



Swackhamer-Dufford Genealogical Society  
16429 Yeoho Road  
Sparks, Maryland 21152-9553  
Website: [www.geocities.com/swackduff/](http://www.geocities.com/swackduff/)

**Swackhamer-Dufford Genealogical  
Society Annual Reunion  
July 28, 2007**

## **SCULPTURE DEDICATION**

**Commemorating the 275<sup>th</sup> Anniversary  
of the Settlement of Samuel  
Swackhamer in German Valley  
1732-2007**

**Raritan Inn  
Califon, New Jersey**

Dear Members and Guests:

Two-hundred and seventy-five years ago Samuel Swackhamer began his American homestead at this site on the South Branch of the Raritan River. It was along an Indian trail through a flood-plain meadow. It appealed to Samuel after a harrowing trip across the Atlantic and a year of litigation with the ship's captain in Holmes Hole (now Martha's Vineyard), Massachusetts.. The outcome of the trails vindicated Samuel and his Palatine neighbors, but left him nearly destitute except for his agrarian skills and Germanic resolution. Here he began a new farm and a new life.

A memorial gravestone for him was placed by this Society in Middle Valley Cemetery (near this homestead) in 1941, although he was buried in the cemetery of Zion Church in Oldwick. In the 1976 Bicentennial Samuel was recognized as an early pioneer of New Jersey.

Today, we celebrate his spirit by dedicating a kinetic sculpture of simplicity and motion, made of basic elements. It is both a symbol and a token of the spirit of Samuel and his family for their endurance and determination to make better lives for themselves and their descendants.

Gene L. Swackhamer

## TULIP SCULPTURE

Just as the tulip is a perennial symbol of earth's renewal, the artist, **Lyman Whitaker** of Utah, wanted to capture the rhythm of nature in wind art. A professional artist for over 40 years, **Whitaker** has concentrated on kinetic art in the past 13 years. Calling his individually crafted pieces "wind machines," he combines the balance of fine engineering and artistic style to capture the slightest wisp of breeze and to withstand the hardest of blows.

Watching the slowly turning Tulip can be a pleasant, magical, relaxing and mesmerizing experience—art in motion. And, the rapidly rotating bloom just begs one to accelerate their pace a little.

**Whitaker** graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Sculpture from the University of Utah. He studied with renowned sculptors Advard Fairbanks and Angelo Carvaglia learning classical technique and contemporary design. His works are displayed in many public commissions and private estates throughout the United States. **Whitaker** resides in Southwest Utah with his wife Stacy and their two children. His works can be seen on line at [www.worthingtongallery.com](http://www.worthingtongallery.com)

## Poetry Contest

In the early days of the Swackhamer-Dufford Genealogical Society poetry was frequently quoted by officers and was often included in issues of the Bulletin. Having a poetry contest was chosen as a way for distant members to participate, as a means to encourage youth participation and as a vehicle to engage community interest. The response was not as robust as desired. There were, however, a sufficient number of adult poem entries to make a contest, but only one youth entry, thus **Clay Dale Swackhamer**, having written a very good poem, wins by default.

**Jill Swackhamer Kaplan** a graduate of the University of Maryland in English Literature, with a year of study at Sheffield University in England, managed the contest and judging of the poems. She also holds a Master of Science degree in health counseling, which is her profession in Glen Burnie, Maryland.

**Jill** will read the winning adult poems and introduce **Clay Dale Swackhamer**, to read his poem, "Wooden Ships."

## First Place Poem by an Adult

**FAMILY**  
by  
**Jane Saums**

I AM A SWACKHAMER  
AND GLAD ENOUGH TO BE,  
THE MANY TIMES GREAT  
GRANDDAUGHTER  
OF ONE WHO CROSSED THE SEA.  
LEAVING A HOME IN ALTLUSSHEIM  
IN THE COUNTRY OF GERMANY.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY THEN BEGAN  
FOR MANY DIED AT SEA  
OF STARVATION AND DISEASES  
ON BOARD THE LOVE AND UNITY.  
AT HOLMES HOLE, MASSACHUSETTS,  
KIND PEOPLE TOOK THEM IN  
AND NURSED OUR SAMUEL BACK TO  
HEALTH  
SO HIS NEW LIFE COULD BEGIN.

IN BEAUTIFUL GERMAN VALLEY  
THE FAMILY MADE ITS HOME,  
CONTENT TO STAY IN THIS PARADISE  
WORLD  
THEY CEASED AT LAST TO ROAM.

Adult First Place Poem, **Family** by **Jane Saums** (continued)

HE NEVER LEFT THE VALLEY  
UNTIL AT LAST DEATH CALLED  
THEY BURIED HIM AT OLDWICK  
BY THE CHURCH'S EASTERN WALL.

THOUGH MANY, MANY YEARS HAVE  
PASSED  
SINCE HE WAS TAKEN THERE  
THE CHURCH IN ALL ITS GLORY  
STANDS,  
SO STRONG, SO DEAR, SO FAIR.  
IT CALLS ONE BACK TO LOOK AGAIN  
UPON ITS LOVELY FACE  
AS DOES THE GERMAN VALLEY,  
SO FILLED WITH PEACE AND GRACE.

HOW GLAD I AM HE CHOSE SO WELL  
THE PERFECT PLACE TO BE,  
TO LIVE AND WORK AND LOVE AND  
DANCE  
AND RAISE HIS FAMILY.

Second Place Poem by an Adult

**TO SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN**

by  
**George Steven Dufford (1864-1945)**

Good evening old mountain, my greetings  
to you:  
With your summit outlined in the evening's  
pale blue.  
From down in the valley, through fading  
twilight,  
I'm waiting your greeting to Queen of the  
Night.

Down here the night shadows cling close to  
your base;  
But Luna's fair light is now touching your  
face.  
Both silver and jet are the gems that shall  
crown  
The somber jade green of your evening  
gown.

How long have you stood where you're  
standing tonight?  
How many full moons have you witnessed  
in flight?  
Geologists reckon; but no man can say,  
When nature's upheaval gave you a  
birthday.

**Second Place Poem, To Schooleys  
Mountain by George Steven Dufford  
(continued)**

From timber's deep shadows I see the  
lamp-light  
From each mountain home shining out in  
the night.  
And I can imagine the same tiny glow,  
The Red Men once kindled in days long  
ago.

For years I have looked on your rugged old  
form;  
I ranged through your woodlands in  
sunshine and storm.  
My lofty companion, your silence I greet,  
And bid you goodnight as I stand at your  
feet.

**First Place Poem by a Youth**

**Wooden Ships  
by  
Clay Dale Swackhamer (age 14)**

How did they come on wooden ships,  
A long, long time ago?  
How did they feel when breakers rolled,  
And sea monster heads would show?

It must have been so terrible,  
On tiny little boats.  
Just try to pack all your possessions,  
Into some hand held totes.

Next time I look out over the sea,  
I'll wonder how much heart,  
It would take to leave all that you knew  
And gamble at a new start.

They must have been resilient.  
They must have been quite tough,  
Because they kept on going,  
Even though the going got rough.

If a new world was discovered,  
The question not if but when,  
Would modern people settle it?  
Are we ready to do it again?

## ICE CREAM SOCIAL

At the conclusion of the dedication and reading of the poems, everyone is invited to the barn for an old fashioned ice cream social.

Thank you for attending the 61<sup>st</sup> annual reunion of the Swackhamer-Dufford Genealogical Society. We hope to hear from you about your family's genealogy and see you in Long Valley next July 26, 2008 for the 62<sup>nd</sup> annual reunion.

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