

May 17, 1877

Henry Arthur Scheideman

July 18, 1942

If we have assembled ourselves in this place to mourn the departure of Henry Arthur Scheideman, I am certain that we would do it without his wishing it to be so. His life was not incomplete, but was a finished masterpiece at the time of his death. He kept his life so orderly and well managed that he was not afraid of death.

Then, instead of mourning his departure, let us have him speak to us through his well ordered life. Let him give to us from his wisdom about life, about happiness, about love.

Henry Arthur Scheideman was born in Norka, Russia May 17, 1877 to Jacob and Louise Wacker Scheideman. These parents were direct descendents Wacker and Scheideman families who were among those intrepid pioneers from Northern Germany. It was about 1650 that the Russian Government sought people who would come from Germany to open up new lands, provide new farms. These families accepted that challenge and faced the severe winters and food shortages to establish themselves.

In 1774 the Russian Government cancelled the immunity from army service which had been promised these pioneers, and the result was that the Scheideman moved to the United States, arriving here in the spring of 1881.

Some thing of the hardship of those years, and the early years in the United States has clung to Henry Scheideman. He remembered how his father found it necessary to leave his family on their homestead near Hays, Kansas, and go seek work that he might feed and clothe them. He knew the struggle for existence, and he has compensated for that by planning carefully for his family; by keeping accurate and up-to-date records of all of his business.

He loved his family, and we can learn much from him, that love is something more than emotion, it demands interest, devotion and time. He has taught us that love for ones family demands sacrifice and planning.

That was the pledge he made to himself when he married Selma Rose at Riverdale Nebraska June 10, 1902 and again upon the birth of the three sons,

And then he would speak to us of being proud of the name he bears. He was. All of the material contained here is from his family history, compiled and written by him after years of gathering material. He has left a 70 page book of pictures and family history.

Only one who was proud of the name he bore would do the work required to complete it. (Scheideman-^{name}set-a ^{means} part)

It was because he was proud of his name that he was careful not to do anything which would darken it. His clean moral character speaks of that. The way in which he has woven his church into the life of his family, indicated the important place it played in his life. For the past 22 years he has been a faithful and respected member of the Wheatridge Church.

It is no accident that the closing page of his family history contains a bulletin of his church, for he would have his name associated only with such worth while things.

And then he would speak to us about enjoying life, about real happiness. It was in 1895 that the poor health of Henry Scheideman's mother caused her and her children to ~~face Scheideman~~ come to Denver from Breckenridge where Jacob Scheideman had been mining. He wanted the children to come with her that they might have the advantage of Denver Schools. And it was in Denver in 1896 that Henry Scheideman began what was to be his life work. Grinding, polishing, beveling glass and making mirrors was that life work. For 46 years he has plied that trade, up to the moment of the accident which caused his death.

Could one be happy while working at the same trade for 46 years.

Listen to his own words:

"Thru out all these years that I have been at this work, I have enjoyed every hour of it. I love my work, the men and boys that have been under me thru out all these years."

And those words were not written for you and me, they were the honest words written in his family history. Add to this the hobby of taking pictures, of gathering information for his family, and you have the picture of a happy man.

Gain happiness by hard work, by hard play, and by satisfying work and play.

He who worked so many years making mirrors, could look into one of his creations and see the reflection of a happy person. And we recall the the words of Paul: "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

I suppose every minister has a file of what I call Bombs and Bouquets, letters of criticism and of praise and appreciation. In that file, under those classed Bouquets, I treasure a letter from Henry A. Scheideman. It was not written because of any one particular thing, but as he had gone home from church one ~~our~~ Sunday, and suddenly decided to express ~~at~~ himself on our friendship, and the growth of the church.

I should like to quote from that letter one phrase which typifies his philosophy of life.

"We as Christian folks and members of one great body, should express our faith in God, by our daily living."

Those are great words, and true ones. And such a faith lends comfort and strength to those left behind: his wife, Mrs. Selma Scheidman; his three sons, Harold L., Arthur L. and Howard W; his two brothers, William C. and John, and his sister, Mrs. David Davidson.

These and all who loved and appreciated him, have confidence in the immortality of him whose words echo the famous words of William Cullen Bryant;

"Somlive that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take his chamber in the
in the silent halls of death, Thou go not like the quarry-slave at
night, Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed by an
unfaltering trust, approach thy grave like one, who wraps the
drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

And so he did live, and does.

By Richard E. West