

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
of
CASSANDRA HANES REAM
(with Chronology and Line of
Descent by Dave Ream)

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF MY LIFE
AS A MINISTER'S WIFE

by Mrs. Theodore J. Ream

I was a minister's wife almost 40 years but to know one's life, I think, we must go back to the beginning. I was born in the hill country of southeast Ohio, a Buckeye by birth. This was in Muskingum Co., Zanesville being our county seat. The background or environment has a good deal to do with one's life. My people were farmer folks, upright and honest and my childhood home one of the humblest of homes. My ancestors on my mother's side were of Scotch-Irish blood, having emigrated from north Ireland several generations before my time. They were not noted for their wealth or high social positions or for their Letters, but they were rugged, conscientious, and church-loving people. They believed very confidently in the creed their church accepted. I think some of them experienced a fine sense of the Divine. These people of mine were strait-jacket, Sabbath-keeping Presbyterians. My father's people were no so ardent church members, but I think they believed in truth and right living. My father was left motherless at one year of age, and there was also a baby brother. He was cared for by a step-mother whose chief interest was to "work hard from early morn to late at night," as she was wont to say. The care of her own little brood as they came along did not leave much time for the care of my father. His nationality was said to be the Spotted-Dutch. My father, whose name was Thomas Hanes, and my mother, whose name was Margaret Ann Dain, were married in the early fifties and formed their humble home in Muskingum Co., Ohio. I was the third child, as well as the third daughter to come to this home. This step-grandmother of mine had often said in my mother's hearing that none of her people had thought enough of her to name a child for her, so my mother thought to please her, she would give this little baby girl her grandmother's name. So I was named and baptized "Cassander." If they had spelled the name and pronounced it correctly, "Cassandra," I would have carried it with better grace.

Just why the Lord ever chose a Minister's wife from such common people has always been a mystery to me. Most of my early life was spent in the little town of Norwich, 12 miles east of Zanesville, attending the pubic school, with all grades and one teacher in one room. One good thing about my home training was that I was required to attend school regularly.

The main street of Norwich was the national pike and is now No. 40, as it runs from coast to coast. I began teaching school in this same little town, a few days before I was 16 years of age, in a new schoolhouse of two rooms, with the handsome salary of \$15.00 per month. The pupils ranged from the ABC class up to the fifth reader. I had 48 pupils that winter and I must have succeeded fairly well as the Board hired me for the next winter's term at an increase in salary of

\$5.00 per month. We received our pay at the end of the term. I taught full time for four years, except one winter when I was 18. I decided I'd go to college that term. I traveled north 100 miles, alone. The train zigzagged around the hills and finally reached Alliance, Ohio, the seat of Mt. Union College, where I roomed with three strange girls, doing our own cooking. At the college I met a young man who was attending his only winter term. He became my friend. He was preparing for the ministry.

But going back to my religious life, I will say I was cradled and baptized in the Presbyterian Church where my mother's people had always worshipped. When I was almost 14 the Methodist Conference sent a new minister to our town. The Methodist Church at this place was not very popular, but this young, married minister seemed to grip the hearts of the people almost immediately. In October he began a revival meeting. He was a good preacher and drew crowds to hear him. This meeting was one of the rather emotional and noisy revivals the Methodists used to have. Nevertheless, it carried conviction of sin to the hearts of the people and there were many conversions. As a schoolgirl I went with other girls to the protracted meeting. Immediately I was under conviction. One evening my mother went with me and on our way home I asked permission of her to go to the altar the next evening. She said, "Yes, you may go. Why did you not go this evening?" The next evening I went alone to the altar. The second evening the Lord graciously rolled the burden of guilt away, but I was not one of the noisy kind. Then I felt I must join the Methodist Church, though one of the girls wanted me to join the Presbyterian Church with her. My mother was willing I should join the Methodist Church. Her pastor and some of the members thought she did wrong to allow me to stray away from their ranks. At this meeting there was a certain young man who was joyously converted and he decided he was going to be a minister. He afterward became my special friend and, of course, I had visions of being a minister's wife, but later developments proved this was not to be with him.

Returning to my college friend, who chose me to become a member of his Bible class and whom I had met only a few times, when he was obliged to go to his home on account of illness. At the close of this term I returned to my home and my teaching. He obtained my home address through one of my roommates and during the next year we exchanged letters occasionally. In the fall of that year he thought he wanted to come down to our part of the country for a short visit, but somehow I managed to sidetrack that visit. He then went with a party of excursionists to Kansas, partly on account of his health and also to find work as a minister. He found pioneer work in central Kansas under the Presiding Elder, Dr. Dearborne. After this we corresponded more regularly. Then, one day while on my knees, the Lord made it plain to me that I should accept his proposals. In November of '78, when I was not quite 20 years old he came to claim me as his bride, so I have been Mrs. Ream ever since, a promise I have never regretted. We were married by my mother's pastor, a fine Presbyterian minister who never could preach without shedding tears. Before we were married I had not heard

my husband preach, so on this first Sabbath we were at home he was persuaded to preach in the evening in our Methodist Church. It was a cold, rainy evening but the old brick church was filled with folks. Some were, perhaps, curious but I think also my friends. I have never forgotten that first sermon, the text of which was, "The Word of the Lord Is Tried." In a few days we went north for a visit with my husband's people whom I had never seen. They were Pennsylvania Dutch people, kind hearted and religious; though they had never known any other church than the Methodist church I never had occasion to feel other than at home with them.

After a brief visit we journeyed on to Kansas and landed at Brookville, where we were greeted by a Kansas blizzard. We were cared for by some friends, Hogabooms by name. As soon as the weather moderated we were driven in a lumber wagon, with our trunks, ten miles south to the Venango charge, which my husband had served the previous summer. This charge had six appointments and was 75 miles around. During the winter we attended four revival meetings. On this pioneer charge we visited the people, some of them living in dugouts and sod houses. We ate with them of their very common fare, also slept there. They made us very welcome.

We had some experiences crossing the Smoky Hill River, or rather, fording it, dangerous on account of quicksand. Once we ventured to cross on the ice with our faithful pony, Dexter, and a buckboard buggy. Before we reached the farther shore the ice broke. The Preacher stepped out lightly and managed to reach the shore, leaving me to drive out. We crossed safely and on that side of the river we visited an English family by the name of Merryweather, who served us tea and—among other things—boiled eggs in little wooden-stemmed cups. It was some art to open the shell and eat from those little cups.

On this charge, one cold day, we went calling with some friends in a big, white, covered wagon. We called on one very poor family living in a one-room shack out on the prairie. They had nine children, all under ten years of age; no twins, but one set of triplets, two boys and a girl. They were named Leaf, Bud and Blossom, and were two and one-half years old when we saw them. There was a cook stove and a small table between the beds on either side. The children's feet were wrapped in rags to keep them warm.

From Venango we were sent by the Conference to Delphos, 50 miles north. We moved in a lumber wagon, with a hired man and his team and our pony tied behind. It took us all day to drive that distance, arriving there about 9 P.M. after fording the Solomon River. This little town had almost all gone to bed, though we did find one man just closing his place of business. He happened to be the next door neighbor to the parsonage. This man, Jimmie Clark, was a Presbyterian and always a good friend. They kept us overnight. We had some outstanding experiences while in this place, which might be interesting. One warm and sultry afternoon in May we were driving home from a District

Conference in Salina. The sky was very heavily overcast and the air oppressive. About 5 P.M. it seemed like a severe storm was near. I insisted on stopping at a farmhouse where we could watch and wait developments. While we were looking, all at once the heavy cloud came down in a funnel-shaped form, and began moving away from us. It crossed the Solomon River, drawing up mud and fish, and by its great whirling power broke the tops from trees, which looked like a great flock of birds. This mud from the river was plastered over the waving wheat fields. The cloud moved on to the northwest, wrecking houses, killing some people and stock as it traveled on and east of our town. We followed the trail and saw the destruction and the excitement of some of the people. Two weeks later another storm struck Delphos at 9:30 in the evening. We were having a committee meeting at the parsonage, arranging for a Children's Day program, when all at once a large barn door from across the street came broadside against the front of our house. The house began to move and we all rushed for the door but could not go outside. To keep our footing we all held together amid the crashing of windows and falling plaster. We could do nothing but sing our prayers: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" and "Rock of Ages" were precious to us then and since. We miraculously escaped injury. There was much destruction and this left us a little nervous about storms.

Next, I want to speak of a very interesting incident in our family life. Just about a year after these storms our first child and son came to bless our home. After some warm weather and dust storms, he came on a cool Thursday noon, the 27th of May, with neighbors and a grandmother in attendance. We knew nothing of hospitals at that time. We named him George Franklin. A note in the local paper said Rev. T. J. Ream was the happiest man in town, simply because an 11 lb. boy had come to his home.

In traveling this charge and going to one of the preaching places, a schoolhouse, it was quite interesting to drive through a prairie-dog-town. The little, tan, fat animals would sit up very boldly on the edge of their ground homes and bark, but when we came near they would drop out of site. My husband shot one once and was very proud of his prize. We spent two pleasant years at Delphos and enjoyed the "Peace of the Solomon Valley." My husband worked very hard in the interests of the Prohibition Amendment to the Kansas Constitution. The salary at this place was \$400.00 plus \$50.00 missionary money. Some of the best people we ever knew lived in this pioneer charge.

From this place we were sent to Russell and moved by train. My husband decided to pack our few belongings in one large packing box. When unpacking this box at Russell we found so many things broken that plans were changed and I was made mistress of the packing boxes. At Russell we found a good parsonage, a nice church and a fine people. That summer of '81 was similar to this one of '34. It was dry and hot and crops burned and storms threatened on the far horizon, which kept us a little nervous. We naturally became a little homesick for our native state. So in August we decided to take a trip east and

visit the home folks, and possibly transfer. At the Conference in September the Bishop transferred us to the East Ohio Conference and appointed us to Neeleyville.

We went by boat down the Muskingum River to McConnellsville, then out six miles farther among the hills. Here we found folks big-hearted and kind, especially some of the Irish people who were rather demonstrative with their kindness. In those days it seemed the most important part of a minister's work was to hold revival meetings at all of his appointments. One of these was at a schoolhouse near the county Farm. The house was built up on stilts, to be out of reach of high water and sometimes the people would come in boats. One man from the County Farm always came and sat on the front seat. When asked if he were a Christian his reply was, "Yes, I always make a start at every big meeting." At the Hopewell appointment on this charge I taught a class of girls. At Christmas they gave me a purse which, I think, contained a little more than seven dollars with which I bought the first silver I ever had, also a gold pen for my husband. I have two of the spoons yet, which I prize. We were at this place one year and then were sent to Byesville, a little mining town five miles south of Cambridge, which is on No. 40. We moved into a small rented house and tried to paper it ourselves, but failed. Soon we moved in with a druggist whose wife had recently died. A little later it seemed necessary to build a parsonage, which we did, and also enlarged the church building. At this place I first came in contact with the W.F.M.S. and was happy to join. I also taught in the S. S. As a remembrance from the class I have a glass cake stand. One little incident at this place stands out very clearly in my memory. We were visiting at a country home and while dinner and being prepared I took my knitting and began to knit. The host looked at me and said, "Why, do you work?" I guess he thought that ministers' wives lived in ease and luxury on about seven hundred dollars a year!

Another little incident at Byesville, our small son and only child at that time insisted on visiting the neighbors. An elderly lady next door had died and Frankie (as he was then) went over, perhaps to sympathize. He said to the niece there, "and your mamma died." She said, "Yes, what would you do if your mamma died?" He replied, "We'd just go over to Macedonia and get another." He had been to Sunday School.

We spent two pleasant years at Byesville; then the Conference moved us to accommodate another minister and we were sent about 30 miles across country to Summerfield. Our Presiding Elder at these places in southern Ohio was Dr. J. R. Mills, whose wife was a member of the Thoburn family and sister of Isabella of missionary fame. Mrs. Mills was a lovely woman with a fine family of children. She wanted me to accept the position of President of the District of W.F.M.S., but I declined. At the four different appointments on this charge my husband spent the winter in revival meetings. At one of the places there was a man who said he had been seeking the Lord for 15 years and was not satisfied.

He was graciously blessed at one of these meetings. He rode on horseback over those hills through rain and mud for days, constantly shouting.

There were two incidents which occurred while we were serving Summerfield, of which, perhaps, I have a more vivid recollection. On Thanksgiving day the preacher was invited to perform a marriage ceremony a few miles out in the country. His wife was invited as a guest. It was a grey, cold afternoon, and I reluctantly consented to leave our small son with one of the neighbors. Just at the edge of town we were about to cross the railroad track, a narrow gauge, when to our left the train was approaching around the hill, near the crossing; a shrill whistle from the train scared our horse. He was frightened and ran. He jumped and kicked as we rode rapidly down the hill. In a very short time, by some miraculous power, the horse and harness were loosened from the buggy and he scampered on down the road. The buggy was overturned and Mr. Ream was underneath. I, somehow, was gently lifted up and out by some unseen power and was placed by the side of the road, on my back, without a jar. It seemed that I was as light as a feather. I got up and went to the buggy and lifted it so my husband could crawl from under. The horse had kicked him on the shin and it was very painful. Otherwise we were not hurt, for which we were thankful. I came back home; my husband went on to the wedding, riding a borrowed horse which stumbled and fell with him on the way. He was just able to read the ceremony, and almost fainted by the grate fire.

Another memory was a trip across the country to our former home, to attend a District Conference. Someone conceived the idea of raising \$20.00 for the W.F.M.S. and with this money the Conference conferred the honor of Life Membership on this minister's wife, the certificate of which I've had in safe keeping ever since. After the winter's work Mr. Ream was on his back with what was afterward called La Grippe, and nervous breakdown. Also about this time I nursed the other two members of the family through a siege of diphtheria.

At the conference in September we asked for a lighter work and were sent north to Damascus, O. This was a more fertile part of the country and the small town was noted for the Society of Friends or Quakers, of which there were two organizations, the Gurneys and the Hixites. They also had the yearly meeting there which was the Mecca for a large numbers of Friends. The Methodist Church at this place was rather weak but here was the home of Mary Carr Curtiss who has been nationally known in Missionary circles. At this noted town of Damascus, the next May, our daughter Florence Blanche was born.

My husband did not fully recover his health, so the next year we were supernumerary, and we moved to Greentown, his old home. This is a close neighbor to Canton, Ohio, President McKinley's old home, and where the bodies of President and Mrs. McKinley lie side by side in a vault. One can see the caskets through a glass front and they are guarded by soldiers.

After a year's rest we were sent to Columbiana which is the birthplace of our second son, Clarence Hanes, who began life with 12 lbs. avoirdupois. Here we found friends in the family of Esterleys, who later came to Kansas, and a part of the family to Topeka. Their three sons were educated dentists. Those little towns were rather staid and not very progressive. About this time we began to think of Kansas again, of her sunshine and bracing breezes and a good time to return.

We arrived in Kansas again in the next spring of '89 and almost immediately met our former P. Elder Dr. Dearborne, who sent us to Auburn which is almost a suburb of Topeka. This was a quiet little town and a good place to rest our nerves. Here was the home of Bishop Quayle's father, a very loyal Methodist, whose home the noted son often visited. It was during our pastorate at Auburn that the Epworth League came into existence, and we were happy to organize a League at Auburn. We spent three pleasant, restful years there, then at the Conference the next March we were appointed to Lowman Chapel.

On March 16 we moved our goods by wagon and the family by carriage, or surrey. It was a frosty morning and our young horses were high-spirited. Our son, who is Frank by this time, hitched them up, and they thought to have some fun with him, staging a runaway. He was not seriously hurt. Some of the men of the town quieted the horses by driving them around for several hours till they were tired. After this we felt safe to drive on to Topeka where good friends were waiting for us at 1124 Prospect Street—now it's Garfield Avenue. We were soon made comfortable and could stay overnight at the parsonage. Just one week from this date, on March 23, our son Dwight Thoburn was born, as Mrs. Colvin can well remember.

I think the outstanding work of our ministry at this time was the Revival held at the Sutherin School House on West 6th Street. It was two weeks' duration and there were fifty conversions. Most of these joined Lowman Chapel and that seemed to necessitate the enlarging of the church building. The Prayer-Meetings at Lowman were always a source of power.

While we were yet at Lowman, and Dwight was just 21 months old, another baby boy—Merrill Joyce—came to join the family circle. I think I never felt more tied down than at this time, with an increasing family and a salary of \$900.00 or less, we could not have much hired help. I did manage to attend the Sunday morning service, as some of the folks now living will remember Mrs. Ream with her brood of five children, all sitting in the seat together, a custom which continued as long as any of the children were at home.

We spent three and a half pleasant years at this place. Then the lure of moving seemed to call again. We transferred to the DesMoines Conference, within the bounds of which my parents had moved. We exchanged with Rev. Goddard who came to Lowman, and we went to Harlan, Iowa, a county seat

where we remained four years. Harlan, in southwestern Iowa, was surrounded by a very fine farming community, with splendid people. The work prospered and progresses so that a new church had to be built. We lived in an old parsonage on one lot. It was some job to keep five children at home on this lot. Of course they had some visitors, but when I thought it was enough I would call my children in the house; then the visitors would disperse. The children's father thought they would be interested in Shetland ponies, so he bought three, and a carriage to fit the ponies. No doubt we were a spectacle taking our drives around the country with these ponies. We found many good people here as we did everywhere. You know the good people are the salt of the earth. Our ministry in Harlan was marked by revivals.

But moving time came again and this time we were sent to Corning, another country seat. A fine class of people were here but the church property was rather poor. The parsonage was old and cold. This was the first place where we had a bathtub. We bought it from our predecessor, and paid him two dollars for it. It was movable and was placed in the kitchen on a raised platform, and we heated the water on the range. This first winter in Corning we were given another little cherub, but were allowed to keep him only two days when his spirit went back to Heaven. We thought to name him Theodore, Jr. My husband carried the little white casket on his lap to the cemetery, where his little body waits alone to join the family some day.

This moving which usually came near the last of September, in Iowa, about three weeks after school had started, was rather hard on those in school, especially in the seventh and eighth grades and high school. This was a pleasant place to live but we moved on, this time to Bedford, in the southern part of the state. Here we had a nice brick church and a fine congregation, and a good parsonage with eleven rooms, electric lights and furnace, but not city water—a bathroom but not equipment. In three rooms and on the front stairs there was lovely red velvet carpet. There was also old parlor furniture. The parsonage was used for church social affairs, and with no maid it was some work for the minister's wife. Then, here, in October, Joseph Harold arrived. That winter I felt that I had just about reached my limit.

However, there were a number of pleasant occurrences. It had been the custom in the Ream family to celebrate the fiftieth birthday anniversary. That time was approaching, in April, for my husband, and he could not well go to Ohio to celebrate. I decided to have a surprise party for him by inviting the Official Board for a dinner. We had some chickens we were wanting to sell, and while he was out one day a neighbor and I cut the heads off of four fine hens. She was good enough to clean and cook them and make pressed chicken. He was a little suspicious of things happening, but said nothing about it. The guests arrived, much to his surprise and also enjoyment. We served the dinner and instead of trays we used lap boards, which the ladies kept in the parsonage basement. This was really a BOARD meeting. A happy climax to this party was a surprise

to me, also, when the Official Board presented to us a dozen pearl handled knives and forks. Later in the evening a brother and two sisters from Ohio arrived to add joy to this birthday anniversary.

Bedford was quite a little city for clubs and I was invited to join the 20th Century Club. I declined the honor of being president on account of family cares. While we were the minister's folk at Bedford our son G Franklin graduated from Cornell College at Mt. Vernon, Iowa. Also, while here, our daughter, Florence Blanche, graduated from high school. We were here three years and the minister's work seemed to prosper but the Conference wheel turned again and we were down for Mt. Ayr, another county seat, 30 miles across the country.

I think this was the first and only time when Mr. Ream felt hurt when the Bishop read his name off for a place of which he knew very little and had not been advised with in regard to it. This place, Mt. Ayr, seemed at that time to be having a depression, as the principal bank had failed and the president, who was a leading member of the church, was on trial for his business operations. The church had sent word to the Conference that the salary would be cut \$200.00. It seemed that the bottom had fallen out. My husband was scarcely able to get home. He told some of the preachers that he was not sure that he would go to Mt. Ayr, but would decide when he got home and talked with his wife. I said to him, "Certainly we will go, there is nothing else to do." So, again we moved by wagon. He decided to go work with new energy and at the first quarterly conference they fixed the salary at \$1200.00, which was the largest salary we had ever received up to that time.

The work was rather pleasant here, the meetings were good, but the church property was very poor and the winters severe. Mr. Ream's health was not good. We spent two winters here, with a wood stove in the living room. While in Mt. Ayr, Bishop McDowell wrote my husband saying, "Bro. Ream, you are a brick." I think he meant that we would pull through all right. The second year, in March, the thermometer stood at 20 degrees below zero, when I frosted my feet. About this time my husband decided he would visit the Kansas Conference. Before leaving this town I want to say that our son, Clarence Hanes, finished high school, also taught a rural school one year.

By some manipulation of the itinerant wheel the Conference at Olathe received us again, and we were appointed to Clay Center. We were glad to return to Kansas sunshine, after having spent eleven winters in Iowa. While we moved in March, Florence remained at Cornell College until June. In September of this year Florence and Clarence enrolled at Baker University, while Dwight and Merrill entered high school. We found very cordial people here and a good church organization, with a fairly good church building, and a big old rambling house for a parsonage, with three acres of ground to cultivate. The parsonage had a basement kitchen and dining room, also two other large rooms in the

basement. One day I counted 97 steps from basement to first and second floors and porches. It was good exercise trying to keep this house in order.

It was from Clay Center that G. Franklin, after having finished his theological course at Drew Seminary and receiving a scholarship to the Free Church College of Glasgow, Scotland, started east to New York and to cross the Atlantic. My heart sank within me with this new experience. He had fine sailing going over and enjoyed the year at college. He visited on the continent a few weeks and returned in March, in time to encounter one of the worst storms the Captain had ever experienced. He was very seasick on the return voyage, but arrived safely and began his work in the ministry in Kansas.

We were sorry to leave Clay Center after two pleasant years of service. The boys in high school were especially sorry to leave, but the conference wheel turned again and we were placed at Central Avenue in Kansas City, Kansas. The church people were fine and enthusiastic. We moved into a rented house which seemed to lack almost everything, even water. I think this was the hardest job yet, to put this place in order. This was one of the years of a flood; there was plenty of water in the valley but we were high and dry. One day when three of us were on the streetcar going over to the Missouri side, my husband said, "How long will we be able to stand this noise and confusion?" Clarence said, "How soon can we get used to it?"

It was while we were here that Joseph Harold started to kindergarten. He had to cross several streetcar tracks and go uphill and down for several blocks, but he made it all right.

While in Kansas City we had the pleasure of attending the Gypsy Smith Revival Meetings in Convention Hall. Both cities appreciated the work of this evangelist.

It was while we were here that Florence graduated from Baker University. Our stay at this place was short, only one year.

When at the next Conference Bishop Quayle appointed Rev. T. J. Ream District Superintendent of Topeka District, we accordingly packed again and moved to the Lowman Hill Community, leaving Dwight and Merrill to finish third year high school in Kansas City, Kansas. Harold was the only child to move with us this time and he started the long trek by entering first grade at Lowman with Miss Schenck as teacher. She at one time was an honored member of this club, the Searchers. Mr. Ream enjoyed the work of the District, especially the associations with his preachers and visiting the rural churches and people. He was not strong physically, but completed his full six years. Since I was not the resident minister's wife I felt a sense of rest and retirement. It was during our term on the District that we built our house, in which I am now living and have

lived all these years except the two years we were the minister's folks in Hiawatha.

It was while on the District that Mr. Ream and I decided to take a trip east, taking Joseph Harold with us. We visited our son, Dr. G. Franklin Ream, who was at this time pastor of a church at Westfield, New Jersey. We enjoyed the trip to the shore, as well as a number of noted places. On this trip was our first visit to Niagra. On our return we stopped at the old home in Northern Ohio and attended a Ream family reunion near Columbus, Ohio. After our return and Harold had entered the fifth grade he decided he wanted to be called by his first name, Joseph, so now he is Joe Ream. It was during this term on the District that Dwight and Merrill finished high school in Topeka and entered Washburn College, graduating four years later. Clarence came home from Baker and took his last year at Washburn. It was also while here that our daughter Florence and Donald Stanley were married. Our oldest son had married an eastern girl, Euphemia L. Miller, four years before.

After the District work was completed we served two years at Hiawatha. This is a lovely little town but we were glad to come again to the Lowman community, and my husband was happy to take the work of financial secretary for the "Home of the Aged," a place he occupied less than a year, when his health finally gave way and he was called to his Heavenly rest and reward.

It was during Joe's first year in high school that his father went away. After high school Joe decided that he wanted to go to K. U. where he could make his own record. From there he went to the Law School at Yale, where he received his degree and a position in New York City.

I should have said that while I was a minister's wife our son Dwight enlisted in the army, joining the Washburn Ambulance Corps, which very much depressed his father, but I felt that the Lord would take care of him.

So ends my life as a minister's wife. I appreciate the prayer of Moses when he said: "We spend our years as a tale that is told," but I cannot agree with the Wise Man when he said, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit;" but rather appreciate the spirit of the Prophet Zechariah when he said, "At evening time it shall be light."

Chronology

estimate

1858-1878	Norwich, Ohio	(east of Zanesville)
1876	Alliance, Ohio	(Mt. Union College)
1878-1879	Brookville/Venango, Kansas	(SW of Selina)
1879-1881	Delphos, Kansas	(north of Selina)
1881	Russell, Kansas	(east of Hays)
1881-1882	Neelysville, Ohio	(SE of Zanesville)
1882-1884	Byseville, Ohio	(south of Cambridge)
1884-1886	Somerfield, Ohio	(?) (Somerset?)
1886-1887	Damascus, Ohio	(east of Alliance)
1887-1888	Greentown, Ohio	(Akron-Canton) *
1888-1889	Columbiana, Ohio	(north of Youngstown)
1889-1892	Auburn, Kansas	(SW of Topeka)
1892-1895	Topeka, Kansas	(Lowman Chapel)
1895-1899	Harlan, Iowa	(NE of Omaha)
1899-1902	Corning, Iowa	(north of Bedford)
1902-1905	Bedford, Iowa	**
1905-1907	Mt. Ayr, Iowa	(east of Bedford)
1907-1909	Clay Center, Kansas	(NW of Manhattan)
1909-1910	Kansas City, Kansas	(Central Ave. Church)
1910-1915	Topeka, Kansas	(District Superintendent)
1915-1917	Hiawatha, Kansas	(NE corner of Kansas)
1917-1948	Topeka, Kansas	

Notes

- Theodore Jackson died in Topeka in 1918.

- Cassander died in Topeka in 1948.

* Greentown was the boyhood home of Theodore Jackson, and the lifetime home of most of his brothers (Old Man's brothers).

** Joseph Harold (Old Man) was born in Bedford.

Line of Descent

1. Johann Eberhardt Ream
2. Nicholas Ream
3. Abraham Ream
4. Peter Ream
5. Abraham P. Ream
6. Theodore Jackson Ream
7. Joseph Harold Ream