

# The CHIMES

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## Just Off Capitol Square

### AN OLD GRAY HOUSE

During my ministry our family, or part of our family, have lived in eight different parsonages. We have loved every one of them. But there is one our children were most fond of because we all were together during those eight years and it was where we had the most fun as a family. The parsonage was at 242 East 18th Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

The other day we learned that that beloved house is no more: it caught fire in the night and burned to the ground. As this word was passed over the family network, there were sighs of sadness in New Jersey, Oklahoma, Virginia, Illinois, and Wisconsin. It was an old house covered with gray stucco, located near the campus of Ohio State University. We loved its every nook and cranny.

Into this house we moved when Becky was a baby. There Tim was born. The house swarmed with neighborhood children and many birthday and Halloween parties were held there. We have many pictures of activities and festivities that occurred there and we will probably make a "picture show" of them when our family gets together again.

One of the special delights of that house to our children was the third floor bedroom they all wanted to occupy. We had to pass around the "leases". The parsonage was only two blocks from the church and one of my special pleasures was to have one of the children come Saturday noon to my study. In my mind's eye, I can see one of them now trudging down the street toward my study, carrying the lunch box we would enjoy together.

It was in this lovely old parsonage that we first positioned in our front picture window our lighted globe of the world. That lighted globe, given to us by two dear friends in that church, has been in the front window of our every home for over twenty years. In our home we have had the privilege of entertaining as our guests, friends from all over the world, and when that globe is lighted each evening, now on Vale Circle, I like to believe that it is a symbol of the oneness we have in Christ with all of the peoples of the world.

Sometimes people feel sorry for the children who must grow up in the parsonage gold fish bowl. But our children have never felt that way about being PK's (preacher's kids). They have often, in fact, expressed gratitude for the many rich experiences they have had and the wonderful friends they have made along the way. On some Sunday evenings, we are on the phone with all four of them, in Connecticut, Virginia, Oklahoma and Illinois. And they know that they will on Sunday night get the same question from their Dad: "Did you go to church today?" And almost always, they say that they have! You can imagine how deeply gratified Betty and I are that all of them are deeply involved in their churches.

Somehow I think it can all be traced to the joys we shared in that old gray house on 18th Ave. in Columbus. In their experiences the joys of that parsonage and the beautiful people who touched their lives in Indianapolis Methodist Church are inseparable. The house is now dust and ashes, but in our memories it will be always a sanctuary of God.

*Lee C. Moorehead*

'A BIG MOUTH' is the topic of Dr. Moorehead's sermon this Sunday, based on the text "For I will give you a mouth and wisdom." - Luke 21:15. At the 9:00 service, the Youth Choir will sing Robert J. Powell's "Behold, God is My Salvation", and at 11:00, the Chancel Choir will sing "O Lord, Thou Hast Searched Me" by Eugene Butler. Greeters at the doors will be (11:00) Richard and Carolyn Adams, and (11:00) Jerry, Joan and Joy Taylor. SEE YOU IN CHURCH!