

65th Wedding Anniversary

Dec. 25 - 1928

Former Brockway Couple Celebrate Anniversary at Their Home in Fredonia.

POEM BY REV. H. B. DAVIS

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Frost, of Chestnut Street, Fredonia, N. Y., celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary at the Frost home Christmas Day, with 43 of their family and friends present.

Annis Powell and William H. Frost were married at Brockwayville, Pa., Christmas eve 1863. Both families were early settlers in this section. Mr. Frost was born and raised on the "Old Frost Farm" above town, where his father A. R. Frost one of the earliest pioneers settled.

Mr. Frost was during his earlier years engaged in the lumber business in Forest County, Pa., and in Lamison, Ala. Later he pioneered in drilling for gas in Chautauqua County, N. Y. and formed and became president of The Frost Gas Co., which brought to the residents of Fredonia, and surrounding towns cheap gas for fuel. He was also President of the Harlan Coal Company, operating in Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Frost have resided in Fredonia for the past thirty-eight years and have a wide circle of friends

With them on their sixty fifth anniversary were all their six children; Mrs. Elizabeth Berg, and Mrs. Peter Dietzen, of Fredonia, Mrs. George Moran of Warren, Pa., Mrs. Mary Popoff, of Fredonia; H. Wilson Frost, and E. Raymond Frost, of Warren, Pa., also sixteen of their eighteen grand children and three of their four great grand children, one grand son and one great grand son being in Mexico.

Those from away at the celebration included Mr. and Mrs. George Moran and family; Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilson Frost, and family; Mr. and Mrs. E. Raymond Frost, and family, of Warren, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kimball, of Elmira; Mrs. Ida Bedeaux, of Brockway, Pa., who as a little girl was a guest at the wedding back in 1863., Miss Ida Shuttleworth, of Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Margaret Shuttleworth, and Mrs. O. A. Sibley, of Warren Pa.

Following the dinner there was a short program of Christmas carols after which Rev. Homer B. Davis, pastor of the First M. E. Church, read a poem which he had written especially for the occasion.

The Fredonia home was beautifully decorated with Christmas greens from Mr. and Mrs. John Chilcott, of Southern Pines, N. C. Mrs. Chilcott, who as a little girl witnessed the marriage 65 years ago, was also a guest at their Golden Wedding.

A BACKWARD AND FORWARD LOOK

Well wife, the years have come and gone.

Since Christmas eve of sixty-three; When you and I were young and strong

And life was full of joy and glee, That was the eve when George R. Moore,

The parson, who has long been gone, Placed your dear hand within my own And said, "Dear friends you now are one."

The times have changed since sixty-three,

Since we at Brockwayville were wed; Our eyes are not so keen as then. The silver locks now crown our head, And now since we have older grown And are from care and worry free, I wonder if this Christmas time Will equal that of sixty-three?

How well I recollect that spot Which we so loved to call our home; It had no beauty painted walls No chandeliers nor marble dome; But just a humble dwelling place. A shelter wife for you and me, Oh, what a sacred spot was that, That home of eighteen sixty-three.

Yes dear, I well recall those days When you and I were young and strong,

I well recall the Christmas time When our lives were filled with song. I never can forget the place We loved so much to call our home, We ne'er can find a happier spot If o'er the world we were to roam.

We have seen a lot of sunshine, We have seen some cloudy weather; But life has had a lot of charm The charm of traveling together. Our God has led us safely through And looking back we plainly see That he has done so much for us Since eighteen hundred sixty-three.

So friends, for three score and five years Life has been to us wondrous sweet;

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But we shall ne'er forget the day When we first heard the baby feet A pattering o'er the kitchen floor And heard a cooing all our own, That marked a high spot in our life, The baby coming made the home.

When God saw we were so much pleased

With that first gift sent from His home He kept on sending boys and girls, Until we had eight, all our own. Two of these children slipped away, They left us many years ago

But we thank God they are safe at home

While we still travel here below.

But think of six big girls and boys To be with us on Christmas day And watch them round the festal board Store turkey, pie and cake away. Six girls and boys all big and strong, To meet with us from time to time Oh friends, that's what makes life a joy

And Christmas day a thing sublime.

When we began to build our home, In eighteen hundred sixty-three, We did not have a telephone No airships flying 'cross the sea. We did not have a Peerless car To carry us both here and there But while we were deprived of these, We did enjoy "The Old Gray Mare."

In winter time hitched to the sleigh This faithful mare would speed along, And sleigh-bells jingling as we went Made life a happy joyous song. No carburator failed to work No squeaking klaxton, honking horn And never once called for a man, To quickly come and tow us home.

So friends we've had a lot of joy Since eighteen hundred sixty-three, We've had some sorrow now and then But, looking back we clearly see That God has scattered here and there A lot of sun-shine clear and bright, And stars have twinkled o'er the path Which we have traveled in the night.

When flood and fire swept our home, Or sickness to our dwelling came We always knew that God was near And ever honored we His name. And now as we have older grown And look out toward lifes Western sea, We gladly say that God has led Since eighteen hundred sixty-three.

And now dear friends while we recall Those happy days of long ago, Our humble home at Brockwayville, Those winter-times of drifts and snow Those days of clearing up the farm And rolling logs, and sawing wood, The huzzing of the old saw-mill Forget these? No, not if we could.

But while we talk of days gone by And we with joy old scenes relate We do not say that those excelled, The joys of nineteen twenty-eight. To have our loved ones here today Makes Christmas time most wondrous sweet.

To feel your love around us twined Makes home, and life and joy complete

And while at times we scamper back And live again those days of yore Yet we are looking heavenward Our eyes are toward the Heavenly shore.

And while we take a backward glance At eighteen hundred sixty-three, We also love a forward glance Toward that fair land beyond the sea.

And while we loved the old pine tree That stood upon the old home farm, We'll love the tree of life much more When we are sheltered safe from harm.

We loved the old spring where we drank And quenched our thirst those summer days

But we will drink from God's own spring In that blest land not far away.

So on this Christmas day we say God bless you all and keep you true, And when these happy days are o'er May we all meet beyond the blue.

Written for Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Frost, on their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary, by, Rev. Homer B. Davis, Fredonia, N. Y.