

HARTER, JENNIE IDA DAVIS
October 23, 1860-December 14, 1918

Jennie Ida Davis was born Oct. 23, 1860 at New Portage, Ohio where the city of Barberton now stands. She grew to young womanhood there, receiving her education in the country schools and later at Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio.

After finishing her education, she taught school until March 11th, 1884, when she was married to F.S. Harter at Rootstown, Ohio. To this union five sons were born: Frank F., Fred M. Clyde N., Carl Hall and E. Chester, all of whom, together with the husband, except Carl who died in infancy, still live at Wheatland, to cherish her loving memory.

Immediately after her marriage, she went to western Nebraska with her husband, where they entered on a homestead, which they succeeded into converting into a farm home. Some time after proving up on this homestead, the family moved to the Ozark country of Missouri, where they again wrested a home from the wilds of those hills. Then again in 1904, the family decided to move to a newer location and came to the Wheatland flats where once more a piece of raw land was purchased, and again with infinite toil, a home was created. Only in the last few years had independence, the object of a long quest, been realized and the threat of financial failure banished.

Being an active, energetic woman, of more than ordinary executive ability, she was naturally much interested in church, lodge and general welfare work and was prominent in a number of organizations of this and other sections of the country. In 1894 she united with the Methodist Episcopal church at Cahool, Mo., embracing the spirit of Christianity as well as it's form. During her long membership and association with the church and until the last moment of her mortal life, Dec. 14, 1918, her faith never forsook her; she never once doubted the wisdom of the ways of her Lord, and supported His Kingdom on earth and hereafter with zeal and a faith that never faltered.

Thruout her life she was possessed of a wonderful equanimity of spirit. Neither the pinch of adversity or the smile of fortune ever caused her to lose sight for a moment of the ultimate aim and the end of human life. Even unto the last, when her life was almost ebbd, with the microbes of pneumonia tearing down the structures of her physical body, when the grim reaper drew near, she met him with a sublime fortitude, almost with a smile, saying simply "If this is the last, it is well".

Services were conducted from the Methodist church by the Rev. J.A. McClellan, pastor of the family. Burial was in the Wheatland cemetery under the auspices of the Rebecca lodge of which she had been an active member for years. Thus has passed from among us, one greatly beloved by all who knew her.