

## Exploring the Cemetery: Stained Glass 8

It's time to move to the other side of the church to a set of windows that read "In Honor of My Parents and Sisters, By Emma C. Lowry" and "In Memory Of Mr. and Mrs. David B. Habecker, By Mildred E. Sheaffer." I've decided that these should be called the "hotelier" windows.



David B. Habecker (1866-1923) was the son of Daniel D. (1832-1886) and Fay Anna (Becker) Habecker (1827-1866). In general, the Habeckers were early 18<sup>th</sup>-century Anabaptist settlers in the area between Pine Hill and Clay. Fay Anna died shortly after giving birth to David and is buried at Middle Creek. Daniel gave up farming and moved to Rothsville where both David and Daniel were active in Jerusalem Lutheran and are buried there.

David Habecker's wife was Leah Lowry (1870-1916), daughter of John and Joanna (Powell) Lowry. Emma Lowry, who sponsored the window, was the unmarried half-sister of Leah. Emma also had two full sisters who are buried in the cemetery: Catherine Priscilla (1852-1893) who was married to John F. Ruth Jr., and Louisa (1850-1916), who was divorced from George Smith. John Lowry's first wife, the mother of Emma, Catherine Priscilla, and Louisa was Mary Becker who is buried

at Emanuel Lutheran at Brickerville. So, Emma's non-specific dedication was probably meant to include her father, John, her mother, Mary, and her stepmother, Joanna.

John Lowry (1822-1892) ran both the Pine Hill and Swan Hotels and Daniel D. Habecker also ran the Swan Hotel. According to his obituary, Daniel was "kind and neighborly, honest and sober at all times, though in a position where temptations frequently overtake man's weakness."

Daniel D. Habecker's second wife was Susan Mohn who took over the hotel after Daniel's death and married George Young. Susan Mohn was married three times and outlived all three husbands. She died without issue in 1916 and was buried in the cemetery.

Leah (Lowry) Habecker died at 45, from diabetes. She and David had no surviving children, although there was a daughter, Joanna, who was born and died in 1900.

The sponsor of the Habecker window was Mildred "Millie" Shaeffter (1904-1990) who later married Harry Lied. It took me a while to figure out why Mildred would have sponsored this window. At the time she was young, unmarried, and as far as I could see, unrelated to the family. But there is a connection.

Louisa Lowry had a daughter with George Smith named Mazie. Mazie married Milton Sheaffer and had Mildred, and Mildred sponsored the window.

To conclude, I'd like to include an obituary for C. Priscilla (Lowry) Ruth who died in 1893. They just don't write 'em like this anymore.



*Lititz Record* (Lititz, Pa.), Friday March 17, 1893: - **Death of Mrs. John F. Ruth**

"Another bright spirit has fled, has winged its way to the realms of everlasting peace, one whom all loved, and who had a cheerful word for each one with whom she came in contact. At three o'clock on Friday morning, after an illness of but five days, C. Priscilla Ruth, wife of John F. Ruth, Esq., of Rothsville, "passed over the river." It is hard to realize indeed, to be made to feel, that she who was so lately a genial friend, has passed forever from our sight; but the sorrowful fact is there, and will not down at our bidding. Kind and gentle in disposition to everybody, she was the centre of a delighted circle wherever she was found. Very shortly ago we little dreamed that that higher power, which "doeth all things well," would so soon see fit to remove from this world, one of the kindest of our neighbors.

"The old must die, the young may die;" but never perhaps did the announcement of a death fall upon the ears of loving friends with a greater shock than that which reached us on Friday--"Now, our good neighbor, Priscilla, is dead!" The deceased who was a daughter of John Lowry, leaves a husband, two sons, two sisters, a brother, a step mother and two step sisters, to mourn her loss.

The funeral of the deceased took place from her home on Monday forenoon at half past nine o'clock, and was attended by an immense concourse of people. The cortege moved from the house to the Evangelical Lutheran church of Rothsville, where the casket was opened, and all present took a last look at the face of the loved departed.

The body was then consigned to its final resting place in the cemetery lot, after which Rev. G. Hagen, pastor of the Evangelical church, delivered a very fine and particularly impressive funeral sermon from Rev. 3 chapter and 5th verse. Many tears were shed during the course of this sermon, not only by the relatives, but by almost all present. The Evangelical Sunday school sang at the house, at the grave, and at the church where the services were held. The following pieces were sung: At the house--"Shall you? Shall I?--at the grave, "All Night the Angels are Looking on Me, one of the favorite hymns of the deceased, and in the church--"Blessed Assurance," "Meet Me There," and "Carried By the Angels." Miss Addie Reigert presided at the organ. The singing was admirable and touching in the extreme.

The pallbearers were Jacob S. Hallacher, Chas. Fry, Henry L. Cooper, Albert Mumma, C. G. Royer, Geo. W. Royer, six of her brothers in the Lord.

The floral tributes were exquisite in the extreme. Miss Eva V. Weidler prepared very beautiful wax flowers, which were placed in the hands of the deceased; Misses Mary and Annie C. Steinmetz, natural flowers beautifully interwoven; J. Hay Brown, Esq., of Lancaster, who is a devoted friend of the family, one of the most beautiful wreaths that eyes ever beheld.

The occasion will long be remembered as ones of unusually mournful interest, and the best evidence of the esteem in which the deceased was held was found in the fact that nearly every one in the community in which she lived was present to pay tribute to her memory.

We extend our sincere sympathies to the afflicted family, reminding them that they mourn not as those without hope, and that their loved one has gone to that home where cares and sorrows are unknown."

*But night has fallen, the day is done,  
And sorrow reigns on the dread black throne,  
"Mother is dead!" is the wailing cry,  
And hollow echos goes hurrying by.*

*Oh! Who can tell of a mother's love?"  
Who can measure, save God above?  
And who can tell of a mother's loss,  
Save those who bear that heavy cross.*