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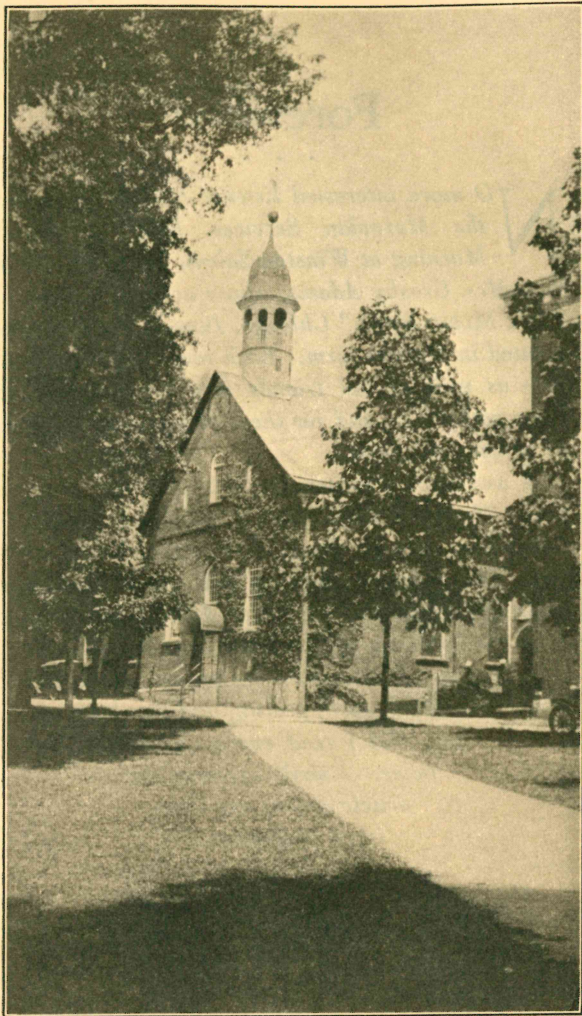


Foreword

NO more interested listener has ever attended the Moravian Services, held on Easter Morning at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, than Mrs. Crosby Adams, whose account written in "THE MUSIC NEWS," Chicago, June 9, 1916, is now printed in booklet form. Each recurring year finds new as well as old friends who are attracted to these gatherings, and for them this account appears in permanent shape.

A well-known writer has this personal word to say: "I do not know when I have been so deeply touched as by your description of that Easter Service. The pictures, showing that quiet, unostentatious graveyard and the Cedar Avenue, the account of the breaking of the dawn, the Chorales, the placing of flowers on the graves, all is so beautiful, so appealing and comforting, that I read everything over twice. I shall preserve the article among my cherished possessions."





HOME CHURCH

Introduction

PERHAPS no one has interpreted with more sympathy the spirit of the Moravian Easter Services as held in the Salem Congregation, than Mrs. Crosby Adams, of Montreal and Chicago, whose interesting and appreciative article is herewith reprinted.

There are obvious reasons why one who is at the same time a gifted musician, a skilled teacher and possessed of spiritual vision, should see so deeply into the inner meaning of this, at once so simple and so profound a celebration of the Death, Burial, and Resurrection, of our Blessed Lord.

Those of us, who have grown up in the joy and inspiration of this annually recurring service, have long loved its simplicity, have appreciated its sincerity and have experienced the deep moving of its living spiritual power.

It is a great joy to us who are the children of this Church, to have, anew, interpreted to us by so sensitive a mind, the hidden spiritual meaning of this distinctive Easter service which has always been part of our happy spiritual heritage.

It is well within our expectation that through the wider publication of this sketch, a deeper understanding will be granted those who may hereafter experience Easter at Salem, and new friends will likewise be gathered who will come under the comforts and inspiration of these services.

As our forefathers declared with clear, quiet faith through many generations, so may we with joy repeat, "The Lord is risen, the Lord is risen, indeed."

HOWARD E. RONDTHALER.

Salem College,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

EASTER AT WINSTON-SALEM NORTH CAROLINA

By MRS. CROSBY ADAMS

A VISITOR in one of our large and ever growing Western cities had been royally entertained by his host, who had spared no time nor expense to show his distinguished guest the evidences of material prosperity as seen in the imposing buildings and industrial plants which mark that city as an unusual center of human activity. The guest duly commented on the civic pride and enterprise that had made such things come to pass, and then said: "But where are the shrines?" The host was at a loss to answer this question, for not only had this city failed to treasure its early history, but it had ruthlessly destroyed certain landmarks that would have grown more precious as the years passed by. Feeling the full force of his guest's query as never before, he regretfully replied, "There are none."

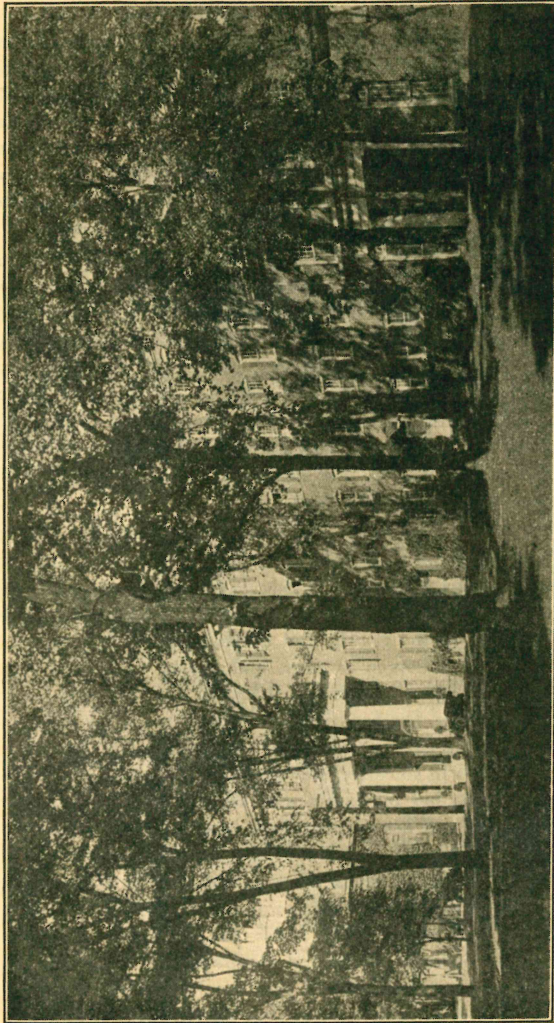
Webster defines a shrine, as "A place hallowed by its history or associations." Such a place is Winston-Salem, N. C., and because of these hallowed associations each recurring Eastertime finds many a visitor journeying towards this Southern city to listen to the services of Passion Week, held in the Moravian Church. I say "listen" advisedly. It is not a place for the curious or for those who desire excitement, but rather for the thoughtful, reverent and attentive hearer. And such there are in numbers who come annually to these unique services. For myself, it was the first time. First times are, as a rule, the best times. When one hears a great orchestra or a great chorus for the first time, for instance, one is to be congratulated, for never again can like sensations be experienced. So to me, the sensations experienced this first time at Winston-Salem can never be duplicated.

As I journeyed to the city from my home up in the mountains there were several unusual things to enjoy en route. To begin with, this church festival day came unusually late this year (April 23d being an Easter date that will not occur again until the year 2000, although 1943 Easter will fall on the 25th of April), therefore spring had "come laughing o'er vale and hill," and all along the way were the entrancing tints of the early foliage, the tender greens and soft pinks and browns being veritable pastel colorings, while the wild flowers were in full bloom.

There is a very interesting flower custom in Winston-Salem; it is to tenderly nurture the bulbs and early garden posies so they may mature not only at their appointed time, but crown this particular day with their loveliness. But this year, nature being so well along with her reckoning, many flowers had come and gone, so the residents had to plan otherwise. The flower shops offered most alluring displays, and never were pure Easter lilies statelier or lovelier than at this season, and there was a generous supply for everyone who desired them.

A brief word is in order about the Moravian Church. "The Moravian Church is the oldest of Protestant churches, and had its beginning in Southwest Europe in 1457. Its labors for the Kingdom were begun in America in 1740. The story of the growth and development of this church is one of deep human interest, and among Christians everywhere the Moravian Church is known and esteemed for her noble history, her beautiful forms of worship, the simplicity of her faith—the one article of this faith being 'To love our Lord Jesus in sincerity, and to live to His glory'—her worldwide unity, her fellowship with all believers, her interest in education and her pioneer work in missions. This denomination rejoices to believe in the familiar presence of the Divine Savior, to whom every question of the daily life can be referred. The beautiful worship of this church appeals to old and young. The music has for many, many years been a source of power and inspiration. This is especially true in the congregational singing of the great chorales of the church in their ancient four part form."

I have written of what it means to "listen." Perhaps



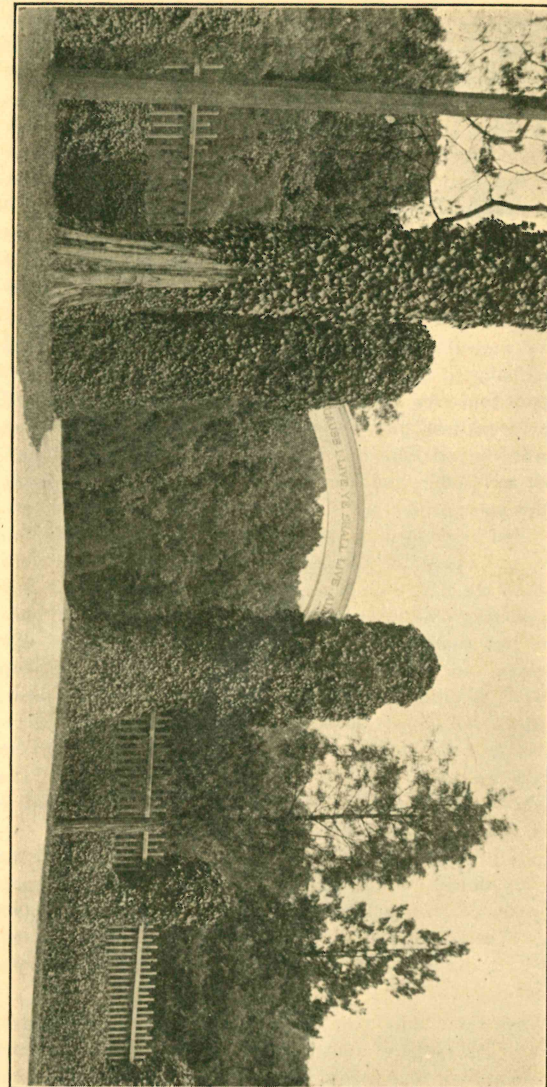
MAIN HALL, SALEM COLLEGE

nothing illustrates more fully my meaning of the term in this connection than to tell of the Moravian custom of announcing the death of one of its members. They divide their congregation or community into six classes or "choirs," namely, married men, married women, single men, single women, boys and girls. When any member dies the trombone choir ascends the church tower and plays the chorale, "O Sacred Head Now Wounded," then another chorale which determines the sex of the one who has died and his or her class or "choir," and finally the first chorale is repeated. This custom reveals to the listener who it is that has passed over the river, or who has "crossed the bar," as Tennyson so beautifully expresses it. None of that utter sadness of soul seems to be the experience of those connected with this denomination in their attitude towards death. Can you imagine what comfort it must be to lift one's eyes to these mottoes that are graven over the several gates that lead to the graveyard from the noble "avenue" that is the approach to "God's acre"? Here are the reassuring words found on either side of the arches, wrought in lettering that does not fade nor tarnish, because care is expended to keep clear and bright these illuminating phrases: First—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." And on the reverse side, "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Second—"Because I live, ye shall live also." Third, in the same order—"I am the Resurrection and the Life." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Fourth—"The Lord God giveth them light." "And they shall reign forever and ever." And on the fifth and last gate, "Till the day break." "And the shadows flee away."

This avenue presents an uncommon picture, with its tall trees covered with English ivy so old that it has assumed unusual shapes and the foliage seems unlike that found down near the ground. It has possessed the neighboring trees and the friendly fence as well. An enormous boxwood tree, which must be fully 100 years old, is a very interesting object to study and enjoy. Indeed nature has been very lavish also in providing a great number of noble old trees for the background. The graves are simple

mounds each with a square stone lying flat at the head. They are in groups of sixty-six in each plat, these being surrounded by well kept paths. In these plats are sections apportioned to the various "choirs" or classes, the men, women and children in their several groups, as indicated in another part of this article, instead of in family lots. Here lie together rich and poor, no rank nor station being noted, death indeed being the leveler. The entire absence of monuments of miscellaneous sizes and designs is a most welcome prospect to the eye as one takes in the wooded vistas in every direction. In passing, one would linger to decipher lettering now all but obliterated which told of the faithful one who had laid down life's activities in 1771. Many other dates were almost equally remote.

Desiring to hear as much of the Passion Week services as possible, I arrived in time for the Communion held Thursday evening in the newly remodeled old church. The dates near the pulpit, 1766-1916, revealed the fact that the community was established on the former date and that they had recently celebrated their one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It is most interesting to imagine the successive stages of growth from the primitive conditions of the old Moravian Church of long ago to this up-to-date edifice, simple and unpretentious, yet finished in excellent quiet taste, with a good organ, perfect heating and ventilating and indirect lighting. One feels the welcome extended even before reading "Welcome to the Home Church." The services for Passion Week are arranged in sequence so that the continuous story of Christ's Passion, up to and including the Resurrection, are each in turn celebrated. They are interspersed with the grand old chorales of the church, sung by all the people on every occasion. These are sung as a rule from memory, both as to words and music, but the text is furnished for those who do not know them. The worshipfulness and churchly dignity of each service are most impressive. One could not fail to be touched by the message, told as it is in song and story. These preparatory periods of worship should, if possible, be heard before the crowning event, Easter Day. This day, so anticipated, is ushered in by the playing of a band of silver and wood instruments to



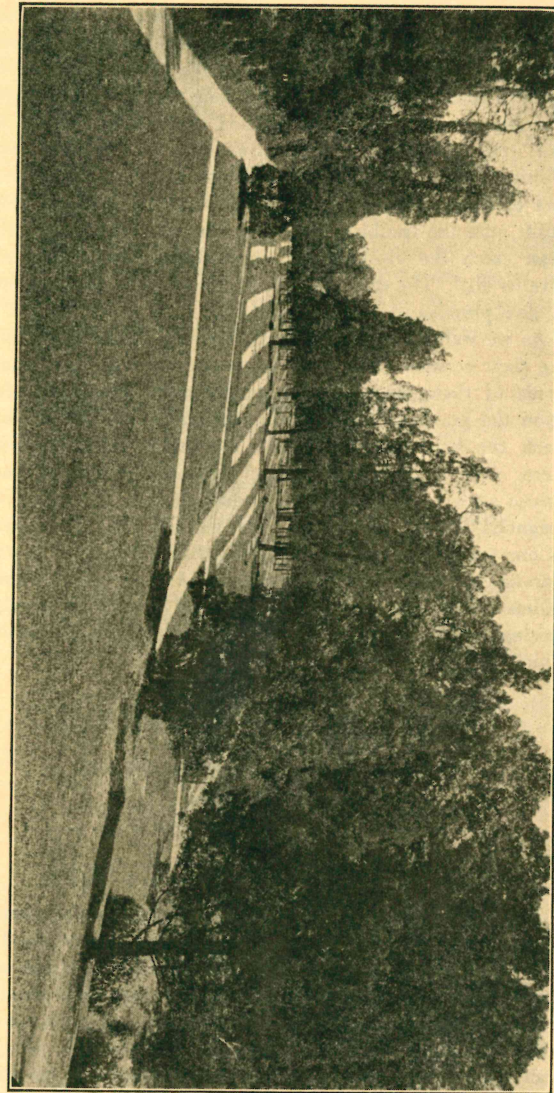
A GATEWAY

the number of over one hundred. Many of the players have performed this labor of love for years in order to perpetuate the traditions. Others, young college students, plan to be there to lend their aid, while young boys are also seen in the group. This band is divided into smaller sections which are appointed to different parts of the city, where they play these same chorales familiar to old and young alike. The strains of music float to one's ears between two and four o'clock in the morning, and quite fittingly the first chorale given is "Sleepers, Awake." This means if one is to go to the sunrise service in the graveyard (the Moravians do not say cemetery), that no time must be lost.

We were fortunate guests of President and Mrs. Howard Rondthaler at Salem College for breakfast at the unusual hour of four-fifty. This early meal is in truth only intended as a "break-fast" in the old accepted sense of the word, but affords the refreshment needed at the outset of the day. Fruit and coffee, and a certain favorite "sugar cake" made at this special time, were served to the students and guests. We then assembled in the church, which adjoins the college, and heard the directions given to the different marshals of the day, then wended our way to the street to find a gathering multitude of people. The first rays of light were just coming over the eastern horizon and by its dim reflection we could follow the printed service. Bishop Edward Rondthaler, beloved by all people of all creeds, stood on the church steps and began this impressive service in a clear, ringing voice. Each recurring season the people wait for this significant moment, as he says, "The Lord is risen!" The multitude make answer, "The Lord is risen indeed!" Then followed scripture passages and chorales, after which we all started up the beautiful avenue already described which leads to the Moravian graveyard. A group of players headed the procession and played two lines of a hymn tune, another group at a distance answering with the following two lines until the hymn was completed.

When the middle gate was reached all entered the graveyard. The ranks of four abreast were close together, and it took a long time before the throng of 10,000 people were

THE GRAVEYARD



within the enclosure and quietly standing to hear the Bishop continue the service. This was held around the plat set apart for the earliest members of the church, long since gone to their reward. The concluding words of this early morning service must have touched every heart. No pen can well describe this impressive scene of the thronging multitude, who had gathered to commemorate this supreme fact of human history. One felt nothing but gladness and uplift, and the troubled soul, even through tears, could almost catch the vision of the risen Christ, "who died to save us all." The sun was now high enough in the heavens to give promise of a fair Easter Day.

As we walked quietly away we saw the Easter lilies lifting their scented chalices to the early morning light, hundreds of them, as well as countless other blossoms, laid upon the graves by loving, reverent hands. Earlier in the week the headstones had been thoroughly scrubbed and were, save those weatherbeaten with age, white as the driven snow. Some graves were quite hidden by sprays of magnolia leaves. A pall of solid wisteria caught the eye as one passed a mound, a rarely beautiful offering to North Carolina's poet, John Henry Boner. Another mound had violets rooted and bravely growing, and recalled the lovely closing verses of Homer Norris' exquisite Easter Carol, which reads:

O violets tender,
Your shy tributes render!
Tie round your wet faces your soft hoods of blue;
And carry your sweetness,
Your dainty completeness,
To some tired hand that is longing for you.

O world bowed and broken
With anguish unspoken,
Take heart and be glad, for the Lord is not dead.
On some bright tomorrow
Your black cloud of sorrow
Will break in a sweet rain of joy on your head.

Arriving at our various homes or stopping places about 7 gave time for breakfast and a little rest before the 11 o'clock service. This was the typical Easter service as usually held in any church that marks the day as it should be observed—responsive readings, the dear chorales, now with the note of uplift, two anthems by the well trained choir of mixed voices, and appropriate selections by the

organist, Dean H. A. Shirley, of Salem College, who had also played for all the previous hours of worship. I was much interested in the harmonic settings of these chorales, ranging as they did from Bach to Max Reger.

The evening meeting brought to a quiet end the story or narrative, chosen as usual from the Bible, with fitting music, the exultant note of the resurrection always uppermost.

I cannot close this sketch of a simple yet beautiful series of services without quoting the following poem by Helen Ekin Starrett, who has caught, with the poet's rare insight, the true vision of immortality, as she says:

EASTER

Again the spring! Again the Easter lily;
Again the soft, warm air with odors rife;
Again the tender green on hill and valley;
Again the miracle of risen life!

Again from the dark mold of their entombing,
In all their lovely robes of radiant hue,
The crocus and the violet are blooming,
The selfsame flowers our earliest childhood knew;

Again the birds in joyous flocks are winging,
Chirping their notes of love and nesting days;
Again the sound of happy children singing
Along the lanes and in the woodland ways.

And, as I gaze and listen, tears are welling—
Glad, happy tears that in my heart a voice
Answers the budding trees and blossoms swelling,
And in earth's springtime gladness can rejoice.

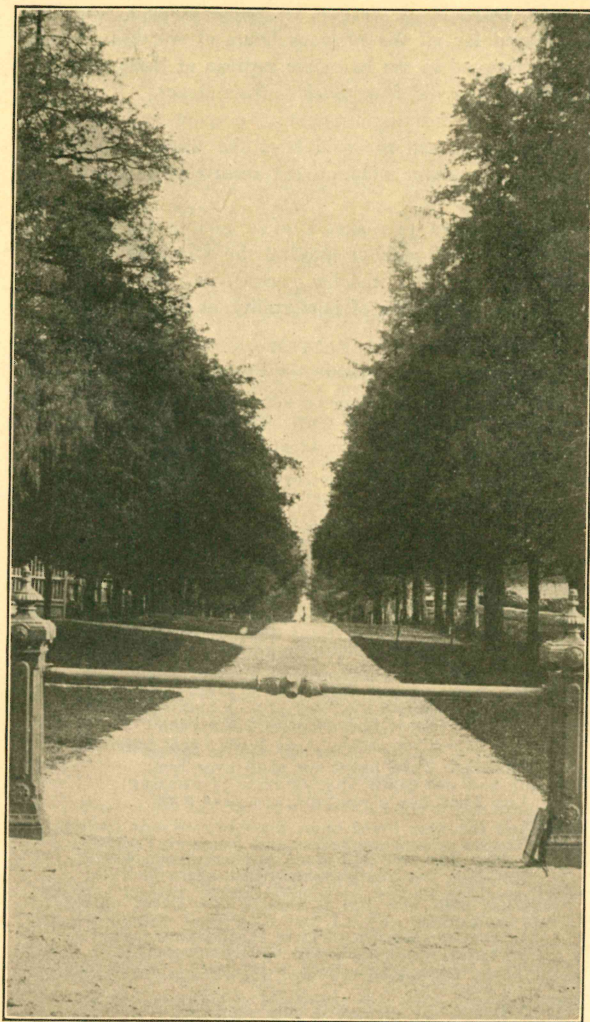
For of this lovely life around me springing
My inmost being feels itself a part;
"This is immortal life," my soul is singing;
"This is immortal hope within the heart."

"Father of Spirits"—thus my soul is saying—
"Because Thou livest we shall ever live;
Life and not death Thy universe is swaying;
Life Thou has given, and wilt ever give.

"And the dear loved ones, gone beyond our seeing,
Toward whom our hearts still yearn so tenderly,
In Thee they live and move and have their being;
Not lost, nor changed, they live again in Thee.

"What glad new life is theirs, this sweet spring
morning?
In that far Heaven of Love that is their home!
Can sweeter flowers bloom for its adorning
Than those which ever with earth's springtime
come?"

"O Death, thy victory is only seeming!
O Grave, thy sting but ends earth's pain and
strife!
Through them all souls at last to Thee are coming
Who art the Resurrection and the Life."



THE AVENUE

THESE lines commemorating the "Avenue," leading to the Salem Graveyard, were written by John Henry Boner, born in Salem, N. C., 1845. He lies buried in this Graveyard, and his gravestone bears the following inscription, written by his friend and admirer, Edmund Clarence Stedman:

*"That gentlest of minstrels who caught his
music from the whispering pines."*

—

How Oft I've Trod That Shadowy Way

Full many a peaceful place I've seen,
But the most restful spot I know
Is one where thick dark cedars grow
In an old graveyard cool and green.

The way to the sequestered place
Is arched with boughs of that sad tree,
And there the trivial step of glee
Must sober to a pensive pace.

How oft I've trod that shadowy way
In bygone years—sometimes while yet
The grass with morning dew was wet,
And sometimes at the close of day,

And sometimes when the summer noon
Hung like a slumberous midnight spell—
Sometimes when through the dark trees fell
The sacred whiteness of the moon.

Then is the hour to wander there,
When moonlight silvers tree and stone
And in the soft night wind is blown
Ethereal essence subtly rare.

At such an hour the angels tread
That hallowed spot in stoles as white
As lilies, and in silent flight
They come and go till dawn is red.



City Bells

A sound of music gently swells
Along the breeze—it comes and goes
Faintly, and now to clamor grows.
The bells are ringing—Sabbath bells.

From Belfries dedicate to saints,
And steeples called by holy names
Of men who died for Christ in flames,
The music bursts, and flies and faints
Far up in air, along the blue
Still shore of heaven, and into spray
Of silvery silence dies away . . .

Now, slowly, softly breaking through
The mist that veils departed years
With half-shut eyes I dimly see
A picture dear as life to me—
The place where I was born appears—
A little town with grassy ways
And shady streets, where life hums low,
(A place where world-worn men might go
To calmly close their fading days.)

One simple spire points to the skies
Above the leafy trees. I hear
The old Moravian bell ring clear,
But see no more—tears fill my eyes.

No more have I in that dear place
A home; and saddest memories cling—
Ah, sad as death—to everything
About it. But by God's good grace,
Where'er it be my fate to die,
Beneath those trees in whose dark shade
The first loved of my life are laid
I want to lie.

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