

# Clifton Presbyterian Church

## MEMBERS' MEMORIES OF THE DECADES

1970'S

### *The Reimers' Family Stories*

*Mark and Diane . . .*

*Mark and Diane met at CSU in Fort Collins, CO at a Westminster Foundation (Presbyterian) and Wesley Foundation (Methodist) "Get Acquainted" event . . . According to Mark, the Methodists were the "play-ers" and the Presbyterians were the "pray-ers." They were married on September 17, 1960 in the Church where Diane was baptized. In 1973, the Reimers moved from Missoula, Montana to Clifton.*

*Mark commuted daily downtown to the Forest Service and Diane became a Fairfax County teacher. Their children - Ruth, Paul, and Christine, attended Clifton School to go on to Robinson HS, and then UVA. Since they had moved frequently, the whole family was glad to settle down.*

*Mark's major activity was leadership of Boy Scout Troop 1104 with active camping, backpacking and canoeing programs as well as summer camp at Goshen. David Smith, in his writings on Clifton, credited his two sons becoming Eagle Scouts to Mark's leadership. Many Eagle Scouts are listed on the board in the Fellowship Hall.*

*General Webb taught the Adult Sunday School Class every Sunday. Diane recalls classes held at Margaret Webb's home to learn rug weaving. Margaret had room-sized rugs made of strips of wool suits. "Most of us were fortunate to make a 2 foot rug!"*



*Daughter, Christine remembers . . .*

*What I remember most is the sense of being accepted - even as an early teenager who "argued" and "discussed" everything with my Sunday school teachers, and even with Reverend Crick. I didn't **just accept** anything - and they put up with me!! (She now has her doctorate in Religious Studies.)*

*I remember . . . being invited to be in the "adult" choir by the time I was 13 and being*



*proud of that . . . being asked to be "Sunday School Superintendent" - but really, that was just leading the short worship before Sunday school, but I was proud of that, too . . . and a lovely Easter Sunrise Service outside on the front lawn, with the men making the breakfast afterwards - also lovely - the men were doing all the cooking!!*

*I'm sure I had the advantage of sharing much of this with Alice Cassidy, so I had a friend and neighbor in our little church where most of the congregation were older! Of course, I was also the Church janitor for a few years - first job after babysitting when I could drive. And the older women taught me how to get wax out of the sanctuary carpet, and I got to clean - and get paid twice - if there was a Saturday wedding!*

*And years later, it was wonderful to bring my own daughter, Clara, to visit at Christmas and Easter and see CPC with a full nursery and a Children's Pageant for her to share in.*

## MEMBERS' MEMORIES OF THE DECADES

1970'S

### *Mitch Martin's Story*

*We moved to Clifton in July, 1969 from the Los Angeles area; from city life to rural suburbs, from freeways to country roads, and from a large LA area Presbyterian Church to the country church in Clifton. Clifton Presbyterian seemed to me, at age 10, as if we had gone back in time. For my mom, I think the small, beautiful church on the hill in Clifton felt like returning to her small childhood church in Bell, California.*

*There are so many memories of the people, the saints, of Clifton Presbyterian that left a lasting impact on the CPC youth of the 70s. Sunday school for my age group, 5<sup>th</sup> - 6<sup>th</sup> grade, was well attended. Many of the kids from Mrs. Tyler's combined 5<sup>th</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> grade class at Clifton Elementary also attended CPC Sunday School. Our Sunday school teacher, Mr. Buffington, managed the energetic group with firm guidance and stood over our shoulder as we went around the table taking turns reading from the Bible. Without hesitation, John Buffington was always there not only to keep us focused, but also to whisper the correct pronunciation as we struggled with some of the passages.*

*Ruth Petersen oversaw all the music within the church: conducting the choir and playing the piano and organ. At that time, the organ faced the back wall and there was a mirror on that wall so Mrs. Petersen could see the congregation and know when the ushers were ready to come forward during the offering. And, in my mind, with the mirror, she always knew when one of us kids was misbehaving during the service.*



*Back Row: Sally Allison, Catherine Crick, Stewart Crick, Mitch Martin, Alice Cassidy, Jay Stone  
Front Row: ?, Bobby Coombs, Wendy Howell, Ric Martin, and Kara Kelly.*

*The CPC kids of the 70s were surrounded by saints. Sue Crick, Rev. Crick's wife, always sat in the same place during the service. She sat a few rows from where the organ is now and on beautiful spring mornings, with all the windows wide open, she could listen to her husband's sermon and look at her home, the manse, across the parking area and lawn. She, too, helped keep a watchful eye on the CPC youth, and when she threw a loving glance toward us, we'd know it was time to calm down.*

*The summers in the sanctuary are most memorable. With no AC and heavy humid air hanging over Clifton, my mom, Doris Martin, faithfully (and strongly) encouraged her family to be ready for church at 11:00 each Sunday. The ushers would provide at the door handheld fans with a funeral home advertisement on the back. The fans did provide some relief from the sweltering sanctuary. For some of the youth, the fans were a type of distraction or, for my younger brother, it was a weapon used to taunt our sister. (He often had to forfeit his fan before the service ever started). With the windows and doors wide open, the congregation would listen to Rev. Crick and, at the first sound of the train, the ushers would rush to shut the double doors at the front of the church. On the days when the doors weren't shut in time, it sounded to me as if the train was actually coming across the front lawn.*

*At age 10, the best part of those Sunday summer days came at noon when the service concluded, and CPC kids would take their hard earned yardwork money and run down the lane to Clifton Store to get Abba-Zaba taffy or a candy necklace.*

*As with every decade at CPC, there were saints among us. As the 1970s kids of Clifton Presbyterian entered middle school and high school, we were guided by the adult congregants. General Webb and Mrs. Webb left lasting impressions as did George and Frances Cranston, Don and Ruth Stratton, John Cassidy, and the Cliffords. Mrs. Clifford was the survivor of a horrible accident involving a passing train, and in the eyes of a young teen, she lived a joyful life after a life changing accident.*

*Willard Webb and Don Stratton were good friends with a common bond, wood carving. The wood carvings were displayed on the walls of the few upstairs classrooms and, through the wood carvings, young teens could imagine life in Jesus' time while listening to that week's Sunday school lesson.*

*The youth of the church have been blessed with so many mentors over the years. Neighbors and friends of my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reimers, were among the young adults in the church and represented a young family living daily, a life devoted to Christ. (My brother and I realized not long ago that we still refer to Diane as "Mrs. Reimers").*

*The 70's was full of historically significant events including the death of Elvis! However, for the CPC youth, the church represented constant stability. While a lot has changed since the 1970's, a lot has stayed the same at Clifton Presbyterian. The church bell sounds the same, we are a caring congregation, and time still stops, momentarily, as the train passes.*