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Lincoln, Neb.

An Historical Poem

Conference, March 10th, '04



March the twenty-seventh, 1901, it was my lot,
To meet the Central Missouri at Fort Scott.
Bishop Andrews, being a man of lofty thinking
Ordered that Maston be sent to Lincoln.

In obedience to the order in hours few,
I bade old friends a kind adieu
And wrote to wife, of the the Bishop's behest.
And said in the letter, "it's all for the best!"

Soon whizzing and whirring, the train started west,
While doubts and fear arose in my breast.
Am I the man, is Lincoln the place
Where the church will receive me with becoming
grace?

As it was not mine to make the choice,
I harkened again, to that still small voice
Peace be still, trust and obey;
And I'll go with you and open the way.

Here doubts gave away to thoughts that were
staple
And I arrived in Lincoln on the third day of Aple
Boyant with hope, and with heart all aglow!
I refused to make tracks "in the beautiful snow!",

Of cash in the pocket, as there was no lack,
I summoned to my aid the ever ready hack.
"Say driver," said I, I've got the dough!
Drive me please quick to fourteenth and O.

"Gee up," said the driver, and Ah! sighs galore!
I soon stood knocking at the Lucus door.
"Come in" was the answer, strong and loud
And thus lifted from my heart, its doubty cloud.

I soon stepped in, and with a welcome voice
Friend Lucus really admired the Bishop's choice.
He said, for the present I need not roam
About the strange city to find a home.

On April the seventh without any fumen
I preached my first sermon in the church called
Newman.
"Other foundations can no man lay,"
Words which Paul the Apostle did say.

Today looking back, after three years have passed
Many things about Newman, wear a new cast.
Old debts have vanished at a rapid rate,
And several changes have brought things down to
date.

Hear now the conclusion of the whole matter,
While once again at the door of hope I batter,
To say to old friends once more I balk
For fear to conference I'll have to walk.

Now if you would not have me walking to weary
my calves,
Please lighten my burden with your quarters and
halves.

O say, when once in Topeka, wouldn't I look quite
cute
Standing before the Bishop, in a bran new suit?
Given by friends, who judging by the fruit
Gave and gave freely without blowing a Pharasee
Lute?

Vive Vale.