

MY FIRST MEMORY

- Blanche Marie Lael Seabock

My first memory of Mt. Zion was when I was 3 years old, in 1909. We didn't get any toys or anything much when we were little, and Papa had bought a bucket of syrup and Mama gave me the bucket when it got empty.

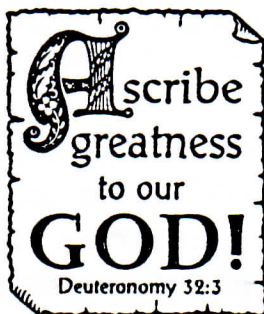
I can remember standing on a bench at Mt. Zion, and I was holding around Mama to keep from falling. Mama was talking to Mrs. Cline (Roland Cline's mother), and I interrupted her and told about my little bucket, because I was so happy to have something of my own. They always said I was right talkative, anyway!

I remember there was a black pot belly stove in the middle of the church. And when Mama died, I remember they put benches up in front of the church for the family to sit on, and they sang "Asleep In Jesus." I remember Preacher Propes coming to our house when Mama died.

We used to stop by Pearl and Henry Sipe's house almost every Sunday after church. I don't know why we stopped, but it was always like going home. Arcola Sipe and I were best friends.

When Reverend Barb came to Mt. Zion, I remember he could sing real good, and he helped us with the Christmas program. He got right up there with us "younguns" and sang. He taught us a new song that year, and the name of it was "O Christmas Tree." I thought it was so pretty. I remember Della Turner played the organ at that time.

We strung popcorn to decorate the Christmas tree. My sister Edith could string more than anybody. We put rows and rows on the tree, and I thought that was the greatest thing.



HOW'D I DO?

- Mernie and Lucille Hefner

One of our most precious memories that happened at Mt. Zion is when our oldest grandson, Michael, was four years old. In 1952, Michael had a speaking part in the children's Christmas Program. We were so proud and so excited for this would be the first time he had a speaking part. That night as we were all riding to church for the program, his "Poppie" told him to be sure and tell his part real good and he would be real proud of him. When his class of about eight children went to the front of the church and lined up for their part, we waited excitedly for his time to speak. One or two had to have some help remembering their words, and one little fellow covered his head with his coat, but Michael stood up straight and told his part real good. Then when he finished, he stood up on his tiptoes, excitedly waved his hand, smiled at us, grinning from ear to ear, and said, "Hey, Poppie! How did I do? Did I do real good? Are you proud of me?" And yes, this brought many chuckles from the audience.

Since we had many young men in the armed services at this time, Pastor Roeber sent them a pastoral letter each month, and he made special mention of this in their January letter to the effect of what Richard Hefner's nephew had said and done during the Christmas program. Richard was stationed at Lackland Air Base in Texas.

A SURPRISE BAPTISM

- Ruby Sipe Johnson

Our first child, Amy Jane, was born October 24, 1947. My husband Charlie was raised in the Baptist church, but he had never joined the church. After we were married, he and his brother Robert had studied the book, "What Lutherans Believe."

One of my precious memories is of the Sunday morning November 16, 1947. Charlie and Rob were baptized and confirmed, and then Charlie came to get Janie, and, together, we took her to the baptismal font to be baptized.