

*W. H. H. H. H.*

THE CROSS OF GLORY WINDOW  
BY NELLIE GRACE

It is good to remember the old days and what happened then, for when this generation passes, who shall remember the people who lived a generation ago, now but a name on a tombstone, gone and forgotten. The deeds and thoughts that we could emulate will not be written down for us to dwell on, for we will be too busy getting on with the business of daily living with no time for memories.

So! it is good to recall. Who put that window in the church? Why did she choose that subject? What kind of a woman was she? Did she want us to remember her or her children?

It was a shock when I realized that I was the last one of the family who could write these things down. The rest of the family did not know her only as (dear grandma).

Marion Pullen was born in Cranbury 1858, a small stage coach stop between New York to Philadelphia at one time, now a sleepy little farming community, not much going on. Everybody is busy sending their sons off to the war between the states, and doing what they could for the war effort. James Hawkins, the man she was to marry someday was 25 years old then, born in 1833 and already serving in the army. When he came home there were plenty of girls to choose from, but not many men for the girls to select. Anyway he married Laura Wade, but after a few years Laura died leaving no issue, and then he married Marion Pullen my Grandmother. Funny thing though, my mother the first child, was named after Laura. I never could understand that, but they had four children, all turned out well. Laura married Burrowes T. Lambertson, son of Mary Jane and Stephen Girard Lambertson. They had a farm next to the Hulshart Farm on Valley Drive. The Hulsharts were the parents of Margie Vanbrackle. That is where Papa met Mama at a party.

Arthur had a fine position with a Life Saving Equip. Co. in Palmerton, Pa. Orville became a prominent Lawyer in New York. William was a dentist with offices in Trenton and Freehold. He married and lived in Freehold. His business became good enough to close his offices in Trenton and enlarge the one in Freehold. He became a councilman and was well liked in the town. Grandmother was proud of her children and they of her.

Let us go back a little way now to the time when she was married. On her wedding day she wore a London smoke blue dress, with a bustle in the back, and gold buttons down the front with an amethyst broach pinned to her bosom. They rode in a horse and carriage to Deal where they were married by a minister that James knew. That also was her wedding trip. No fuss or to-do about it. They moved into the house on Mill Road, which still had the wooden sink and shelves in the kitchen that used to be the tap room of the old revolutionary tavern. They had a struggle to survive. Grandfather had only his pension from the Civil war. Grandmother raised chickens, guinnie hens, turkeys and a cow. Grandfather also had chickens which from the eggs they laid, he walked to South Amboy to sell to his customers, walking fast with his basket on his arm and his long white beard flowing over his shoulder. The family were not allowed to eat of those eggs or chickens.

Grandmother became a midwife to eke out the family cash. She often told me that she had over 100 babies and never lost one. Old Dr. Guesswin was the doctor and often praised her for her work. Mary a mother said (they knew they would be alright if she were with them). She brought Margie Van Brackle into the world, also Natalie Pruden who was Natalie Smith then, a former member of our church. I know others will recall her too as their nurse. In the blizzard

of 88 it was a severe hardship. Mother was 5 years old then and could remember the snow piled higher than the window sills. The dam in the old mill down the road went out and never was replaced.

The cow gave milk and butter which grandmother sold. (We still have the old butter churn). Grandfather raised bees and they sold the honey. The children grew and Arthur kept a small tobacco shop on the corner of Freneau Ave. and Texas Road. Orville wanted to be a lawyer, but they did not have much money, so he worked his way through Bucknell college. He spent long hours late at his studies and came down with T.B. He had to drop out and spend a lot of time in a sanatorium. It was a proud day when he graduated with honors from Bucknell.

As her fortunes improved so did her faith in God, which she also imparted to her children and grandchildren.

She was able to improve the old house and still keep its main structure. She planted flowers, many varieties of iris. The trees grew tall and shady. The lawns were always cut and green. Her fruit trees flourished, and Grandfather would make trips to New York on the Keyport steamboat and bring back a barrel of flour and a slab of bacon for the winter. There was always a barrel of apples in the cellar and benches on which were pans of milk gathering cream.

There are many tales I could tell you of the old house and the Christmases that were spent there with all the children coming home. The fun, the games, and carol singing by the old pump organ which grandmother earned by picking apples. The parties, and wonderful times we had, but we are talking about grandmother, so we will go on.

She took in summer boarders from the city who wanted a taste of country life. She supplied good food and tennis, and the unpolluted air of the country brought them back year after year.

Mother was married in the front parlor, decorated with flowers gathered by the boys, and the organ played by Maude Banke. It was raining that day and the rain came down in torrents. After the rain stopped they took a horse and wagon to the depot and then the train, to New York for their honeymoon.

Grandmother had a saying which some of you may remember her saying, that "She put her left foot first when she entered the church." I do not know why it was so, but she always remembered to put her left foot first in the door of the church. She belonged to the Ladies Aid Society and once every three months it was her duty to gather 25 cents from each member who lived in Freneau. She loved this and looked forward to the visits and chats with her friends. She belonged to the Eastern Star and the Woman's Auxiliary of Matawan Post 176 American Legion. She wrote items for the Matawan Journal and earned her winter coats this way. I remember every Christmas her gift to a neighbor of a mince pie and a fruit cake, given with love because she felt that they did not have as much as she did. I don't suppose there are many now who remember her as a well dressed lady who would come to church every Sunday, sometimes with her children, grown up now, and with joy in her heart that she could worship the Lord in His Holy Temple.

When her son William wanted to go to college to become a dentist he borrowed \$400 from Grandmother which she gave him. After he graduated he contracted polio, which left him with a lame leg. But that did not deter him, and he became successful and paid back the \$400.

Grandmother decided that here was her chance to do something for God. She thought and talked of nothing but a window in the church. Thinking back I remember that in her bedroom was a picture of a rock on which was a cross. Around the rock were wild waves dashing against it, and a bedraggled woman with long loose hair clinging to it. I thought it was a hideous frightening thing, but now I see that all through her life she knew that the cross and what it stood for was her only salvation, and the cross on the window was her belief in God, never wavering, steady as a rock on which it stood and Her beloved children underneath in God's care.

She died in her sleep. My son was born the day she was buried. The fourth generation. In her will she left \$500 to the church to buy chimes for the Glory of God.

I remember

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The house where I was born  
The apple trees the droning bees  
The chickens call for corn.

The mournful wail of the five o'clock train  
The warm and fragrant summer days  
The grass, the shade, and Queen Anns Lace  
But most of all, My dear Grandma's face.