



Holly Presbyterian Church
MEMORIES

1859-2009

NOTES:

My memories of First Presbyterian in Holly are mostly about being in the choir when I was in High School during the early sixties. Anne Grate was our choir director and we always did a Christmas pageant. Our choir provided the background music and we were the first to grace the altar and stood facing the congregation. The youngest children made up the primary choir and they were the angels who were in front of us. Mrs. Grate had brought up the chairs from the primary Sunday school room and they were a variety of pastel colors. To make them look more solemn for the pageant, Mrs. Grate had draped them with white sheets. She explained to the little angels that they needed to put their hand back and make sure where the chair was before they sat down as the chairs were spaced and right next to each other. The very first angel came in and forgot Mrs. Grate's instructions and sat down and went right to the floor, the second little angel did the same thing. At this point, most of us in the high school choir started laughing and laughed through the entire pageant, trying to hide behind our music.

Good Friday services were celebrated by the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches together and the place for the service rotated between the three churches. Our minister, Reverend Lankton, always volunteered our choir for this service. It was very hard for us as teenagers to sit through those three hour services and not whisper to each other. One year the service was at the Baptist church and we all wanted to be on our best behavior which meant-no talking during the service. I think we had heard that some of the older members from the Baptist church didn't think we would behave properly. Janie Hadley and Cherie Riddle decided to take pencil and paper so they could write each other notes instead of whispering during the service. During one of the prayers the pencil dropped! It rolled down the altar, down a few steps (quite loudly) and landed right at Reverend Lankton's feet who was sitting in the front pew. Reverend Lankton reached down and picked it up and gave us just a hint of a smile.

Kay VanBuren Wright

I've got some memories of Holly Presbyterian,
Picking out the carpet for the fellowship hall with Isabel Stark. Folks must have approved of our choice because it's still there.
Modeling in the Fashion Show and Luncheon, the BIG social event in Holly. Peggy Dryer was co-chairman.
Our Civil War wedding of daughter Missy to Bob Huntoon. Pastor Ralph Parvin added to the theme attired in a period coat and string tie.
The remodeling of the office for our new pastor Ralph Parvin. Hal drilled through a water pipe in the process creating a small flood.
The Maundy Thursday homemade soup and bread meal and service.
The Christmas Cantata.
The installation of the new pipe organ supervised by Bill Coale.
The annual Christmas Auction with cut-throat bidding. My plum cordial was a hot item.
We mustn't forget the "Dog House."

Nancy McDavid-Nisbett

Recently Bob Nelson and Linda Burns asked my mother, Devona Nelson and myself to write about memories of our years at the Presbyterian church in Holly. I have been trying to get mom to talk about it but at the moment she is having a hard time talking. She is 92 years old. However, the following are a couple of memories that I have.
My husband, Ron and I were married in the church in 1962, Bill Lankton and Dr. Bill Bos, my uncle, officiated at the service, The year before my Uncle Bill Bos and Doris Walker, mom's sister were married. I always loved the stain glass window in the back of the alter. The first minister that I remember was Reverend Lindsey. He was there most of the growing up years. I have to laugh when I think about him because I always thought his sermon's were very long. There were five kids in our family so mom had to really work at getting us all ready for church. She was active in various church organizations.

sometimes a hat. I remember sitting behind Mrs. McQuaid (a lovely lady). She wore her mink stole with the heads attached. I didn't like the black beady eyes staring at me. I kept waiting for them to blink! We had a wonderful youth group led by Rev. Bill Lankton. He brought enthusiasm and devotion to our group and we all loved him. As a group we camped at Crystal Lake and walked the Sand Dunes. Mimi Andrews Long, Joe and Sally Lehman and Rev. Lankton were our chaperones. We still talk about it today!

I helped with funeral dinners for many years. I have fond memories of Willah Mackey, Bonnie Pelton and Phyllis Bailey. We all had our special jobs and Phyllis kept us laughing.

Ralph Parvin was a unique and kind minister. He and Mary were both extremely friendly and always made you feel good about yourself. Ralph took his beliefs everywhere he went. He had a distinctive way of spreading God's word. He taught me how you must share and live your faith not just on Sunday but each and everyday.

Most of all I remember the fellowship, love and caring support of my church family. I am truly blessed to be and have been a member for over 50 years.

Jennifer Ganshaw Chanter

I have many wonderful memories of working here. I started as secretary about 12 years ago: worked here for 4 yrs, gone for 4 and have been back for 4. I have crossed paths with many people and have loved working here. I have had the pleasure of working with three pastors; Jack Craft, Herb Swanson, and presently Randy Cullen. I have many memories, funny, fond and sometimes sad, of the time I have spent here. I remember one time with Jack that I had used hand cream that had a fragrance that didn't appeal to him and remember him politely trying to tell me that I needed deodorant! And who can forget Herb's "Lord willing and the crick don't rise" or "Don't ask me, I'm just the interim!"? In my time here, I have seen many fond people move away or go to be with Jesus and will cherish the memories I have of them. I remember Keith Dryer and Jack Davis especially always seeing to it that I got a good ribbing whenever they stopped by. What a pleasure and a privilege it has been working with Randy and this entire congregation.

Teri Webner

I have many fond memories of Holly Presbyterian Church. It has been amazing to witness the physical changes in our church. I remember, everyone used the front door to enter. As you opened the doors the stairway to the basement was right there and you turned to the left to enter the sanctuary. In the basement we had lots of dinners, Sunday school with little wooden chairs, choir practice, bazaars, etc. It was a treat to use the stairs to go outside to the parking lot. In the summer we went to the Methodist Church for a month and they came the next month to HPC. I always liked worshipping with my Methodist friends and saying the Lord's Prayer their way. Every Sunday the men and boys dressed in suits with white shirts and ties. The women wore their good dresses/suits with high heels, gloves and hats (especially at Easter). The younger girls wore their "fancy" Sunday dresses with white anklets, patent leather shoes, gloves and

When Bill Lankton came he was able to get the youth group going. A wonderful memory I have was us traveling to Skyline, Wyoming in 1958. We had bake sales, car washes, and whatever we could think of to earn money for the trip. We were even able to do a few church services and the collection went toward our trip. I remember the day we left the church parking lot. We were all so excited. It is a trip that will be remembered by all of us. We contacted a couple of church organizations along our route. For two nights we stayed overnight with families from that particular church. We met so many people. We did the same thing coming home. Our week at Skyline went way too fast. Another memory of the Presbyterian church is something I am not real proud of. I was singing in the choir on a Sunday when all of a sudden the organ quit playing. Mrs Gilbert was the organist at that time. The congregation kept right on singing through the hymn. Mrs. Gilbert was trying to figure out what happened. It turns out that I had knocked the plug out of the wall where I was standing. I just about died. I bent down and put the plug back in and when I did the organ let out this ugly sound. I was so embarrassed. The plug was the type that stuck out from the wall about three inches. I never told Mrs. Gilbert what happened. It is all I can do to write about it now.

As I sit here to write about memories I can picture in my mind the sanctuary and downstairs even though it has been a long time since I have been there.

I congratulate the church for it's 150 year anniversary.. There have been many lives touched by the church. I am thankful for each and every memory I have and what influence the church had on my life.

Nancy Nelson Yokom

The most memorable event at the Holly Presbyterian Church was the day I married my wonderful husband, Ron Schram on a warm sunny day, August 25, 1956.

As I walked down the aisle, I was glad it was a short one. The church was filled with my family, friends and relatives.

My three sisters were all participants of this special day. Janet, a bridesmaid, Kay singing a song (The Lord's Prayer) and Mary attended the guest book.

Reverend Lindsay joined us in matrimony.

Receptions in our time was usually cake, ice cream, mints and nuts held in the church's hall, nothing like today's elaborate, expensive ones.

Marge Doty Schram

I probably won't make July 12, 2009 but I do remember childhood in Holly and Sunday worship at the Presbyterian Church.

Originally there was just the church with Sunday School in the basement. I remember getting rabbits on my chart for attending. Sad to say I went because my family went, my friends went and this is where all the cute girls went.

I remember Vacation Bible school each summer, St. Andrew's Fellowship group (I think) and choir practice. It was Reverend Lindsay as the minister and Gwen Canfield led the choir.

That's a long time ago, in the 40's and 50's. Then I went to college and was gone but I relish my youth in Holly. Lots of friendly church people—always singing "Holy, Holy, Holy" -heavy choir robes—no air conditioning-stone parking lot in the rear. I could ride my bike to church activities and feel safe.

We hung out part of the time with the Methodists. I think the organist lived next door.

Wow, memories! Your note got me thinking .

Happy Anniversary.

Tom R Hadley

I had the Jr./Sr. High Sunday School class and Youth Group when Ralph Parvin was our minister. We buried a "time capsule" with pictures, headlines and copies about our camping trips. We were supposed to dig it up 25 years later, but didn't get around to it until 2007. Some of the "kids" who came back to help retrieve stuff: Nancy

nice. It rained again but there was a shelter to eat under. We went to bed early right after vespers. We are in Iowa now. It rained all night and it was wet in the tent.

July 10, 1958

We got up soaking wet and spent some time in the park. We stopped in town for lunch. We arrived at our next place in Iowa. The kids were nice here. I stayed with Judy Wood again. We had a cake party. Judy got sick.

July 11, 1958

It rained all day. We stopped at the same drive-in that we stopped at on the way out. We got to Downer's Grove and had a picnic. The kids from Claradon Hills came there and I wanted to stay. But we left and went sight seeing.

July 12, 1958

We all got awfully tired of riding. We got home around 5:00. We all cried and cried. We all cried really hard when we had to say goodbye to Peg and Andy Miller.

Diane Anderson

Jerry remembers the time he put a new roof on the fellowship hall. He had the supplier run the bundles of shingles up to the roof on a conveyor while he and his employees dropped them on the roof in various locations. Shortly afterward, Ralph Parvin called him down and said, "Jerry, do you know all the light fixtures are laying on the floor in the fellowship hall?" Needless to say, he had to put the light fixtures back up before he could begin shingling.

Jerry also helped shingle the sanctuary and remembers a board on the northwest ridge corner that had a guys name and date on it. He can't remember the name but the date was when the church was built.

My memories over the 35 years I have been attending this church, are of loving, caring people who helped to shape my faith. I will forever be grateful for the HPC experience.

Judy and Jerry Studer

July 4, 1958

I spent the afternoon washing. I played volleyball for awhile. We had a cookout. We were supposed to go on a moonlight hike but it rained. We got drenched. We went back to the camp and watched old movies of the camp.

July 5, 1958

I washed my hair and took a shower in the afternoon. The council worked on decorations all day for our banquet. We all got dressed up. We squared danced and did the Shottish. Then we went on our moonlight hike. At the banquet all the council dressed up in funny costumes. We took pictures. We were really beat when we got in.

July 6, 1958

We spent the whole morning taking pictures. We had church in the chapel but it rained so we came inside. We had free time all day. We had a movie, communion and candle light prayers. It was wonderful. Gary built a fire but it was just all smoky. The boys came to our cabin later and sang to us. They were pretty good.

July 7, 1958

We left camp in the morning. Everyone took pictures and cried and cried. We went to Rocky Mountain Park and took more pictures. We stopped and ate lunch at a restaurant. We had supper at the YMCA. We stopped at a gift shop and bought some presents.

July 8, 1958

We drove all day as usual. When we got to the park, there were tornado warnings, so we ate and drove on through the night. It was storming when we stopped so Mr. Lankton, Bill Hayes, Janie and I slept under a picnic table. The rest slept in the cars. We laughed so hard. We were so wet and dirty. We stopped during the night a few times and got junk food to eat. We got back into Nebraska and Andy got sick. Later he felt better.

July 9, 1958

Got up early and went to Lincoln Neb. We ate there and spent an hour shopping. We went to another park and went swimming. It was really

Dryer Deeb, Jackie Brown Campbell, Jim Pelton, Margaret Pelton Perry and Laura Bates.

We went to the spot, dug up the box and found that inside there was a mass of wet, dirty paper that was pretty much a solid lump. I think that several metal items were still OK, but we couldn't remember what the story behind them was. The box was buried on the side of the hill by the downstairs steps to the office.

Barbara Brown

In regards to the church's 150th anniversary-I must have been there when we celebrated the 100th-I would have been 17 and should have had a working memory at that time!?!?!???

All the things you mentioned in your note are dear to my heart-but first of all, it all reminds me of my mom(Alice Young). It was her guidance in "raising us up right" that brought my brother Dave and me to a wonderful and loving church family. I taught Sunday School for a time, worked EVERY Vacation Bible School, sang in the choirs, waited tables for the dinners and really enjoyed the church.

I remember Rev. Lindsay-such a "grandpa type"-soft spoken and reverent minister to look up to and respect. Then as a teen the fabulous Rev. Lankton entered our lives-and at such an important time to influence us all. We went on a trip to Encampment Wyoming where we attended a church camp-it was wonderful.

After graduation I strayed away but still consider the Holly Presbyterian Church "my church".

Hope to see everyone on July 12th.

Marilyn Young Edwins

From the first service I ever attended here on Christmas Eve 2005, I have never felt more warmly received anywhere. There are so many wonderful people here and I have made so many new friends. I have been inspired and enthusiastically grateful to Herb and Rune Swanson

for the kindness that they extended to my family. Every event here leaves a special memory in my heart.

Fran Olson

We moved to Holly in 1954 and joined the Holly Presbyterian Church. We were active members until we moved to Florida, in the late seventies.

Steve and others were very busy on the renovations of the church basement. He remembers all the termites they encountered while digging it out.

We have many memories of the people and Holly. We are members and attend the Grace Presbyterian Church here in Lake Susy, Florida.

Rose and Steve Yobuck

The memories I have of Holly Presbyterian Church:

Being invited to HPC for the first time and told to use the back door because no one uses the front.

Feeling very apprehensive about teaching 4-5-6th grade Sunday School and the encouragement Ralph gave.

Baptisms of our children by Ralph Parvin and Dave Mairs and baptisms of others in the lake by Jack Craft.

Exhausting but fun week hosting VBS.

The year we hosted the community service at Crapo Park in a torrential downpour. We all managed to fit under the gazebo.

All church retreats at Camp Skyline and the "not-for-primetime" choir.

Youth retreats- The year the fire alarm went off (we won't mention names), lock-in's at U of M Flint, Playing "I never" at the Alma retreats.

Adult retreats- in particular, the year one of our elders went MIA for a couple of hours.

Jan Bradshaw

I have wonderful memories of Holly Presbyterian; Sunday School, choir practice with Gwen Canfield, my baptism, the bazaars, etc. But

June 28, 1958

We got up and went swimming before breakfast. We took pictures of the dam and a man took us on a speed boat ride. We stopped at a drive-in for lunch. It was really hot and we only changed cars twice. We drove through the mountains. We had a picnic in the mountains near Laramie. We had Vespers at a picnic and sang. I never saw such big rocks. I stayed with Doris at the Reverend's house.

June 29, 1958

We were late for church. We went to a rodeo. We drove up to the snowy range. It was beautiful. We spent a lot of time there and it was dark when we got back to Skyline Ranch. The trailer broke down and it was a mess. Peg V and I got separated from the rest of the group.

Darn it!

June 30, 1958

I skipped breakfast so I could do my washing and ironing. We rode into town with Andy and I got some Levis. The rest of the kids got here. Our cabin washed dishes. We had vespers in the chapel and it was beautiful. I was elected to the camp council. We had a meeting after recreation. We had fellowship in our cabins.

July 1, 1958

I wrote letters during rest period. The camp schedule started. I am chairman of two different groups. We went on a hike in the afternoon. When we got back we went swimming. We sang in the evening and saw a movie after vespers. They put "do or" on my name tag. So now it says Do or Di.

July 2, 1958

We played volleyball and went swimming. We had vespers and a campfire.

July 3, 1958

Peg Miller took us swimming. It was cold. Bill L had a conference with us about "loving thy neighbors". We went on a hike. We had vespers at the tree house.

Doris Walker and Peg and Andy Miller) made the trip to Skyline Camp in Wyoming.

June 23, 1958

We all went to Olsen's Gas Station to get our picture taken for the paper. Andy Anderson bought everyone cokes.

June 24, 1958

We left Holly at 7:30 a.m. to head for Claradon Hills, Ill. Louie lost his wallet, it rained and the trailer hitch broke. But we all just smiled through it. We sang in the cars and played games. We ate lunch in the cars because it was raining. When we got there, we had a picnic and played badminton. We danced and listened to records. We broke up to go to the homes. Peg and Andy Miller are the sweetest people in the world. It was their 8th anniversary today.

June 25, 1958

We stopped at a drive-in for lunch. We all walked over a Mississippi River bridge. We went through the town of Burlington. We got to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa early and had a picnic. We had a lot of fun in the park. We all played on the swings and slides like little kids. It's funny, they talk with an accent. They took us on a tour of the city. They have the oldest college west of the Mississippi. The land their house is on was once owned by the daughter-in-law of Lincoln.

June 26, 1958

We got lost from the other cars but we met up again in a small town. Peggy VanBuren and I got to stay together at the home of an older lady. She was nice. We spent most of the evening driving around looking at the town.

June 27, 1958

We drove all day as usual. We stopped at a restaurant for lunch. We camped out at Lake McConnehe. We cooked stew but it didn't get done. Peggy VanBuren and I slept in the tent. Most of the kids went inside to sleep. We found an old pump and primed it. It was hot. We had Vespers down by the lake. Then we all sat around and sang.

probably my fondest and most vivid memory is when Rev. Lankton took 16 (I think) of us to Presbyterian Church Camp in Wyoming. Arrangements were made for us to travel (driving of course) to certain towns along the way and meet up with other Presbyterian Churches and they would take us in for dinner and one overnight and then we would be on our way the next day. I think it was Casper Wyoming, but I am not sure. Somewhere I have a picture of all of us standing out in front of the church before we left. I know it was in the Holly Herald. I would be surprised if you don't hear from someone else about the trip. I know Marilyn Young, Susie Niles, Toni Andrews, Mary Kay Henry, Peg VanBuren, Ted Wagoner (I think), Bill Hayes, Jim Canfield and Tom Hadley were some of us that went. It was remarkable for me being the first time I had been out of the state. I can remember the bunk Houses, Bible Studies, sons, meeting other kids and making new friends. Rev. Lankton was such a blessing to the church and I remember how upset we all were when he left.

I pray for a wonderful event for the church .

God Bless, Sue Riddle Cotcher

We moved to Holly in 1966. Our sons were born in 1972 and 1974. It was a little later when Ralph and Mary Parvin came to the church. They were instrumental in our starting to attend Holly Presbyterian. They meant a lot to both Carl and I. I remember one Sunday, I drove to church with the boys. I think there was a Men's Breakfast and Carl was already there. We were going to Carl's aunt and uncle (Steve and Rose Yobuck) for lunch. Well, we both got there and neither of us had the boys! I drove back to church as quickly as I could. They were in Nick and Wilma Klak's car. They had come to their rescue. Needless, to say we didn't get the parent of the year award that year. There is so much I remember about doing funeral dinners with Jennifer Chanter, Bonnie Pelton and Willah Mackey. Such good workers and wonderful people make those memories good ones.

Phyllis Bailey

Once upon a time when Ralph Parvin was our minister there were a couple of groups in which I participated that were truly memorable. One was called O-Five-O (over fifty). We met monthly at noon for a potluck lunch where even a store bought bag of chips was welcome. Some group members Isabel and Don Stark, Bonnie Pelton and Helen Bates (when not up North). Another group which also met monthly but only Sunday evenings was a few stalwart Democrats. We had good comraderie and about the only group member I recall besides Ralph was Dave Summers who showered us with relevant articles, etc.

Moving along was the experience of choir membership. The choir was directed by Roberta Carter or Bill Coale and accompanied by Janet Shiel. This was fun and there were times when we made some lovely music. Some of those times were Christmas and an especially memorable Hallalujah Chorus when Roberta arranged some special embellishments. (Thank you Mr. Handel). We even sang once in German. The Klaks, Lyles, Jan and Dan Goodearl, Marionette Kubicz, Maxine Mathis, Jim Hedin, Donna Piening and Jack Craft were some choir members.

At about that time we participated in a stained glass census overseen by a curator at Michigan State University. This was interesting to learn about the lovely windows in the sanctuary and fellowship hall. Last but not least is the June Garage Sale where discards become someone's gems. The Singles and Beth Dryer are found there each year. This is one of the highlights of the summer. Many hurrahs and thanks to all. May God bless the Holly Presbyterian Church.

Dorothy Leaming

Memories of Holly Presbyterian Church are all good. I was not there as long as most. Rev Jack was the minister while I was there. I served on property for a while (3 years), I enjoyed trying to do a few things. Jennifer Chanter and I went to the Village Council to get sign approval. I worked on Jack and Betsy's house, reworked plumbing.

I was in the confirmation class of 1987 with Krista Henn and some others. We had a special church service outside by the lake behind the church. Melissa Gobler was baptized in Simonson Lake at the same ceremony.

In the late 1980's Hal and Nancy McDavid invited the youth group to their house on Grange Hall Road. We had a hay ride and they showed the movie, "The Gods Must Be Crazy." They were fun people to be around.

Julie Shiel Murphree

One of the best memories my family and I have of Holly Presbyterian Church is the Saturday we were first welcomed by the congregation. We were and continue to be overwhelmed by the genuine warmth, friendliness and care this congregation has extended not only to us, but to all. No matter what the future holds, we will always remember this special congregation as one that really walks by and lives the love of Christ. Happy 150th! May God continue to bless you and keep you all.

The Cullen Family

Ken and I have fond memories of playing Snoop over the last 25 years. Our greatest memory is of our wedding 25 years ago by Ralph Parvin. As a child, I have fond memories of youth group, church camp and choir.

Shar Hadley Hecht

This is the diary kept by Diane Anderson and compiled by Peggy Bensett on the youth trip to Wyoming.

12 girls (Diane Anderson, Toni Andrews, Janet Doty, Janie Fisher, Mary Kay Henry, Nancy Nelson, Susie Niles, Nicky Stark, Sue Riddle, Peggy VanBuren, Judy Wood, Marilyn Young). 4 boys (Louie Bensett, Bill Hayes, Darrell Kinney and Bruce Fox) and 4 adults (Bill Lankton,

Memorial services of beloved church members Meta Deetken and Hal McDavid were held at HPC. In March 1996 Roberta Carter bought and picked up my blonde Baldwin church model organ from our home on Rattalee Lake Rd. We were in the throes of preparing for our move to our new home in Paradise in July. So June 23, 1996 was my final Sunday as regular organist at HPC. Fond farewells were the order of that day.

Through the years our choir roster included many faces and voices which I'll always continue to see and hear in my memories. Some of them are: Peggy VanBuren Bensett and her mother Betty VanBuren, Donna Piening, Wilma and Nick Klak, Velma Smith, Dorothy Leaming, Dan and Jan Goodearl, Maxine Mathie, Helen and Giles Morris, Hal and Nancy Mc David, Joel Blatchford, Gordie and Jan Bradshaw, Marionette Kubicz, and Jack and Betsy Craft.

It was a privilege to be called, an enrichment in ways too numerous to name, and probably some kind of a record for being the longest trial period for a church organist in that it spanned some 15 years.

Janet Shiel

Here are a few memories from my "growing up" years in the church: In the 1980's Gertrude Skinner was quite active teaching Sunday School and doing other activities with youth. She was in her 80's at the time and appeared to love every minute of it. As part of the youth, I remember going to her A-frame house on Houser Road for an Autumn Party. She had games set up all over house. We bobbed for apples and ate doughnuts from a string. I have many fond memories of Mrs. Skinner. She had a great knowledge of the Bible and shared many wise thoughts with us.

In the 1980's Ron Dershem was the leader of the youth group. We did many fun activities. Some of the most memorable were" a walk-a-thon from the church to the Dershem house on Dilley Rd. in Davisburg, lock-ins at the University of Michigan Recreation Center, and lock-ins at our church.

Lots of fond memories.

I plan to come down for the celebration.

Joe Carter

Reflecting back on memorable events in my early years at Holly Presbyterian Church.

I remember the Mother/Daughter Banquets, attending with my three sisters Marjorie, Janet and Kay. There were many in attendance during that time in the early 1960's.

During my grade school years my sisters and I always dressed in hats, gloves and shoes to compliment our new dresses for Easter. Mom and Dad dressed up as well.

My father always wore a suit to church. I never asked why but maybe this made him feel special and respectful in God's house.

My earliest recollection was attending either Sunday School or Confirmation classes at the very back of what is now our sanctuary. This was closed off from the main part of the room.

Mary Renico

When I was about 4 or 5 years old, my grandmother (Grace Pelton) would give me a nickel for the offering. She also had lemon drops in her purse!

I was married here in 1982. During the service there was a fly flying around Ralph Parvin. Well, it landed on his nose, I was trying not to laugh, my bouquet was shaking and my sister-in-law thought I was scared. It all worked out. We baptized both of our children here also.

Margaret Perry

My memories at Holly Presbyterian Church began in 1952. Rev. Joseph Lindsay was the minister. He was elderly and I thought he was the kindest man I'd ever met. When our three month old daughter died, he was in Canada on vacation but yet he got on a train and came back for the funeral services. I'll never forget that man.

My first memory of getting involved was when Hettie Snow, Marilyn Curle Hope and I decided together we'd try to chair the annual turkey dinner. We all had small children so it seemed a challenge. The kitchen, which was where the nursery is today and the fellowship hall were in the basement. Turkeys with dressing were roasted in homes and pies solicited. We had a big crowd and made it through without running out of food and learned a lot.

I remember attending the Martha Circle that met once a month in the afternoon at different homes for dessert and a Bible study. Isabel Stark, Devona Nelson and Betty VanBuren were such great leaders in the group-mentors for me.

When Bonnie Pelton's youngest son Tom and youngest daughter Nancy were old enough to be in the nursery class, Bonnie and I agreed to teach the 2nd and 3rd grade class. We felt inadequate but together we gave it a try. We taught for ten years. We had wonderful kids and had a good time doing it. We both felt we learned more than the kids. Another memory is when our Church partnered the other Holly Churches to sponsor a Cambodian Family. All the churches worked together with garage sales, dinners, anything we could think of to raise money to support them.

Many memoriesand I thank God that this Church has been a part of my life for the last 57 years.

Beth Dryer

My memories go back to when I was about 5. The first minister I remember was Rev. Fulcomer, followed my Morton Booth. Rev Paul Allured was a pastor when I graduated from High School and left for the Army. Virginia Mott was my first Sunday School teacher and we met in the church basement. As I got older in about the 7th and 8th grade, Ed Barbesack taught the Boys Youth Group. About that time, I was recruited to help usher Sunday mornings. Many did this but I especially remember working with Fred Foss, John McQuaid, Bill Maybee and Don Stark. At that time we ushered everyone to their

the choir members continued to attend the FSO concerts at Whiting Auditorium just to follow and enjoy his talents and friendship after he left.

Musically, St. Andrews Day observances in November were the rule with bagpipers and Scottish dancers in the fellowship hall. There were New Years Eve weddings in the sanctuary (usually officiated by Dick Jacobson) and Valentine Day and St. Patrick Day weddings to play for. After Jack Craft was brought in as our new pastor there was an outdoor confirmation service complete with baptism in Simonson Lake just behind the church parking lot. We hooked up the keyboard and speakers with extension cords and once again had live music on the lawn.

In Sept. 1991 Dave Rath began rehearsals and monthly anthems with the children's choir. In 1992 there were two Easter Sunday morning services, Marilyn Henry and son visited for a special musical duet, Wilma Klak continued to solo on Sundays as occasionally did Keri Dersham, Jane Dryer and Roberta Carter.

Sometime in 1993 Wednesday night choir rehearsals began, now under the direction of Roberta Carter, an accomplished singer in her own right, but also a vocal teacher and keyboardist. The choir enjoyed working with her and had some interesting times during her tenure. These included choir rehearsals with lunch in the fellowship hall, Christmas programs (with children's choir involved), an outing to a Fort Street Presbyterian Church- Detroit spring concert, Easter cantata rehearsal with breakfast or potluck lunch in the fellowship hall, special rehearsals for Ash Wednesday, communion services, Wednesday night supper and hymn sing, Good Friday community service at HPC and performances with instruments. Maundy Thursday services also continued and included organ music. Roberta Carter's vocal students began having their recitals at HPC in 1994, and I accompanied them on the piano/organ. We rehearsed and held Sunday evening programs in the fall for a couple of years.

and minister to numerous individuals and families with whom he became acquainted in town during his meanderings. He gladly married people at the Holly Hotel (several ceremonies and sometimes with piano), in their back yards (we hooked up a keyboard for these), and inside their homes. At certain times of the year in the 1980's there were 3-4 weddings in a month.

These same years brought their share of memorial services at the church as well. All the while there was music for Sunday services that included many a rehearsal with leading choir soprano Wilma Klak, who often soloed in place of the choir during the summer recess. Wilma and I also did quite a few organ-piano duets for offertories.

Occasionally I would accompany an instrumental soloist who played oboe, flute, or recorder.

Christmas music was always very special during these years. Each December the choir presented a cantata the week before Christmas- in 1987 we had two performances both in the morning and evening. We had Christmas carol sings and sing-alongs, potluck and choir programs, and usually two Christmas Eve services at 7 and 11 p.m.

The camaraderie within the choir was real and sometimes hilarious. Laughter and one-liners flowed. We were actually also taking part in a clinic under the tutelage of Bill Coale, whose knowledge and expertise in music and music theory (not to mention the pipe organ and its repair) afforded every one of us the opportunity to learn, improvise and perform together. Sometimes our enthusiasm spilled over outside the environs of HPC to include Roaring 20's Pizza in Okemos and and evenings at the McDavid home (hayrides, good food, sing-along.)

Following Rev. Parvin's retirement we were privileged to have David Mairs as interim pastor. He was both an ordained Presbyterian minister and accomplished conductor of the Flint Symphony Orchestra at the time. He brought a sense of stability and optimism to our congregation, as well as his musical expertise and appreciation. He made the decision to pursue his musical career, although many of us at HPC would have coveted his long-term tenure here in Holly. Several of

usual seats. We had Christian Endeavor Class on Sunday nights and our instructor was Helen Cole.

I have many memories of the Presbyterian Church Choir of which my mother and father sang. Once a month a choir supper was held at some members house at which time they also rehearsed. I can still remember sitting on the stairway going upstairs at our house listening to what was going on. Mildred Ellis was the pianist and Gwen Canfield and Elizabeth Furbush were directors. In the early fifties I sang in the choir.

The Church has been a big part of my life for almost 81 years. Our four children were baptized and confirmed in this church and 3 were married here. It's hard to put down 81 years of memories but I'm proud to be a part of the history of this church.

Bruce Dryer

I guess most of my memories deal with people long gone from the rolls of the church. Grandma and Grandpa Pelton (Vern and Grace) almost always brought us kids to church before mom started coming regularly. Grandpa sang in the choir with Hazen Giles and I could always count on seeing one or both of them breaking a smile or a laugh as they shared (perhaps slightly off-color) jokes. Grandma taught the adult Sunday School class for many years. I learned the finer points of ushering from Grandpa ("Do it THIS way...") in the days when we were expected to take the people to their seats and hand them a bulletin, which, by the way, I had folded earlier according to specific instruction. None of this, doing five or six at a time to speed the process... the edges must be even and the fold sharp!

Bill Lankton was the first minister I remember. He retired some years ago from directing Presbytery of Chicago's camp at Saugatuck, Mi for many years.

Ann Grate, followed by Dorothy Reagan were the youth choir directors I sang under. It was about then I got my first good look at the church's Hammond organ and learned from Gladys Gilbert that every

good organist had a pair of shoes that they used exclusively for playing the pedals and woe be to the uninformed person who would dare to remove them from their resting place near the console! She told the story of an over anxious church custodian who saw these ragged, worn out pair of shoes one week while cleaning and threw them into the trash. The organist was nearly in a panic and I believe told the custodian in no uncertain language that you would not typically hear in a church to retrieve them posthaste and NOW!!

During college I was enticed away to the fundamentalist/Pentecostal movement and had some bad experiences with them; to the point of swearing off church entirely for several years. If these were Christians then I wanted nothing to do with them. I started going back to HPC services with mom occasionally (Ralph Parvin was the pastor now) and one day Ralph approached me and inquired if I might be interested in joining the church. I had not gone through confirmation and don't ask me why because I sure don't remember! I said ok but there's some stuff you need to know about and he let me talk through some of my experiences with the Pentecostals that caused me the most grief. Bottom line, I joined the membership, did a term on Session (one year as the clerk) and organized some activities with the junior and senior high youth. One memory that remains with me was organizing a fund-raising slave auction during which members of the church would bid on the various youth for help with projects around the house. The one who was bid the highest was Jeff Single, then a strapping high-school jock! I also remember lock-ins at the church and UM-Flint, at least one of which had the overriding question: Are Amy Bensett and Rob Harding an item???

Other short memories: The day Elspeth(Grate) Perry told me she was taking a Sunday off from playing the organ and I was going to be her substitute. Here are the hymns, get busy practicing! I have never prepared as much since for a service as I did that one! I started subbing regularly shortly afterwards at many churches in the Flint area when I wasn't at Holly. After moving to Chicago in 1984 and

moved into action at that particular time. However, I knew the Stark family pretty well and of their ties to Holly Presbyterian Church. I also knew that HPC had the only pipe organ in town and that my former piano/organ teacher Gladys Gilbert had been organist on the Hammond there for many years. It was she who had introduced me to the organs at both the Seventh-Day Adventist Academy boarding school and at HPC, where I usually took my lessons. I would practice at the Holly Baptist Church, then located on S.Saginaw St. within walking distance from my childhood home in the village. But I digress.

I called in July, 1981, about two or three weeks before our third child Ryan was born. Don Stark set up a sort of evening tryout meeting with Bill Coale, choir director at the time, but when the appointed time came I was unable to play my music for them. Ryan's "appointed time" intervened and we never were able to set another time that summer for a tryout. Don just suggested that I begin a 6-week trial period after "Labor Day" in September. He had a great droll sense of humor, but he also made this suggestion with serious intent. So I began my trial period that month and just kept on playing until our family moved to the UP in July, 1996. No one from church ever really told me that I got the job, but as I reflect on those rewarding years, I think that I did. Either that or my organ playing weighed in the balance long after a decision was due.

During Ralph Parvin's ministry there were weddings galore within and without the church and more than a few of them were due to Ralph's strong belief in the institution of marriage. He testified to that opinion with a quick, wry smile time and again. Some of the weddings I played for were those of our church families: Dryers, Wells, Velma McPherson-Dale Smith, Dentons, Shar-Hadley-Ken Hecht, Pointers, Leamings, Morris (Giles & Helen's kin), Rainey's, Mary Jane Malotte, McInnis, Bates, Keith Dryer, Baileys (Carl & Phyllis's kin), Browns, Bentleys. The rest of the weddings during these years were ones that Rev. Parvin performed for people he knew in and around the village. He and his family lived on College St. in those years and came to know, help

embraced us from the beginning. We had a monthly Bible study that was a real source of fellowship and joy. We remember how so many of HPC's members welcomed us and how we were sustained by the love of members of the church during our time together. There are far more good memories of HPC than we can enumerate here and each one of them continues to make us smile.

And together we accomplished some good things. We held the Advent and Lenten Children's Fairs. We added many new, beautiful Christmas decorations to the sanctuary and the church building. We began to remodel parts of the building, notably the pastor's office. The church selected an excellent pastor nominating committee, which worked diligently and in a timely fashion to select a fine candidate for HPC's pulpit. And of course, the congregation undertook the renovation of the narthex toward the end of our time together. The narthex was more than just an improvement in the church's physical plant. It was a leap of faith for the church. It symbolized a desire to move forward, to break new ground as a congregation. In transforming a small, cramped dark and leaky entry way into a vaulted, bright and inviting narthex, Holly Presbyterian Church declared its faith in God's leading—that God would sustain it in the future has he had for many decades before.

We pray God's blessing on HPC and each one of her members.

Peace, Herb and Rune

I remember the men having to lift a car off the curb in the winter when the driver couldn't see it between our driveway and the neighbors.

Vickie Lyles

My tenure as church organist began rather tentatively in Sept. 1981, shortly after I responded to a help-wanted ad in the Holly Herald. Truth of the matter is, had I not already found the phone # in the ad to have belonged to Don and Isabelle Stark, I may well not have been

transferring my membership to First Presbyterian in Brookfield, IL, I continued subbing and did 2 1/2 years at a small Methodist Church in Brookfield and then came back to Brookfield as a co-organist with the understanding they would form an organ committee to replace the aging, failing instrument from 1956. First Pres is now closed and the congregation is merging with North Riverside Community Presbyterian. I am serving on the administrative commission that is overseeing that process. I continue to play each week and sharing the service with their pianist.

Mike Pelton

My memories of the Holly Presbyterian Church start back when I was about 8 years old. Keith Dryer asked me to go to Sunday School with him. I had been going to the Baptist Sunday School. I asked Mother and she said fine.

When I was about 10 we started a class with Wilma Bendle as our teacher. We did many things and many of us joined the church in April of 1945.

I sang in the church choir for many years, which were some good times. In later years there were the Turkey Dinners that Beth Dryer and I helped put on.

It has been exciting to see the church building changes through the years.

Jim and I were married in the church by Rev. William Lankton on February 26, 1966, which has been my most happy memory of the 64 years I have been a member to the Holly Presbyterian Church.

Marilyn Curle Hope

Congratulations on your 150th Anniversary. I became a member of the church in 1951 when Rev. Lindsay was minister. I started helping Isabel Stark in Sunday School teaching and even painting the chairs and tables for classes.

I helped Rev. Lankton visiting and taking pictures of new babies for cradle roll. I served on session, worship and fellowship committees helping with coffee hour, potluck and funeral dinners and the annual bazaar.

My children Cindy and Jeff were members. Cindy was married in the church by Rev. Parvin.

I'll always remember my Christian years and the many friends at Holly Presbyterian.

Lois Caryl

My favorite memory of Holly Presbyterian Church is TFC with Lindsey Perry and Kendra Bradshaw. More Ovaltine please!!

Desiree Cook

Reverend Lindsay was at HPC from sometime in the 1940"s until mid 1950"s. He and his wife were from Canada.

In those days, my Grandpa Maybee was the Clerk of Session. There were only two keys to the church. The minister had one; the Maybee/Stark family had the other one. When my Grandpa retired (May, 1951) he gave up his post at church so he and Grandma could travel. My Dad was elected in his place!

After Reverend Lindsay retired, we had a "supply" from the Flint Presbytery for quite a while before we got Reverend Bill Lankton. I can tell lots about him. He and Lynn came to us from Mountain View, Wyoming. They are/were from the Detroit area and wanted to come back this way. In one of his first years here, he organized a high school youth group and kept us busy and active. We learned a lot from him. After a year or two, he got us organized to do fundraising for a trip to church camp in Wyoming. That trip took the best part of three weeks and was something I will never forget. He arranged for us to stay with Presbyterian families in the Chicago area and in Wyoming. The ministers of these churches were Seminary classmates of his. Between those two points, we camped out at State and/or National

Before all else, we pray God's blessing on HPC and all of its members on this wonderful occasion. One hundred and fifty years! We pray that the Spirit will continue to work through the congregation so that it will continue to be a special community of worship, study, fellowship and ministry for decades to come.

I arrived in Holly the second week in February, 2005 and officially became HPC's interim pastor on February 15th. It was a time of transition for both the church and for us. Rune was still in Thailand where she was co-principal of an international school. I had arrived in the U.S. in mid-December without any immediate prospect of a church and had been busily emailing Presbyteries from New England to the Midwest introducing myself and inquiring about vacant pulpits. Two or three initially positive responses did not work out. Then I had an email from Rev. Louise Brokaw of Lake Huron Presbytery introducing me to a small church in Holly, Michigan, a place I have to confess I'd never heard of.

I remember sitting on the floor of an apartment at the Overseas Ministry Study Center, New Haven, Connecticut where I was staying being interviewed on the phone by Elders Rob Privette and Gerry Jackson, two members of the interim pastor search committee. It was an amiable discussion and one thing lead to another until I found myself in Holly in a snowy, cloudy February. And there we were: HPC, a church in transition and the Swansons a family in transition.

In the nature of things, transitions such as the one we shared are challenging times. Some things go well. Other things are a struggle. Even now, more than four years later, I still remember Thai words and expressions before I can "call up" the English equivalents. I'm sure that not a few folks at HPC grew weary of hearing about Thailand, a place where we had spent 25 years of our married life.

There were some low points for the church and for us, but we left HPC 26 months later with a real sense of loss at having to say good-bye to the good folks of HPC. We continue to have many happy memories! We remember, for example how the members at Holly Woodlands

church. I shall not name them but a couple lived quite close to the church. At some point we joined the adult choir. Some took practice more seriously than others. I had a laughing fit with a good friend of mine during practice. Mrs. Furbush proceeded to hit us on our heads with the choir music. That only caused us to laugh more.

It seems our Mother was always baking something for the church, a funeral, bazaar or dinner. We would come home from school to the wonderful aroma of homemade apple pie. "DO NOT TOUCH, it's for the church." There was usually another for the family after supper.

We had Brownie Scouts meetings in the church basement. I believe Marge Phipps was the leader.

When I joined the church probably about the age of 10, Rev. Lindsay was the minister. We all loved him and thought he was the wisest man. He was probably younger than I am now. He was so nice. The group of us that joined knelt on the alter in front of the congregation. Rev. Lindsay stood on the back of my choir robe as he placed his hands on my head. Needless to say I had a hard time not laughing.

I remember Sunday school teachers Mrs. Perry and Isabel Stark and the beautiful voice of Gwen Canfield and Elspeth Grate. The wonderful young couple, Beth and Bruce Dryer.

Rev. Lankton and his young family were a wonderful addition to our church after Rev. Lindsay retired. He did so much for our youth group. I know he did a lot for the church as a whole. He was there for our family when our father passed away. With the youth group we had Bible Study, trips to other churches, hay rides, parties and church camp. Our trip to Wyoming Skyline camp was unforgettable. We had chaperones, Doris Walker and Rev. Lankton. It was so much fun and a learning experience meeting many people, all ages from other parishes. My memories are happy. Holly Presbyterian Church gave me a good Christian foundation.

Mary Kay Henry Scott

Parks. That was a great experience for 12 kids and 4 adults from little Holly, Michigan.

Bill Lankton was so good about visiting parishioners. I was "stuck" at home during my illness. One Sunday, after I was out of High School, I went to the youth group to help Rev. Lankton out. After youth group he said he was going to Pontiac to visit my Grandpa in the hospital. Would I like to with him? I did. Grandpa knew we were there, I am sure of that. When we got back to my house he went inside with me to report to my folks. But the hospital had already called. Grandpa died soon after we left.

Did you know that Bill Lankton was quite an artist? My mother commissioned him to paint a picture of our house on Maple Street. This was about two years before Mom and Dad sold it and moved to Bush Lake. That picture is on the wall above my computer. I get a warm glow when I look at this painting! Bill Lankton presided over my first wedding in 1963 and bapitized my first child.

I remember some of the more recent ministers because I always went to church with Mom and Dad when I came home to visit.

Although I was a Methodist in Jackson, Mi for 20 years, I consider HPC my home church and contribute as much as I can. There is only one English speaking Presbyterian Church in Las Vegas and that is an hour's drive to the other side of town!

I won't be there for the Anniversary Celebration but look forward to seeing my friends on June 6th.

Nicole Stark Todd Vance

150 years—that's unbelievable!! The most memorable memory I have of the church would be choir. I remember walking to choir practice with Jennifer Ganshaw Chanter and Cherie Riddle Martin laughing all the time. We never dreaded going and always had fun. I remember Mrs. Grate was the choir director and was surprised to find out that we could actually sing! I especially remember putting on our choir robes and lining up for the processional. Then hearing the organ start and

away we would go down the aisle singing Holy, Holy, Holy. It was all good, all the time. That was in the early 60's. It wasn't until 1975 that I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal savior. Even today, sometimes when I'm worshipping the Lord alone I will sing "Holy, Holy, Holy." In fact, Cherie Riddle Martin and I still sing it to Him sometimes, even though we don't remember all the words but we still know the tune! He liked it then & he likes it now.

The Holly Presbyterian Church gave me a good foundation and I'm thankful to have gone there.

Janie Hadley

As I think back of growing up in this church one of my favorite thoughts was of my parents getting married there. They were married by Rev. Booth on August 29, 1936. Walter and Josephine Andrews celebrated 36 years of marriage and were members of the church until they died.

My sister Marilyn and I were both baptized in the church and she was married there.

As a young girl, I loved going to choir practice and singing in the youth choir. Later, we sang in the adult choir where Mr. Paul Dryer made us all laugh with his funny stories. Mrs. Furbush would get so upset with our misbehavior that she would tap us on the head with her music book! Probably the best memory was of Rev. Bill Lankton. We had an active youth fellowship and when Rev. Lankton came to Holly we loved having someone young. He had so many great ideas to keep us interested. He often told stories of his friends Andy and Peg Miller and soon came up with the idea of going to church camp at Skyline in Encampment Wyoming. He invited the Miller's to come along as well as asking Doris Walker to help chaperone. Soon there were sixteen teenagers and four adults selling Sander's candy door to door all over Holly. Our trip was an experience we will never forget- from sleeping on a picnic table in the rain to out running a tornado. I have a picture of Rev. Lankton "hitch hiking". It was time to go home!

folks from the neighborhood. Mary was very hospitable and offered refreshments most every night. I particularly laugh when I recall that whenever Ralph sat out there and had a beer, he put it in a coffee cup so that people passing by would not know he was drinking alcohol.

Helen Bates

Beth and I were only a part of the Holly Presbyterian Family from January 1987 to April 1988 but in those 16 months of being your Interim Pastor we came to love so many people in the church. The warmth and kindness of you all in accepting us after Ralph Parvin's heart attack was unusually fantastic. We never felt like strangers in your midst. Helen and Giles Morris as well as others on the Pastor Nominating Committee were especially kind in making the transition. Beth also has very fond memories of working with the Children in the annual Christmas Pageant. Wonderful times.

Please send our love and best wishes to all of the HPC family.

In Christ's love,

Dave and Beth Mairs

I will share some of the memories I have, trying not to incriminate myself or others.

The church was my first socialization other than family. Sunday School and Bible School allowed me to make friends with other children. I remember putting pennies in the delicious looking (I believe it wasn't real) birthday cake bank. Bible School was great. Another chance to make new friends. The Presbyterians, Methodist and Baptist combined their Bible Schools for awhile. I have never tasted such delicious cookies and Kool-aid since. The Christmas pageant was always an exciting event. Families would come together on that special evening to watch and worship.

Choir was something else that one could participate in. After junior choir practice in the winter we girls would get bombarded with snow balls that had been made and collected by some young men from our

which we introduced to Holly Presbyterian Church back in the 1960's and which continue to be held every year for the whole congregation. I still have a wooden figure made by Bill Lankton and named "Snoop" which he made for one of the early Snoop Parties. This group remained active to a greater or lesser degree when Lou Thompson, Harold Johnson and Ralph Parvin were pastor of the church. It ceased to exist late in Ralph's tenure when most of the people who attended became busy with teen age children or the women took jobs and did not have the time to plan the events.

Interviewing Ralph Parvin

Ralph Parvin's first contact with the Holly Church was not a planned interview. Ralph was traveling in the area and checking out the church which he had read about in whatever it is the ministers get, telling which churches are looking for a new pastor. He wanted to meet with some representatives of the church. He phoned at my house because Gordon was on the Pastor Nominating Committee. I think he was the Chairman or possibly the Secretary which is why Ralph had our phone number. I was at our cottage on Buckhorn Lake but I told him I would get as many of the Committee members as possible and we would meet with him that afternoon. Sue Edick, Donna Huffman and Judy Disbrow showed up and I represented Gordon who was at work in Detroit. There may have been a couple of others but I cannot recall who they were. One person showed up bare footed and one had her hair up in curlers but we had a really good chance to get acquainted with Ralph and he got to see the informal side of us. Of course, it finally led to Ralph becoming our pastor.

Parvin's Porch

Ralph and Mary Parvin bought a home on College Street at the far end of the block from us. Over the years their porch became a gathering place. In the evening you could walk down there and visit. Sometimes you were the only one there and sometimes there was a whole crowd. Often people from the church were there and always there were some

As I think back of the years I was at the Presbyterian church I have fond memories of the church bazaars with all the beautiful handmade items for sale.

I always enjoyed being greeted at the door and shaking hands with a "grown-up." Living out in the country it was a treat to hear the trains especially on a hot, summer Sunday.

It was a wonderful church to grow up in and that is probably the best memory of all.

Toni Andrews Conti

I was ordained by the Presbytery of Newton, N.J. on Jan 26, 1967; I was thirty years old at the time. I preached my candidating sermon at Holly on Dec. 18, 1966 and began my ministry at Holly on Feb 5, 1967. I was installed as Pastor by the Presbytery of Lake Huron on the 12th of Feb. 1967.

Don and Isabel Stark were the first persons we met-Don was on the Pulpit Nominating Committee. I remember my wife, son and I drove from Louisville, KY to Holly for the first time pulling a large trailer in a snow storm with mounds of snow on either sides of the road. We thought, what are we getting into!

We took up residence in the Manse on Washington St.

Our time in Holly was filled with excitement and joy-Holly was the first church out of seminary. I pushed and the Congregation pushed back. Sometimes I think the Congregation taught me more than I taught them. We had a great time.

Names like Bruce and Beth Dryer, Don and Isabel Stark, Orin and Pat Cornell, Betty VanBuren, Peggy and Lou Bensett, Mary Hatt and Bob, Len McGraw, Sally MacKenzie, The Ranger Family, Cal Voorheis, and the organist Mrs. Gilbert bring back fond memories. Mrs. Gilbert the organist belonged to the Seventh Day Adventist Church and therefore could not play the organ or piano on a Saturday which was their Sabbath. This took some working around for funerals and weddings. But, it worked out.

Many of our Session meetings would go long into the night planning how we might grow the Congregation, how we might fund the budget and plan ahead. Hard work, but it was well worth it.

I remember Mary Hatt's devotion to Church School and Vacation Bible School; the Stark's and Dryer's hard work on behalf of the Holly Church. Peggy Bensett was of great help with the church bulletins and monthly calendars. Betty Van Buren's keen interest in the church and her willingness to be of service, always ready to "do something for the church." I remember Sally MacKenzie bright and cheery, always spoke up with new ideas and ways to accomplish things. What! Presbyterians change? We did. We were able to grow together in the service and ministry of Jesus.

In my service to the church I was involved in Kiwanis, Clergy Association and Board Member of the Planning Committee of the Village of Holly. The Pastors of the Episcopal Church and St. Rita's became my new friends along with the Pastor of the Methodist Church. We planned and executed worship together and joint programming for the community.

Our son, Mark, attended elementary school and found it was a very good experience. It was while my wife and I were in Holly that our second son was born in Flint.

I received another call in Sept. 1969 to become Education Minister at the Evergreen Village Presbyterian Church in Detroit. Since that time I have served several positions as Associate Pastor, then Interim Pastor and then as a Marriage and Family Therapist with the Dominican Consultation Center, Detroit for seventeen years after receiving my Masters Degree in Psychology from the University of Detroit. Later on I completed the work for a Doctor of Ministry Degree, 1985, from Louisville Presbyterian Seminary in Louisville, KY.

During my time with the Dominican Center I had opportunities to teach at several colleges, churches and become a guest preacher when clergy were on vacation.

On March 31, 2000 I retired. My wife and I moved to Bonita Springs shortly thereafter. Currently my wife (Mary) works for WCI, a home builder, as a system analyst. I work as an Assistant to the Pastor for Congregational Care at Vanderbilt Presbyterian Church in Naples, FL.-a church of 1100. The part time work involves visitation to hospitals, nursing homes, some liturgy on Sunday mornings, teaching classes in psychology and marriage and family dynamics. I take responsibility for the Board of Deacons and the Taize and the healing services once a month.

The "aging" process has caught up to me, slowed me down, but still working/teaching about the Lordship of Jesus. Along with my Mary we have a little girl, Princess—she really is a Maltese dog and is now 8 years old and a "cracker"- one is born in Florida.

Blessings

Lou Thompson (Rev.Dr.)

My sister-in-law needed a place to get married QUICK, no it is not what you think, her future husband was being deployed to Washington D.C. to serve his one year in the National Guard outside Walter Reed Hospital as a M.P. I contacted our then minister Jack Craft and he was most gracious. They were married on March 16th and he was deployed on March 17th 2002. My nephew stood up in the wedding and also was given a wedding ring to join them as a family which he wears to this day seven years later.

The bride and groom were Trevor and Lori Sanford and son Tanner.

Karen Haneline

Couples Club

Mary and Bob Hatt and Gordon and I started a Couples Club back when Bill Lankton was our minister. We met once a month, usually at the church, and had a great variety of activities. Some examples are: Miniature Golf played on a golf course built in the Fellowship Hall, a Hobo Party where we cooked our meal in tin cans and Snoop Parties