

When I first became old enough to get interested in the women's work in the church, Mr. Burwell was the Rector at Upperville and the two women's organizations were the Girls' Guild, and the Women's Auxiliary. The Auxiliary was devoted to missions only and the Girls' Guild worked for Trinity Church. To me and my friends the "Girls" seemed very ancient. They were probably much younger than I am now. They called on us young fry for plenty of active work but they made the policies and decisions and we set up the card tables and chairs for the ice cream sociables and cleaned up afterwards. They were the chiefs and we were the Indians. Some years later when the "Girls" were getting really old it was obvious that the next generation would have to take full responsibility. With an eye to the future, refusing to call ourselves "Girls", we organized Trinity Guild in 1931 or 1932. Many new projects were undertaken, an active Sunday School being one - we ran a school bus to bring in the far off children. The old church had no kneeling benches. We engaged a local carpenter to make wooden bases and spent one entire hilarious day with hammers and tacks padding and then covering the wood with strips of carpet. We held many money-raising affairs varying from bridge tournaments through baby popularity contests to pet shows. One reason for all this energy was that we needed to build a new Rectory. The old rambling frame house, added to over many years, was taken down just before it fell down, all except a recent addition of two rooms which were moved and used as a dwelling for an elderly member of our congregation who needed a home. These two rooms are now the present office. This second Rectory was a compact two-story building, stucco to match the old church and designed by a member of the Vestry who was an architect, and as I remember, it cost \$15,000.00. It's life was comparatively short for a building as it was on a part of the ground where the present church stands, so had to be torn down. All seemed to be going well with Trinity Guild until World War II came along and involved our members in war work. Anne Gochnauer joined the Navy, she was a Wave, eventually reaching the rank of Lt. Commander and whereas few of the others had such a complete change of situation most of them did canteen or motor corps for the Red Cross or were busy one way or another. Also, gasoline was rationed and it was difficult to get together for meetings, so Trinity's Guild gradually faded away.

After the war it was decided to start all over again with a new name, a name taken from one of the staunchest supporters of Trinity Church and the Mary D. Neville Guild came into being.

This I think is the time to diverge and give a short account of Mary Dulany Neville. Any one who knew her has many warm memories. These are just a few of mine. Born Mary Dulany, daughter of Col. Richard Dulany of Welbourne, she was a young girl during the Civil War and lived through that trying time. One of her experiences she told me. In the spring of 1863, near Greenway Gap, Col. Dulany was badly wounded in one arm. He was anxious to get to Welbourne where he could be nursed back to health and Mary Dulany was the one who went to help him home. She was 14 years old at the time. Picture that long day's trip, the two on horseback, a weakened one-armed man and a 14 year-old girl with the countryside full of Federal troops who would have been only too happy to capture a Colonel of the famed Laurel Brigade. It had been raining heavily when they came to the Rapahannock River which was flooded out of its banks. Several men with wagons were waiting for the stream to run down so they could ford it - the wait might be hours or days. Col. Dulany knew he could not afford to stop. He paused to say "turn your horse's head upstream, Mary" and in they went, the horses swimming as they struggled across. By heading the horses upstream they reached the far bank at the point where the road continued and once across they eventually arrived safely at Welbourne. Later on Mary Dulany married Mr. Robert Neville of Ireland and they built and lived in Pelham, just across from Welbourne. When I knew her after Mr. Neville's death she was a small quiet elderly lady with great charm and a delightfully dry sense of humor. As regularly as Sunday came she could be found, dressed in black sitting in the left-hand front pew of the old church. She could always be counted on for support for anyone in need, and few people ever knew of the extent of her many good deeds. At an advanced age she taught herself to paint, copied portraits for friends and did charming watercolor landscapes. All children were attracted to her. She had none of her own but several nieces, great nieces and nephews and for them and her other young visitors, she kept a certain dresser drawer full of little objects such as pencils, rubber bands, balls, etc. A child was allowed to open that drawer and pick out six articles to keep - six, no more. Hours could be spent deciding which six to take, leaving the adult visitors to enjoy their conversation in quiet. In the summer she could be found any afternoon in a pergola shaded by trumpet vines where tea was always served at 4 o'clock. The better part of her life had been spent in a different era from the 20th Century, yet she was always receptive to change. Once a great crisis arose in the church - we had a new young minister and the crises came rapidly. The congregation was violently split over whether the choir should or should not turn and face the altar when they sang the Gloria. My husband was Senior Warden at the time and the feeling was so intense that he thought it wise to get the opinion of a long-time member and strong supporter of the church. So, over tea in the pergola Mrs. Neville gave

her opinion without hesitation and made it clear that she came to church to worship God and the details of the service were secondary to that. Her exact words were "the choir can sing the Gloria standing on their heads insofar as I am concerned".

Now, back to the Mary D. Neville Guild. The organization meeting was held on May 5, 1947. Officers elected were President, Mrs. W. Hunter deButts, Vice President, Mrs. Paul Llewellyn, Secretary, Mrs. Edward Burwell, and Treasurer, Mrs. Charles Cushman. The dues were \$1.00 a year. Our first need was a vacuum cleaner for the church, to replace worn-out brooms. About this time the Vestry started a one-day horseshow in September, held at the Upperville Show Grounds. Taylor Hardin was Chairman and the Guild agreed to cope with the food. Besides a Hot Dog Tent for fast food and drink we had a luncheon proper, where one could be served at tables under a marquee. The first menu: old ham (on silver platters), creamed chicken, candied sweet potatoes, cole slaw with boiled dressing (none of this new-fangled thin stuff), sliced tomatoes, homemade rolls, ice cream and wafers, coffee. Cost: \$2.00 a plate. These lunches continued for many years. Later on the Horse Show became a Gymkhana - one year we had a tournament, another a donkey baseball game between the Vestries of Trinity and Emmanuel Church in Middleburg. We held 2 or 3 Children's Carnivals - sort of modified Medieval Fairs. The first Fashion Show, the brain child of Kitty Slater, was held in May, 1950 at the Middleburg Community Center and netted approximately \$1,800.00. Mrs. Kingsman Douglas (Adele Astaire) was the commentator.

These early years were spent as a Guild, working only for our own Church. It was not until 1951 that we were alerted to the work of the Church in the Diocese of Virginia and became a part of what was the Women's Auxiliary and is now known as the Episcopal Church Women. There was much discussion about this move and some opposition. In presenting the idea to the Guild the then President, Mrs. John Gall, said that by becoming a member of the Auxiliary "in no way would our spirit be crushed, nor in any way will it change the tone of our meetings". We kept our own name but it should be made clear to newcomers now, as well as then, that every woman in the parish is automatically a member. Our ideas were broadened by attending Convocation meetings and hearing speakers from the Diocesan Social Relations, Altar Guild, United Thank Offering, etc., tell us what the other parishes were accomplishing. (I can't emphasize too much the importance of working with the Diocese and the help and advice they will give if consulted.) As our first missionary project we began giving to an orphanage in Japan which was started after World War II to care for children fathered by American soldiers - this contribution is no longer needed. Around this time we also started contributing to the Upperville Fire Company, Middleburg Health Center and

such local functions. We commenced our scholarships for nurses, teachers and students - these have been highly successful. We began sending donations to St. Anne's, now Bloomfield, largely because of our then pastor's interest, which after a trip to the home and seeing the children there became our own. Gradually we consolidated our money making into two annual affairs - the Fashion Show, still running strong after 31 years and the Rummage Sale, started in 1960. In between we worked for Lenten dinners, the Stable Tour and filled in, in many ways.

Incidentally, it was at a Guild meeting in 1948, when the Treasurer reported a surplus of \$300.00 that a fierce argument ensued as to whether to spend it on painting the inside walls of the church, badly smoked by the coal furnaces, or to buy cushions to make the hard wooden pews more suitable. Bunny Mellon was at that meeting and was amused at our vehemence. She said in her quiet way that she hoped we wouldn't change anything in the building until she had an opportunity to talk to Paul about it, that he was interested in the church and would like to do something for Upperville. This was, I believe, the very first germ of the thought which eventually led to our present-day, beautiful complex of church, parish house and rectory.

Richard
So here we are, the Mary D. Neville Guild after 34 years of life still functioning. Including the Trinity Guild period we have outlasted five parsons of varying personalities. Now with an energetic young pastor our possibility for future growth is great. To quote an old hymn -

"Green pastures are before us!"