

**Church of the Good Shepherd**  
64 University Terrace  
Athens, Ohio

**50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary**  
**Memory Book**



Shawn Parsons draws a picture  
showing himself praying at Church.

Some building comments, respectfully submitted by Joan Porter, in helping to celebrate a 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary for the Church of the Good Shepherd on November 3, 2002.

For many months prior to the official birthday of the relocation of our church at 64 University Terrace a number of us recall wondering if we would ever be able to get the new church built. There always seemed to be one major problem after another needing solutions.

Fortunately, the first was made dramatically easier to solve by Bishop Hobson when at a diocesan convention he called for a fund raising drive of \$1,000,000 to build three new churches on the very borders of the three state universities in Southern Ohio. By the time the bishop had finished his brief for the younger generation, he concluded his request for so much money by saying that he had already raised half of it. The sighs of relief were audible.

The next problem was the need for Bishop Hobson to fire the first architect - whose beautiful plans would have cost exactly twice as much as the bishop had requested. David Maxfield became the new architect and was able to meet the financial specifications as well as those requiring a minimum use of steel, due to its scarcity and rationing for the needs of the Korean War. Our prayers accompanied his fine work.

The last nail-biting problem came due when it was time for Bishop Hobson and the Senior Warden to go to Washington D.C. for a hearing by the federal rationing commission. Our bishop made a persuasive case for the need of this church (which would use a very minimum amount of steel in its construction) meant to provide a Christian opportunity for Ohio youth at Ohio University to learn of other life perspectives in addition to the customary humanistic ones offered at most universities.

In a few days Bishop Hobson wired a very joyful Rev. Phil Porter, Jr. that he and the Senior Warden had been successful in getting the needed approval for the steel - and that only two other churches in the country were granted such approval!

And so we began to build our fabulous church, watching in prayerful gratitude and a somewhat more educated interest the pouring of every cement "Footer" and, indeed, nearly every brick.

Joan Porter

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Thanks for the invitation to join those who look back with gratitude and wonderment at that part of their lives marked "Southeastern Ohio: its epicenter = ATHENS!"

Very hard to sort out the paths which led the Black family there; harder still to decipher the influences there which shaped June, Bill, Greg, Jan and David; and impossible to choose which lens to look through for a summary fit for the booklet of reflections which you are assembling! (Perhaps the enclosed Doodle best interprets "The Blacks-in-Athens, 1962 - 1973!")

The most vivid memory is the one that contrasts the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor apartment home on the South Side of Chicago near the 63<sup>rd</sup> Street Elevated Train and the Rectory behind Good Shepherd Church, Athens, Ohio, in the quiet, 4-Oak-Tree-Shaded retreat, in the Summer of 1962!

The inter-civic, church, university everything of Athens was a huge and stimulating and varied environment after the focussed confines of the Divinity School, the Lab School (for the children), the Bio-Medical Library (for June) at the University of Chicago.

The tangible reality of the family of God - ecumenical, interfaith and quintessentially at Good Shepherd still elicits wonder and gratitude as Greg, Jan, Dave and I remember.

Finally, Good Shepherd folks taught me indispensable lessons about CHURCH-INTERNAL (the ups and downs of Parish Family Life - warts and all) and CHURCH-EXTERNAL (parishioners at the crossroads of civic and university and broader Appalachian life) to the benefit of the Diocesan responsibilities I carried as Bishop.

At the farewell Eucharist in Good Shepherd Church in 1973, three youth groups developed three skits in each Fr. Black is confronted by a group seeking the good 'ole Padre's counsel and advice: (memory fades but problems common to blood family life; marriage, teenage quandaries about the NEW MORALITY (suspiciously like the old immorality!); "do we have to have Sunday School?!", etc. etc.)

Fr. Black's cheerful reply was: "let's go to lunch!" (Preferably the Towne House).

Blessed Memories.



Bishop William G. Black, 1962-1973  
(aka Bill, Grant, Nig., Linc)

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What a great event. Many fine memories, of many fine people, so many compete here. Cannot top the emotional baptism of Aimee and Summer, our twin daughters, by Dad's Dad, my Grandpa, the Rev. Joseph C. Black, with help from the Rev. Phil McNairy. Nor Dad's sermons with Mom in the choir, of course. But for universal recollection, I offer this one.

It was Friday night, late in November, the 22<sup>nd</sup> to be exact, of 1963. We'd been there about 17 months, Dad beginning his ministry right there at Good Shepherd. After two years of battling Castro and Khrushchev over Bay of Pigs and Cuban Missile Crises, President John F. Kennedy had been shot to death just six hours ago. It was dark outside, and cold, seeming colder.

People streamed in and out of our lovely Church, some familiar, many not. The Church was dark, somber, but candles lighted the altar. I am going from memory now. But Dad, dressed in the priestly garb, and other assistants (likely you, maybe Sherwood Hall, Larry Larson, not real sure), stood at the altar, as folks prayed, I

think offering communion. Choir was there maybe some, and some music. This went on, a long, long time. People kept coming.

In those moments, before everyone retired from that awful day, no one knew what, if anything was next. Lyndon Johnson was President. But would there be attacks, warfare? More shootings? We did not know. Yet we feared the worst, for what we had seen was severe. For those who lived through World War II, Kennedy's death was not the worst. But for those of us who had not, it was.

That night the Church did its duty. In the face of alarming disorder, sadness and fear, it brought together man and his God, in reverence, silence, yet in Spirit. It was stunning to behold. The Church stood out in the night, a true beacon from Christ.

Gregory W. Black

I am delighted to have this opportunity to send my very best wishes to the Church of the Good Shepherd for the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of its location on University Terrace.

It was a privilege and a joy to be present at the 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary celebration ten years ago as a guest of Gifford and Mary Doxsee. At that time the Eucharist was offered in memory of my husband who had died just a few months before. Pitt was, I believe, the second rector of the parish in its present location. His rectorship was brief (1958-1961) but I remember those years very happily indeed as does my son, John.

Through the years I have received "The Good News" regularly and still recognize names appearing on its pages. I pray that Good Shepherd will continue its splendid ministry to the Athens Community for years to come!

Anne Willand

HAPPY 50<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY!!! Good Shepherd...so many happy memories over the 30 years we've been part of the parish family! We moved to Athens and into Good Shepherd in 1973. Dick and Betty French called on us for the church, making us feel welcome from the start.

In 1978, Bishop John Krumm ordained Dutch into the Diaconate right here at Good Shepherd. It was an evening celebration and the

church was packed with friends from all over town...Presbyterians, Methodists, Roman Catholics and others...plus a few unenlightened souls. It was a joyful evening for all of us.

There have been so many memorable occasions...The Journey Through The Eucharist series, the Lenten sharing of spiritual journeys by the parishioners, the glorious Easter and Christmas Eve services, and always the outstanding music provided by our Choir Director and our Choir.

As in any loving family, our Good Shepherd family has had its share of problems and joys, but we thank God for being with us through all the "chance and changes," and we trust He will continue to guide us and keep us. Our sincere prayer is that Good Shepherd will be a beacon of light, proclaiming and LIVING the gospel here where He has placed us to share His love.

#### Bonnie and Arthur (Dutch) Savage

We owe it all to the inventiveness of Bill Paddock and the generosity of Neb Mitchell. Bill Paddock, who was for several years on the diocesan staff, helped locate the site of the current Good Shepherd Church. And when Good Shepherd was without a rector, he turned to one of the other diocesan campus ministries for support. His request: that the young assistant there, one David McCoy, might be (what we then knew and called as) *locum tenens*, one who "holds the place."

Neb Mitchell was rector at St. Stephen's on the campus of Ohio State University, and he generously allowed his assistant to go three weekends a month to Good Shepherd to conduct services, make pastoral calls, and meet with the Vestry and committees as needed.

Thus, Terry and I and our two (then) young children, Steve and Beth, made the weekly sojourn to Athens, where we were treated like royalty! Our thanks to all of you who were there at the time to welcome us so warmly and to make us one of your own.

We continue to have fond memories of Good Shepherd and the people we met during those months; and each time we return, the warmth is still there! Congratulations on fifty years of service in God's name!

David and Terry McCoy

When I was confirmed at Good Shepherd by Bishop Blanchard he said to me, "When I return next year I want to hear that you are involved here at this church."

There have been many memorable times but one that stands out in my mind was organizing and directing the Junior Altar Guild. A number of eighth grade girls participated in this training. I remember Jan Black, Martha Gustavson, Debbie Leach, Jean Westendahl, Sally Stauffer, and Christy Clifford.

These girls learned to prepare the Altar for Thursday afternoon services held in the chapel. They were involved in polishing brass and silver, learned names of items used, as well as all that was involved after a communion service. It was a pleasure to work with them.

I have been able to keep in touch with Jan, Sally, and Christy - especially the last two who have remained in Athens. I wondered if those three were "sent" to this class by their mothers. Jan's mother, June Black, was active at church and her father was our rector, Bill Black. Both Sally's mother, Helen Stauffer, and Christy's mother, Betty Clifford, were members and past directresses of the Altar Guild.

Sally Stauffer Spero learned her lesson well and is now an active member of our Altar Guild today. Christy Clifford Ortman also did well but I am still working on her - she seems to prefer singing and "Mcing" more than polishing brass and silver.

It has been a joy to watch these two young women grow, marry, and have beautiful families.

Bishop Blanchard made a real impact.

Julia Nehls

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In the '50s and early '60s the baby boomers filled the Sunday school classes and squirmed in the pews after they came up from the Undercroft for communion. Betty Pat Leach and Jane Evans served as church school superintendents and had so many classes to plan for that Pat Grean taught in the kitchen. And before the children went to their classes, they had been led by Roland Swardson and Roma King in a communal service in the Bishop Black Chapel, before it was a chapel and was primarily a stage.

Margaret Taylor had the teen-age girls doing liturgical dances up the center aisle, and the Christmas pageant had little angels, big angels, enough shepherds and wise men and little ones to fill every role.

An incident epitomizes those halcyon years. A firm minded three or four year old had among his hat collection one that featured exhausted ostrich feathers pinned to an upturned brim for a cavalier effect. He had worn it to church one day, and his father told him that gentlemen removed their hats when they entered a church. The little boy would have none of it. A discussion was growing heated when Bill Black encountered them and dismissed them with an "Let him wear his hat." Down the aisle he went, plumes waving.

### Carolyn Murphree

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Way back in 1953 or 4 my very young daughter, Anne, wanted to know why all her nursery school friends went to Sunday School and she didn't. My ten year lapse in Church going came to an end. I took her to Good Shepherd and was immediately recruited by Charlotte Lane to help teach. Me - help teach? That was the beginning. I haven't been out of the basement since.

In those early days the Altar Guild set up a Children's Altar downstairs, service conducted by any old teacher - sometimes even me. One day the ladies forgot so I became an Altar Guild person. Dorothy Herbert asked me what I used for fair linen. I told her I used the cloth the cross was wrapped in. You will notice my name has never appeared on the Altar Guild list.

All of us old folks remember Holiday House. Over the years I made enough stuffed animals to stock Wal - Mart. Helen Stauffer (Sally Spero's mother) sewed a zillion sequins on felt Christmas stockings. Aspasia Couladis and Irene Gevas dressed in beautiful Greek dresses and sold out their pastry booth before the sale even started. My memory says we made \$1,000 and thought we were Wall Street Tycoons. Now Julia Nehls makes the same when she sweet talks us into another Flea Market. We used to call them rummage sales.

On November 22, 1963, Holiday House was in full swing. We were dutifully sitting behind our tables when Betty Clifford came through from the kitchen, stopped at every "booth" and said, "Our

President has been shot." The heart went out of our business venture.

Many students came to the church's front door that fateful day. Bill Black opened the door and conducted an instant service.

Way back there in 1954 I remember saying that I would sew, clean, and even try to teach but I would never, never cook. See you in the kitchen!

June Wieman

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Mary and Gifford Doxsee both arrived in Athens during the 1950's to join the faculty of Ohio University. Mary specialized in textiles for the School of Home Economics while Gifford's primary focus was the history of the Middle East and North Africa. Both began attending Good Shepherd soon after arriving here. Gifford was confirmed by Bishop Henry Wise Hobson in 1959 during his final official visit to Athens as Bishop. Mary was confirmed a year or two later by Bishop Roger Blanchard. Pitt Willand and Bill Black jointly presided over the wedding, which united Mary Cowan and Gifford Doxsee in marriage on June 9, 1964.

In subsequent years, Gifford has been especially concerned with Good Shepherd's role in welcoming International Students at Ohio University. The impetus for this came in January, 1980. After his election as Senior Warden that year, he asked The Rev. Dr. E. F. Michael Morgan about the responsibilities of the office. When Rev. Morgan responded by asking Gifford for his own views on appropriate priorities for Good Shepherd, my response was to remind him that the Episcopal Diocese of Southern Ohio was being officially linked to the Anglican Dioceses of Lagos and Ijebu in Nigeria as part of the global Partnership in Mission sponsored by the worldwide Anglican Communion. At that time the Nigerian community in Athens, Ohio, numbered approximately 300 persons, including wives and children of graduate students.

Good Shepherd was already the host parish for a number of Nigerian and other African students. Growing out of the Diocesan connections to Nigeria, The Rev. Dr. Felix Obayan came to Athens the following academic year, helped by a stipend provided jointly by the parish and the Diocese. While serving as assistant to our Rector, Fr. Morgan, Dr. Obayan persuaded a larger number of African students to become regular communicants at Good

Shepherd than at any other time. While Felix was still in Athens working on his doctorate, The Rev. Dr. John Ogundimite arrived to begin study toward his M.A. degree. A decade later he returned to earn a Ph.D. and was able to follow in the footsteps of Dr. Obayan by taking on a similar role as assistant to our Rector. Among many other Nigerian students who have attended Good Shepherd, Bitrus and Bisi Gwamna and their youngsters came regularly for the years while both were earning their doctorates at Ohio University, and more recently Mjomba Leonard Majalia has shared his considerable energy and enthusiasm with our parish church.

As a consequence of our Diocesan link to Nigeria, the Anglican Bishops of Lagos and Ijebu, their wives, and other delegates attended the 1980 Diocesan Convention. Bishop Segun of Lagos was unable to fulfill his earlier commitment to visit Athens that year, but in 1981 he and Mrs. Segun, as well as Canon Sam Olaitan and Arthur Nylander, did come to Athens and remained as our guests for nine days. During that visit the Mayor of Athens welcomed them to the city by presenting the Key to Athens to Bishop Segun. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Ping welcomed our guests to a sit down dinner in the President's home, and numerous parishioners and friends hosted our guests also for home-cooked dinners.

Gifford and Mary Doxsee were invited to attend the twelve-day Consultation between Ohio Episcopalians and Nigerian Anglicans in June, 1983, at the John Knox Conference center just outside Geneva, Switzerland. A year later, Bishop William G. Black asked us to carry official documents to our Nigerian Bishops while we were on a month-long trip to that country as guests of Drs. Felix and Mercy Obayan in Ilerin, Kwara State. As a direct consequence of that trip, The Rt. Rev. Herbert Haruna, Bishop of the Anglican Diocese of Kwara asked Gifford to become his Comissary (representative) in the USA, with the result that when the Harunas came to their companion Diocese in Western Michigan in 1986, they spent several days in Athens immediately after the Diocese of Western Michigan's Diocesan Convention.

Good Shepherd links to Africa have included ties to several countries other than Nigeria. During our month-long visit in Kenya in July, 1986, we were hosted for four days by The Rt. Rev. James Mundia, Anglican Bishop of the Diocese of Maseno North bordering on Uganda. There we met Benson Wandabwa, a recent graduate of The University of Nairobi who was working in the Diocesan Office. When he learned that I was currently directing the African Studies

Program at Ohio University, he applied for admission and from 1987 to 1990 attended Good Shepherd regularly while earning M.A. degrees in African Studies and Economics. Upon graduation, Benson moved to New York City to be with his American host family. He found employment, married, moved subsequently to New Jersey, and about five years ago won the New Jersey Lottery worth six million dollars! Other students and faculty from diverse African countries have worshipped at the Church of the Good Shepherd during their sojourns in Athens.

Another dimension of Good Shepherd's international outreach has been its strong support for CARAC, the Central American Refugee Assistance Committee, later renamed the Caribbean Refugee Assistance Committee. This multi-denominational local support group facilitated the transit of numerous refugees from Central America and the Caribbean from their homes, through the USA, and often to a final destination in Canada. Among the refugees who received substantial assistance from this parish were four young Haitians who resided in the former Rectory for an entire year while they were learning the English language and familiarizing themselves with the cultural patterns of the United States. All four moved subsequently to Columbus, where they all found gainful employment.

Finally, Good Shepherd Church has given substantial support and encouragement to AFIS, the Athens Friends of International Students. Ably directed by Jeanne Wells, the International Student Emergency Loan Fund has assisted numerous international students through financial difficulties. The Good Shepherd outreach to the Athens International Community has usually been done quietly, without fanfare, and often without the awareness of most parishioners in the church. It has been a remarkable example of Christian Love extended to our brothers and sisters from many lands.

Gifford Doxsee

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This is amazing! My cousin, Sally Stauffer Spero, and I have to admit the fact that we have been attending Good Shepherd for fifty years. Is this some kind of record? We heard, while contemplating what to write for this birthday book, that Bill Black had sent in four pages worth of memories. We have concluded, given our seniority, that we needn't worry about the length of our commentary.

We've decided to list the various ways (most of which we've tried) to get down the aisle at Good Shepherd:

- 1) Get carried in as a child (Christy age three, Sally age two when Good Shepherd opened its doors).
- 2) Walk in holding a big person's hand.
- 3) Walk in with all of the other angels to gather around the manger. (The Christmas pageant was a big event. Jane Evans always had wonderful fake jewels for the three Kings to wear. Silver Christmas tree tinsel makes perfect wing trim. That brings us to Holiday House. Beginning in October, the women of the church worked like mad sewing, threading tiny beads to decorate the holiday aprons they sold. The Stauffer's dining room table was covered with piles of felt and boxes of sequins and beads each year. Good Shepherd was famous in the community for delicious Greek pastries, a wonderful lunch, and crafts galore.)
- 4) March in, two by two singing in the junior choir. (We would like to point out that choir directors deserve special thanks for teaching children about the church through music. Sally remembers sitting in the back row and chomping candy with Annie Hostetler and Betsy Harlan during rehearsal. Christy remembers talking.)
- 5) Walk in on Saturdays to help Mom with her Altar Guild duties. (Helen Stauffer was director of Altar Guild for ten years. Sally says that's a lot of polishing.)
- 6) Walk in and sit with the other kids in your confirmation class. (Bishop Blanchard was so tall that we children thought he could have been God. Thank you Pat Grean for teaching us.)
- 7) Dance barefoot down the aisle. (Ah, yes! Margaret Taylor taught us Spiritual Interpretive Dance. We did, indeed, dance down the aisle barefoot along with our other Sunday School friends.)
- 8) Walk in on the arm of one's father approaching one's future spouse.
- 9) Walk in carrying a child and/or holding a child's hand. (We each have three children. Jan Bixler made sure to let us know that non-quiet children were just fine in church!)
- 10) Walk in carrying the cross or candles. (We grew up in the "boys only" acolyte era but our daughters and sons lit candles, carried the cross, and closed the altar rail at communion.)
- 11) March in, two by two, singing in the adult choir. (Christy is still talking during choir rehearsal, ask Marsha Reilly.)
- 12) Simply walk in, slip into a pew, and pray.

We agree that the most important thing about our time at Good Shepherd is that we have always felt included and important, even as little children. This is what we have been able to share with our own children. Thanks Good Shepherd and Happy Birthday!

Christy Clifford Ortman  
Sally Stauffer Spero

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Max Carney draws a picture of himself  
being Baptized at Church.

\*The picture above and those on the front and back covers were drawn by students in Mrs. Shepherd's Church School Class.

We came to Athens in 1965 during the Alden expansion years. Fr. Black was the rector. Roma and Lucille King were very active in the parish. Lucille was superintendent of the Sunday School. The Undercroft was sectioned off by curtains for the classes. The room was full. June Hostetler Wieman asked me to help her with teaching the preschool children behind one of the curtained off sections.

Holiday House was an activity that took preparation throughout the whole year. Joanne Larson asked me to join her apron booth. Ann Culbert was selling her handmade cards next to our booth. It was not only a money making venture but a place of fellowship.

While standing in line at the Sears counter on East State Street, June Black invited me to join a new group the church was sponsoring - a T-group. It was an idea Connie and Bob Wieman had brought back from a sabbatical in Washington D. C. The lounge was full of new faces that we came to know and love.

The high light of this time was Roma King's ordination as deacon. On a warm spring day, the church was full of people - priests in robes, the organ playing, the choir singing wonderful music. At the end of the service a cardinal entered and flew around the church. It was not Pentecost but near it. There have been other festive occasions but this is the one I remember as one of the best.

Jamie Tevis

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We first came to Good Shepherd in 1965 when we both came to work at OU. Then it was crowded on Sundays, even the balcony was usually filled. We felt very welcome and our four children were absorbed into the Sunday School and I was enlisted to help as well. Jim filled a number of positions over the years, too. Among other things, I played the piano sometimes for the children's service. Father Black was such an encouraging person and I recall many study groups as well as trips to Procter for a variety of events. I recall seeing the small camper-trailer at Procter which had been known as the Wayside Chapel that was used by priests to provide "church" for various small communities in Southern Ohio that were too small to have a church. Not a bad idea!

When our son David was struck by a car and hospitalized, Father Black calmly came to sit with him at the hospital so that two frazzled, frightened parents could get some needed rest. We surely felt God with us through this compassion and caring.

There was and remains today that spirit of caring and concern for others which we must continue to expand and build upon.

Jim and Jan Gault

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One of my first memories (1963) of Good Shepherd is feeling disappointed at the cool open style of architecture after leaving the more intimate dark wood and stained glass of the small churches of Colorado. In the mid-seventies we learned that although Good Shepherd has a cold cement altar, it has a very warm heart.

While crossing Court Street, our barely sixteen year old son was struck by a hit-and-run drunken driver. Pat nearly died there, again in the ambulance on the way to Ohio State University Hospital and again in the intensive care unit after open heart surgery to repair his damage aorta. Through it all many members of Good Shepherd rallied with prayers, letters, cards, help driving back and forth to Columbus and support during his recovery when he came home after additional surgeries for his badly damaged hip and leg. I remember a good Good Shepherd parishioner I barely knew at the time showing up at our door to play chess with our son when he was confined to a wheelchair.

More pleasant memories in the late 80's and early 90's are of our son's two sons being baptized at Good Shepherd.

More memories include the wonderful music through the years (lovely amateur and trained voices blending together, organ, piano, handbells, trumpets, cellos, bongo drums) many outstanding sermons and special Lenten services, particularly the very interesting Journey Through the Eucharist Series in 1984, the always appreciated Coffee Hours and numerous memorable discussions at Bible studies and Christian Education hours in the Hobson Lounge.

Jody Smith

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After attending my first service in 1978 at Good Shepherd, I was immediately asked to join the choir, not by a choir member, but a member of the congregation. Maybe my voice was a bit too loud but whatever, the next Sunday there I was in the lineup where I have been ever since thoroughly enjoying the total experience. Singing in the choir gives a perspective, we see it all and have many inward and outward smiles happening regularly, Christy Ortman and I especially. Our "choir family" has been a positive addition to my life as we sing to the glory of God.

It has been my great joy to see my grandchildren, Shannon and Shawn, being nurtured in the church and to have the opportunity to share the love I have for the church with them.

Joanne Worstall

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Having been a Methodist all my life I had great difficulty following the prayer book during my first several services at Good Shepherd. Then, as time went on, the liturgy seemed to brighten, the words began to have clearer meaning and by the time I was confirmed I felt comfortable in my new surroundings.

I later became a member of the choir and feel very fortunate to be a part of the excellent music program at Good Shepherd.

The busy time in 2000, rejuvenating our rectory following severe water leak damage and the resulting dedication of our Episcopal House, was very heartwarming and satisfying as Jr. Warden. The support, dedication and hard work of everyone who took part in so many ways were an inspiration to us all. I still miss the fried egg sandwiches that Betty Larson and I enjoyed so much as The Oasis during that time.

Once a month or so, and as time allows, Mike Morgan, Larry Larson, and I enjoy discussing a variety of subjects over a cup of coffee at one of the fast food shops. We get into many areas, some of which boggle all our brains. But it's good mind therapy and these are and continue to be precious times for me.

Don Frazier

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In 1943, I arrived in Athens and found myself living in the Theta Chi House at 117 East State Street, just a stone's throw from Good Shepherd. Frank Klön, an Episcopalian and fraternal brother, was

a ministerial student at Ohio University. He often prompted me to attend Episcopal services. I later got acquainted with the Rev. Parrington, who lived in our neighborhood.

After World War II I returned to the campus and met Roger Conner. Roger was a Vice President with Royal McBee and a fellow Episcopalian. He was also a church leader, a community leader and a very influential friend.

I felt like I was no stranger to Good Shepherd when I married Betty Morgan, who was the first woman to serve on the Good Shepherd Vestry. Later, Father Sarvis of the Greek Orthodox Church struck a friendship with the then Rev. William Black. All this strengthened the Greek - Good Shepherd connection.

My personal experience with Good Shepherd was natural, enjoyable and spiritual.

James Anastas

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Our family were members of the Greek Orthodox Church and Good Shepherd was always our second church home. Our sons went to Sunday School at Good Shepherd during their growing up years. The other Greek ladies and I used to do lots of baking for the Flea Market and we had our own table where we sold Greek sweets. We had many people who would call in special orders for trays of baklava. It was through the Flea Market that I met many of the Good Shepherd women who are still my friends. These friendships and the special interest that Bill Black took in our community have been very important to me and I am glad that I could contribute to Good Shepherd over all these years.

Aspasia Couladis (Mrs. George Couladis)

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When we moved to Athens we found our way quickly to Good Shepherd and continued to worship in the Episcopal Church, as Greek Orthodox, just as we had done at the very high church cathedral in Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

Cynthia ran the nursery in the Leete House next to the church and got to know the families with little children, including Father Hughes' two boys.

Bill arranged for the priest from Columbus to come down once a month on Saturday mornings to celebrate the liturgy in the Bishop Black Chapel for the local Orthodox.

This sharing has continued and has meant a great deal to the Orthodox families in the Athens area and to the students who join us to worship. We extend our heartfelt gratitude to Good Shepherd for the loving acceptance of fellow Christians from another tradition.

Bill and Cynthia Kaldis

We were married on June 29, 1953, at the new Good Shepherd Church. The church had been started the year before and The Rev. Phil Porter had assured us that the pews would be installed in time for our wedding. And they were ...at five o'clock in the morning of our wedding day the last pew was in place.

Our children were part of a special children's pageant on the Sunday before Christmas and George and Sophia each proudly carried a wrapped gift up to the altar to be placed in a basket for the needy. Another boy tried to grab George's box but George held on tight and finally hit the other child over the head with his gift. As the congregation laughed George marched back to our row still clutching the gift. Of course we made him walk right back down the aisle and leave it.

Every Christmas season for many years Manny has ushered for the December services with Jim Anastas, Bill Kaldis and Al Topping. Julie Nehls has done her best to keep the ushers in line, not always succeeding.

Irene's trays of Greek sweets are a welcome sight at church receptions and the beautiful Christmas Eve service has been a tradition of our holidays. Bishop Black has been a devoted friend to our family and to the Greek community over the years. During the years when we had the Towne House restaurant Father Black and other parishioners were our customers and became our friends.

Emmanuel and Irene Gevas

We are sorry to have missed the Golden Anniversary Celebration on Sunday, November 3<sup>rd</sup>, but were out of the country.

I have great memories of Ushering each Sunday in December with the Greeks - Anastas, Gevas, and Kaldis, who made me an honorary Greek for the day under the name of Topopolis.

Our 33 year membership in Good Shepherd has been very meaningful to both Margaret and me and the church has been an important part of our lives.

We wish you well on this anniversary and many more successful years to come.

### Al and Margaret Topping

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After coming to OU for the first time for spring semester, 1973, I trudged up Jeff Hill to attend Easter services. I was surprised and soothed by the similarity of Good Shepherd's interior structure to my rural church near Cincinnati. It felt like home in a new town.

The comfort of the Hobson Lounge reminds me of the old guild hall...Bishop Hobson baptized several of my brothers and his grandson was our youth minister.

Another continuity for my family is that Annie went to pre-school three days a week in the basement for two years...predating her intense involvement in Sunday School, Youth Group and Acolytting.

I imagine her attachment to this edifice is as deep as mine was to my childhood church and feel blessed for it.

### Cita Purdy

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On Ash Wednesday, 1998, I had my first glimpse of Church of the Good Shepherd when I came to Ohio University to interview for a job with the English Department. As my driver parked in front of Ellis Hall my attention was drawn rapidly away from the large brick building where I hoped to be working to the white church with the steeple across the street. Craning my neck I looked for, and saw, the Episcopal church sign on the front. I thought surely it must be some kind of remarkable omen that my interview was that day and that the English department faced the Episcopal church.

A few months later, having gotten the job, I returned to Athens to start preparing for my move. On Saturday morning a friend and I strolled down Court Street, delighted to find ourselves in the middle

of the International Festival. After a while we went into Brenen's to sit, drink coffee, and watch the crowds.

Suddenly I caught a glimpse of a fuchsia shirt, one that had to be clothing a bishop. I leaned around and saw former Presiding Bishop Edmund Browning walking beside a man in a clerical collar—my first glimpse of the rector of Good Shepherd.

The next day I went to church, knowing that I was going to be enjoying a truly wonderful service. And indeed I did. For the prelude and postlude Allyn Reilly played Vivaldi on the saxophone, giving me a musical thrill like nothing I've ever had. The choir sang frequently and magnificently, heavenly light streamed in the windows, illuminating a great cloud of witnesses, and Bishop Browning first preached stirringly and then presented to the church the Presiding Bishop's award for Church Music.

Going up the aisle later I was greeted by first Jane Palmer, then Dutch Savage and Katharin Foster. I knew for certain that I was in the company of the people who would be my friends, in the place that would be my home. And so it has been.

### Marsha Dutton

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My first memory at Good Shepherd comes from the Undercroft at the time of Holiday House prior to Christmas 1966. Rector Black and I were sipping soup and he pointed out Stephanie Crowell, her children Hilarie and Alan, who with Stephanie's parents, Richard and Betty French, were waiting in line for their lunch. Within the month I had met Stephanie at the sensitivity training course being offered in the Hobson Lounge.

I had been confirmed by Bishop Roger Blanchard in 1966. Having been totally emersed, like Jamie Tevis, who encouraged me to come to Good Shepherd, I didn't need baptism. Stephanie and I were married in April of 1967 by the Rev. Black, in the Nave. Funny, I have little memory of that event in itself. Three of our four children were baptized at Good Shepherd.

Snow on Easter in the late 60's, the rector Mike playing jazz piano as we waited for folks to come to church school in maybe 1981. Jim Trout tearing the asbestos ceiling out of the Undercroft. Coming back to church after a heart attack in around 1992. Funerals

for colleagues in English, philosophy, and other areas. These are just a few of many memories.

A final memory recalls the 9-11 service and the Sundays soon after. People returned who hadn't been around in a long time. One if not more was not of our faith. Bill Black - although he would not have used the word in 1967 - wanted the church to be "inclusive;" former Southern Baptists, disillusioned Catholics, were welcomed and indeed still are.

Suddenly I recall our family visit to Athens for Easter in around 1978. A young couple came down from the balcony for communion - she was barefoot.

Reid Sinclair

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For me, the most special memory of the Church of the Good Shepherd is of my wedding to Mary Letitia Cowan, which took place on June 9, in the church. Mary and I had invited The Rev. Pitt S. Willand, in whose ministry we had become parishioners at Good Shepherd, to return to Athens from St. Louis, Missouri, to participate in our marriage. Our then current rector was the Rev. (later Rt. Rev.) William Grant Black, who also participated in the ceremony.

The day was a typical hot, sultry summer day. Mary's father had recently been hospitalized and was unable to come to Athens for the occasion. So Mary asked her Dean, Edwin J. Taylor III, to walk down the aisle with her and give her away. As they started down the aisle from the Narthex, Dean Taylor whispered: "Miss Cowan, we'll begin on the left foot," and as they proceeded toward the Altar, he quietly counted "hump, two, three, four." Mary told me later that it took all of her self-discipline to prevent her bursting out with laughter as the Dean kept her marching in step toward her destiny.

As we were leaving Athens after the wedding and reception for Cambridge, Massachusetts, for me to complete the writing of my doctoral dissertation, we departed in two cars and a U-haul, carrying away all our earthly possessions. When we returned a year later, several friends asked, "Did you come back to Athens in two cars and a U-haul?" But by then we had engaged a moving van and had consolidated our personal possessions into one car.

Gifford Doxsee

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The people at Good Shepherd have taught me what it means to live in community with one another. You have helped me grow in my faith, you have sustained me when I am in a spiritual lull, and you have lifted me up when I was doubtful about my beliefs. I have been truly blessed by coming into this community and to feel God working through the people of Good Shepherd. To all at Good Shepherd - thank you.

Lynn Graham

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Through all the changes in Bishops, clergy, vestries here at Good Shepherd, the people of the Church family have provided me the love and support for spiritual and emotional growth.

Thank you, Good Sheperds for 35 years of nurturing.

Helen Marsh

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Our favorite memory of Good Shepherd is being so wonderfully accepted and loved by the Crussillo Community at Good Shepherd. We immediately felt like we "belonged" and were "cared for" and "cared about."

Can never thank them enough.

Karen and Dale Staege

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Chapel  
Carpet  
Crèche  
Convention Columbarium  
Canary Yellow Computer  
Cross  
Cross  
Cross  
Cross

René C. Glidden

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In the early 80's my wife, Christy, and I headed up Good Shepherd's Youth Group. When Mike Morgan asked us to consider the job I recall that he said something like, "Just think about it." Well,

we took "the bait" while wondering what we had gotten ourselves into.

As it turned out the youth group shaped itself. Christy and I and the kids agreed that a kitchen is the place where the best things happen in most homes. We laid claim to the big kitchen and each Sunday we gathered around the table there. Plans were hatched for discussions, activities, and community service projects. We covered everything from "being grounded" (parental discipline measures) to sex to world politics and everything else that was a concern to the group. Our lively group included both middle school and high school age kids whose parents offered lots of encouragement and support.

Our kitchen group grew as time went on and I'll try to name them: Marty Dean, Bix Hollow, Amy Larson, Andy Stout, Mark Shelly, Mariah DeWitt, Kate Onley, Mike McNairy, Dan Semsel, and Michelle Worstall. (I apologize if I left anyone out) "The Kitchen Parishioners" group grew and so did our family. When it was nearly time for our second child, Phillip, to come into this world, the youth group gave a wonderful baby shower for us. As Christy and I reminisce about that glorious group, we think of the fun we had and we think of each member, our talks, pizza parties, and the whitewater rafting/camping trip. We think that the youth group probably helped shape us into being better parents. Thanks, you guys.

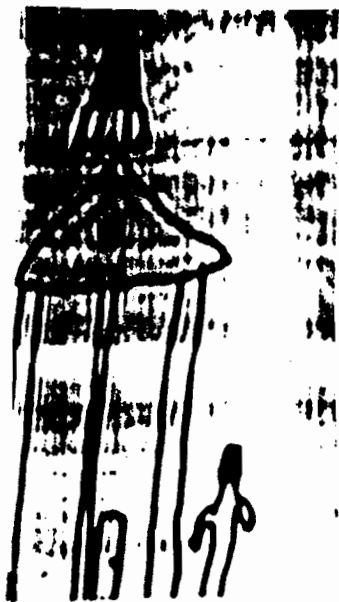
John Ortman

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Everyone here made me feel welcome;  
They smile happily and come with open arms.  
I like them all with smiles and charm;  
With a cheery smile is how they come;  
Weddings Every Day. Look Under New Church House.  
Friendly people, smiling faces:  
Everybody is a winner in this church.  
All \* Star!  
Hi!  
I love the warm environment here.

Church of the Good Shepherd Super Seeker Stars 2002-2003  
(Bethany Miller, Jayne Seymour, Shannon Parsons, CeCe Ruchti,  
Rachael Lang, Hannah McKibben, and friends)

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**Jake Fieler draws a picture  
of himself going to Church.**