

KINFOLK

- Jane Spencer Lail

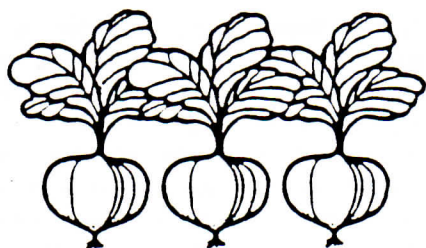
Paul and I were married when I was 16. We lived with Paul's mama and daddy, Henry and Lula. Every Sunday when we went home from church, I would ask who was "so and so" sitting at "such and such" a place, or the woman wearing the hat, and they would tell me that was Aunt Pearl or Uncle Albert or Cousin Harvey or my sister Cora or Lula's brother Vernon. I wondered how in the world could anybody be kin to this many people. But I learned over the years that somehow or other, just about everybody in Mt. Zion was kin to everybody else.

THE COMMON CUP

- Nan Sipe

I remember when only men voted or held office in the church. And when we had communion, the officers of the church went up to take communion first.

They were all men and most of them had long moustaches, and they drank out of the cup first. I couldn't stand to drink out of the cup after they did.



Counting our Blessings

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z's

- Pauline Moretz

Pastor Roever had returned to Mt. Zion for a homecoming one time. During his sermon he recalled the time that Kevin and Keith Moretz were little "fellas," and on their way out of church, related to Pastor Roever that he talked too loud. And that they couldn't sleep!

APPEARANCES

- Harriet Lail Bolick

The stained glass of Jesus in the garden praying that was over the altar in the old church was such an interesting picture of Jesus to me.

As a child, when I looked at the picture of Jesus, I saw Him kneeling in prayer by the cradles of babies. I thought the babies were not able to come to Jesus, since they were in cradles, so He went to them. The stained glass was always such a comfort to me as a child. Later when I realized that it was the garden and that what I had seen as cradles were only rocks, I was comforted and happy knowing that even though I had seen the stained glass in a different way, it all had the same meaning. He is with us!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

- Pastor Jim Zimmerman

When I first came to Mt. Zion, I wasn't used to everybody knowing everyone else, so when people called, they never identified themselves, they just started talking.

One day this lady called, and she talked and talked and started asking questions. I thought I knew the voice, but just couldn't put a face with it.

Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. So I asked, "Could I ask who this is, please?"

The lady spoke very firmly, "Jim! This is your mother!"

AFTER SERVICE GREETER

- JoAnne Killian

My first thoughts of Mt. Zion go back to 1950. Bob and I had just married, and as a young bride attending a new church, I was somewhat frightened, for I knew only a few people at Mt. Zion. When leaving church that first Sunday morning, a little lady in the congregation approached me on the steps of the church, greeted and welcomed me to Mt. Zion. That lady was Rosie Lafone.