

Reverend Enoch Pond, Jr.

By Christine Comiskey

While our church history is full of details about the long ministries of the Reverends Chandler, Braman and Beecher, there are other ministers from the early days of our church that get little more than a footnote. This month I present the story of our first Colleague Pastor.

Enoch Pond, Jr. was by all accounts an outstanding young man with a bright future. Born in Ward (now Auburn) MA in 1820, he and his family moved to Maine in 1832 when his father, Reverend Dr. Enoch Pond, Sr., was hired to teach at the Theological Seminary in Bangor.

At the age of thirteen, young Enoch was deeply affected by a religious revival in Bangor and soon began holding prayer meetings for other young people in his father's study. The gatherings became a subject of great interest to some of the local ministers. Enoch entered Bowdoin College at age fourteen and graduated with honors in 1838 at the age of eighteen. After a brief stint teaching high school, he entered the Theological Seminary in Bangor, completing his studies for the ministry in 1842.

Back in Georgetown, with the elderly Reverend Isaac Braman in declining health, the congregation decided that a Colleague Pastor should be hired to help with the ministerial duties. The call was extended to Mr. Pond and on December 8th, 1842, at the age of twenty-two, he was ordained in the Old South Church.

Reverend Enoch Pond, Jr. was described as a man *distinguished for his social qualities, for his sense of propriety, taste, prudence, decision and unaffected modesty. His mind seemed to develop its powers symmetrically, and its efforts, if not yet brilliant, were harmoniously beautiful. As a preacher, he showed himself well fitted for his work. He wrote his sermons with care, delivered them with earnestness, was heard with marked attention and pleasure. The plan of his sermon, the style of composition, and his elocution, had a pleasing correspondence, and made him highly acceptable in the pulpit, at home or abroad. There was a manly vigor in all parts of his discourse.**

In January of 1846, Reverend Pond became ill, and when his health did not improve, he decided to take some time off. He preached his last sermon in Georgetown on March 22nd and in May, traveled to his father's home in Maine with the hope of making a recovery. Sadly, such hopes were in vain and he soon learned he had consumption (tuberculosis). He was calmly accepting of his fate, yet grieved at his inability to continue preaching the gospel.

In his final months, too sick to attend church services, he found great joy in riding by the local church on Sundays to hear the singing of the final hymn. As the illness progressed, his mind sometimes wandered and he imagined himself once again among his beloved flock in Georgetown. He once audibly conducted a service of communion from his deathbed, addressing a congregation that only he could see. Reverend Pond died in Bucksport, Maine, on December 17th, 1846, at the age of twenty-six. His final words were, "*God is my support.*" His remains were returned to Georgetown to be buried in Harmony Cemetery. He left a wife and two-year-old daughter.

*But with all these promises big with the hope of an able and useful ministry, he has been called to the duties of a higher station to mingle with the pure spirits of heaven. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.**

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