

A history of George R. Hixson and his wife Mary (McFarlin) Hixson written by their daughter Pearl (Hixson) Boyd, along with two photos, shared by Tom (Hixson) Hickson, Dec 2006; posted to Stevens County GenWeb with Tom's permission

In Memorium

Mary C. Hixson was born in Virginia, 73 years ago. She became a member of the church at the age of fifteen. She was united in marriage to George R. Hixson on May 30, 1875, in Dysart, Iowa.

The Hixsons have been residents of Chewelah, Washington for twenty-seven years. During all these years they never missed attending the Mt. Hope Church, four miles north of Chewelah if it was possible for them to go. When they first came to this country they were among the first to help start a Sunday School. It was not uncommon for them to walk to church and back twice in one day. This was no small undertaking on their part and surely must have required lots of courage and zeal for the Master's work. In later years they drove a team and regardless of weather they were usually found at the Mt. Hope Church on Sunday.

During the last year Sister Hixson's health was quite poorly and she was not able to attend every Sunday, but as long as she was able to be out of bed and had some way to get to church she would be found attending the services.

In November, of 1928, Sister Hixson's health became worse and she was compelled to remain at home and was confined to her bed. Although she received medical attention she did not recover and was taken to the hospital at Colville, Washington, in December. After weeks of intense suffering, Sister Hixson passed to the "Land Beyond the River," on December 22, 1928.

Sister Hixson was well-known to almost every person in the surrounding country. Her religion was one of deeds rather than words. She never missed an opportunity of service to her neighbors. If wealth could be stated in terms of personal sacrifice and loving service her name would be found at the head of the list.

We surely miss her cheerful smiling face from our midst at the Mt. Hope Church and she will always be remembered as one of our oldest and most steadfast members.

There is a mutual feeling among all of her friends, that if we can but live as she did during her life, that we will not have lived in vain. Her life was a wonderful example of faith to us and we can truly and gladly say she "fought a good fight and she kept the faith."

Death

(Written June 18, 1936 by Pearl Hixson Boyd
as she waited by her father's bed)

Death,--Why is it, sometimes you tarry
When some so anxiously wait
Your coming to free them from earth-chains
That have grown so irksome of late?
They plead for your peace and your quiet--
You scoff--your face turn away--
They groan in torment of body--
Oh! why must you still then delay?

Or why do you come in an instant
To others unthinking and gay
Who walk in the ways of life's promise?
But you decree that this is the day
When they shall sever their earth-ties,
So splendid with promise and light;
And before one can think of the outcome
You have come with your terrible blight.

Why come for the babe, dear to loved ones,
Or the youth in the height of their glee?
Or trouble to halt manhood so sturdy,
Whose goodness and greatness we see?
When you scorn the aged who wait you--
(Whose loved ones you've garnered before)--
Enduring the ashes and the pains of frail
bodies
And their life span be full four-score?

To some you bring hope of the future,
Since eternity holds a reward
To each, as you come to release them
Of your own unalterable accord.
To others, their last hope is blasted
When your sickle you swing with such ease
For they tarried too long at their pleasure
Forgetting you come when you please.

They'd neglected the hour that was golden
With promise of life after death--
Seeing only the gloss and the tinsel
Overlooking the frailness of breath--
Breath borrowed from God, at His bidding
To use for the best through our youth
Nor fail at every new obstacle
To dedicate our lives to His truth.

Ah, Death--perhaps you are not able
To pick and to choose as you will;
There may be a power behind you
Whose plans you only fulfill.
Does God look down in His goodness
And snatch a soul here and there
As He sees fit to alter life's pattern
To make it more wonderfully fair?

These bodies, so earth worn and weary;
Our eyes, short sighted and dim;
We fail to see ought but our viewpoint
And forget to leave all with Him.
So--Death, we leave the quarrel we had with you
And pray for more faith to trust Him.
Trust Him for anguish and heartache
Knowing our grief and our tears
Are only a purging most blessed.
He sends, to His own, through the years.

M is for meekness, Mother of mine
O is for Others-- you helped in your prime
T is for Truth--one found in your counsels
H is for Heart--ever constant and true
E is for Everyone you sought to encourage
R is for righteousness--since early youth.

F is for Faithfulness through sun or rain
A is for Ample compassion for pain
T is for Time--ever put to good use
H is for Hands strong to lift--never abuse
E is for Earnest Christian assurance
R is for Rugged zeal and endurance.

Written by Pearl H. Boyd June 4, 1936 as she sat with her father.

no page 6

G. R. Hixson

G. R. Hixson, 81, Chewelah's grand old man, passed away Saturday at Sunnyside, Washington. Funeral services were held at Sunnyside Wednesday, at 10:00 a.m., with the Rev. B. J. Fike officiating. The body was then brought by funeral coach to Chewelah where services were held from the M. E. church this morning with the Rev. J. O. Streeter and Rev. S. Clapper in charge. He was laid to rest at the local cemetery near his companion of almost 54 years.

Mr. Hixson had been in good health until January of this year when he suffered an attack of flu, from which he later had a relapse which effected his heart. He had made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Chester Boyd, during the past five years, where he had taken much pride in his chores about the place.

A man of splendid physique, six feet seven and one-half inches tall, with flowing white beard, and saintly character, and stronger at 75 than most men at 50 years, he was a familiar figure here for many years. He will be long remembered for his many benefactions, although he possessed no great wealth. During the flu epidemic of 1918 when help was at a premium he rendered first aid at wood pile and chores for many stricken families. His wife assisted with the nursing wherever it was possible.

Born in Ohio, he resided in Iowa before taking up a homestead five miles north of Chewelah in 1901. Married in 1875 to Miss Mary C. McFarlen, the couple celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary here in 1925. Mrs. Hixson, also known for many kindly deeds, passed away here about eight years ago.

The couple moved to Chewelah in 1909, purchasing the lots and building their home on Colville avenue during the winter of that same year. They resided there until the death of Mrs. Hixson seven and one half years ago.

Mr. Hixson had served as school director in the Cozy Nook district and also as a member of the Chewelah high school board. He was trustee of the Mount Hope Church of the Brethren.

Two children survive: I. E. Hixson, Bluecreek, and Mrs. Chester Boyd, Sunnyside, Wash.; also ten grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Reminiscence

Written by Pearl Boyd for a Memorial Service at Mt. Hope Church.

In 1901 because of health our family (then living in Hancock County, Iowa) consisting of father, mother, Lew and myself and Grandma Aschenbrenner, came west, hoping that all would profit as to health--which we did. Uncle Christ Aschenbrenner then lived with his family in Spokane, so we made our first home in the West in Spokane from the latter part of April 1901 until the first part of December the same year. We then moved to the old Osborne place at Chewelah which we had purchased and which remained our home until the late summer of 1909. Grandmother had passed away in May of the same year. Father sold out to Lew and Ada Hixson, who were married in July 1904 and we moved to town where my folks had their home until Dec. 1928 when mother passed away.

While in Spokane we had taken many trips with team and wagon and on one of these trips our peculiar dress was the means of finding other Brethren, the Metcalf family who were then living at Medical Lake, Wn. After leaving Spokane we kept up a correspondence and in May of June of 1902 Brother and Sister Metcalf with Leona and Ruby came to visit us. We had a happy time together. They later made arrangements to purchase the Dave Woolley place joining us and took possession in July 1902.

There was no regular religious service nearer than Chewelah, and the community felt the lack--whether Catholic or

Protestant. Several expressed a desire that there might be some organized effort-- Union if need be.

After Brother Metcalf's family came we rather felt that now such a thing was possible as few of the others felt they'd really care to be identified with the work. About that time Mother noticed an offer in "The Messenger" for 6 months supplies free to newly organized Sunday Schools. The two families took it upon themselves to check the sentiment of the neighborhood and appoint a day and hour for organization. Sunday School was to be known as the Chewelah Creek Union Sunday School. If I remember rightly the first superintendent was Brother J. H. Metcalf, Brethren and the assistant was Mr. Turner Hawk--Seven day Adventist, both now deceased. Brother Metcalf you all knew for his faithful efforts. Mr. Hawk was the father of a good sized family and an efficient worker. I want to mention that during the time they remained in the community they were among the regular attendants and supporters of the S.S., though they also kept their Sabbath. This was fall of 1902.

The denominations most interested in the original organization were Adventists Catholic (though most of them were never very active) Swedenborgians and Brethren or Dunkards as most everyone called us.

From the beginning it was an Evergreen Sunday School. Our Attendance wasn't always what it might have been, but was self-supporting from the first, even to purchasing our songbooks, the first of which were Gospel Songs and Hymns # 1-- "Board covers" At first we held our

S.S. in the evening and later changed to the A.M. as the young folks urged a meeting for evening if only to sing. The young people's evening service was organized some time before Brother Cal Clapper's came in 1903. In the meantime Uncle Emmert McFarlen and family had moved in (spring of 1902) and brought my father's relinquishment. That year we built our barn. Uncle Emmert was the carpenter. Not long after it was completed Brother Stiverson and some other Brother (perhaps Bro. D. M. Click) came visiting and we had our first "Love Feast" there in 1904. They anointed Grandmother that night at a very impressive service-- she'd been an invalid since June 1900 and had recently suffered another stroke.

During the years different ministers remembered our isolation (as mother kept in touch with the outside by correspondence in the Messenger) and visited us. Almost always we contrived to have a sermon or two at some home or the school house. Lew Hixson used to get onto a horse and notify the country side.

I like to tell of the splendid sacrifice of Bro. J. Harmon Stever, now gone to his reward, who never failed to call on us even though his trip was unexpected. He'd walk up the old road around by the Horse-Shoe bend with all it's long windings. It was the only road we had for some time and the better one for several years. Even though dead tired Brother Stever gave us a sermon. Also Bro. D. B. Eby, now located at Olympia-- then living at Sunnyside. Then Bro. Stiverson Bro. Click and others.

We were all but overjoyed at the coming of the Clapper family and from that time on there was a steady gain for some years.

We often talked chu ch house--called meetings, made plans--had many offers of building location and material but somehow they all fell through. In Jan. 1906 we lost our house and belongings by fire and found refuge with Bro. Metcalf's and learned to know how much our neighbors would sacrifice for one of their number. It was a wonderful experience, and I'm still thrilled to think how they shared bedding, utensils and anything and everything that we might enjoy a home again. Joe Hartill furnished a lot of our dimension stuff--carpenters and friends gave time in work on the place, etc., etc.

That same month and year Bro. Streeters came to call Chewelah home, becoming a decided help to our group from the church standpoint as well as the social. Sept. 8, 1910 they organized the Mt. Hope Church at our house. Bro. D. K. Click of Tekoa was Elder at that time in the Spokane church where our group had its membership until then, so he was acting elder that day. There was a love feast in our barn that evening and two services at the School house next day (Sunday) At the Sunday evening services when the invitation was given Cora Clapper and I made our decision for Christ.

Since Bro. and Sister Streeter and family were leaving for the East on Monday following the love feast Bro. Click stayed over until the afternoon train and baptized Cora and me in the Colville River below Chewelah, near the bridge--before the river was dredged. It was a beautiful spot.

.....

Uncle Billy Hussbaum conducted singing school (Jan. Feb. Mar. 1906)

We were so very happy the day our little church was dedicated--just to know that our long years of ambition were at last realized and it was free from debt. Bro. Amos B. Peters who was then our Elder... had preached many dedicatory sermons and said that was the only time he'd had the pleasure of knowing there were no debts.

Sometime after the church was organized and church house built the S.S. was reorganized as a Brethren S.S.--with the unanimous consent of the community.

