evangelistic work, Sis. Beede who was living with us, to care for the little girl. It seemed to me so venturesome that I gave it little thought. Mr. Williams had good employment and there might be conditions that would prevent my being from home, and I was not yet sufficiently familiar with the work to go alone.

It was not long before I was plunged into strange, terrible spiritual darkness. The heavens were brass and I felt that God had forsaken me. Only those who have walked in sweet communion with the Lord could appreciate what I suffered. For a time I had not a thought of what could be the cause. One night I was in such distress I appealed to my husband to pray for me. Soon the fountain of tears was opened and I could weep and then came the clear conviction that we must go to Houghton, and with it a flood of Heaven's own peace and light.

When I told Mr. Williams, he said he would wait on the Lord to confirm the matter by opening the way financially for us to go. It was not long before we had means to purchase winter clothing, pay carfare, shipping goods and enough left for our winter fuel. On the way we stopped and held a series of meetings for Bro. Campbell on the Sandy Lake charge. Sis. Beede with dear little Grace joining us on the train for Houghton.

The hindrances which had been suggested came, and we were kept in Houghton mostly. Our little Buelah came to us the following July. (1898) Mr. Williams got some work and we were marvelously cared for. One day a woman with whom I was scarcely acquainted, who had been spending some time in Houghton (I think she was a Christian Scientist) on her way to the train as she was leaving, stopped at the door and handed me five dollars, which she said she felt she must give us. All this without making our need known to anyone. For some time we had Sunday afternoon services in our home which were well attended. The spiritual tide in Houghton was not at that time what it has been since.

After remaining in Houghton about two years we accepted (1900) an invitation to serve a small class at Indiana, Pa. The work was in its infancy and there was no parsonage or church building.

pine grove charge

We were there through the winter and in the spring I attended our Conference. Pine Grove charge, a circuit of four appointments, was a few miles from Indiana. Bro. A. D. Fero was the beloved pastor and was expected to remain the coming year.

At the Conference there was a strong desire that Bro. P. B. Campbell take the work of travelling President. This he felt he could not do unless there was a suitable person to take his place on Sandy Lake circuit. Bro. Fero was the only one acceptable, and we were earnestly requested to serve Pine Grove charge.

There was no time to consult my husband, and the responsibility was very heavy. I was compelled to decide. I knew that Mr. Williams was God's man and would accept His will, so after some strong crying to God, I felt clear to accept the charge. It was a startling surprise to my dear husband and a heavy cross but he bore it bravely.

We had no horse and buggy and the circuit was twenty miles in extent. However, when the wagons arrived to take our goods, there was a good horse and buggy to take us to our new home in Dixonville. (1901) Bro. Wm. Stevens had an opportunity to buy it for us at a very reasonable price and kindly waited for the pay which was not long in being provided.

Before we had been long on this charge, Sis. Bertha Grange came to live with us (Auntie Beede being needed elsewhere) and as I regarded her more capable of caring for the children than I was myself, I was free for the Lord's work.

The churches, Dixonville and Hillsdale at one end and Rich Hill and Spruce at the other had services on alternate Sundays. We were on this circuit five years (1901-1906). There was some fruit, how much is recorded in Heaven. While here, Feb. 28, 1902, our Mary was born. There were those who thought her coming a mistake but God saw what a blessing she would be to us through the years. If God will care for His children in anything, He sure will in bringing their immortal children into this world if they fully trust Him.

We had a fine company of young people, especially at Hillsdale. Uncle Cy Rnak, though he had a good buggy and only his son and daughter beside himself to ride, purchased a large hack so he could take the young people to meetings at a distance. Sunday afternoons one summer he would go with his hack full and we with our horse and buggy to Wilgus and hold street meetings. There is now a church in that mining town.

canton and massilon, ohio

On leaving Dixonville (1906) we accepted a call to Canton, Ohio where we were three years. We then took the work at Massilon, eight miles from Canton, where we labored for nine years. (1909-1918) There being no parsonage, we paid rent but as the church was able we accumulated a fund for the purpose of building. With the purchase of a lot, the parsonage was commenced with the digging of the foundation. I had the pleasure of drawing the plan.

While in Massilon, the Lord took our dear Grace to be with Himself. She was sick with double pneumonia a little more than two weeks and left a good testimony of saving grace. As everywhere, the Lord's children showed us great kindness. In two weeks after her precious form was laid to rest in the family plot near Painesville, every bill was paid.

At the end of our work in Massilon I was much broken in health and felt a strange longing for my old home, which in all the years since leaving it I had never felt before. As my brother had moved to the county seat, he encouraged our moving home which we did. The year there was a great blessing to me physically but it was hard for my husband for he was not accustomed to farm work. During the year (1917) we supplied the Middlefield church, going on the train from Concord, three miles from us.

pine grove and hillsdale again

The following Spring (1918) we accepted an invitation to serve Hillsdale, Pine Grove and Wilgus churches, the old circuit having been divided. While on the farm, with the advice of my brother, we bought a nice team on credit. The owner had for a long time tried to sell it, but automobiles coming into use, horses had poor sale, besides feed was poor. We kept them through the winter and sold them for sixty dollars more than we paid with no trouble. At Hillsdale, we bought a good horse and buggy and when we left there it was taken off our hands. In every case the buyer sought us though it was said there was no sale for horses.

back at houghton

After two years at Hillsdale (1920), Mr. Williams became unable to go on with the work, hardening of the arteries badly affected his head. We then with our daughter, Buelah, and her husband moved again to Houghton, Mary being in school there. After a little time in Houghton, Mr. Williams undertook the janitor work for the school, Harold helping him for a time.

The following July, Buelah's baby, Alice June, was born in what was called the Frances house. Later Harold and Buelah went to Harrisburg, Pa., he to serve a church and continue his college work.

I think Mr. Williams did janitor work for about five years until the spring before Mary was to graduate from college, when he had a stroke of paralysis (1925) that left him partially helpless.

interlude

Harold and Buelah were then in Philadelphia and we went to live with them. The following summer, Mary, having taken a course in theology, was induced to take a pastorate in Chittendon, Vermont, and we went to live with her. While she was very acceptable and the leaders were insistent upon her remaining the next year, she felt she could not do so and we returned to Houghton.

There was no work for her in sight, but later a teacher in the High School at Fillmore nearby, resigned and Mary was chosen to take her place, which she held for three years driving back and forth with another teacher.

Following this she was persuaded by Dr. Ruby Paine, who was one of the college doctors at Berea College, Kentucky, to take work there where she still remains. (Mary died February 3, 1968 at Berea, Kentucky after a distinguished career at Berea College. She received profound recognition in the subsequent memorial service. ED.) During summer terms she attended Cornell University and received her Masters Degree there.

youngstown and Cuyahoga falls

Harold was at this time pastor of a church in Youngstown, Ohio and we again went to live with them. Later his father accepted a call to a church in Battle Creek, Michigan and Harold became interim pastor of his father's church in Akron, the family living in his father's home in Cuyahoga Falls, a suburb of Akron.

After moving to Cuyahoga Falls, the church in Middlefield being without a pastor requested me to serve them which I did for a few months, Father and I living comfortably in the parsonage. I was becoming feeble, however, and the children insisted upon our returning to them, which we did.

When Father McKinney returned to his church and home there was not room for all so Father

Williams and I took rooms with our dear friends in Massilon, he being scarcely able to walk. (1932)

Later, Harold being in evangelistic work, and the children needing a good school, we again moved to Houghton. In about a year, (1934?) my husband went to be with Jesus, and his dear form was laid to rest in the cemetery (Houghton) on the hill beside many we have known and loved.

addendum

The Manuscript ends here. Clara Tear Williams died in Houghton, N. Y. in the summer of 1937 and was buried in the Houghton Cemetery beside her husband William H. Williams. Her song, "Satisfied" appears in many hymnbooks of many denominations and was given wide public awareness by George Beverly Shea, who sang it regularly in the earlier Billy Graham Evangelistic Crusades. Her second daughter, Buelah Alice Williams McKinney, who typed the original manuscript, died in St. Petersburg, December 14, 1973, and her husband, Harold C. McKinney Sr. died in St. Petersburg July 20, 1977 and they are buried together there. The only living descendents of Clara and William Williams are Alice June Ritenbaugh, Harold Claude McKinney Jr., Grace Johanne Thompson and Judith Rachel McKinney, plus one child and three grandchildren of Alice, and four children and four grandchildren of Harold, and five children and four grandchildren of Johanne.

This manuscript of Clara Tear Williams' was typed from the original by her grandson, Harold C. McKinney, Jr. in July, 1989. Harold is the husband of Margaret Barbara McKinney and the father of William Lee McKinney, Barbara McKinney Urrea, Ronald Harold McKinney, and Richard Jerald McKinney.

Oh, For A Vision!

"Oh, for a vision and a voice to lead me,
To show me plainly where my faith should lie;
Look where I may, fresh hindrances impede me,
Vain and unanswered seems my cry.

Hush, unbelieving one, but for thy blindness,
But for thine own impotence and self-will,
Thou mightest see the Master's loving kindness
Who by these hindrances is leading still.

He, who of old, thru Phrigia and Galatia
Led the Apostle Paul and blessed him there,
If he forbid to preach the Word in Asia
Must have prepared for thee a work elsewhere.

Courage and patience, is the Master sleeping?
Has He no plan, no purposes of love?
What though awhile His counsel He is keeping,
It is maturing in a world above.

Wait on the Lord, in His right hand be hidden
And go not forth in hast to strive alone!
Shun like a sin the tempting work forbidden;
God's love for souls be sure exceeds thine own.

Down with thy pride! With holy vengeance trample
On each self-flattering fancy that appears!
Did not the Lord Himself for our example
Lie hid in Nazareth for thirty years?

But if, indeed some special work awaits thee,
Canst thou afford this waiting time to lose?
By each successive task God educates thee.
What if the iron to blunt to use?

Can walls be builded with untempered mortar?
Or fish be caught in unmended snares?
Must not the metal pass thru fire and water
If for the battlefield it would prepare?

Oh, thou unpolished shaft, why leave the quiver?
Oh, thou blunt axe, what forest canst thou hew?
Unsharpened sword, canst thou the oppressed deliver?
Go back to thine own Maker's forge anew!

Submit thyself to God for preparation!
Seek not to teach thy Master and thy God!
Call it not zeal! It is a base temptation!
Satan is pleased when man dictates to God!

Wait the appointed time for work appointed
Lest by the tempter thou shouldst be ensnared,
Fresh be the oil wherewith thou art anointed,
Let God prepare thee for a work prepared!

*by Clara Tear Williams
author of Satisfied and mother of
Beulah Alice (Williams) McKinney
of sainted memory.*