

BECOMING A CONGREGATIONALIST – WHAT THAT MEANS TO ME

I come from a central Pennsylvania Dutch background; my grandparents on my Dad's side were Church of the Brethren, while my mom's family were Lutheran. In those days, you all did what your "daddy" did church-wise, so rather than attend the lovely Hollidaysburg Presbyterian Church just three blocks from home where some cousins went, and I knew lots of the kids, and my parents knew lots of the parishioners and the minister, all of whom were our neighbors, we attended the Brethren church in Altoona, six miles away.

It was very plain (women even wore little white caps), minister a failed insurance salesman with no special training as a minister, but a good Christian, and the Sunday school a great background in getting all the Bible stories straight, memorizing Bible verses, sometimes a whole chapter.

Sunday School was fine, and as a teenager, I helped with the classes for the younger kids, but for Church (Junior church stopped when you were 13), I and my two girlfriends who were the same age, sat in the balcony most times, and read our novels during the really uninteresting, boring sermons (from a teenage point of view for sure – don't know what the grown-ups thought!).

When I went to college at Denison, I first heard a fabulous sermon....from Harry Kruener who was just leaving Denison to come to Plymouth, I think. His successor was also quite good, so obligatory Thursday morning chapels were not hard to attend, especially since you got a credit if you didn't miss more than 3 a semester. I pretty much skipped church while in law school, but after marrying Peter and moving to Brooklyn, I was delighted to attend Plymouth, especially since the choir was terrific, and Harry was the preacher!

We made lots of wonderful new friends, I started singing in the choir, church was a great experience each week, and I paid attention to the sermons, even after Harry left. All of his successors have been wonderful people and preachers, even in the 70's when we had a female for a year or so, which was a whole new concept at that time.

I love Plymouth and have come for at least 46 years, and I especially love it that there are so many wonderful people involved! We've made lots of friends over the years, and the choir has been a special favorite of mine....love singing with such terrific folks and their excellent voices! Not to mention how much it's improved my music reading ability.

For me, there are six truly special things about PLYMOUTH. The first is the building itself, then the history, then the organ music, the choir, and the wonderful sermons! And the extraordinary people I've met there over all those years....many of whom have become very special and amazing friends. Thank you all for your part in making Plymouth such a great place to worship God and enjoy life on earth!

~Lee Scott