

In Memoriam

William Scott Jordan was born in St. Clair county, Illinois, May 10, 1803, near the old Shiloh church, the first place of regular Methodist preaching in Illinois. When about seven years old he moved with his father, James Jordan, to Pike county, Missouri. In the spring of 1822 he settled in the east part of Jacksonville, near where the Berean College stands. The first society of the Methodist Episcopal church in Morgan county was organized in his father's house, and the first quarterly meeting was held there. November 2, 1830, he was married to Eliza Hill, who was born in Pennsylvania, January 18, 1807, and with whom for more than 48 years he traveled the path of life. Five sons and two daughters survive him, and two sons and a daughter passed before him to the heavenly world—one died in the army a soldier, and a soldier for God. They have also now living twenty grandchildren.

His father served in the Revolutionary war, and Brother Jordan enlisted in 1832 and served in the Black Hawk war. He and his wife were members of the first class organized at Ebenezer, and of which he was appointed the first leader. He was also the first superintendent of the Sunday school here, which position, with that of class leader and church trustee, he has held almost continually for 42 years. The large numbers of ministers and members who have served with him in church fellowship, through these long years, have never laid aught to his charge, but for honesty, integrity and devotedness to the work of the Lord, he was beloved by all.

His large hearted and liberal handed benevolence is known to you. With his industry, economy and regular temperate habits, had he practiced the selfishness of many he might have acquired a large worldly estate, but viewing now his cheerful, useful life, who would exchange his record for their wealth? He lived peacefully and happily among us; he died triumphantly. Earth has lost much of its attraction since he has gone; but heaven seems so much nearer. We will not grieve because he has ceased to grieve; we will not shed bitter tears of anguish when tears are wiped forever from his eyes.

Instead of mourning at the dispensation that has removed him. We will praise God, who has lent him to us so long.

While worshiping last night and this morning at the family altar, where he had kindled the fires of devotion for nearly fifty years, we missed him, but when we thought of his association with Brother and Sister McElfresh, Tucker and others of the old class here, we could but contemplate him as a conqueror crowned.

And these, with the innumerable company from the companionship toward which we travel today. They wait to welcome us; let us go and meet them. They are looking out for us, let us never disappoint them.

Wm. Rutledge.

Submitted by: Judy Watt