

Christ Episcopal Church Cemetery Inventory
State and Water Streets, Dover DE 19903

Lot Number: 52 Space: G

Find A Grave # 11921391

Name: **Paton, Mary Elizabeth Bendig**

Birth date: November 25, 1901 Death date: February 7, 1972 Burial Date: February 10, 1972 Age: 70
b. Philadelphia, PA

Spouse: William Kennell Paton Sr. (1894-1959), m. April 25, 1925

Children: William K. Paton, Jr.; Frederick B. Paton (1932-2019)

Parents: Frederick Henry Bendig (1869-1928) and Elizabeth *McBride* Bendig (1871-1942)

Siblings:

Residence:

Cause of death/Burial/Obituary: Vault found in G, about 12" below ground, 9.12.2022

Service/occupation information: see obituary



1919 Yearbook
Philadelphia High School for Girls

Officiate:

Lot Owner: William Kennell Paton: Perpetual care \$250, December, 1956

Marker: Shared with spouse on spouse's grave

William Kennell Paton
March 3, 1894
Auguste 25, 1959
Distinguished Citizen : Devoted Friend
Mary Elizabeth Bendig Paton
November 25, 1901
February 7, 1972

DIMENSIONS: H 76" x W x 36" x D 8"

STYLE: ledger with a large raised cross

No repairs needed: Cleaned summer 2022



Inventory date: February 8, 2020 Recorder: Marcia Waters

Documents retrieved from ancestry.com on January 15, 2022

Marriage record, 1925, St. Thomas Episcopal, Whitmarsh PA

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man's name: *William Russell Paton*
 Residence: *Haverford, Pa.*
 Age: *31*

woman's name: *Mary Elizabeth Boudig*
 Residence: *4830 Cedar Ave., Phila. Pa.*
 Age: *23.*

Place: *Church of the Saviour, Phila. Pa.*
 Officiating: *N. B. Graton, Rector of St. Thomas Whitmarsh, Pa.*
R. K. Yerkes, Minister in Charge of the
Church of the Saviour, Phila. Pa.

Signatures: *[Signature]*
 Groom: *William R. Paton*
 Bride: *Mary Elizabeth Boudig*
 Witness: *Elizabeth Boudig*
 Witness: *Katharine Kubx Kingsberry*
Mary E. Mumford

Date: *April 25, 1925*
 Pastor: *Nathanael B. Graton, Rector.*

1925 PA Church Records, St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Whitmarsh, PA

The Morning News, Wilmington, DE,
 Thursday, February 10, 1972

Morning News, Wilm. DE.
 2-10-1972

Mrs. Paton of Dover, dies in N.Y.

DOVER — Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Paton, 70, of 20 The Green, Dover, died Monday following surgery at Memorial Hospital in New York City.

Mrs. Paton was a native of Philadelphia. She had lived in Dover since 1941. She was a graduate of Wellesley College.

She was an honorary director and past president of the board of directors of the Children's Bureau, Wilmington; a past director of the Child Welfare League of America; president of the Dover Public Library Commission, and founder and first president of the Delaware Library Trustees Association. She was active in the League of Women Voters and was one of those directly involved with establishing the Dover Public Library.

Her husband, William K. Paton, was president and chairman of the board of the Farmers Bank of the State of Delaware. He died in 1959.

Surviving are two sons, William K. Jr. of Wilmington and Frederick B. of New York City, and five grandchildren.

Services will be held this afternoon at 2 in the cemetery of Christ Church, Dover.

In lieu of flowers the family suggests contributions to the Dover Public Library.



Gardens and Garden Cities

Written by Josephine Spinelli

Delivered by Mary Bendig

*"And all among my flowers I walked,
Like a miser 'mid his treasure,
For that pleasant spot of garden ground
Was a world of endless pleasure."*

WHO has not some happy memory of moments spent in a garden? It may be the lover's garden where all things are made beautiful, and marvelous visions of the future are seen in a crystal fountain; or perhaps, it is some small, secluded nook dear to the heart of a lover of flowers. To appreciate fully the wonders and beauties of gardens we should wander among the scented hedges and miniature lakes which all beautiful gardens possess. But since we cannot do this, we shall have to picture to ourselves the delights which come with fragrant flowers and sloping lawns

No garden is complete without its sweet-scented roses, which may be seen wandering from the gardens of princes to the cottage door of the humblest peasant, everywhere receiving the homage due to the queen of flowers. Roses were among the many flowers that in past years delighted the eyes of visitors to the "Woodlands", one of Philadelphia's famous old gardens. Its owner said that there was "not a rare plant in Europe, Asia, Africa, or in China and the islands in the South Seas", of which he had any account, that he had not procured. Another garden which added to the beauty of Kings' Highway was that

Accidents will happen as many a girl with a broken heart has discovered.

of George Gray, the keeper of the ferry. In seventeen hundred and forty he opened a garden for the enjoyment of travelers, which was said to be "romantic and delightful beyond the power of description." It was filled with "every kind of flower one could think that nature had ever produced, and with the utmost display of fancy as well as variety." Grottoes, cascades, chain bridges and other attractions led one to think that this was enchanted ground. The third garden which made Kings' Highway famous was that of John Bartram, a simple Quaker farmer. The ancient house which he built with his own hands is a few rods from the Schuylkill. Beneath one of the windows is this rudely carved inscription:

*"It is God Alone, Almighty Lord,
The Only One by Me Adored.
John Bartram 1770."*

The quaint, old, ivy-covered house stands in the midst of a tract of ground, transformed by the owner from a wilderness into a garden of delight bearing all kinds of trees and plants. It was the first botanical garden in America, and was looked upon as one of the wonders of colonial days. Here Washington, Franklin and Jefferson used to come for rest and refreshment, and that intimate communion with nature which the owner of the grounds, by his years of loving toil, made possible for them.

When old gardens are mentioned we recall that lovely, walled-in garden of the Medici's at Castello, with its brilliant flower-beds, and regal paths and fountains; or memory wanders to the peaceful, quiet garden with its green velvet underfoot, borders of flowers, and miniature pond which reflects all things and doubles the charm of the Petit Trianon and its embowering gardens. And other pictures follow this: the garden of St. Cloud with its grand fountain of many jets, and the even more elaborate fountain gardens of Versailles and Fontainebleau. From such grandeur memory takes us to the delightful old gardens of Venice, where roses climb the walls and smile at the boatman gliding by in his gondola. Besides these we have the more stately picture of four-court gardens on the Grand Canal; of gardens rising majestically from the edge of the lake at Como; of cool, shady terraces and glittering fountains, and the rose-entwined bowers famed among lovers. There is a particularly beautiful garden in the northern part of Italy in which we may wander at will through beautiful grounds ornamented with marble statues, under covered, shady walks, or, perhaps, stop to rest beside a clear crystal lake. Showers of white and yellow roses lend their delicate tints in the Spring, and flowering bushes of pink and white oleanders fill the air with their sweet scent on the hot, summer nights. Unfortunately the roses are gone by the end of June, but the nightingales come as compensation for this loss. As they pour forth their beautiful song, they are accompanied by the dance of myriads of fireflies which hold revel in the air and on the ground in an unceasing display of miniature fireworks.

In fancy we wander away from the gardens of Europe and see instead those of Japan which bring with them visions of bright flowers, arched bridges and brilliant butterflies. A garden is always a delightful place, but to the Japanese it must be a place of repose, of contemplation, and of spiritual communion with

He has lived best who has made the greatest number merry.

nature. It is here that he goes to rest at the end of the day, for his garden is planned to soothe and delight the heart. It harmonizes in character, sentiment and adornment with the house to which it belongs, and is above all delicately and subtly Japanese. Each detail is perfect. Almost incredible sums are paid for beautifully designed lanterns, bridges, and pagodas, or for particularly choice chrysanthemums and irises. In the Japanese garden there is no clash of color or design. Each object is there to lend its beauty and help to produce that delightful feeling of peace and utter absorption in nature which the garden should give. Japan is a country which delights in legends, and its people surround everything with spiritual ideas, coloring every object in nature, and giving rainbow tints to even the least beautiful plant or flower. The Wisteria is likened to a lovely, abstract ideal of woman, a clinging, drooping, high-bred lady, who with her delicate tendrils binds herself closely to the strong pine which supports her. So, also, the Morning Glory typifies all that is most brief and beautiful in life; the Pine Tree symbolizes long life; and the Bamboo stands for strength, vigor and uprightness. It is only when we leave the sordid cities and walk among her flowers and gardens that we can truly appreciate the "golden heart of old Japan".

From the Land of the Rising Sun with its quaint old legends we turn to the famous new Garden Cities. They are found throughout Europe, but are particularly successful in England. In 1881, William Morris, one of the most famous men of his time, made an eloquent plea for them. He said that when he contemplated the unfortunate men and women who were compelled to live in poverty in overcrowded cities, and lose all that is good and true in nature, he felt the passions which moved them to recklessness and brutality, and knew by his own feelings what these men wanted. They needed employment which would give them self-respect and put them in sympathy with their fellowmen; dwellings in which they would take pride and pleasure; surroundings which would inspire them to higher deeds; a reasonable amount of labor and of rest. All of the favorable conditions which William Morris proposes are found in the Garden Cities of today. They soothe and refresh the body and mind, and offer unbounded opportunities for development.

It is true that there is an appalling loss of life and health among our people by ill-housing and the haphazard growth of our centers of population. We are entirely losing the love of the beautiful things of earth. We are filling our minds with what is of little value, and entirely neglecting the great and overwhelming problems of existence. It is becoming more and more apparent that the ideal life is that which combines something of the physical comforts, and social and intellectual advantages of the city with the inspiration and peaceful joys of the country. Every one longs for contact with growing and living things. The spirit of nature-love is taking a firm hold on us and should not be disregarded. If we learn, truly, to appreciate the beauties and wonders of nature, we shall gradually break away from the bonds with which crowded cities hold us, and once more turn to the truly great, the natural things in life. All nature will call to us—the bird with its song, and the flower with its fragrance,—all nature that finds its spiritual perfection in a beautiful garden.

We all have some weakness, even though it may take the form of priding ourselves on our strength.