

1968

Bert Hill's History of Talent Friends Church

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HISTORY OF THE TALENT FRIENDS CHURCH
by Bert Hill
for the 25th Anniversary

On October the third, in the year "forty-three".
The Talent Friends church started--yes--sir-ee!
With Milo Ross at the wheel--and a push from the gang,
This little church--took off with a bang!
Miss Lillian Frazier worked hard--you all know,
Her prayers and her visits helped make the church go.
Lily Welburn has been here right from the start--
And like dear Agnes Hackler, always carried her part.
In the year "fourty-four", the church set it's sails
And called for their pastors, George and Elineta Bales.
When they called this young pastor, the church was in luck
For George got the church----to buy an old truck--
And he drove it around Talent---tooting it's horn
While he loaded up people--each Sunday Morn!
Under their guidance, the church really grew--
And they shined up that building, 'till it sparkled like new!
At the end of north second--they bought some land,
Then asked Yearly Meeting--to approve of their plan.
Next, they bought an old building from out at Camp White,
And built the church parsonage--all snug, warm and tight.
The Algiers were next to hear the Talent call--
In "fourty-seven" they came-- it was along in the fall.
Irwin worked with the young people, as he had oft before,
And the "C. E." now numbered-- some thirty or more.
Our Sunday school grew-- till the church was too small
So, some met in the Estes' home-- and some in the City Hall!
The Babbist' decided they needed the church, once again--
And this left the Friends people--- shut out in the rain!
So, we moved to the City Hall---with all of our gear---
And had church services there, for a couple of year.
There was a dance at the hall, each Saturday night--
And by sun-up next morning-- that hall was a sight!
The young people --each Sunday--would clean up the hall,
They swept--then they polished--and dusted it all--
Yes, each Sunday morning---it was quite a race---
To get it cleaned up, and the seats all in place!
We saved up our money--for we had us a plan---
We purchased this property---and called us a man--
The Neiferts would pastor--and build the church too.

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This was the job--we called Leroy Neifert to do!
 They arrived in the summer of nineteen-fifty one,
 And the work on the new church---started to hum.
 The basement was poured--with a bulge in one wall--
 And we thought for a few minutes, that we'd lost it all!
 All the people turned out for the work with a will--
 And we labored and gave money--this new church to build.
 A day to remember--June eighth--in the year "fifty-two"
 We moved in the new church-- as we had longed to do--!
 The Smiths were the next to receive the church's call,
 And they came in "Fifty-seven"--to give us their all.
 There was still work on the church--and in our lives too.
 Their prayers and his preaching ~~preaching~~--helped all of us through
 Things started moving-- Clark and Elizabeth knew how--
 They traded the old parsonage on the one we have now.
 They lowered the church ceiling--and plastered the walls,
 Added five classrooms--and fixed up the halls----
 Re-varnished the church floor--You all heard the news,
 Then dug down again---and bought some new pews!---
 As they improved on the building--Clark taught us so well--
 The people of the church grew in spiritual life--until
 Some who had been weak----now were so strong---
 They took hold--and helped move the church along!
 In the fall of "Sixty-seven"-- as I think you all know,
 The Emrys came over--from the state of Idaho.
 Randall preaches--and teaches in Sunday school too--
 And Norma has found--she has plenty to do!
 Now, you are not to brag on a man to his face---
 So I'll leave that tale for another time-another place,
 There were revival meetings--right from the start--
 Where people could come and give Jesus their hearts--
 Then go out--and start to live, once again---
 With their past all erased, and their heart free from sin.
 Evangelist, John Trachsel came--William Murphy came too,
 Jack Willcuts and Clark Smith--to name just a few--
 Oscar brown and Oliver Weigel-- they came and they went,
 The Herbert Murdock revival--took place in a tent!
 There were others who came--and each one had a part,
 But these were the ones---who were close to the start.
 Now, it's time to stop looking back to days of yore--
 And turn right around--with our face to the fore! .

Let's gird up our loins---and start looking alive--
 Then pray for God's blessing, on the next twenty-five!

Added to
 the history of the Talent church for the twenty
 eight birthday (1971)

The Emry family stayed three years or so
 Then decided it was time for them to go.
 The church had a pastor to call once again.
 So they re-activated Reverend Roy Dunagan.
 They came down to us from up Albany way,
 And brought their own trailer in which they would stay.
 We changed the furnace to oil, put speakers in too,
 Painted the outside till it looked almost new.
 We have brand new songbooks from which we all sing;
 And with the help of the organ we make the place ring.
 Two of our members have been called by the Lord,
 George Hartly and Lily Welburn now have their reward.
 Their faces are missed from our services you know,
 They are now up in heaven where we all hope to go.
 So looking ahead to the year seventy two
 Let's get on with the work that the church has to do.

Added for the church's thirtyth birthday. (1973)

The Talent Friends church is now thirty years old,
 There are several more stories that need to be told.
 Roy has been preaching that our lives should be clean,
 While several new couples have now made the scene.
 With new drapes on the windows and pads on the seat,
 The Talent Friends church has now joined the elite.
 We put carpet on the floor to cut down the noise,
 And some of our girls have caught them selves boys.
 Their folks are still learning to say son-in-law;
 Oh! Yes! Norma Emry is now a grandma.
 We have had engagements, weddings, dinners and still
 There are some of the fellows that can't get their fill
 Of the goodies the ladies all bring for potluck;
 This time of the year they are out hunting their buck.
 Our numbers have been down for the last Sunday or so.

When the deer season is over just watch Talent go.
 Most all that has happened has made our hearts glad,
 But of course some have happened that left us all sad.
 Clarence Cooper has been called to the bright golden shore,
 Then Mable moved away, we don't see her any more.
 Roy and Katie Estes are still not very stout
 Seldom if ever can they make it out.
 Our pastor has had health problems this fall,
 We know he is ready should the Lord give a call.
 Some of our numbers are just not their old selves
 Our Lord has saw fit to put them on shelves.
 Yes, thirty years have now past but this is not the end,
 There are still people all around in need of a friend.
 So come on all you people and join in the search,
 And prove this is still the TALENT FRIENDS CHURCH.

ADDED IN THE THIRTY_NINETH YEAR OF THE
 TALENT FRIENDS CHURCH (1982)

Mark and Jan Kelly were the next pastors to come
 To settle at Talent and make it their home.
 Fresh from George Fox with their hearts all aglow
 With lots of new ideas to help the church grow.
 New people were coming, at least new to me
 This made us all happy, as happy as could be.
 Mark and Jan added a baby or two
 This help from our pastors, for us was quite new.
 The young people's group was growing as well
 The morning church service made the old building swell.
 Plans were made to enlarge the church once again
 So we would have room for the people to come in.
 Ralph Kruger was in charge of our new building plan.
 In all the church there was no better man.
 Wesley Hartley and son were hired for the job;
 We hoped that our work days would bring out a mob.
 In the middle of all this Mark let us know
 He felt, back to school, the Kelly's should go.
 So the Talent Friends church had to look all around
 And search for new pastors until they were finally found.
 The Millers, who were missionaries and pastors as well
 When the answered our call we knew things would go swell.
 Clark Smith was at the church most every day;
 Mike Pettine kept the trash out of Wesley's way.
 Norma Emry was there with her finishing touch
 Some time I felt she worked a little too much.
 With a Yearly meeting loan to help pay the bill
 Our new auditorium was soon ready to fill.
 Paul's preaching on unity has helped us all see
 Our need for each other if Christ's body we would be.
 There is still much to be done, our church to complete
 But the part that is finished sure looks neat.

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By Bert Hill

Lets keep up our working and our giving too,
If we all pull together we can see the plan through.
There are class rooms to finish and landscaping to do,
But we will have a nice building when we get through.
Lets build up the Spirit of Christ as we go
So the people of Talent will all of them know,
That the church here at Talent is on fire for the Lord
Lets encourage them all to come get on board.
We have come a long way since the year forty three
And I'm happy with all the things I can see,
But lets not rest on our laurals, lets not settle down.
Until we have done our utmost to reach our whole town.
Lets work till Christ comes, lets stay in the race
That way He will meet us with a smile on His face.

April 4, 1982

THE BUILDING PROGRAM

By Bert Hill

It started way back in Seventy-nine--
When some people of Talent fell into line.

They moved our attendance up by a score -
The Church was filled clear back to the door.

The people decided we needed more room -
If the Church here at Talent continued to bloom.

A committee was formed to seek out a plan;
Ralph Kruger was picked to be our top man.

An architect drew up a big set of plans
And the people pitched in with all of their hands.

In the first of our project we built toward the street;
So the front of the Church would be straight when complete.

A room was built on to the basement below
To act as foundation where the new wall would go.

A timber was placed where the wall used to be;
The two stained glass windows were pretty to see.

Now we had some room to continue to expand @
While we moved ahead with the rest of the plan.

At the end of the Church we dug a big hole
In the old parking lot where the cars used to roll.

Put in a foundation, then poured a new floor;
Next came basement walls and then a lot more.

Walls had to be moved and new ones put in;
Then the walls had to be plastered over again.

Our seating was doubled, or almost so --
Now we had room for the Church to grow.

We have a new study for our new Pastor
Also a new office where work will go faster.

A new nursery and new class rooms too -
That gives us room for things we would do.

Wes Hartley and son Wayne overlooked all the building,
And the men of the Church all seemed to be willing.

We had work-days for all who could come;
One fellow almost made the Church his home.

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Mike Pettine was there most every day;
He cleaned all the rubbish out of the way.

When the time came for the plaster base
Mike and his helper nailed that in place.

The men of the Church all worked with a will -
Then dug in their pockets to help pay the bill.

The women kept busy as they did their part;
For all of the people had the Church in their heart.

Norma Emry was in on most of the work --
But the other women did not shirk.

Now we have plenty of room - it's people we need;
So listen - you people - and give earnest heed:

Get out in the community and let our light show -
Then the Church here at Talent will continue to grow!

AN UPDATE OF THE TALENT FRIENDS CHURCH HISTORY (1986)

The year is nineteen eighty six and many things are new;
I thought I'd grab a pen and put down a thing or two.
Paul and Patsy are still here to meet the church's needs
I'm sure that the Lord above keeps track of all their deeds
We now have an associate pastor, Steve Johnson is his name,
He doesn't look a bit like Paul but his message is the same.
Lesta works along with him and Forest does his part,
They help our youth grow in grace and give the Lord their heart.
Jeff and Mary helped us grow, they gave us a new member,
If any one glowed like LaRue I'm sure I don't remember.
Dave Ullum keeps our church aglow with lights where they are needed
Ralph guides the work along thats why we have succeeded.
New ones are here, I don't know them all, it's nice to see them though
I love to see the church fill up, I like to see it grow.
Nancy has the choir now, she keeps it going strong
It's nice to have them Sunday Morn and hear their happy song.
Clark Smith has shed his earthly form, we laid it in the sod
But Clark's not there, he is now with Christ, at home with God.
Alaska wanted to start a school to train their native men;
They wanted pastor Paul to come to help them to begin.
Paul and Patsy were missionaries there some twenty years before
They found things had changed alot from the days of yore.
Steve filled in for pastor paul and kept our spirits warm
And Nehemiah spoke to us upon one Sunday morn.
The lawn has been sowed to grass, Art keeps it looking neet,
So now we don't have mud tracked in upon the peoples feet.
The roses along the ramp, we can thank Charley and Ruth for these,
I love to stand and look at them even though they make me sneeze.
The parking lot has been graded smooth and gravel spread galore
The men have poured the steps that lead to the church front door.
The basement has been finished, the class rooms look so neat
The paneling upon the walls the rug beneath our feet.
The church is ready now so we should reach out unto our town
And fill the class rooms to the limit both up and those down

By Bert Hill

When I see the church today after over forty years;
I remember when it was small and my eyes may fill with tears.
Oh! it has had it's ups and downs, some time it has been slow,
Some time it takes the trials of life to make us want to grow.
And now today lets work and pray, let us our voices raise,
When we see how God has blessed, lets fill His house with praise.

By Bert Hill

CHURCH HISTORY UPDATE

from

Jan. 1, 87 to Jan. 1, 89

I remember April of eighty seven as if it were today,
For that's when Steve and Lesta packed up and drove away.
Denver offered Steve a job and he had passed the test,
He would work with school kids, a job he likes the best.
Lesta would work with him, way up in Estes Park,
When Art told Forest goodbye his eyes seemed awful dark.
At the elder's meeting in April, Paul Miller had this to say,
He and Patsy thought that it was time that they were on their way.
They would return to Alaska to help out with the school
Paul would outline the studies and help lay down the rules.
They would finish the church year, until the end of June.
And they hoped the elders could find another pastor soon.
It didn't work out that way, most pastors were already taken
That left the elders high and dry, and feeling very shaken.
The members all pitched in and helped keep the services going
For all of us really wanted our church to keep on growing.
Randell Emry handled the openings, and introduced each guest,
While different members took a service and did their very best.
Then the Medford church took pity and came to our rescue,
They loaned us two of their assistants from their pastoral crew.
Paul Baker took our morning services and done them up just right,
And they let their youth pastor fill in for us at night.

By Bert Hill

It was along in October when yearly meeting gave us a call
They told the elders they might have a pastor after all.
They had a family working on their church extension plan
Our church could try him out, he might just be our man.
Rick, Mary Ellen and the girls came down to see us all,
The people liked them so much they extended them a call.
Rick took a crash course on things he should master
So he would be ready when they came down to pastor.
The first Sunday of November the Hunts came down to stay
This was Rick's first pastorate and he asked us all to pray.
Things settled down now that we had a pastor we could keep.
But the stress of being a pastor kept Rick from getting sleep.
Rick gave us a lot of laughter and now and then a tear
And though the stress got to him, he stuck it out one year.
The elders appointed Jeff Dumke as church administrator
He would help lead the church, we would get a pastor later.
Jeff has had the morning service the last two months steady,
And Kathie has filled in at night for she is always ready.
So that is where we are today, at the start of eighty nine,
Though we still don't have a pastor we're getting by just fine.

March 18, 1990

ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY

It was just a year ago today when Smucks first came to town.
They wanted to see our church and take a look around.
They came back a short time later to take a secone glance
That's when Homer told the elders he thought he'd take a chance.
If we could find a house for them within our little town
They would load up their things and move the family down.
All the people were elated for finally we would have a pastor
Some one to teach us from the word and lead us to the Master.
Some things have changed in this year, a few I'll try to talley
Jeff and Mary have moved up north to help out at Rosevalley.
Dave and Dorthy have their church although they still live near
We pray God's blessing upon them for to us they are very dear.
Kathy has gone back to school although it made her nervious
She wants to prepare her self for full time christian service.
Dave and Coleen drive up north to Roseburg every Sunday
They have to rush back to be at work on monday.
They are pastoring this little group, they try God's seed to sow
We are praying that with their help this church will really grow.
Our church has asked David Howell to help out with our youth
To help them on their outings and guide them into truth
This year has passed so quickly and I'm sure we all can say
We are glad the Smucks came down to us one year ago today.

By,
Bert Hill

October 7, 1990

ROCKHANGERS

I stopped in at the Friend's church
One day at two O'clock.
I heard that Mike and Bert were there
And would be hanging rock.

I stood and watched them as they worked
It was a wonderious sight
For ever time they hung a rock
It always fit just right.

They would measure where the light would be
And cut the hole for it;
Then when the rock was put in place
The hole would always fit.

They put the ceiling up there first
Then covered up the rest,
Of all the rockhangers I've ever seen
That Mike and Bert are the best.

Bert Hill

Bert Hill

K&M Company POLY-VU
Torrance CA 90503 #P4119

I would like to welcome all of you here today
As an old timer I've a few things to say.
I've watched this church from almost day one
When the Talent Friends church had just first begun
The people back then with their faith shining bright
Would meet in the little old church painted white.
I also remember t'was along in the fall
When the church had to move to the old city hall.
The people started scheming and also to plot
Just how to raise money to buy up this lot.
Then the people pitched in and worked with a will
The very first building they wanted to build.
Now I won't name names as some people do
With my mind like it is I might miss a few.
The Talent Friend Church continued to grow
So they added two rooms both above and below
The people kept coming and joining this place
They moved to the front and added more space.
Now the Friend Church started to bloom
And soon they discovered they needed more room.
The people got together and came up with a plan,
Then asked Yearly Meeting to send down a man.
Yearly Meeting agreed the plan was a honey
And they would be glad to loan us the money.
We hired Wes Hartly to build on the new
And the people pitched in to help out his crew.

By Bert Hill

The building was finished and what can I say
Just look around as you gather today.
The ladies had sales and the men split up wood
And the people dug down and gave what they could.
That is why we have come here today
The debt is paid off, there is no more to pay.
Let's look up to heaven and God's praises return
As we come here today the mortgage to burn.
Now don't rest on your laurels and to your selves say
We finally have finished, there is no more to pay,
There are people around that need Jesus to see,
And Jesus is calling, will you win them for me?
So lets all get busy now that we have space
And reach out to others to fill up this place.

Bert Hill

"The Legend of Clark Smith

For Clark Smith Day

There is an old and ancient legend
Comming down from days of yore
When the pilgrams from the Mayflower
Landed on our eastern shore:
How they struggled that first winter
With all their noble, little band
When Mile Standish lost Pricilla
T'was Clark Smith who held his hand.
Then Paul Revere, (one if by land, two if by sea,)
Was the signal of their design
Comming from the old church tower,
T'was Clark Smith who gave the sign,
And it was at Valley Forge in winter
With the ragged, tattered band
That George Washington needed a chaplin
He chose Clark Smith to be that man.
He was there beside Abe Lincoln
When they laid him in the grave
And the very best of Eulogizes
Was the one that Clark Smith gave.
As the employers search for Oregon
With their convoes made from bark
I am sure that you remember
That their names were Lewis and Clark.
Time would fail ~~for~~ me to tell you
Of all the legends of this man
If you want the whole long story
I am sure that Clark Smith can.
So lets hear it for our hero
With a hip - hip - hurrah
He has spanned the last six centuries
And he is still with us today's
Now we've had our fun with Clark Smith
And I think it's plain to see
Just how much this old time preacher
And his message means to me,
For he preaches from the bible
With it's message ever true
So I'll close thie out by saying
Clark Smith, we all love you.

Bert Hill

JOY RIDE

A young lady from out Hartly way
Went out for a ride one fine day,
She took a new horse
As a matter of course
And a watch to check on her stay.

She rode for a half hour or so
At a pace the horse thought was too slow
So grabbing the bit
The horse threw a fit
While the lady leaned back and yelled, "WHOA."

The horse ran with the greatest of ease
While she ducked and dodged the pear trees:
When Colver road he found
He tried to turn round
And they went down, kerplop, if you please.

The bones in her arm tried to fold
And a bump on her head knocked her cold:
She fixed her horse to stay put
Then she took off on foot
Where she went I've never been told.

Her arm was broke, so they found.
She had a bump where her head hit the ground
But she's having a fling
With her arm in a sling
For Joice Wooldridge is hard to keep down.

ROY DONE-AGAIN*

Talent Friends have a new Pastor
I would like you all to know;
He came to us from up north
About two month ago.

In school he broke all records,
He was just as fast as sin
For when they handed him a test
He said, "I'm done again."

He served in several churches
Preaching long and hard at sin
But when his term expired
They said, "You're done-again."

I would like our church to keep him
His preaching is not that bad,
In fact I'll go so far as say
He is about the best we've had.

So, Roy, just take it easy
Don't use that word called sin
Then maybe our board won't say,
"Roy, you're done-again."

* Roy V. Dunagan

DUNAGAN'S RETIREMENT

It was out of the north the hurricane came
With a heart of compassion and Dunagan by name.
He started right in this community to win
As he told them of Jesus and His power over sin.
At first there was eighty and then eighty five.
The people could see this church was alive.
With Roy to guide them, the people went to work
As they fixed up the church and didn't try to shirk.
There were singers, teachers and a poet or two,
For Roy taught us that each one had a work to do.
They sponsored a Vietnamese family then there were two,,
And all of this time, the church, how it grew.
Now the time has come for the Dunagans to retire.
Let us hope the church doesn't drop in the mire.
For seven years the Dunagans have been our pas-tor
And for that time they have done all we could ask-for.
We shall try our best to always be true,
And we rise up as one to say, "God bless you."

MARK and JAN

They came from the north
Like a breath of fresh air,
Right from George Fox;
A likely young pair.

Jan was a blonde,
Mark was quite tall.
They rolled up their sleeves
And gave us their all.

New people came in
The church, how it grew.
Mark and Jan did their part
With a baby or two.

We built on to the church
To make room for some more;
For the people realized
What the building was for.

Now the time has come
When we must say adieu,
So with hearts full of love,
We ask God to bless you.

Bert Hill

The Millers

Paul Miller stood at the pearly gate,
His head was bent and low.
He quickly asked Saint Peter
What may that he should go.

"What have you done," Saint Peter said,
"To gain admission here."
Paul answered, "I served Talent friends church,"
"For low these many years."

Saint Peter opened wide the gate
And gently rang a bell.
"Go on inside," Saint Peter said,
"For we had your share of hell."

Bert Hill

LIFE OF AN ASSOCIATE PASTOR

Steve Johnson wound up way out in the west:
When he saw Lesta Perisho he liked her the best.
To show you that Lesta's mind is not dim
She let Steve chase her until she caught him.
Steve had this habit for he liked to roam,
They settled at Talent to make it their home.
Lesta found work for that was their plan,
Poor Steve wound up as a house-husband.
Forest came along to make their lives better,
So Steve now became a full time baby setter.
Now the Talent Friends Church was not one to shirk
So they called Steve up and put him to work.
They hired Steve for part time but worked him all day
I'll tell you right now they made Steve earn his pay.
The young people really kept Steve on the go,
Till he wound up with them down in old Mexico.
They worked Steve by day and they worked him at night
Until Steve finally said, "Hay! this is not right."
Steve said to Lesta, "I know where we will go
I have found me a job back in Colorado.
I'll work there by day for the rest of my life
And give you a chance to be a house-wife."
Steve, Lesta and Forest we wish you God's best
And hope you will come visit us out here in the west.

Bert Hill

PERISHO FAMILY

Down at the church where I go
There is a family named Perisho.
First there was Art, then he added Pat.
(Next came the dog, then came the cat.)
Priscilla is quite a young lady now.
(Oh yes, they have a family cow.)
Arlene was next in line of course.
(Art just had to have a horse.)
Lesta came along just about then.
(Some one gave them a banty hen.)
Lura was next, girls were now a habit.
(From some where they got a rabbit.)
Last but not least they added Bert.
I guess they thought one boy wouldn't hurt.
Yes, down at the church where I go
All the people love the family named Perisho.

TIMBER FALLER
(RALPH KRUGER)

The old time faller use to take
His axe up in his hand
And head up into the hills
Where the big pines use to stand.

He left the hurry of city life
When he left the distant town
And usually about eighty five
He would decide to settle down.

Today a chain saw is a must
With gas and oil for it
A file, wedges, an extra chain
And a sledge with which to hit.

He loads this in his pickup truck
He doesn't miss a thing,
Today the chain saw in the back
Will make the forest ring.

And when his chain saw doesn't start
He flies into a rage.
If he lives until he is thirty eight
That will be a ripe old age.

TRUCK DRIVER
(Arthur Perisho)

He wakes in the morning at a quarter past three
Then he hops out of bed as alert as can be;
He is cheerful and happy or so they all say,
He can't wait to get started up Dead Indian way.

He eats a quick breakfast, there's no time for more.
He kisses his wife as he goes out the door.
He jumps in his truck, it starts with a roar,
And he heads up the mountain as he has o'ft before.

He arrives at the landing at a quarter past five.
He sings for he's happy that he is alive.
He sees that the logs are loaded just so
Then he buckles them down and he's ready to go.

He swings the logtruck and he's on his way.
If he's lucky he'll make at least three trips today.
Turning the wheels he misses a ditch,
Then he thinks, at this rate I soon will be rich.

He works for a man that is easy to please
And he handles the truck with the greatest of ease.
After thinking it over, I have this to say,
Why do they call it work when he rides around all day.

ELECTRICIAN

I would like to be an electrician
I really think I would;
From what I've seen of them around
They have it made real good.

They come to work at nine O'clock
Then coffee for a while.
What they do from then till ten
Would make a preacher smile.

They start to work at ten O'clock
It's warm enough by then;
Of course they have a coffee break
They some how work it in.

Back to work at eleven O'clock
They work from then till noon.
If you can get me on with them
Please let me know real soon.

Bert Hill

Bert Hill