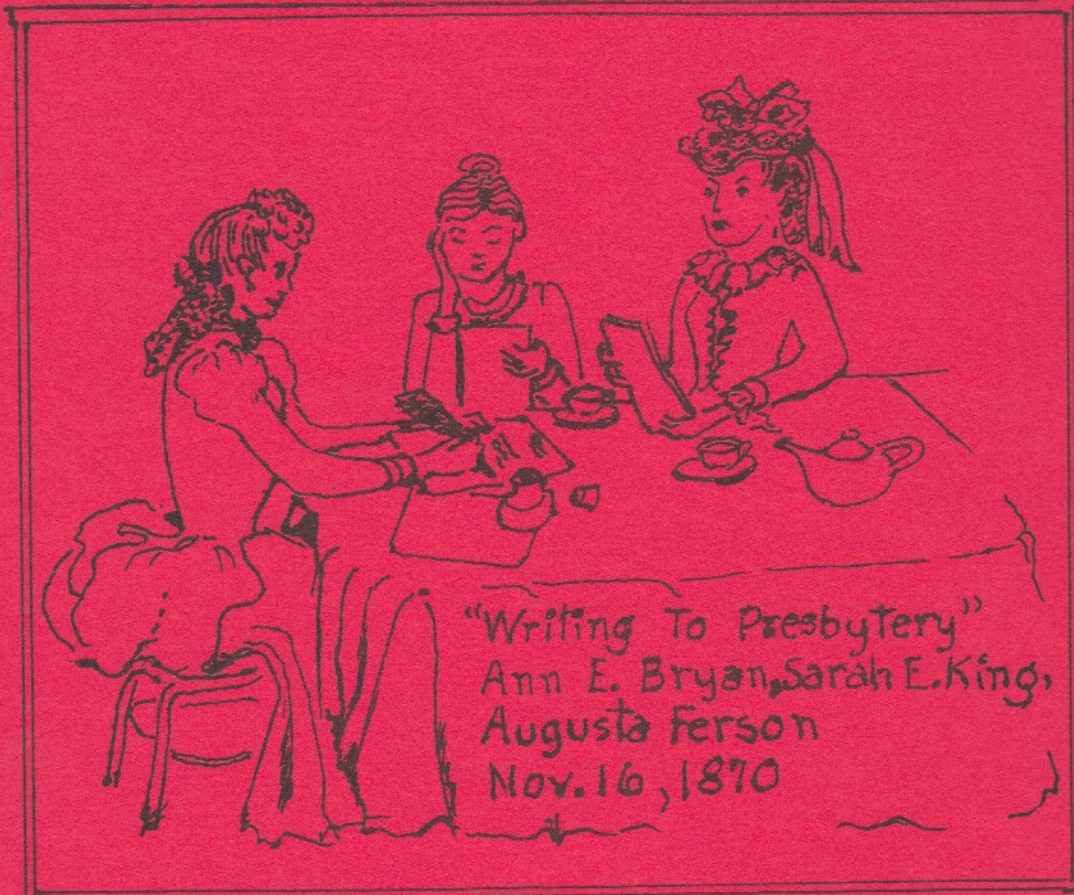


HERITAGE MINUTES



Recollections by the Congregation on the Occasion of the 125th Anniversary of the Founding of The First Presbyterian Church of Pine City, Minnesota

1995

HERITAGE MINUTES

RECOLLECTIONS BY THE CONGREGATION ON THE OCCASSION
OF THE 125TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF PINE CITY MINNESOTA

A project of the 125th Anniversary Committee
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Grace Hegman
Millie Korf
Lu Nelson
Chris McHugh
Henry Sommer

Publication approved by the Session of The First
Presbyterian Church, Pine City

Edited by Chris McHugh

1995



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INTRODUCTION

One hundred twenty five years ago this year, at the same time as the present townsite of Pine City was established, three women petitioned the Presbytery in St. Paul to establish a local church. As local historian and church member, Jim Clark, wrote in 1970 at the time of the church's centennial:

"There was no pastor, no church building, and no money -- but these women did have a mission."

As part of this heritage year remembrance, we have taken some glimpses into these past 125 years of mission. In addition to our celebration on September 17th, we added as part of worship for twenty weeks at First Presbyterian Church a *Heritage Minute*.

On each of these Sundays one of the congregation has risen to share a moment from the past. These have been like photographs, but with words not pictures, of past aspects of our church. These recollections, whether recent or distant, are printed in this memorial booklet. Each person has dedicated their remembrance to someone important in their life of faith.

These Heritage Minutes are like a wild flower bouquet. Each is unique and stands alone beautifully. Put together they form an even more wonderful impression. Included in these recollections are personal moments, special occasions, as well as important parts of our church life such as baptism, Vacation Bible School, and the Women's Association.

Our thanks are due to those who have shared their recollections. These memorials have shown us not only the deeply personal life events which have been the focus of prayer in this place but also the efforts our own saints have made so that we may still have this place of worship. Think of all that has gone on in this place and it is easy to understand the reality of the Holy Spirit. This is perhaps why churches are felt to be sacred; the House of God.

The people of this church have much for which to be proud and thankful. On behalf of the 125th Anniversary Committee, I hope that your reading of these Heritage Minutes will enrich your life in 1995 and beyond.

- Chris McHugh

WHEN I JOINED THE CHURCH, I FOUND . . .

Lucille "Lu" Nelson

*Dedicated to all the wonderful people who welcomed me into this Christian family of Faith:
First Presbyterian Church of Pine City.*

Isn't it great to be part of a church that has been in existence for 125 years? Truly cause for celebration! These Heritage Minutes are planned to remind us of things that happened along the way, and to keep everyone aware of the celebration planned for September 17th.

When we say "Heritage", we automatically think "old". Now, I'm an "old-timer" age wise, although I'm not an "old-timer" in this church. The church was 105 years old when I joined 20 years ago. It was a difficult time for the church -- short-term pastorates, interims, etc. I visited several churches before I decided "Yes, I wish to continue being a Presbyterian", and I expressed my desire to have my membership transferred here.

When I joined most people smiled at me, some introduced themselves, but as time went on I was reminded of what a farmer near our home on Lake Pokegama told us: "just because you have decided to make this your permanent home, don't expect to be accepted as a member of the community. It will take time."

It did -- but I didn't contribute much either -- and I did not attend worship services very regularly. It is amazing how many weekend guests you automatically attract when you move on to lakeshore property. I knew, however, that there was some acceptance when Ralph Ausmus called not once but several times saying something like this: "Lu, we miss you -- Liz Heller has consented to return to our church, this time as an interim pastor. You remember when she was here before -- she had an excellent sermon last week. Do try to attend next Sunday."

Then, after my husband Herman returned home after his open heart surgery, Dick Hegman heard I was having trouble getting him into and out of the house, car, and doctor's offices. He came up to me as I was leaving church and offered to get a wheelchair from the VFW for me to use as long as I needed. I gratefully accepted.

One Sunday morning shortly after Herman died, Florence Nethercott and Pauline Sills invited me to join them in going out for dinner -- the first of many Sundays we ate together.

I was being accepted, and as there were fewer personal demands on my time, I could contribute more to the mission of this church. The many acts of kindness from so many of you so many times have been greatly appreciated -- thank you all.

* * *

Presented July 16, 1995

Lu Nelson grew up in Arlington, Minnesota and represents the wonderful energy which new members bring to the church. She was a member of North Como Presbyterian Church in Roseville before moving to Pine City and joining us.

1934 WORLD'S FAIR TRIP

Henry Sommer

One of my most memorable and historic events at the First Presbyterian Church was the trip to the 1934 World's Fair in Chicago.

Rev. D. W. Thompson decided to take a group of boys from the church and Pine City community to the World's Fair in a covered wagon. Rudy Toman, a mechanic at Holetz Garage, fashioned a covered wagon from the frame of a Model T Ford. It had a plank on each side, four seats and a canvas top. It was complete with an emergency brake.

This was 1934 - in the middle of the great depression. Money was less than scarce, and most of the boys had not been as far as the Twin Cities or even been on a train -- and we were going to Chicago!

Rev. Thompson had a 1930 maroon 4-door Chev. There were seven of us in the car, and over a dozen in the wagon, with Toman in charge of keeping order and operating the emergency brake. Thompson was not the best of drivers and with that wagon swaying behind we seemed to go about ten miles faster around the curves. Toman would be pulling on the emergency brake, and sometimes had the boys sit on the floor to lower the center of gravity.

Since none of us had any money, our menu consisted mostly of sandwiches, beans, and Kool-Aid. We got as far as Dubuque, Iowa the first day and stayed at a minister's house. The weather was good, and most of us slept on the open porch and in the yard. When we got ready to leave for Chicago early the next morning, the neighbor's dog was missing. She thought that the bunch of "gypsies" next door must have it and called the sheriff. After Rev. Thompson explained that we were a group of Sunday School boys and wouldn't do a thing like that, we were on our way.

We arrived late afternoon and stayed with my brother and his wife who were operating a rooming house near the fair. It was pretty crowded for a couple of days -- no air mattresses or sleeping bags -- but everyone survived.

The World's Fair was held on an island about two blocks from the house in Lake Michigan. We had to cross a bridge to get there so no one got lost. It was quite an experience for a group like us to be in this kind of environment -- the tall buildings, elevators, escalators, and new inventions. Chrysler had a model of their car of the future with its airflow design. Chevrolet had a short assembly line building new cars. There was a model of a twelve cylinder "Dusselburg" that was made in Germany.

If they would have had the Minneapolis "ogling law" in effect, I think everyone would have been arrested when Sally Rand appeared.

The trip home was uneventful and the weather was good. We slept in the ditch by the side of the road one night. It was an historic trip, and got quite a lot of "ink" in the Chicago press.

Presented July 23, 1995

Henry Sommer attended Sunday School at this church in the early 1920's. He and Evelyn were married by Reverend Thompson. He is an elder and was on Session in the 1950's as well as in more recent times.

THE CHURCH WAS THERE FOR ME WHEN . . .

Millie Korf

Dedicated to our beloved parents, Henry and Elsie Korf, the Reverend Mary Leisman, and the congregation of First Presbyterian Church.

Webster's Dictionary states that a church is a place of worship, a sanctuary. All very true, but I and my family found out it is a lot more than that. It is August 4, 1984. My folks and I leave the church parking lot after watching the Pine County parade. We turn west and then south and are crossing to the Red Shed restaurant when we are hit by a large white truck.

We are all taken to the Rush City Hospital. Our father never regains consciousness and dies within the hour. Our mother is transferred to St. Paul Ramsey and after five weeks of pain, she too leaves us. I was to remain at the Rush City Hospital for ten days.

Most of you know that part of the story, but out of all that darkness, there came a brightness, and it came from this church and its congregation. From that first hour and many days ahead, we were surrounded by the love of this congregation and its pastor. Pastor Mary Leisman was always there for us. She called us, stayed with us at the funeral chapel, and came to Ramsey Hospital. Many times she was at Ramsey at 7:00 a.m. or our last visitor at 10:00 p.m. in the evening.

One day while I was at Rush City, six ladies from the Presbyterian women came. They came with flowers, prayers and hugs. There were two funerals to be planned, and the Presbyterian Women's Association took care of everything for those receptions. As always, everything was beautifully done. Pastor Mary's message at those services will always be remembered by my sister, brothers and other family members.

One lady from this congregation wrote our mother a letter. To my knowledge, they had never met. In it she said she was praying for our mother, and hoped she could stay with her children and grandchildren. Our mother never got to see that letter, but her children cherish that letter yet today, and if we failed to thank you then, we thank you now.

It was necessary to have someone at the house all the time; people came with food, cards, or just stopped by to say they cared. It will never be forgotten, so when I think of First Presbyterian Church as it approaches its 125 years, I don't think of drafty little windows or a squeaky door; I think of those people inside that building, and the Christian love they gave to our family. May God bless you all.

Presented July 30, 1995

Millie Korf has been a member of the church for forty years. She taught Sunday School and sang in the choir. Millie is an elder and served as Clerk of Session for twelve years.

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS OF THE PAST

Betty Karas

Dedicated to Joyce Nelson (Mrs. Vern Nelson), who was primary teacher when my children were little 35+ years ago and a new Sunday School superintendent needed all the help she could get.

Recollections of Bible Schools Past:

My recollections go back sixty plus years. I don't remember any specific year or teachers from way back then -- just bits and pieces. We arrived at 9:00 a.m. and stayed until 3:00 or 4:00 p.m. for two solid weeks for a total of 60 - 70 hours. I remember eating our bag lunches by the rose bushes where the Pine City Village Hall parking lot is now. It was Wiseman Park then.

The church entrance was on the north side. The Sunday School superintendent, Mr. Jens Miller, always stood by the door and shook hands with each of us as we arrived. His false hand was always tucked into a pocket. There was no basement at that time. All the classes except the primary room were held in the pews. With 40 children in the sanctuary, it got pretty noisy. We memorized whole chapters of the Bible -- all of which are long forgotten.

The house on the corner opposite the telephone building was dilapidated. It was rented by people who had hordes of children who came to Vacation Bible School.

Sometime in the 1950's we held joint school with the Methodist Church, alternating buildings yearly. This went on for some time until for two years in a row the Presbyterians ended up having to provide all the teachers.

My most memorable Vacation Bible School was in the 1960's when we arrived with questionnaires and interviewed all the churches and pastors in Pine City. Then we went on a hired bus to St. Paul and Minneapolis. We visited the Catholic cathedral, a Baptist church, a synagogue, an Eastern Orthodox church, and ended up at Westminster Presbyterian Church.

There have been so many years and so many children, so many themes and so many crafts. Perhaps the biggest change in 60 years has been the time span -- first from two full weeks, all day; to one week, all day; then one week only in the mornings; then finally one week in the evening, which is our present format.

* * *

Presented August 6, 1995

Betty Karas: Counting great-grandmother, grandmother, father, myself, daughter, and grandchildren, six generations have worshipped in this church: Great-grandmother Dudder, Alice Dudder Robinson, Ainsley Robinson, Betty Robinson Karas, Robin Karas Raudabaugh, Lucas and Katy Raudabaugh.



Under the supervision of one of the church's many hard working women, Bill Bantleon churning ice cream for a church fundraiser in the 1920's

THOSE NOT WITH US ANYMORE WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE

Eunice E. Juntunen

Dedicated to my grandparents, S. C. (Charlie) and Anna Gustafson (my mother's parents). It was my grandfather who delivered wood every winter to heat this church. My own parents, Hans and Salma Grandt (my dad was a convert from across the street and my mother was, as they say, "born and raised" in this church. To my first husband, Robert Ovick, Sr., who was also a convert and owned a body shop where the car wash is now behind Mr. G's. He was a sort of "watch dog" so to speak because whenever there was an event at the church, he was called and he placed the necessary chairs, tables, etc., and put them all back in order again afterward. I'm certain he was missed by more than just his family.

Naturally I must mention the three ladies who initiated the process for this church's existence -- Ann Bryan, Sarah King, and Augusta Ferson -- otherwise, there would be no need for the opportunity for me to participate in this heritage time.

Many, many people have come and gone in these 125 years -- my list is in no special order and please forgive me if I have omitted anyone particularly special to any of you.

In addition to those mentioned in my dedication, many others made a difference and many of these are from memories of my own:

Rev. D. W. Thompson, Rev. Irving and Ruth Thompson, Rev. John Deason, Art and Veona Smith, Clyde and Peg Shumway, Paul and Maude Beeman, George and Cora Wood, Harry and Helen Lindell, Bill and Kathleen Bantleon, Dewey and Jennie Wilcox, El and Edna Huber, Sylvester and Pearl Striegl, Vern and Joyce Nelson, Carl and Louise Wallace, Leonard and Grace Machart, Adolph and Sophie Sommer, Lawrence and Virginia Sommer, Bill and Grace Challeen, Dr. Robert and Louise Wiseman, W. W. and Agnes Clark, Bill and Alta Hady, Ira and Margaret Holt, Albin and Anna Zastera, Ralph and Dorothy Ausmus.

I remember Jens P. and Helga Miller. I must say that they sat in the same pew each and every Sunday and Helga knew all who attended and all who were absent. She rarely asked anyone to do anything -- simply told them! An instance of this is when she told Olga Janssen and me to be at a certain house on a certain evening to join the Mary/Martha Circle. We shook in our boots but the rest is history as we are both still members of this Circle today.

George and Alice Robinson, Ainsley and Marie Robinson, Joe and Jennie Therrien, Forrest and Ruth Rike, Henry and Gloria Harwig, Frank and Jessie Bukachek (the Communion table, the baptismal font, the altar railings, the alcove and window wood frames, the silverware chest in the basement and the podium were all made by Mr. Bukachek for others to give as memorials or items donated by him personally).

George Clem, Victor Gergen, Dr. E. G. Nethercott; Ruby, Edythe and Howard Robinson; Cliff Dorow, Alma Wickstrom, Sharon Cummings, Climena Torrey, Mary Spry, Mae Waller, Bernice Trezona, Helen Hoberg, Ethel Edin, Julia Dosey Peterson, Esther Dosey, Ethel Bede, Joe Janssen, Jim Clark, Amy Dorr, Ruth Lindquist, Florence France, Lavinia Cherrier, Eva Peterson, Gladys Zastera, Emelia Birkeland, Hannah Cleaver, Lillian Houdek, Frances Karas, Forrest Ward, Theo McEachern, Art Nelson, George Lehet, Jessie Erredge, Josephine Neville, George Johnson, Tony Holler (we have him to thank for the grand piano which he acquired for us).

George Wiseman -- one summer when in Sunday School, George sold strawberry plants and made enough money with which to purchase collection plates for this church.

Oh, the list is really endless and there are many more I'm sure I could name, and again I sincerely apologize if I missed someone. This church has struggled over these 125 years to live, but with the help of all I've named and of all of us yet here, we can and will continue to survive and continue to make a difference.

* * *

Presented August 13, 1995

Eunice Grandt Ovick: I have been a member of and attended this church all my life. I was baptized here as were my three children. Some of my activities include Sunday School attendee and teacher, liturgist, choir member, Fellowship Mirror editor, and session member, as well as church treasurer. At present I am treasurer of the Presbyterian Women, and the proud recipient of their life membership. I am also treasurer of the church memorial funds.

WHAT JIM WOULD SAY TODAY

Henrietta "Hya" Clark

Dedicated to former members Will and Agnes Clark, Jim's parents, who worshipped at First Presbyterian from 1902 until their advanced age.

It was early April, 1902. A so-called "immigrant boxcar" was sidetracked close by the Snake River, where the Land O' Lakes plant now sits. Its contents belonged to the W. W. Clark family of seven. That boxcar held a small amount of household goods, some farm equipment, two cows, two horses and a farm wagon. The father and his two older sons had slept in that wagon box for the two nights of traveling from Lake Benton to Pine City. The father, Will Clark, found it warm enough to permit the three of them to enjoy a campfire breakfast on the shores of the river.

Later in the day mother Agnes and the three younger children arrived by the afternoon limited. At that time a group of farm neighbors met at the side tracks with their teams and wagons to help haul the goods of the Will Clark family to the farm home being established just two miles north of town on the Beroun road (later called Highway 61).

This was a Presbyterian family. Grandfather James H. Clark was a pastor at the Presbyterian Church of Burlington, Iowa. It is not hard for me to imagine that mother Agnes tried her best to see that the chores were done and her family got off to church for their first Sunday service in our church here.

My late husband, Jim was the second oldest of the children. The tales I will now tell you are stories Jim told me about his early life in this church.

Jim told me how he and his brothers would search the woods in December for a suitable church Christmas tree. The Sunday School Christmas program was the high point of the year. The church and tree would be decorated. The children would sing, give their recitations or playlets, some in costumes, and then the finale would be the appearance of Santa Claus with bags of candy for all children present. What joy and excitement that was!

Jim also told me about how the offering was taken in those days. He said that Charlie Gustafson (Eunice Juntunen's grandfather), would be the one to handle a long pole with a velvet bag on one end. The money would be dropped into the bag. Charlie would slide it down each pew, holding tightly to the end of the pole, then withdraw it and go on to the next row. They didn't need four ushers in those days!

Jim used to talk about the Christian Endeavor Youth Group. According to Lucille Johnson this group met at 7:00 p.m. on Sunday evenings. They had a regular little service format with many youth taking part.

Jim also told me that he remembered the Dosey girls from Sunday School. At one time Anna, Julia and Esther Dosey had a church youth party in the big yard of the Dosey home. Jim said the group walked from the church to the Dosey yard which was decorated with Japanese lanterns. I wonder if they had candles in those lanterns or did the Dosey's have early electricity or was it daylight outdoors?

I remember dear Ethel Bede from my early years in this church. In the early part of the century, Ethel Bede's mother-in-law was the wife of J. Adam Bede, then a U.S. Congressman from this district. In 1911 Mrs. J. Adams invited the newly organized Pine City Boy Scout Troop of which Jim and Noble Clark were members, to meet at the Bede's Annex - adjacent to the Bede home. Our Jack and Sue Sharp now live in and own that famous Bede home.

In more recent years the following has been reported to me, first by Salma Grandt and later by Carol Ward. As Will and Agnes Clark grew older, and their family left home, Will Clark sadly developed Parkinson's disease. His wife Agnes, nevertheless, could see no reason why Will shouldn't attend Sunday services. She'd see to it that they arrived early to get to their church pew, where Will sometimes shook so badly that the whole pew shook. As the rest of the congregation arrived, they tended to avoid that shaking pew. That didn't bother either Will or Agnes. They were where they felt they should be.

These days I wonder if there are any of us who are as loyal to our church as were Jim Clark's mother and father.

* * *

Presented August 20, 1995

Hya Clark grew up in St. Paul where she attended Johnson High School. She married Pine City native Jim Clark and on their retirement moved to Pine City. Hya joined the Church in 1965.

A FEW OF THE EARLY PASTORS

Grace Hegman

Dedicated to all the pastors who have officiated in this church.

I was baptized in this Presbyterian Church when I was 4 months old by Reverend Paddock. I still have my certificate of baptism. I don't remember the next three ministers -- Rev. Cribbs, Rev. Wm. Anderson, and Rev. Frank McKean. I do wish to relate some remembrances about a few of the early pastors.

I remember Reverend Clark, as we lived in a house south of the Presbyterian Church and manse. It was at the end of World War I. My father, two of my brothers and I were at the corner of the street watching the huge bonfire and people celebrating the end of the war. There was a lot of yelling, whistles blowing and bells ringing. I was very concerned and troubled as Mrs. Clark (the minister's wife), had died. I asked my father if all the noise would awaken Mrs. Clark. My father assured me things were o.k. My mother was in the manse with Rev. Clark and other members of the church.

I remember Reverend T. J. Buckton. He was a small man (straight from England). They had a little daughter, Jeddy. My sister Millie and I looked after her. She was so sweet. Reverend Buckton and family moved away. When I graduated from high school I received such a beautiful letter from the Buckton's and a small book of the Bible, "the Book of John", which I still have. The Buckton's were in a tornado and Mrs. Buckton was blown through a glass window. Reverend Buckton was living in Herrin, Illinois with his daughter Patricia where he officiated at a Presbyterian church there. He died several years ago.

I remember Reverend J. G. Reinhardt and his wife --nothing in particular to relate, but they were such good people. They had a son Joseph. He was about 14 years of age when they lived here. Joe attended one of the all-school class reunions one year here in Pine City.

I remember Reverend D. W. Thompson (who Henry Sommer went to the World's Fair with in the covered wagon). Rev. Thompson officiated at many funerals in the country. Three of us assisted in the services, which were held in the homes of the deceased. My sister Millie sang alto and I sang soprano. We were accompanied by Hannah Cleaver (Carol Ward's mother), who played the small portable organ which we carried with us in the car. I was a little nervous at times as Rev. Thompson wasn't the best driver.

I remember Reverend McLeod. He and his wife were a very musical couple. They sang in our small choir. Reverend McLeod had a beautiful tenor voice. He and his wife sang so well together.

Reverend Alfred Martin was a single man. He was a very good speaker and gave good sermons. He may still be living -- I haven't heard otherwise.

Reverend John Mastin started the remodeling of the church with the help of members. He was a very energetic person -- always ready to help anyone. He raised chickens to help supplement his income. He was a man with many talents. He baptized my husband Dick who joined the church when he was the pastor. Sunday morning services were held in the Community Room when the church was being remodeled. I went to Presbytery in the cities with Reverend John and his wife Helen one time. I was scared, as Rev. John was also a poor driver, especially in heavy traffic.

There is more that I remember that I could tell, and will at another time.

]

Presented August 27, 1995

Grace Hegman was baptized here and attended Sunday School. She has been a Sunday School and Vacation Bible School teacher. She has served in several roles for the church including Clerk of Session. Among her favorite activities in the Church has been singing in the choir.



*Revernd Mastin raising chickens to supplement his income
in the 1940's*



100TH ANNIVERSARY CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION - 1970

Florence Nethercott

Dedicated in memory to my husband, Dr. E. G. Nethercott, and my mother Mrs. Clara Howell. Both were members of First Presbyterian Church.

Reverend Irving O. Thompson officiated at this very special 1970 celebration. Mrs. Arthur (Veona) Smith was the pianist and choir director. The choir presented the beautiful music for the program.

Reverend John Mastin, who served as our pastor from 1946-1952 read a passage from 1 Peter 2:4-10, and he also offered a prayer. Most of us will recall Rev. Mastin's years with us, I am sure.

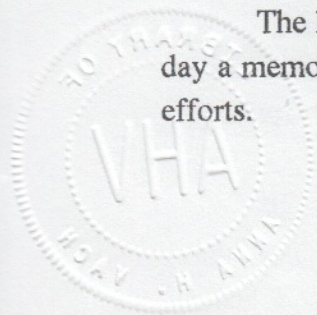
The Centennial committee was represented by James W. Clark, Chairperson; Reverend Irving O. Thompson, Julia (Dosey) Peterson, Pauline Sills, Peg Wallace, Grace Hegman, Paul Beeman, Peg Shumway, Nancy Ovick, and Florence Nethercott.

James W. Clark wrote a very interesting history of the church entitled "The Future of First Presbyterian", which was informative and very interesting.

Following the church service, a Centennial dinner was enjoyed at the Country Club. A rededication memorial program was presented at 2:00 p.m. by the following members: George Clem -- Centennial memorial stone in the church yard; Mrs. Arthur Nelson - carpet; Mrs. Clyde Shumway - chancel hanging; Mrs. Edna Spaulding - fans; Mrs. Lois Burns (daughter of Jessie (Stephan) Mullins - compotes. Some may remember Jessie who with her husband operated the Agnes Hotel for a number of years. Jessie was a member of this church.

It was a happy day enjoyed by all, remembering and renewing old friendships, and looking forward to a new beginning and continuation of our Christian church for the coming years.

The ladies of the church took the time to make special plans, and assisted in making this day a memorable one. Today, it appears everyone who participated was very effective in their efforts.



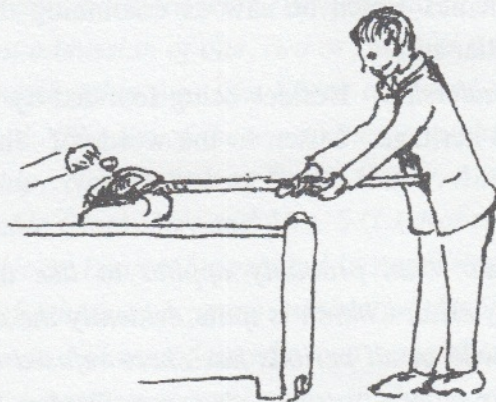
In 1961 First Presbyterian adopted the United Board of Government. Therefore we have only Session members instead of Session and Trustees. The Session members for the Centennial year were: Ralph Ausmus, Paul Beeman, Mrs. Darwin Carlson (Flora), Mrs. Eunice Pofel (now Mrs. Reuben Juntunen), Victor Gergen, Forrest Rike, Robert Ovick, Mrs. James (Hya) Clark (who became church treasurer), and Mrs. Peg Shumway, Clerk of Session.

I wish there was more time to add much more information but my allotted time has slipped away. God bless us all! Thank you for listening.

* * *

Presented September 3, 1995

Florence Nethercott: My church history began on June 3, 1933. I became active almost immediately, through some gentle arm-twisting by my good friend Grace Challeen. I continued to serve in any way I could and then formally joined the church as a member in 1948 -- a move I have never regretted. This means that I have been attending 1st Presbyterian for 62 years altogether.



*Charlie Gustafson taking collection with the velvet pouch -
turn of the century*

BACK TO THE FUTURE!

Chris McHugh

Dedicated to the Pine City Community which gave me such a warm welcome 20 years ago and to this congregation who have welcomed the young people with whom Cheryl and I work.

Next week we will gather for our special celebration. From miles around and far away our former members and pastors are coming home. In celebrating our heritage we also will renew ourselves and better understand the continuing mission of this church.

To prepare for this simultaneous look backwards and a recommitment to the days ahead it is appropriate to ask how the past and present are alike and what they tell us of the future. You are all familiar with the saying attributed to Burke that those who do not understand the past are doomed to repeat it. Let's go for a moment *Back to the Future*.

In the church files are several histories written by various people. One of the most interesting is an essay which the late Jim Clark wrote at the time of our Centennial. As an old college history major let me tell you how lucky we are to have had Jim study this church's records. What is most remarkable about both him, and I might add Mrs. Vach next week, is their use of the original records. Jim adds to this solid insight, uncanny predictions, as well as a beautiful and distinctive writing style.

Jim writes of several themes which he saw as continuing threads in the church life. Several of these will sound familiar still.

The first is Women's Leadership. Besides being founded by women, this is one of the stronger themes of this church's heritage. Listen to the words of Jim Clark as he makes this connection:

To a degree even greater than probably applies to like and comparable religious institutions, the Pine City Presbyterian Church is quite evidently the creation and has been the accepted charge of the women who at all periods have here refused to let it die. Particularly were the men difficult to get as elders, trustees, deacons, Sunday School officers, or even janitors.

Most vividly displayed was the preponderance of feminine power in the maintenance of the community's Presbyterians. If no man would take the job of seeing to it that there was fuel to warm up the church once a week, or give a minister means to buy groceries, or at least find \$10 to pay a supply when there was no pastor, then Mrs. J. E. Therrien, Mrs. R. L. Wiseman, Mrs. Etta Wiley, Mrs. J. Adam Bede (the congressman's wife), Mrs. Robert Wilcox or some other never say die woman member was permitted to display her fervor by going about with an open palm.

And that leads to our next area, **Money Struggles.** We have recently all been bemoaning our financial condition. But in fact there has probably never been a time when the church has been more prosperous, at least in terms of our net worth. Jim Clark writes:

The historian is impressed most by repetitious evidence that the congregation was always struggling to maintain solvency. In general it would appear that the church has been in a large part dependent for its existence on church suppers served, church bazaars held, and by sales of varied nature such as rag rugs sewn, the retailing of vanilla and spices, greeting cards and also by quarters collected at lunches served either at church or at homes of members. All of this along with proposals several times to consolidate our Presbyterian Church with some other.

Membership worries: Members seem to have come not just one or two at a time but also in groups. Listen to Jim Clark recollect the period from 1911:

Twice in these decades there were relatively large groups admitted to membership rather than the more frequent admission of one, two or three at a time. What was probably the largest single increment to membership was that which occurred on February 20, 1911, when 37 new members were enrolled. The list of those admitted contains names of many familiar to most of our present membership. Names such as Portia Huber, Anna and Julia Dosey, Retta Bede, Mrs. William Bantleon, Noble Clark, Mr. and Mrs. S.G.L. Roberts and Mary, Elizabeth and Deborah Roberts, and Olivia, Nora, Louise, Dewey and Lester Wilcox, William Challeen, Elmer Peterson and almost a score of others. A young ministerial supply, a Mr. William Anderson, was the student pastor that year. Those of us who can remember him cannot but wonder what more miracles he must have performed somewhere in the years which followed because, though a bachelor, he was largely responsible for the construction of the first manse as well as so substantially augmenting the membership.

We can look to more recent times when our own Mary Leisman brought so many into the church. It is so apparent that people join from time to time on their own but also that a full time minister reaching out with us into the community will also bring people in. Which brings us to *Pastor Tenure*. This has been a notably consistent problem throughout these 125 years. Listen to Jim's observations:

For a considerable period of years the supplies who filled the pulpit were irregular. The Reverend Jameson, Blair, and Knutson would come down on the train from Duluth for a week spent among the scattered and sparse membership with presumably either the Wilcox or Gustafson homes affording the simple but sincere hospitality those homes could provide. Another characteristic noted is that the shepherds to the flock which called the Presbyterian church their religious home usually handed in their resignation after a year or two. Only one lasted for ten.

What can we conclude from these trends? It would be presumptuous of me to say. However, I will pose the question for your reflection:

- ~ Should we relax some about our perceived problems: membership, finances, the pastor vacancy. After all, these have been ongoing challenges.
- ~ Are our money worries really an opportunity for recognizing the importance of our own stewardship and the importance of our own modest contributions?
- ~ Is there a connection between a full time minister and bringing in new members?

And finally, Praise the Lord for the women and may their hard work continue to be an example to the weaker sex!

* * *

Presented September 10, 1995

Chris McHugh, though not a member of the church, has attended here since being married fifteen years ago to member Cheryl Smetana.

IMPORTANT DATES IN THE CHURCH'S HISTORY

Marsha Babcock

I was asked to do three things this morning. One was to follow Chris McHugh's Heritage Minutes from last Sunday. He did a great job. This is a hard task in itself! Second, I was asked to speak about the important dates of our church, and, third, I was asked to speak about the future of our church. I chose the important building dates of First Presbyterian Church; otherwise we could be here for a VERY long time and we have a lot planned for this day! When I heard what my assignment was I thought this might be a boring topic to speak about, but when I began researching I became fascinated about the progression of our church. I hope that you will find this as interesting as I did!

Important Dates In The Church's History

November 23, 1870 On this date First Presbyterian Church was organized in Pine City.

1873 The first elder was installed. His name was William Francy.
He also served as Clerk for many years.

1878 First Presbyterian Church decided to build a place for worship. This building was dedicated in 1879.

1907 The side room was added to the church.

1909 A manse was built. Rev. Paddock was the first pastor to occupy the manse.

1947 A remodeling program was begun. The building was raised and a basement was built. The new Fellowship rooms were dedicated when Presbytery was held here in the fall of 1948.

1954 Enlarging the sanctuary began. A new entrance was made, new walls, floors, a new furnace was installed, new pews, pulpit and altar cross.

- 1960 First Presbyterian Church became self-supporting. By this I mean that First Presbyterian Church was no longer a mission church, which received monetary support from the MN Synod.
- 1961 The present manse was purchased. Rev. Doug Throckmorton and his family were the first to occupy this manse.
- 1969 The old manse was torn down and a church lawn was created!
- 1990 First Presbyterian Church bought the adjoining property including the old license center building from the Steele family.

In the future of First Presbyterian Church, I see that we will have to make some major decisions on our building and whether we will continue to worship here and make changes for handicapped accessible, or build a new building elsewhere in Pine City.

This is not just a session decision and I encourage all members to communicate your wishes on this topic to the current session members. I also see in our future another celebration: 250 years! We may not be there, but I believe it will happen!

* * *

Presented September 17, 1995

Marsha Babcock has been a member of First Presbyterian Church of Pine City since 1985. She was raised as a Presbyterian; her parents were both elders and her father was also a deacon. Marsha currently serves on the Session on the Worship and Personnel committees, and is the Clerk of Session.

Another important date, in the opinion of this speaker, occurred in this church on June 21, 1986. This was the day I married my friend and companion, Jerry Babcock, in the church where I was a member. That is my anniversary. This day is OUR anniversary - our 125th anniversary! I'm sure none of us will have a personal anniversary of that many years. Have a GREAT day and HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!!

BAPTISM

by Cheryl Smetana McHugh

Dedicated to my precious children, Molly and Ross, their father Chris, my Mom Ginny, and my beloved Grandma Flor, who have all contributed to my spiritual journey.

Last Sunday, this congregation celebrated the 125th year since our founding. We noted the beauty and longevity of this church building and we rekindled friendships old and new in this church family. It was a wonderful day!

However, it was the comments made by Reverend Palmer in his sermon that most touched me. His focus on the spiritual life of the church; the Christian mission of this people; the spiritual journey each of us are invited to take. This is what First Presbyterian Church is all about.

As a parent, I am very committed to sharing church life with my children. I believe that one of the very most important parts of parenting is to raise Molly and Ross to know a Christian faith that is a part of their hearts and their lives. That is why Chris and I chose to baptize our children, Molly and Ross, who were baptized in this church. Reverend Mary Leisman baptized both of them. I am not always a mushy crybaby but I remember distinctly the tears of joy I cried on each of their baptism days. I remember the joy, pride and exultation I felt because we were giving our children the most precious of gifts -- the symbolic introduction to Christian life. Praise the Lord for this!

I want to thank the people of this congregation who have encouraged our children. Pastor Mary would walk the newly baptized child up and down the aisle and request the congregation to take on the responsibility of spiritually supporting the child. Many of you have very specifically done this. Agnes Gergen came to our home to welcome me as a new mother and Molly, our then-baby, to feel cared about by the church. She was the Cradle Roll person who regularly sent prayers and Christian Education materials. Pastor Mary taught our children about Communion and always greeted Molly and Ross with warmth and care.

Also, Betty Karas, Bob and Pat Werner, and Susan Hawkinson, who help with Adventure Club and really fun activities; the special Sunday School teachers who take the time and make the commitment to teach; Butch, our beloved usher who has the patience of a saint and welcomes the kids to light candles, help hand out bulletins, etc.; the ministers and others who have led Children's Discovery time.

The list undoubtedly could go on. As a whole, you the people of this church, have made this a safe, caring, special place for Molly and Ross. Since before their baptisms you have cared about my children, as well as the other children in this church family.

Baptism is a very special, very precious experience. So is growing up in faith.
So is growing in faith.

Last week Carol Ward shared with me how my Mom, Ginny Smetana, had made her feel so good. Mom had shared with Carol her gratitude for Carol's invitation to our family when I was young to come to Sunday School at First Presbyterian Church. Carol made a difference in our lives with her invitation. Recently I heard a couple of my grandmother's friends complain about their children who as adults don't take their grandchildren to church. I challenge anyone who is in that situation to recognize that as aunts and uncles, grandmas and grandpas, neighbors and friends, you can play a role in children's lives in helping them know the love of Christ. We are never too young or too old or too distantly related to make a difference.

There have been many baptisms in this place over the years. Our church records tell of an interesting one on June 10, 1924, at a service held at the Jarvis Bay School on the south shore of Lake Pokegama. Thirteen members of the Cummings family together with several others were baptized and admitted into membership. In the years before and after, many others have been baptized. Many of you here have been baptized. I pray that your spiritual journey has been full and rewarding, and will continue to be so.

* * *

Presented September 24, 1995

Cheryl Smetana McHugh attended Sunday School here as a youngster and enjoyed church life as a teen ager with Sunday School teaching and choir. Returning to Pine City after college as a young bride Cheryl began her involvement back in her home church, serving on Session with Personnel, Worship, and Christian Education work.

Jarvis Bay baptism, 1924



WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES

Recollections from Carol Ward

Dedicated to my mother, Hannah Cleaver, and all the dedicated ladies of the Ladies' Aid through the years.

The pastor's small office was once the kitchen. When dinners were held, Mr. Striegel brought several milk cans of hot water from the creamery for the women to use for dishes, cooking, etc. For the fall dinners (usually chicken), the sanctuary was used as a dining area. Many of the pews were used for seating -- extra pews were put outside. There were always large crowds.

Regular meetings of the Presbyterian Women's Association were held at the home of members before the basement was added. Some meetings were held in the side room. The second Thursday of the month was the date. The Presbyterian Women were noted for being good cooks.

Many ice cream socials were held on a Wednesday evening when a band concert was held in Robinson Park. Usually the ice cream socials were held on the church lawn -- homemade strawberry and raspberry sauces were the specialties.

During the County Fair, the Methodist Women and the Presbyterian Women alternated having a booth. They served soup, sandwiches, pie, and coffee. Two women, Mrs. Robert Wilcox and Jennie Therrien, each made a boiler full of soup. One day it was so hot that no one ordered soup, but before the end of the day it turned cold, so the women moved into one of the buildings. Everyone wanted soup, coffee and pie. All the soup went and so did the pie. Many ladies had made three pies each for two days. It was a lot of work, but everyone seemed to enjoy it, and we always made a lot of money.

When ice cream was served at the dinners, Bill Bantleon always churned the mixer for the homemade ice cream. Alma Wickstrom was noted for making good coffee. She always used a whole egg and a pinch of salt.

Sometimes the women would serve a luncheon at their meetings--other times just a dessert. Usually there were two hostesses. Every year for many years the ladies held a Bazaar in November, with crafts made by the women, and then served a luncheon.

They had a year booklet giving the date, time, hostesses and worship leader. The Gleaners and Mary/Martha Circle had one also. A list of all the women was given and an asterisk showed to which Circle each woman belonged. It was such a helpful list and was used many times for soliciting help.

The Ladies Aid

The old church bell had long been cracked,
It's call was but a groan;
It seemed to sound a funeral knell
With every broken tone.
"We need a bell," the brethren said,
"but taxes must be paid;
We have no money we can spare --
Let's ask the Ladies' Aid."

The shingles on the roof were old:
The rain came down in rills;
The brethren slowly shook their heads
And spoke of "monthly bills."
The chairman of the board arose
and said, "I am afraid
That we shall have to lay the case
Before the Ladies' Aid."

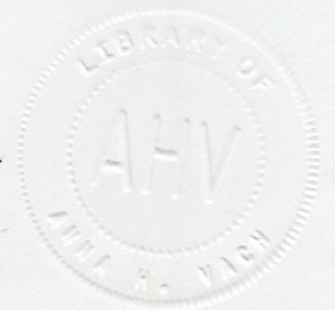
The carpet had been patched and patched
Till quite beyond repair;
And through the aisles and on the steps
the boards showed hard and bare.
"It is too bad," the brethren said,
"An effort must be made
To raise an interest on the part
of members of the Aid."

The preacher's stipend was behind;
The poor man blushed to meet
The grocer and the butcher as
They passed him on the street.
But nobly spoke the brethren then:
"Pastor, you shall be paid!
We'll call upon the treasurer
Of our good Ladies' Aid."

"Ah!" said the men, "the way to heaven
Is long and hard and steep;
With slopes of care on either side,
The path 'tis hard to keep.
We cannot climb the heights alone;
Our hearts are sore dismayed;
We ne'er shall get to heaven at all
Without the Ladies' Aid!"

Presented October 1, 1995

Carol Ward grew up in both Pine City and First Presbyterian Church. Carol was in the choir as early as high school. She has been a leader in the Women's Association for many years. Carol and her husband Forrest were married here in 1950.



TRACING MY ROOTS

Janet Ausmus Seever

Dedicated *to the memory of Ralph and Dorothy Ausmus, who lived what they believed.*

Now days people are searching for their roots. Mine go back to Pine City for a number of generations.

My great-great-grandparents and great-grandparents were among the pioneers in the area, settling in Pine City and Willow River in the 1880's and 1890's. I grew up on what was known as the "mission farm." Our house was located on the land that had been the first Presbyterian Mission in the area, perhaps the first in the whole state. The first white baby in Minnesota, Fredrick Ayers, was born in that location.

My heritage also goes back to the First Presbyterian Church, where my grandparents, Albin and Anna Zastera, were members for many years. I imagine my great-grandparents also attended there at one time, as well as the rest of my grandfather's brothers and sisters. My grandfather taught Sunday School and if I remember correctly was also Sunday School superintendent. Later my parents, Ralph and Dorothy Ausmus, followed in his steps and were actively involved in the church for many years.

When I was very young, we didn't own a car, so we didn't go to church very often. On Sundays I remember my mother reading her old Sunday School bulletins to Jerry and me. We soon knew the Bible stories from memory.

Later when I was about 10 I started attending Sunday School. Mrs. Bantleon was my first teacher. In later years I attended classes taught by Betty Karas and Rev. Doug Throckmorton.

I always believed what I had been taught about the Lord, but it wasn't until I was 13 that I came to know the Lord in a personal way. It was through the death of my grandmother, Anna Zastera, whom I loved dearly. I knew that she drew strength from reading her Bible and praying. I wanted what she had in her life too. On the day after her death, February 17, 1960, I committed my life to the Lord. The commitment was a lasting one, and I have never turned back from following my Lord. He has been the strength I have needed in my life.



I have been away from Pine City for 31 years now, and have lived in many different places beyond Minnesota -- Papua, New Guinea; Dallas, Texas; the Phillipines; Darwin, Australia; and finally to Calgary, Alberta, Canada. However, whenever I come back to Pine City, I still feel like I am coming home.

For years Mom wrote to me weekly and would include news from Pine City and the church. Now that Mom and Dad are both gone, I depend on The Fellowship Mirror for news of people I know.

Two years ago the Women's Association sent us a Christmas cantata done by the choir. As I listened, I cried. It brought back memories of my growing up years when my whole family would go to church for a Christmas Eve service. I remembered the crunch of new-fallen snow, the smell of pine needles, the flicker of the candles during the candle-light service, and the sound of familiar carols floating over the stillness of the night. How special it was to be together as a family then.

Yes, years have passed, and many special people in my life are gone. But I am thankful for the memories of my first church home and my godly heritage.

* * *

Presented October 8, 1995

Janet Ausmus Seever attended First Presbyterian Church from her early years until she graduated from Pine City High School in 1964. She and her husband Dennis have served with Wycliffe Bible Translators for 20 years.

STORIES ABOUT THE CHURCH MY PARENTS TOLD ME

Grace Hegman

Dedicated to Mr. Hart, Dr. Wiseman, and Mr. Therrien (my father).

When I was growing up we lived just south of the church and manse, so had close contact with what occurred there.

My father told about one time three men of the church were going to put a new bulb in the center of the three lights above the altar. Mr. Hart, Dr. Wiseman and my father (Mr. Therrien), were going to fix it. Dr. Wiseman, the smallest of the three men, was going to climb the ladder which Mr. Hart and my father were going to hold. When Dr. Wiseman reached the top of the ladder, he lost his balance and fell to the floor. Mr. Hart and my father were scared as he lay motionless and they thought he was dead. He did finally come around, and was able to walk without any trouble. Fortunately, he didn't have a broken bone.

One time when Reverend Buckton was here, he was outside chopping wood. It was near the clothesline and his axe caught on the line. My father, who had come out the back door of our house, saw what had happened and quickly ran and prevented the axe from falling on Rev. Buckton, who had fallen to the ground.

Before the church was remodeled and a new furnace installed, the old furnace, which burned wood or coal, had a large register located in front of the steps to the altar. If you were seated near the front of the church, you were comfortable but near the middle or back you were cold, especially one's feet. You would always get nice and warm when you would walk over the register.

Presented October 15, 1995

*Albin Zastera, setting off in the snow
for the 7 mile hike to open Sunday
School, 1930's*



NEW FAMILIES

Lu Nelson

Dedicated to Rev. Mary Leisman, who taught me much about being a follower of Christ.

I did not anticipate when I gave the first "Heritage Minute" that I would be up here again with another one. My title that day was "When I Joined this Church." My title today is "New Families."

I think there are two groups that fit that title: one is newer members of the church; the second is visitors who could possibly become members. If we are sincere followers of Christ, we have a responsibility to both groups.

I will tell you some of my ideas regarding the visitors first. They could be potential new members of the church. We must welcome them! It takes little effort to say "Good Morning", introduce yourself, and ask if they are residents of the community or visitors. Thank them for coming. If they are residents and if they have no church affiliation, invite them to return and tell them to feel free to ask questions if they have any.

Now to our responsibilities to new members. We need to welcome them, not only on the day they join the church, but by integrating them into the activities of the church: a personal invitation to a pot-luck supper, Presbyterian Women, the Circles, Sunday School and Adventure Club for the children, the Adult Ed. class, or whatever is going on. There is no better way to integrate than by doing.

It is o.k. to ask new members to serve on a committee or perform a service for our church, but don't overburden a new member. If a person does something for his church, he is creating a double blessing. The church benefits and he feels good for having been able to help. "The more you give, the more you receive." I learned that a lot of years ago, but realized the truth of it when Mary Leisman used to call occasionally asking me to do something I wasn't sure I was capable of doing. She would express her confidence, and I would say "yes." Each time I did, it made me feel good. Not only did it fulfill a need of the church; it also improved my self-esteem and it made me feel closer to God.

We are fortunate to have Reverend Palmer here as our interim pastor, but we need to remember he is here "part-time" and cannot fulfill all the needs of the church. It is wonderful that he does so much for us, but he can't do it all. He needs help from all of us, including "new members." Even a full-time minister needs help from the church members.

* * *

Presented October 22, 1995

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Robin Raudabaugh

The first "real" sermon I preached in this church was on this Sunday just five years ago. It was All Saints Sunday and in that sermon -- my first after beginning seminary - I attempted to express my gratitude to all of you (and those who are no longer here) who have been the saints in my life. Perhaps some of you remember that message. It is a strange - perhaps divine - coincidence that my message today falls again on All Saints Sunday and mirrors my earlier message.

When asked if I would present a Heritage moment, I wasn't sure how I felt about standing in this pulpit in this church again -- a seminary graduate but not an ordained minister, a member of another church in another denomination -- no longer Presbyterian, and once again speaking to you something about my faith journey. I'm still not sure how I feel about it, but I think it feels O.K. So here I am.

I am to share with you today some of my experiences about the Sunday School here at First Presbyterian Church of Pine City. My earliest memories of Sunday School begin at home. My mom, Betty Karas, frantically getting all seven of us kids decently dressed, packed into the car and off to church, after the morning farm chores were finished. (I later remember a family night when the Irving Thompson's were here, and my family reenacted the craziness of a Sunday morning at the Karas!)

I began attending Sunday School when I was two years old. I guess it was easier to bring me along than to leave me at home. The first few years I remember meeting upstairs in the side room with Joyce Nelson and Grace Hegman, arguing with Frank Lilja, and eating play dough. I remember red being the tastiest.

First and second grade I moved downstairs to the table nearest to the door for class with Millie Korf. I loved Millie's soft voice reading Bible stories to my class. As I progressed to fifth and sixth grades, I remember Pat Nell and Betty Sills (Pauline's daughter) as teenagers teaching my class in the kitchen. They were so - o - o cool and taught us school songs as well as Bible stories.

For most of my growing up years, Irving Thompson was the minister here. I loved his wife Ruth -- she was so tiny -- but so loving and affirming. She would lead the worship which preceded Sunday School classes each week. We would sing TVTVTVTV and I'd think "but I don't have a TV" and I'd wonder what TV had to do with "This Is My Father's World", which we sang nearly every week. I'm not sure I realized until much later that the TVTV was to warm up our voices and had no connection to "My Father's World." And it wasn't until MUCH later that I decided there was a connection between TV and My Father's World, but that is my Stewardship story and this is my Sunday School story.

During my childhood years in Sunday School, I honestly don't remember wondering about or questioning the Bible stories I learned about (as I do now) but I do clearly remember loving Sunday School. I couldn't explain exactly why or what I liked but somehow Church and religion mattered a lot to me. Sunday School was never something I had to do, but it was always something I wanted to do. The only reason I was anxious to be done with Confirmation was so that I could be a member of the church.

I'm not exactly sure when I began to question and search for answers about my faith that I couldn't seem to find here at church. I joined a Jesus People group in high school, a Bible study group in college, and found no answers that worked for me -- just a whole lot more questions. I quit going to church.

I came back to the church -- to this church -- for many reasons: to find answers to my continuing questions about God and God's relationship to the earth; to give my children an opportunity to have the experiences I had as a child in this church; to respond to a concerned minister, and because it just seemed like the right time.

When Lucas was just a baby, Liz Heller, interim minister at the time, visited me (a non-attending member), listened to me, shared concerns with me and allowed me an easy way to come back to the church. Liz baptized both Lucas and Katy and as soon as they were old enough they began attending Sunday School regularly. I wanted so much for them to find here all that I had loved and more -- and I also hoped to find answers and meaning for myself.

When Mary Leisman (my mentor and my model for ministry) was installed in this church, my real involvement in the leadership and life of this church began. Those first few years after I came back to church, Lucas and Katy were often the only children up front for Children's Time. But with the church's renewed vision for ministry under Mary's leadership, the Sunday School began to grow.

I taught Sunday School (the best way to really learn something is to teach it) for quite a few years. I had also taught as a teenager following my confirmation. Mary Leisman and I, with much help from my mother Betty as art director and many helpers, coordinated many wonderful Summer Vacation Bible School programs. The Noah's Ark, Music Machine, Basket on the Water (the first time) are among the most memorable to me.

I have many wonderful memories of the Sunday School in this church--from being a child attending to being a parent to teaching. Swinging around the poles in the church basement (before they were covered with wood). Surveying with wonder the millions of cookies for the Christmas pageant fellowship time. The Easter breakfasts as a teenager planning worship and as an adult writing plays about butterflies and flowers and practicing with leotard clad youth. Planting flowers with Sunday School children with money provided by George Clem. The many Christmas Eve pageants -- my most memorable as a young parent watching my own little angel and shepherd making their perilous way to the stable.

For the past two years following my graduation from United Theological Seminary, I have served as the Associate for Children and Youth Ministries at Robbinsdale United Church of Christ. When I began my work at Robbinsdale it was with a feeling of great inadequacy. What did I really know about working with children and youth -- especially in a congregation this size -- many times larger than First Presbyterian of Pine City? I know -- I'd done this at Pine City, but that was so different -- a rural congregation and with Mary Leisman to bounce ideas of and my mom to provide artistic inspiration.

But in spite of this, things went well and I can honestly say that the successes I experienced in revitalizing the children and youth programs at RUCC are directly related to my faith journey begun right here in the Sunday School at First Presbyterian Church of Pine City. From my childhood to teaching Sunday School as a youth and adult to serving as an elder in many areas of this congregation, I experienced and learned what ministry -- and children's ministry -- should be about.

It's NOT about large, well-equipped classrooms. It's NOT about professional credentialed teachers. It's NOT about numbers or size. It IS about sharing faith and love. As I reflect today on my memories of Sunday School as a child and as an adult, that is what I WANT to remember most. Sharing faith and love.

During the time since I last preached here on All Saints Sunday five years ago, I have not always been able to remember that love and nurturing. The pain of rejection, of leaving this church, of leaving the Preparation for Ministry process, leaving the Presbyterian church, leaving my family and community had left me shattered, bitter, angry, incredibly hurt, and physically and emotionally sick.

It is with joy that I am able to say to you today that it DOES feel good to be here today. The pain does not eliminate the good memories.

I resigned my position at Robbinsdale United Church of Christ this summer to accept a full-time teaching position at Elk River Senior High School teaching agriculture. I now believe that my call to ministry (as real now as five years ago) can be and is carried out wherever I am -- and right now it is in meeting the needs of the youth I teach.

Thank you for inviting me to speak here today. I apologize if I have strayed beyond simple Sunday School memories, but as I struggled with what to say today, I felt the need to say all of this; to affirm the goodness and the love and the nurturing I and my children have experienced here as well as the pain and heartache and rejection I experienced in my leaving of this place. All of this is part of my faith journey which began for me right here in Sunday School.

This Heritage message has provided me the opportunity to draw to closure some of the things I left undone and unsaid here. I thank you and God bless you all.

* * *

Presented October 29, 1995

Six generations of Robin's family have worshipped at First Presbyterian Church. Robin will always be remembered for bringing the beauty of our local rural life into the many activities in which she participated.

MY MEMORIES OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Lucille Johnson

Dedicated to Rev. D. W. Thompson, my friend.

I can remember going to Sunday School while Reverend Reinhardt was here. I wasn't very old and it was a long way to walk. They had a son, Joseph. Then came Reverend D. W. Thompson. He would come out to see my dad everyday when my dad was sick. If the roads were bad and he couldn't drive, he would walk. Getting to know him so well, I began to feel like the church was mine. It made going to Sunday School more fun.

The first teacher I can remember was Hannah Cleaver (Carol Ward's mother), and then Julia Dosey. Julia used to tell us things about the beginning of the church. One day she told us that during the early church years the Indians would pow-wow around the church. She had a lot of stories to tell us about the Indians and the church.

My mother raised a lot of flowers so she would pick an armful on Sunday morning and I would carry them to church. Rev. Thompson would have water in the basket and he would help me put them in. All summer Mother would have flowers in the church for Sunday worship, and Mrs. Thompson would take them home.

In the wintertime, the church would be cold when we got there. The furnace grate was in the aisle near the front of the church so we would go that far and stand there. It wouldn't take long to make the rubber on your overshoes smell so the boys would yell "Get off the furnace-- you are ruining your overshoes." The floor in the church was cold so if you didn't have overshoes on you would have cold feet. I can't remember how they got down to fire the furnace.

If you think putting on a church dinner is work now, you should have been there before the basement. The pews had to be moved - some were left to be used at the tables instead of chairs. The tables we used would seat 10 people. They were boards put together and the legs were water pipes which had to be measured so you would have four of the same length for the same table so it wouldn't rock. Then we had a roll of white paper we had to cut to fit the tables and fasten underneath with thumb tacks.

Chicken was fixed in the homes and brought in when needed. I can remember frying chicken and cooking carrots for Mom. We made the pies the night before. Someone would come and get the chicken when it was needed. There was an old black wood stove in the church and they used it for boiling potatoes and making coffee and gravy. If you remember, the cooks of that time were all a little heavy, and there wasn't much room to get around for them. I still don't know where the cupboards for the dishes were. I helped carry plates to the tables only once and that was enough for me!

One morning Reverend Thompson came in and said we would have a new family in church. It was the Zastera family -- father, mother, his sister, two boys and two girls. He introduced them one at a time to us and then Albin Zastera took over the young boys class. His sister took over the girls class, and Mrs. Zastera started an adult class. The boys and girls just went to a class for their age. Rain, snow, or sunshine -- they would be there every Sunday. It was the start of the first adult class in Sunday School. As crowded as we were for space in the sanctuary, the noise didn't seem to bother us. The adults had forgotten how to whisper or talk low, but it didn't take them long to remember.

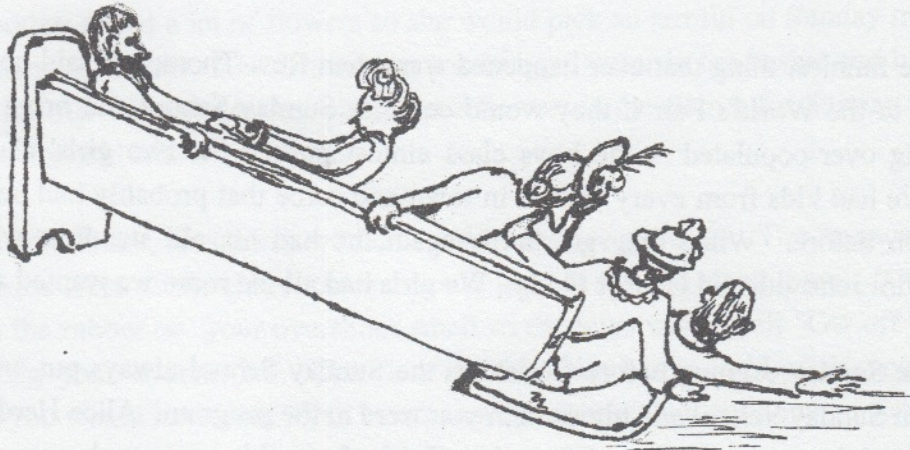
The funniest thing that ever happened was when Rev. Thompson said he would take his boys class to the World's Fair if they would come to Sunday School and bring a friend. Talk about being over-populated -- the boys class almost pushed the two girls' classes out of the church. We had kids from every church in town and some that probably had never been inside of a church before. When they got home again, he had his old standbys with him -- Bob Therrien, Jim Johnson, and George Greig. We girls had all the room we wanted again.

One Sunday evening before Christmas the Sunday School always put on a program. If you were in Sunday School and big enough you were in the program. Alice Herdina had the real little ones and they were so cute. When they finished we older ones took over at this program, and for the Children's Day program the girls were allowed to take up the collection. It was always sent to Esther Dosey for the Kentucky hillbillies. After the Christmas program was over and we were to go home we were all given a brown sack containing candy, peanuts, an apple and an orange. It was first given by A.M. Challeen, and then by Bill Challeen.

We had a Sunday School secretary named Jessy Eldridge. She would bring the record envelopes and our Sunday School papers to us every Sunday.

Presented November 5, 1995

Lucille Johnson: I joined the church when I was 18. Reverend Thompson had been to a meeting in Ohio all week and when he came home on Saturday he remembered he needed people to join the church that Sunday so he asked our Sunday School class. I think we were a group of five.



An oft told story of the old pews breaking down

CHURCH MEMORIALS

Eunice Juntunen

Dedicated to those people who gave, to those who are giving, and to those who will continue to give so this Presbyterian Church will always be here to serve in Pine City.

According to the "Book of Remembrances" given by Mrs. John Mastin (former minister's wife), nearly all items in our church have been given or purchased from memorial monies.

Grace Hegman, Flora Carlson and I have made up the Memorial Committee for several years now. Flora updates the Remembrance book and I as treasurer record all income and expenditures.

The best recorded memorials date back to this building with names I'm sure none of us remember anymore. I recall my mother mentioning a few of the names, as she was born and raised in Pine City so had access to some of the early people in our church. Therefore, I really won't mention names because I'm sure that everyone's relatives or ancestors would be on the list, but I will mention some of the memorial items given or purchased in memory of loved ones.

There are 15 stained glass windows plus the fan-shaped one in the church entrance; money was even donated for installing these windows. The outdoor lights were given, the pews, pew cushions, carpet, Christian and American flags and stands, pew Bibles, speaker system, pulpit Bibles, ceiling and wall fans, pew card holders, altar cross, communion table, baptismal font, pulpit and railings, pulpit light, candles, candle holders, and candelabra.

Here I may mention that the Memorial Fund consists of undesignated monies, an organ fund, Christian Education fund, and handicapped access fund. Many people give monies specified for specific funds or items and are so used. The funds that are undesignated are used for whatever is needed.

To continue with memorials in the church: The 3 glass bookcase in the library room was given; many framed pictures, 18 piece porcelain creche, choir robes and choir stoles, the centennial memorial stone in the church yard, the piano, Hammond organ, library books, special music, tapes, puzzles, nursery rug, carts, toys, organ lamp and halogen lamp, bookcase and computer desk in the office, the computer, TV, tape player, large print pew Bibles, office desk and chairs, 2 high chairs, rocking chair, 2 crib stacks, children's tables and chairs, folding chairs, Monroe tables, library table, and other bookcases.



Given for the kitchen are the two stoves, the island, silverware, dishes, glassware, coffee pots, vases, refrigerators, crystal bowls and plates, silver sugar tongs, buffet, silverware chest, various pots and pans, dishtowels, tablecloths, and the big oval table.

We have also used memorial monies for copier repair, organ repair, remodeling the fellowship room, lighting, landscaping, manse furnace, roof repair, new wiring, etc. We also have money set aside for a dishwasher someday.

I'm sure I have missed some items, but if so it wasn't intentional. As you can see, the memorials run from large items, such as stoves and tables, down to sugar tongs. Again I say, nearly all things in this church are memorials.

* * *

Presented November 12, 1995



The raising of the old manse on the east lawn of the church, 1910



19TH CENTURY FAMILIES

Donna Zastera

Dedicated in honor of all the "pilgrims" and "pioneers" who have gone before us and have made this church what it is today. I especially dedicate it to the Cherrier and Zastera families, who loved their church and served the Lord with a deep commitment and love. I also dedicate it to God, for without Him, none of this is possible.

Our early families, who were the pioneers, could also be considered the "pilgrims" of our church. With the Thanksgiving holiday quickly approaching, I cannot help but compare the early people of our church to the pilgrims, who settled in this country in 1620. The pilgrims gave thanks to the Lord, for He had brought them here to the new world and provided for them. So, too, our early church families were "pilgrims." They had a dream, they had a vision, and they worked and gave of themselves with their time and commitment to make this church what it is today -- they are the pioneers -- the pilgrims!

Our church's history goes all the way back to 1836, when two Presbyterian missionaries began a mission on the east bank of Pokegama Lake, at the Ausmus family farm. In 1870, when the railroad came through, Pine City was born! Several missionaries came here to minister to the early settlers. On November 16, 1870, Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. King, and Mrs. Ferson wrote to the St. Paul Presbytery requesting that a Presbyterian Church be started in Pine City.

The church was organized and started in 1870, but for nine years the congregation existed without a church building. They never gave up the dream that one day they would have a church home. Services were held in a hotel and the school. Then, finally, in 1879, the dream became a reality when our church was built--the first church in Pine City! God put the First Presbyterian Church here all those years ago! He, too, had a vision and a mission and to this day it is still being lived out through us.

So many people have gone before us. I am very proud to carry on the "family tradition" in this house of the Lord! For many of us, myself included, this church is literally a church family. For three generations in my family, weddings have taken place here -- my grandparents Melvin and Lavina Cherrier in 1918, my parents Robert and Shirley Cherrier in 1948, and my husband Alan and I in 1984. I know that many of you can trace your roots back many generations as well. Generations have come to worship here. Every person who has ever stepped foot in this church has made an impact on our lives; has made our lives richer and fuller just by their presence.

I am very honored to stand here today before you to recall the families who have made an impact on the life of this church. Due to a lack of time, I will not be able to tell all the families who have made a difference. I can only begin to touch upon the names of all the people who have made such an impact on the church's life. So, forgive me if your family name may be omitted; it certainly isn't due to a lack of appreciation, but rather to a lack of time.

19th Century to 1920 Families

Wilcox	Pennington	Therrien	Robinson
Martin	Stephan	Goodwin	Russel
Porter	Brockett	Crosby	Peterson
Gustafson	Carlson	Greig	Guptill
Ellison	Clark	Bede	Wiseman
Bukachek	Huber	Challeen	Dosey
Miller	Roberts	Sherwood	Zastera
Perkins	Sindelar	Streigl	Holt

My list should stop there, with 19th Century families, but there are a few others of importance that I wanted to recognize. These people are listed as joining the church in the 1930's and 1940's:

Nethercott	Appleby	Cherrier	Torrey
Hegman	Nelson	Karas	Sommer
Ziebarth	France	Poubda	Scofield
Ausmus	Falta	Edin	Cleaver
Machart	Ciem	Gergen	Olson
Schumway	Smith	Grandt	

All of these people have made contributions to this church in one form or another. They loved and cared enough about their church to bring it through many tough times and many good times, too. It is the people who began the church so long ago that I pay tribute to today. What a rich and wonderful heritage to know that our church has been loved and cared for by so many hard-working, dedicated people over these past 125 years.!

As you sit down this Thanksgiving to contemplate everything you are thankful for, please remember to give thanks for our church and its people. This is what life is all about -- being able to come together and worship God in His House! Psalm 122:1 says it best; I was glad when they said to me, "Let us go to the house of the Lord!"

Presented November 19, 1995

Donna Zastera was baptized Donna Mae Cherrier in this church on April 11, 1965. She and her husband, Alan, were married here on June 2, 1985. They became "official" members of the church on September 17, 1989. Donna and Alan have two children; Jason, 10, and Megan, 7 1/2. Donna is a Sunday School teacher and is an active member in the Women's Association.



A night in old Bethlehem

A CHRISTMAS IN THE 30'S

Grace Hegman

Dedicated to all children and congregations of First Presbyterian, past and present, and ending the Heritage Minutes with hope, joy and love, and as Tiny Tim said, "God bless ye, everyone."

Before I tell you about a Christmas in the 30's, I want to mention "A Night In Bethlehem", which was a religious event put on by members of the congregation for two evenings (Saturday and Sunday) a week before Christmas. This was done for four years. I am so happy that I went to see it. It gave one the feeling that you were actually there in Bethlehem and saw Mary, Joseph and baby Jesus. It was a wonderful experience.

I remember a Christmas program in the church in the 1930's, especially when Reverend D. W. Thompson was here. There were recitations and songs by the children and always the traditional nativity scene with the angels, kings and soldiers in costume, and the beautiful Christmas song "We Three Kings", sung by the kings who acted the part.

Reverend Thompson was a good sized man, and made a wonderful Santa Claus when dressed in a Santa suit. There was no need for extra padding. His cheery Ho Ho Ho's made all the children happy. He carried a large sack which was filled with bags of candy. Every child received a bag, even those children who came from other churches. One little boy said to me one time, "I like to come to your church because you give such big bags of candy." Rev. Thompson enjoyed it as much as the children.

Bill Challeen, who owned a grocery store, brought 2 or 3 boxes of apples and every person in the church got an apple. It created such good fellowship. At that time, John Falta always gave a Christmas tree. Later on Jim and Hya Clark supplied the church with a tree until their trees became too large. The teachers and children decorated the tree with colored paper chains or strings of popcorn which they made. The trees were always beautiful. Later on, scarves and mittens decorated the tree. The scarves and mittens were given to needy families, who could use them.

The last two years, the Christmas tree has been decorated with angels in memory or in honor of someone.

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Presented November 26, 1995