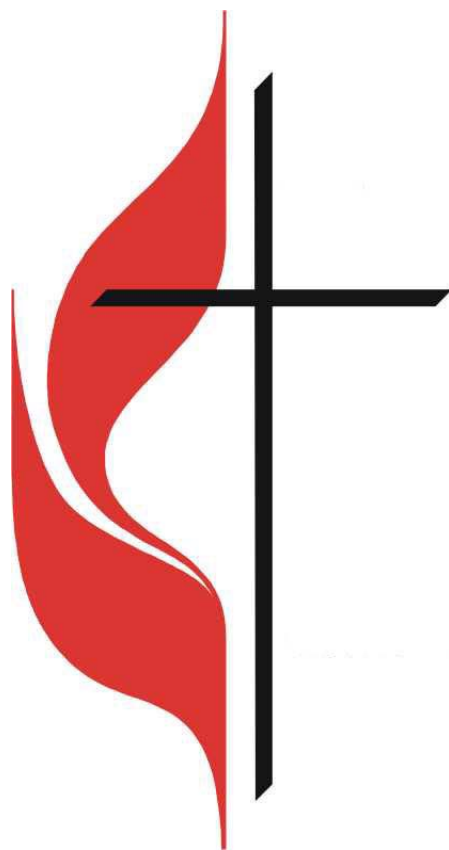


*A Collection
of Memories
from our
50 Year
Members*



*I*n 1950, we moved to Washington from Peoria. We had 3 children and all attended Sunday School. Beulah helped in 3rd or 4th grade. John was chairman of the Administrative Board and Chairman of Trustees. He served 25 years on Finance and Treasurer for 15 years.

John and Beulah Addler

*W*e transferred our membership to Washington Methodist Church from Salem German Methodist Church in Evansville, Indiana in late August 1959. With us were our children Janet (10 years old), Judy (8 years old), and Paul (5 years old). Rev. Richard Mader was the only minister at that time. Now we have spent 50 years here growing with Christ at Crossroads United Methodist Church, formerly Washington Methodist Church.

It has been a joy to serve this church using our gifts and energy. We have taught Sunday School, served on Education and Finance Committees, Building committee, sang in Choir, played bells, wrote simple music for the bells, played bells when we first got them, helped lay the tile floor on the Education Building on Elm Street when it was built in 1962, helped paint the parsonage there, served as an officer in the United Methodist Women, and president of Methodist Men.

The church has been and is the center of our life with our Christian friends.

All of our children were confirmed and one was married here, and two grandchildren were baptized here.

We found a church with a small membership, but with the good leadership and dedicated and educated Sunday School teachers, with a change of location in 2001, we are now a large membership with great leaders.

Here has been the final chapter for Bill. He was called home on February 3, 2011, age 91. I will be here growing with Christ at Crossroads. God is good all the time.

Mary Lou & Bill Broeker

*W*e remember:

- The delicious chicken dinner served by the W.S.C.S. (now UMW)
- The fellowship of gathering for the frequent potluck suppers. Bob Pearson would carry our son, Joe, around so that we could enjoy eating!
- The “new” type of potlucks called salad and sandwich suppers.
- The fun and friendship of the “Adult Fellowship”. This group met monthly for table games, travelogues, parties, progressive dinners, and Christmas caroling.
- Helping Elizabeth King with her children’s Sunday School class, especially the overnight campout that Elizabeth, her husband Howard Tunnell, and I provided. David kept our young son and joined us the next morning.
- The Lay Witness Missions that met at our church and homes.
- Serving on various committees and singing in the choir.
- The challenges of the building programs through the years – Elm Street education building, joining the Elm Street buildings, and on through the building of Crossroads.
- The many large bazaars that the UMW have sponsored, remodeling the women’s restroom on Elm Street, and participating in Love Circle activities.

Most of all we remember the love shown us when we first attended as newlyweds with no family in Illinois. We were included and surrounded by a wonderful church family. The church family and pastors have supported and cared for us for 50 years in good times and bad. We have been truly blest.

David and Nancy Bullard

*M*y mother and father brought me to church even before I have any memory of it as they were members.

My father (Frank W. Muller) dug the basement for the church with his mules. In the old church that was destroyed, there were steps leading up

to the sanctuary (at the entrance to church from Walnut Street). At this entrance, there was this big double door covered in leather.

As a youngster, I would come to the church during school lunch hour when my mother and other church ladies prepared lunch for the Kiwanis Club. If I got there quickly enough I was assigned the task of filling the water glasses. I went to Sunday School and was confirmed April 1, 1928.

Not a church memory, but Methodist related, I graduated from Methodist School of Nursing in Peoria in 1939. My husband James (Jay) and I were married in the church in 1940 by Rev. Smith.

Our children Joan and James were baptized and confirmed in the church. Our son Jim and Linda were married in the church in 1974. I am thankful for the years that I have been able to attend. I have been fed with God's Word and blessed by fellowship too.

Odessa Calder

Since this is the church I have belonged to since 1953, I have many wonderful memories and friends. Our children were baptized, confirmed, and married here. UMW has also been a great part of my life.

One of the highlights was the "meeting of the 12" led by Rev. Joe White and weekend retreat in Peoria.

Two of the fun fellowships I remember were the great family campouts which led to a love of camping. Also the ice cream socials (homemade) and one evening we had a talent show. One of the women dressed my husband, Walter, as an old lady, complete with wig and no one knew who he was, even though he was carrying his guitar and looked like his twin sister.

Those were the days!

Joyce Cloud

I was baptized in this church at about 2 years old. I remember Sunday School in the little room off the balcony in the old church. In MYF, we had picnics in a vacant lot across from Mrs. Elizabeth King's house. There were always things to do and places to go with all the other teenagers in church.

We were married in this church on a rainy February Sunday. The people in this church have always been kind, loving, and there in time of need. Our 5 children were baptized here and 3 of them were married here.

In years past Jerry has always helped in some way to build, remodel, or repair some part of the church or parsonage. We gave the church its first snow blower and paid for new carpet in the sanctuary when our first daughter got married.

We have been communion stewards and both have been Sunday School teachers. We continue to be amazed at the growth of this new church. This church has always and will continue to be a comfort and a blessing to our family. It is God's will and grace that has brought all of us in this church to this point. We hope it continues to grow and keep God in all things. The children are our legacy in life and in the future, as Jesus said "let the children come unto me."

Doris DeBolt

I remember the fellowship with the men of the church when we made the sausage for the Pancake and Sausage suppers at Howard Tunnell's house. I enjoyed Howard's old fashioned ways. I bought the first snow blower for the church so that he didn't have to shovel.

We laid the floor tile in the educational building with Everett Russell and Don Seaton among many more. We tore out 3 walls to make the sanctuary larger. We worked together to put in the elevator shaft. Then we set the corner stone; we took it out and brought it to the new church so it can be put into the new sanctuary when it is finished.

I enjoyed the 8th grade boys Sunday School class and their joy of life and thrill of learning. They were fun when we went skiing in Galena. Our family cooked and served the Easter morning breakfast for about 15 years while our children were in MYF.

For the last 50 years, my church home has been a source of joy, love, friendship, and spiritual involvement. Even through many pastors and other church family, it is home.

Jerry DeBolt

Our church has grown and changed in many ways the last fifty (50) years. I look back with fond memories of the wonderful people who have passed through its doors.

I remember the time the furnace blew up and we had to cancel the Ladies' Valentine luncheon. What a mess that was!

Another memory I have is the ham and bean supper, sponsored by the choir members to make money for new choir robes, which we were in dire need of. That was a lot of fun.

A great time was had by all at the Christmas parties which were held at the home of Don and Bettejo Fisher, our gracious hosts. Thank you again.

Our trip to choir practice on cold snowy nights in the Echerd's white VW truck was never forgotten by Elizabeth King and Fannie McCoy. Can you imagine three ladies in heavy coats in the cab of a small VW truck? We couldn't either, but we did it, laughing all the way to the church.

May God bless all our members, new and old and may your memories be as wonderful as mine.

Ruth Echerd

*M*y most vivid memories that come to mind are probably during my high school days and later. Sunday mornings leading opening Sunday School sessions with songs with help from my friend Wayne Armbrust, who later became a minister. Sunday School with teacher Woody Kinsinger, Thursday choir practices with Elizabeth King, Sunday night MYF with Bernice Thrailkill. The week spent at Epworth Springs had an influence on my church growth. Helping my parents, who took on the job of janitor and having to fill the stoker with coal after my Saturday night dates. Later after military service and my marriage to my wife, Betty, becoming active on various church committees, helping readying the house behind the church, with my wife, for use as a nursery during church service. Also teaching high school age Sunday School with Don Seaton, having an active roll in the hiring of Rev. Beck and working closely with Pastor Joe White as head of Pastorial Relations Committee.

Being a part of the Methodist Men's Group raising money on such projects as selling Christmas trees or going to Mel Finley or Dave Doremus' meat market to stuff sausage for the pancake and sausage breakfast. There were the good times enjoyed at the camp grounds with family and friends and helping cook Saturday night meals and Sunday morning breakfast before worship services.

I have seen seven pastors thru the years and having a bad experience with one caused me to cease attending church, but I continued supporting it with my prayers and gifts. Through Leona Kammerman and Bernice Thrailkill's persistence, saying it was my church, not his, convinced me to again become a regular attender. Another memory was the weekend the decision was made to build a new home for worship, giving us the much needed space to grow. Like it was said, "Build it and they will come," and that they have. As of this date, I have seen eleven pastors and seven associate pastors serve this church that I have recollection of. Many were influential in my Christian growth. Also thru the years I have met so many good people. I am blessed to be a part of such a loving church.

Joe W. Ernst

*M*y memories of the Methodist Church in Washington, Illinois go back to 1952 when we moved to Washington and joined the church. I was soon to make friends with Cyler Van Dyck who would remain so until his death a year ago or so. His son Peter and I shared a common interest of electronics. The minister was Rev. Evans, a great person indeed. In my senior year at Washington High School, he obtained a batter of tests to determine my life's work, which was electronics and I pursued this with education and a 30 year job at Caterpillar as an electrician. I shall always remember Rev. Evans and what he did for me along these lines. I also remember that Rev. Evans had several young boys down to his house to cut out the nativity scene that stood for many years at the Elm Street Church. Mrs. Evans made hot chocolate and cookies for us as a treat. I think it took three Saturdays to complete this task.

I joined the Boy Scouts at church going until my age made me drop out when I was in explorers with I believe three merit badges. I can recall Larry Houseman was in our troop and was a great cook at campouts and on our region 7 canoe base trip to Wisconsin. Larry later went on to become a Methodist Minister somewhere up north and I have not seen him for many years. The camp outs at camp Waconda and the boy scouts jamboree in California in 1953 were something that still sticks in my mind. I was the only person at the Jamboree that was from Washington. My scout master was Russ Plank and the assistant scout master was Percy Montgomery. I remember on the canoe trip when it rained and Russ was my tent buddy (not enough space to tell it all here so just ask me sometime and I will tell you all about it.)

In 1959, I went off to college and lost contact with the church but would from time to time get letters from Rev. Evans. When I got back home, I kind of drifted away from the church but would go back from time to time on Sunday for service.

In 1984, I met Rev. Wiedrick at the local coffee shop and soon started to come back to church on a regular basis. When we moved the memories of the old church still remain in my heart and always will. It was with great delight that my wife of 31 years joined the church in 2004. Someone once

said to me that y family is small with only my wife and dog. I told them that I have the biggest family in the state: all 500 members or so of Crossroads United Methodist church. I see where my family is growing at a rapid pace as each Sunday I see new faces at the church. I know that this would make my good friend Cyler Van Dyck smile a great deal as the decision to move was more or less based on what his answer was when asked if we should build another church.

Wm. Holland and Jesse Walker would be very proud to see where the church has come in the last 177 years and probably could not believe that we have progressed so far.

I would like to be around for the next hundred years to see what will happen next and how far we will go.

God bless,
Tom Finson

I am glad to be a 50-year member of Crossroads United Methodist Church. I would do it all over again. I love the church and all three ministers.

Sincerely,
Shirley Gronewold

I joined Church when the name was Methodist Church. I attended Confirmation class and was confirmed on Palm Sunday, as was the custom back then. I also began helping with Bible School, at that time.

I later (much later) was married in the church and baptized two sons. There was a different pastor for each event. And, somewhere along the line, the Church became Evangelical Methodist.

I taught Sunday School before and after my marriage, until my first son was born. I later taught again, as my second son wouldn't stay in Sunday School unless I was there. I also became in charge of the Nursery, during Church, for the same reason.

As the years went by the church became United Methodist and after 23 years of marriage, I became divorced. The two pastors, at that time, were of tremendous support in my "getting thru" a very traumatic time.

I continued to help in the church in various ways, as I was needed. The church became First United Methodist and I had to get used to making out my checks yet another way!

I have fought many health problems thru the years and my church pastors and congregation have helped me get thru these many battles.

I can truly say being a Methodist has been an enormous blessing in my life and it doesn't seem possible it has been one for over 50 years. Now, we are Crossroads United Methodist Church and I can't imagine how people meet the different crossroads in their lives without a God to pray to—a pastor to talk to — and a congregation to support them.

Marg Heavrin

*W*e came to Washington in 1955 and joined First United Methodist Church, now Crossroads, the following year. Susan was four years old and Roger was not yet three. This has been our church home and our source for Christian growth ever since. Here, our family has had confirmations, weddings, and baptisms.

As we look back through these years, two words keep emerging: vision and mission. That philosophy has brought the church to its place today. We can be so grateful for the foresight and leadership of many.

The original Elm Street church (which actually faced Walnut Street), was basically a two-part building. There was the sanctuary and there was the

basement. The sanctuary had a center aisle with wooden pews each side. On some Sundays, we squeezed almost beyond capacity. Under the small balcony was additional seating and a side room was opened for more chairs as our numbers increased. While winter months were cozy, summer could be miserably hot. Paper fans didn't stir much air and opening the windows just added traffic noise.

In the best traditional fashion of earlier churches, ours had a fine bell in its tower. When one of the ushers tugged on that huge rope, the musical tones signaled the beginning of service. (That usher was often Don Seaton; wonder how many services he has ushered!)

The small balcony was rarely used for seating, though we recall it as a hiding place for children on occasion. The best memory involving the balcony was the first time our bell choir played. It was truly a heaven-sent experience when the music of the bells came floating down on us from above.

We have been served by pastors with various backgrounds, and all brought special spiritual gifts to us. Gift Machinga came from Zimbabwe for a time and opened our eyes and hearts. Pastor Danny Cox was here to move us forward toward our expansion.

And some lay people are memorable, too. One Sunday, Terry Hillegonds and Keith Milburn shared with us their Cursillo experience which touched off our membership's involvement in Walk to Emmaus. For many years, we had a Youth Sunday with our high school and college students giving the whole service. On a personal note, our son and daughter each gave the message.

Music from our choirs and from our organists enriched every service. Marguerite van Dyck is remembered fondly for many, many years at the organ. Music was basically traditional, but our daughter Susan "broke the barrier" when she played guitar and sang "Day by Day" from Jesus Christ Super Star one Sunday in the '60's.

And then there was the basement with its outside steps on the Elm Street side that had the feeling of going into a cellar. The basement was used for everything but Sunday service. First it was the Sunday School place. All the children gathered for opening exercises. They sang to piano accompaniment and perhaps had instruction, most often from Bernice Thraillkill who served as superintendent for many years than we can remember. The children then went to small classrooms, some no bigger than five feet by eight feet, and they were remarkably well-behaved and attentive.

The basement was also the equivalent of our fellowship hall. Here we set up tables for meals which the church ladies prepared in the kitchen. Central to the kitchen was a huge black stove/oven, and delicious food emerged from within. We cleaned up without the benefit of a dishwasher. We held all kinds of special meals here, not the least of which was the Mother/Daughter Banquet. The room was used for wedding receptions and dinners after funerals. Boy Scouts met here; oh, we could name many, many other ways it was used.

Over the years, different methods were used for financial campaigns. One we remember was a kind of Pony Express Circuit Rider theme. Appointed members would visit designated homes carrying with them a "leather" pouch. The visitor would then collect the pledge card in the pouch. This plan understandably soon fell out of favor! One of our pastors used a method based strictly on faith that the budget would be met; it seems that it worked.

In 1978, our church celebrated its 150th anniversary with a two-day celebration. Reverend Ron Dickinson and his wife wrote a pageant titled "Memories, Memories, Memories." Nearly fifty members participated in some way. The program following a dinner honored past ministers and their wives. Reverend Selden Myers who served here from 1923-28 was guest speaker. Nine other pastors attended with their wives.

Our church history is long and our roots go back to the old church. Through change, additions, and remodeling, we kept pace with our growth as best we could. Our leaders and members worked diligently to

make all of that possible. But the time came when we needed to move on.

Bless all those with the vision and the mission to bring us to our new house of God.

Noah and Helen Hickman

I came to town in early '46 when my dad was a minister at the church. We both got out of the service and dad was a chaplain in the U.S. Army.

My memories of the church and parsonage were not very positive, so I will leave it at that.

Frankie Johnston

*W*hen Glen (most people called him Stub) and I first came to the Methodist Church in Washington (our previous building at the corner of Walnut and Elm streets) Rev. Hoyle was the pastor. Rev. Hoyle served our church from 1933-1938.

When we first came to Washington, Stub milked cows in the round barn. About 90 cows were milked by hand. Later Stub went to work at Caterpillar. He always worked second shift because he liked the hours. I sang in the choir at the church and Stub took care of our young children. He and the children always sat in the second row down in front. One Sunday we were hurrying into church and when I took my place in the choir I realized I had not removed my hat. Fortunately it was a small hat and I quickly grabbed it off my head and put it under my chair. You see in those days women always wore a hat to church but choir members removed their hats. I continued to sing in the choir until more recent years. I loved the music and the singing in the choir.

When we came to Washington, Stub's brother Ray was very active in the church. Ray wanted me to help out in the Sunday School. I told him that I would be glad to help but I would teach in my own way. I wanted materials that included more activities so that the children could participate and be kept interested. I began to teach the Junior Department (5th and 6th graders). I always taught the Junior Department because I liked that age group. We started the Sunday School time by singing and then went to classes. One Sunday while I was singing with the kids, I suddenly forgot the words to the song. Hadley Abernathy was walking across the back of the room. He started singing in his strong tenor voice and that helped me out of the situation.

At one time while teaching the Junior Department, I decided to hold an overnight camp for the youngsters. Howard Tunnell was helping me at the time and since he and my husband worked with the Scouts we were able to use the Scout camp. Having an overnight campout for the Junior Department was a big deal at the time. Howard and Stub did the cooking. Nancy Bullard, a newer church member at that time, served as our storyteller. The boys were housed separately from the girls, of course. The boys were acting ornery and wouldn't settle down at bedtime. I went to their bunk and of course they did not expect a woman. I told them to just be quiet, there is nothing here I have not already seen! So, just be quiet and get to sleep! And they did! During the camp I told the kids when in school they should not cheat. I told them how I cheated once on a test and because of it I flunked the test! It was a good lesson for them.

While I was working with the Junior Department, Stub helped out at home. He always made wonderful hamburgers for our Sunday dinner. He had worked at a hamburger cook while in school and he really knew how to make them good.

Since I was involved with teaching Sunday School as well as teaching my piano students (Elizabeth gave piano lessons for many, many years) I did not get too involved in the Methodist Women's work. I did go to meetings and did what I could.

I remember the many suppers at the church. The chicken suppers and the large Christmas bazaars. For the suppers, you had to have tickets or reservations so the women knew how much to prepare. The men washed the dishes. No automatic dishwashers at that time.

The Delta Sigma Sunday School class was started by Rev. Hoyle's wife. It is the oldest adult Sunday School class in existence today. Delta Sigma had many social gatherings as well as the class. We had a lot of fun.

I remember the church bell rope which hung down in the middle of the north steps. The bell was rung regularly for services. (The bell is now preserved in our new church.)

All of the children I taught, even the unruly ones, turned out to be good citizens. Never give up on a child even when they are difficult. Children are worth all the time and patience you can give them. I always enjoyed teaching and never felt it was a waste of time!

Our church is our home and family. Even when things aren't going just like you think they should, there is no other place like our own church. Do what you can for the church and for the children. You will be blessed.

Elizabeth King
(As told to Nancy R. Bullard
September 2, 2005)

Our first memory of the old church site on Elm Street was taking our toddler son Steven to Fran Volk's nursery class. They sang songs, had a story, and strung beads. Next was summer Bible School. By this time our daughter Karen had joined our family. In those days Bible School was held for two weeks. It usually got pretty hot before the morning was over as there was no air conditioning.

As time went on, more Sunday School classrooms were needed, so the Trustees purchased a house next to the church. This proved to be a short

term solution. In 1964, we had a building campaign to build the Education Wing. In addition to the much needed Sunday School rooms, it included offices for the Minister and the church secretary, and a large area for social gatherings. Bernice Thrailkill served Golden Age lunches there for our members and others from the community. We had to cart dishes and food from the church kitchen as the buildings were not connected due to an alley between the buildings.

Thankfully we continued to grow spiritually and numerically so planning began for the "Together at First" building campaign in 1987. At this time, the city allowed for the alley to be vacated so the two buildings could be joined. One of the great improvements was a large lobby area as you entered from the parking lot. An elevator was included for those that would have difficulty with the steps to the sanctuary. A larger nursery, new restrooms, and a parlor were also part of the addition.

In 1991, our Associate Pastor arranged through the conference to have an exchange program with a Pastor from Zimbabwe. That is how God brought Rev. Gift Machinga and his wife Margaret to us to share their great love for the Lord. Ken was the Lay Leader and Georgia was a part of the Missions team so we became a part of the many activities involving them. They spoke very good English with a British accent. Our church has been blessed to continue a close relationship with the Machinga family. Rev. Gift came back to the U.S. several years later to study for his doctorate in theology. A year later our church helped bring Margaret and their two girls to join him. Margaret had been awarded a scholarship to pursue a Master's Degree in social work which she accomplished with honors. This proved to be very useful in her work as the director of the Simukai facility to care for youngsters who have become street children in Zimbabwe.

Over these 50 years, we have been blessed to serve in many areas. Ken has had the privilege of representing our church at the annual conference for many years. It was a special blessing for both of us to work with Bernice Thrailkill when our children were in her Youth Groups.

Once again spiritual and numerical growth made the church realize that we could not disciple as we felt called to do at the Elm street location. That started the exciting process of moving to our present location. We had the consecration of the new building on February 25, 2001. Once again, God had plans bigger than we imagined on that day. We changed our name from First United Methodist Church to Crossroads United Methodist Church, as we are located at the crossroads of North Main Street and Route 24. We welcome all at the Crossroads of their lives. (Jeremiah 6:16)

It has been with great joy that we have been able to experience the challenges and blessings of belonging to this church with our fellow "Family of the Heart."

Ken and Georgia Koch

Olive was born on March 16, 1911 and joined at age 19 in 1930. The minister was very kind. Before joining at the brick church on Elm and Walnut, Olive remembers the old wooden church which occupied the same lot originally. She remembers the old rickety steps going upstairs to Sunday School.

Mary Naffsinger was the Delta Sigma Class Sunday School teacher, when Olive joined the church. Olive says Mary was a very good teacher. She was a special lady.

Francis Martin was the church secretary. Olive remembers going each week to help get the "Messenger" out. "Francis was a good worker – she would do just about anything. And she did, too!"

Olive remembers the chicken dinners. A lot of people came, not just Methodists. Olive would help prepare the day before. She also remembers helping with cleaning and painting at the church.

Olive Lowe
(As recorded by
Rebecca Bell)

*I*n thinking of our earlier church life, I remember when the children went to a house next door for Sunday School. Then the joy of having the new educational addition to the main church building. This gave us offices, Sunday School rooms, and a large room for meetings. At that time we had an elevator that stopped at all three levels.

At the Elm Street church, the head usher always rang the bell in the tower at the start of each service.

Another thing I always enjoyed the music from the old organ and the choir usually sang from the balcony. Its much nicer now with the choir in front singing to us.

The nursery was in a room behind the altar and run by mothers who took turns when their children were in there.

How things have changed since I became a member in March 1956.

Helen MacLaren

*F*red was drafted into service during World War II and entered the Air Corps in August of 1941, and was stationed at Scott Field Air Base in Illinois.

We were married on June 13, 1943, and after our marriage, I lived with Fred in Lebanon, IL, a small town near Scott Field Air Base. When he was free we could attend church together at the Presbyterian Church in Lebanon, where I helped in the nursery and in the summer with Bible School. Then came the day Fred was notified he would be going overseas. Home I went to live with my parents in Peoria, IL and took a job at Caterpillar Tractor Co. in the Treasury Dept. Before being drafted Fred was employed at Caterpillar in the Service/Engineering Dept. and his job was returned to him when he came home from the war.

Fred served 4 1/2 years in the service of his country and came home in Feb. of 1946. On December 7, 1946 our son Stephen was born in Peoria, IL. At that time we lived in Glasford, IL, my husband's home town and we attended the Glasford Methodist Church, of which my husband was a member. One special Sunday our son was baptized and I joined the church.

Two years later we bought a home in Washington, IL and moved in January, 1949. Two years later on January 21, 1951 we transferred our membership from Glasford Methodist Church to Washington Methodist Church, which later became Washington United Methodist Church and is now Crossroads United Methodist Church. Fred enjoyed singing in the choir and we both served on committees through the years.

Our family grew in faith and we were peace-filled in the awareness of God's presence in our lives. Fred and I rejoiced in the arrival of our little daughter, Melinda Jane on Christmas Eve of 1955. Stephen, nine years old, was delighted with his baby sister.

Stephen grew up to be such a nice young man, so loving, kind and giving. He graduated from college with high honors and we were very proud of him. When home from school in the summer, he helped with Washington Boy Scout Troop which was based at the Lutheran Church and also had a summer job at Caterpillar.

Melinda (Mindy) grew up to be a delightful young lady, so full of life and energy. While in 8th and 9th grades she enjoyed helping with our church Bible School and playing drums through grade school and high school in the bands and marching bands. She graduated from college and became a geologist and works for the United States Bureau of Land Management in Missoula, Montana. She has lived in Montana for twenty-six years and enjoys her interesting life there.

Stephen started a school teaching job after graduating. The Vietnam War was going on and Stephen had drawn a low number in the draft which I believe was held in 1968 just before Stephen graduated college in May

1969. Wanting to study for his Masters degree, he gave up his teaching job and joined the army to serve the draft, two-year service requirement, and had plans for later then to go back to college to study for a masters. In joining the army, as he did, he had the choice of what field he was interested in and he chose meteorology. In May, 1970, Stephen was stationed at Yuma Proving Ground at Yuma, Arizona, and studying in meteorology classes. He enjoyed it very much as that was something he had always had an interest in. He had a telescope when growing up and spent many an hour peering through the scope especially at the night skies.

A year and seven months passed and Stephen was receiving excellent grades in meteorology. Some physicists and scientists from the University of California and San Jose State College were working on a project at the Eureka/Arcata California Airport and contacted Stephen's commanding officer asking for the help of a meteorologist. Stephen was asked if he would like to do the work and he accepted the challenge. After 3 or so weeks they finished the project called Operation Foggy Cloud, an experiment in fog dispersal so planes could land at airports, and sponsored by the Federal Government. They asked Stephen if he would stay on a few more days to conduct another experiment at an abandoned saw mill some miles away from the airport. Stephen was holding the tether line to a large weather balloon and another person was holding the other tether line, but Stephen's was metallic. A huge wind came up and caused the balloon to float a mile or so and caused the line to drift over a 12,000 volt power line. Stephen was electrocuted and died at age 24. It was November 1, 1971.

Our world fell apart when two soldiers appeared at our door. We were devastated and our hearts wer broken in pieces.

Dr. Lloyd Barnard was our pastor then and he and Stephen had been great friends. Pastor Barnard had been an army chaplain and he and Stephen always had much to talk about when they were together. Pastor Barnard officiated at the services and memorialized Stephen in such a loving and special way. Our hearts were slow in healing. We were not alone; God was always there loving and guiding; the pastor, our families, friends,

Stephen's friends, all there to help.

Pastor Barnard has been deceased for many years and he has a special place in our hearts.

We established a scholarship at Washington High School in Stephen's memory and he would be pleased to know that we are helping a student pay for college (albeit in a small way). We have given the scholarship for 33 years, and a few have been members or former members of our church. Three who come to mind are Courtney Custis, Kathy Fecske and Lynn Sanders.

The year and a half that Stephen was stationed at Yuma Proving Grounds he taught Sunday School at the base church and taught at the base elementary school part time. He was also an assistant Boy Scoutmaster. After Stephen's death, boy and girl scouts wanted to do something in Stephen's memory. With the help of soldiers and parents they built a beautiful park with a pond, bridge, playground, picnic tables, etc. There is a bronze marker stating "In memory of Sp. 4 Stephen F. Mason, who served our community as an individual as well as a soldier." They named the park The Stephen F. Mason Community Park. The park was dedicated in memory of Stephen on August 10, 1972. Fred, Mindy and I were there for the dedication, as well as two of my sisters. It was a wonderful way of remembering Stephen and a beautiful ceremony.

Pastor Bob Wiedrich was the pastor of Washington United Methodist Church in 1989. Pastor Bob and Fred had a special rapport together and they often spoke of the times during their World War II days when they were both stationed in the town of Zamboagna on Mindano Island in the Philippine Islands. They were in different units and didn't know each other then, but found out later how much they had in common. When Fred died suddenly at home on May 18, 1989 of a heart attack, Pastor Bob was at the house, arms open, comforting and praying with me. Mindy flew home from Montana and with God's love and grace we were strengthened and helped through our sorrow.

Pastor Bob eulogized Fred in a beautiful service. Our family, church family, friends, and neighbors helped in so many ways to ease Mindy's and my sadness at the passing of our beloved husband and father. We will be ever thankful for all the love and kindness shown to us.

Here we are in the year 2005. On April 10th of this year, fifty plus members of the church were remembered in a joyful celebration. Reverend Tom Goodell, our Directing Pastor and Reverend Robert DeBolt, Associate Pastor, and their committee recognized us in a very special service. We were given certificates commemorating our years in the church. Singing the old hymns brought back old memories. Pastors formerly serving here were guests and included Reverend Robert Wiedrich and wife Alice and Reverend Danny Cox and wife Carol. Reverend Danny Cox delivered the celebration message. Having hugs and happy visits with them later at the wonderful dinner served after the service was so special. Heritage Sunday was a memorable, beautiful day. Crossroads United Methodist Church is a wonderful church, blessed and filled with God's loving children.

Marjorie Mason

Our first Sunday was Rev. Friend's last service in 1954. I had worked with him at church camp which is now Living Springs. The parsonage was the house just east of the Presbyterian church. It has an etched glass Methodist symbol on the front door. We joined Washington United Methodist Church in 1954. Our second daughter was born in 1955 and baptized by Rev. Evans. I remember taking my daughter to Methodist Women's meeting and laying her on the table. She must have been pretty young. When I went to Circle, I put her on her small blanket on the floor. I taught Sunday School in the little house next door for a while before it was torn down for the annex. Later the Educational Building was built. The best decision the trustees made was when the two buildings were connected and kitchen remodeled with a dishwasher. I helped Bernice Thrailkill serve at least 100 seniors once a month and the food needed to be carried to the other building. The last meal we served they took a col-

lection for us to do something fun. There was enough for 6 of us to go to Pheasant Run. Our youth group was always very active under Bernice's guidance. We took mission trips and lots of retreats. The Chicken Suppers and Ice Cream Socials were always well attended and good money makers for the youth. United Methodist District Youth had a big meal here several times. One terrible cold night we had two rooms of hungry youth and ovens weren't heating enough. Baked potatoes were very slow cooking; the meal was late. District leaders reminded her of that evening quite often.

Delta Sigma class began in the 1940s; only women were in it. Few years ago after losing quite a few members, it was voted to allow men to join us. We are blessed to have Don Seaton as our teacher.

United Methodist Women have contributed in many ways to our church and worldwide missions. With donations from church members, our rummage sales have emptied a lot of closets and helped us meet our budget. We serve funeral dinners, senior meals and about any time they need food from the kitchen.

The choirs have been moved around in both buildings. Maybe we will finally find a comfortable area. We have had and do have some wonderful members and directors. Even after buying more property for parking we were still being crowded. It was decided to buy property from Alvin and Beulah Montgomery, "out in the country", some said. It was exciting to see our new building going up and all the activities that are going on. How we have outgrown our present church and are looking forward to a large sanctuary plus more Sunday School rooms. We have had 11 ministers since we joined. I believe Dale Beck was our first Associate Minister in 1975. I really enjoy seeing these men and their wives when I'm at meetings.

Fannie McCoy

*M*y family moved to Washington in 1946 and we began attending the Methodist Church on Walnut Street. As a child, I remember attending Sunday School, Church, Summer Bible School, and Christmas parties. As a teenager, there was MYF (Methodist Youth Fellowship) with meetings, worship, fellowship, and summer church camp. It was led by Bernice Thrailkill, who was a large influence in my life serving Jesus. I always wanted to be like her.

One of my fondest memories was the Ice Cream Socials with homemade cakes, pies, and sometimes even the ice cream.

When we first came, the pastor was Rev. Johnston. I don't remember him, as I was so young. But I do remember Rev. Friend, Rev. Evans, and Rev. Mader as wonderful pastors of my younger years. When we first came, there was only the main building on Walnut Street. An addition was added, later the education building, and then the new entry. And now our new location and buildings. So many people have been wonderful friends in Christ. It truly is a family of God.

Judith Ann (Voice) Meeks

*M*y younger years were not as a church member. My family was not much for church going even though I believe they were believers in Jesus Christ. I didn't start going to church until I met my wife, Judith. I joined the Methodist Church and I believe she led me to Jesus Christ and I am ever thankful that she did. Bernice Thrailkill, Rev. Evans, Rev. Mader, Everett Russell, Bill Broker, the Kochs, and the Hickmans have been an influence to me and many others too.

We were married in the Methodist Church in 1958. We had 6 children, all baptized into this church family.

Willis D. Meeks

*M*y parents, Charles and Bessie Casper, attended our church on Elm Street. When I was very young, we moved to Woodford County. But when we moved back to Washington, we resumed attending here. I have been attending since I was 5 years old.

The Reverend of our church I can recall the farthest back is Rev. Selden Myers. I recall attending Sunday School and also was confirmed. I took organ lessons at our church, and was an usher for approximately 10 years. My son, grandson, and granddaughter were all baptized in our church.

Ruby Millard

*D*evotion to each other and devotion to their church describes Beulah and Alvin Montgomery. In countless unassuming ways, together they have fulfilled their commitment to Crossroads United Methodist Church through their prayers, presence, gifts, and service. Over their lifetime, they have reached out to the community as well.

Beulah, who passed away on July 21, 2005, was a life-long member of our church. Alvin, who resides in their home adjacent to the church property, is a long-time member. They were married in our church on November 12, 1949. Their children, Susan, Mary and Robert, were baptized here and were active members growing up.

Beulah graduated from Eureka College with a degree in teaching. She taught many years in local public schools, and also used those teaching skills in the church. In fact, she taught a pre-school Sunday School class while still attending college. She taught a number of Sunday School classes and helped with Bible School over the years. At one time, she was pianist for the opening exercises in the days when the children first gathered together before going to their classes. She worked with youth in Epworth League. She served on the Education Team, the Finance Team, and on the committee for the new church building. She helped with many church dinners.

On the wall to the left of the chapel doors is a wood and brass plaque listing all the ministers and the dates they served our church. Beulah wanted us to have this piece of church history so she diligently researched the records. The plaque is Beulah and Alvin's gift to our church. We are also recipients of a piano which was given as a memorial to her.

Someone at some time had to have been the one to form the first Boy Scout troop in our church. That someone was Al Montgomery and the year was 1949. Al recalls that his brother Dale, David Voice, Gary Kamenish and Gene Thrailkill were in the first troop.

Friends will attest to Al's generosity as he shares the delicious sweet corn he grows each year. Some of the surplus also goes to the hungry in Peoria. And another sweet memory comes from their tradition of making peanut brittle every Christmas. Friends came to gather around the marble slab to work the candy. No small batch was this; they made one hundred pounds to share.

When his parents went to live at the Eureka Apostolic Christian Home, Alvin used his creative skills to make games for the residents. He created a bowling game suitable for their limited skills. Al added with a smile that Beulah was the pin setter. Alvin made more of the bowling games for other nursing homes. He also built golf putting greens for the residents to enjoy. A lady had a trained dog that entertained the residents, and Alvin built an apparatus for the dog's tricks. Alvin and Beulah volunteered countless hours at the home.

The site of our present church has a history that begins with the Montgomerys. In October 1996, the acreage was acquired through a land exchange, making it possible for Crossroads United Methodist Church to relocate. Nothing could have pleased Beulah and Alvin more than to have that portion of the farm used for their church.

Beulah and Alvin Montgomery

*W*e moved from Kansas City to Washington in February, 1950. We had no church affiliation in Kansas City; however, we had visited a Presbyterian Church a number of times. After we moved to Washington, we started going to the Presbyterian Church on South Elm Street. Through a mutual friend we had been introduced to Rev. Friend, who served as Pastor of the Methodist Church from 1949 to 1955. Our friendship with Rev. Friend grew stronger over a period of time. On January 7, 1952, we lost a son names Charles. He was premature and passed away shortly after birth. Because of our friendship with Rev. Friend, we asked him to provide graveside services. We started attending the Methodist Church at that time. In a few years, we joined the Methodist Church. I was very active having served on the Board of Trustees and taught a class of high school students for many years. Loraine served on many committees during 50 plus years of membership.

We are pleased to have joined Crossroads United Methodist Church of Washington. All of our children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren have been baptized at Crossroads.

Melvin O. and Loraine N. Moehle

*R*oy and I joined the church in 1943. That will be 62 years in October, 2005.

One of my “fond” memories: Bernice Thrailkill asked me to make a “big” dish of potato salad for one of our church dinners. I had no problem making family size proportions, but I worried that increasing the quantity might not taste just right. My worry, as often worries are, was unfounded. I took an empty dish home. That was after we did the dishes and pots and pans by hand. No dishwasher, just us then, but it was good fellowship time and we all became better acquainted.

For another dinner we used our family recipe for spaghetti sauce. The

Elm Street Church was filled with that good smell as the sauce cooked all morning.

Our children, Mel, Ron, and Dianna enjoyed Sunday School and Vacation Bible School. I helped where I could. All three children were confirmed in our church.

I was so thankful for Rev. Peterson and our church family when Roy was so sick and when he died.

Besides coming to services, I enjoyed many years as a member of the Delta Sigma Sunday School Class.

For six or seven years, until recently, I visited church members and others I knew at Washington Christian Village. They really appreciated the large print Upper Room devotionals and the Readers Digests and the visits, too.

I have had health problems lately and so appreciate Pastor Tom's and Pastor Bob's visits. Also I'm very thankful for the church bus and the wonderful, thoughtful drivers who pick up those of us who can no longer drive ourselves to church. It is so good to be in God's house, to hear his Word preached and to be with my church family.

Ada Romani

*M*emories of the church on Elm Street begin with our children. Toni, Susan, Joey, and Peter. We wanted them in church and it was the Methodist Church we sought. Everett and I were raised in the Methodist faith; we had met at the Methodist Church camp in Lewistown, IL and married in 1st Church in Peoria, IL.

There was where our hearts were and it was our hearts desire for our chicks as well! How well I remember looking out our front window and

seeing Rev. Mader, Cuy Van Dyck and Ed Lineweber getting out of a car on our drive. I knew we must have done something terribly wrong to have all 3 of these VIPs at one time!! As it turned out, they were looking for Bible School teachers. So that was what I did in June. It was fun. We had good help, especially I appreciated Marjorie Abernathy. She was so kind and encouraging to me, a new teacher. Bible School was very important to our children thru the years. As was choir, Sunday School, and the scouting program and youth.

We only lived a block from our church and that was so handy. We all walked to events.

There were lots of good meals served there. After we built the Christian Education Building, they were served there. Many dishes and much food, even before the building was connected. Lots of hard work went into that project.

Much good help made a festivity of decorating the sanctuary at Christmastime.

The Adult Fellowship group included many friends and memories for Everett and me. Our precious children grew as children will. Joe and Cheryl were married in that sanctuary in 1980.

But were we outgrowing our beloved church building? Yes, of course we were and it hurt to say goodbye, yes even to brick and mortar.

However, look at us now!! Our friends and family are here and we have this fine new church home and the song sparrow still sings, even as I write. Praise God.

Everett and Rosalie Russell

*B*efore I start the stories of the family I want to inform you that there are stories in the "Peoria Journal Star" of the Birkett family. All three brothers and their sister married into Peoria and Washington families.

William Birkett, two brothers and a sister came to the Illinois country, about 1834. They arrived on the first packet boat to travel up the Illinois river from St. Louis. William met and married Miss Mary Jane Kyes. Her father had come to this area shortly after Mr. Holland. (he is the one who founded Washington) The families in the area were the Hollands, Kyes, Thomas, and Birketts. These families met to read the Bible and had prayers. Mary Jane Birkett decided to get the circuit riders to come to the area, believing they really needed their services.

William and Mary Jane's first daughter, Mary Catherine, married Jacob Minch. Their first child was Catherine and she married James Carson Sampson. They are my grandparents. They attended the Methodist Church. Their first child was Lloyd Carson Sampson. He went to the University of Illinois and he became a lawyer. He met and married Jesse Mercer. She was Reverend Mercer's daughter. They moved to Cheyenne, Wyoming and lived there the rest of their lives. They had no children.

Inez was their second child and she went to Oberlin College to study music. She finished her education graduating from the University of Illinois. She married Joel Ranny of Metamora. He also graduated from the University. They had 2 children, Daphne and Byron.

Russell Byran Sampson was their third child. He graduated from Western Military Academy, then he went to the University of Illinois. He stayed one year then decided to work in Chicago. He met my mother in Evanston, in the Methodist Church. They were married in the same Methodist Church. My mother was Josephine Grace Gage. I was born in Evanston and I am their only child. We lived in the Evanston and Chicago area until I was around 12 years old. In 1957 we moved back to Washington to take care of my grandmother.

I was just a baby when my parents brought me to Washington to be bap-

tized by Selden L. Myers. He was a friend of the family. I have my baptismal certificate. He wrote on it: "Lois Sampson was the first person to be baptized in the Methodist Church, Washington, IL, which was dedicated April 18, 1926." (initialed "S.L.M.")

I joined the Methodist Church in a Chicago church in 1935. This is what I had to do:

1. I had to stand before the whole congregation and name all of the books of the Bible, in order.
2. I had to recite the 23rd Psalm

I was given my Bible and I still have it.

When we moved back to Washington, we had our letters given to the Washington Methodist Church. Both of my parents were buried from the church, in Glendale Cemetery. I am now alone and I then contacted The Proctor Endowment Home. I am taken care of for the rest of my life. I have not transferred my letter from the Washington Methodist Church and I do not intend to.

Lois Sampson

Over fifty years ago, I started coming to this church (called the Washington Methodist Church then) for all the wrong reasons. A pretty young lady attended here and I came to sit next to her, to attract her, to woo her. I joined the church, married that lovely girl in this church, and had our two children, who were baptized and confirmed in this church too. Other than that young lady, there have been so many people from this congregation who have mentored me in my growth and faith as a Christ follower. I pray God will give me the opportunity to perpetuate His wonderful but mysterious plan in other's lives.

Don Seaton

*M*y early memories of my life in the former “Washington Methodist Church” are wonderful ones. Many of the young people in our community came to our youth group, the Methodist Youth Fellowship (MYF). Bernice Thraikill was our leader. Under her guidance, we went to Conference meetings, attended church camps, and performed in “religious” plays, which were often too funny to be called “religious”.

My husband Don and I were married in the old church where our children were also baptized.

We have seen many changes in the church: ministers, activities, membership, and dreams. What a joy it is to see God’s hand present as the years continue to go by.

Dottie Seaton

*P*aul and I joined the church in 1940. It has been years of blessings!

I want to give much credit to Paul who supported the activities I was blessed to be involved in. I was asked to be an assistant to the pastor in the ‘50s. I made house calls to shut ins, but my main responsibility was the religious education of seventh grade through high school students. I taught Sunday School in the morning and worked with the Youth Groups (MYF-Methodist Youth Fellowship) on Sunday from 5-7pm.

I wish I had kept a diary of all the mission trips we took with the MYF. The first one I remember was to the state of New York. A member of our church was doing mission work there. The MYF went to help her with one of her projects. Another MYF trip was to John’s Island in South Carolina. We preceded other Central Illinois MYF groups by getting a Remedial Reading Camp Reader for island children. We really had to use a lot of elbow grease to get a restaurant/tavern cleaned that had been made available for this reading program. As we usually did on our work trips, we slept in churches in our sleeping bags and fixed our own meals. On this trip we worshipped with a local Black congregation and later enjoyed

a crayfish boil that they prepared for us, a first for all of us. All of our trips had their special moments for the work accomplished and the fun and memories shared.

East Bay Camp was the destination for many Spiritual Life Retreats. Many youth gave their lives to Christ or rededicated their lives before a huge cross on a hill by the lake called "Inspiration Point." For the younger youth we had a self-contained camp in one of the larger cabins away from the main campus at East Bay. We had our Bible lesson plans and teachers. We also had our own cooks.

To help fund the trips we had our annual "Fried Chicken Dinners" with cherry tarts for dessert. My mother, Mae Marshall, made more than two hundred shells for this event each year. She was in her eighties.

Another special memory was the Madrigal Dinner we hosted. We built a stage in the basement (at the old church site) and had a grand evening for the guests in both food and music.

Another activity was an annual youth Lenten Service at 7:00am during Holy Week.

My service at church was interrupted when Paul retired and we lived in Florida for ten years. When we returned to Illinois we saw a need for older people in our community for fellowship and food. That need was met by the Golden Age Dinners served at noon. Made possible by the many volunteers who helped me do this. Later here at our new church, we have monthly Senior Dinners at noon on the second Tuesday of each month for our church members. I still enjoy deciding what the menu will be. I have "trained" a wonderful crew to do most of the food preparation and some wonderful dependable guys to handle set-up and clean-up.

I have been so blessed to have had the opportunity to serve my Lord through the doors He opened for me.

Bernice Thrailkill



*"I will sing of the Lord's great love forever;
With my mouth I will make your faithfulness
known through all generations."*

Psalm 89:1



