

THE STORY OF



FOR



28

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The Story of Plymouth
for Boys and Girls

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3/7/62 Mary Miller

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THE STORY
OF
PLYMOUTH
FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS

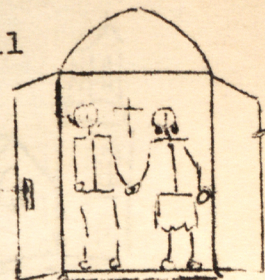
Written for the Tower Juniors
by Edna Butler Trickey

Illustrated by Robert W. Hoskins

1947

PLYMOUTH CHURCH
SCHOOL LIBRARY

Here we are in a new little chapel in Plymouth Church! Tower Chapel we call it, because it reaches up high above the church to where we hope we shall sometime have a carrilon of bells, on which hymns may be played.



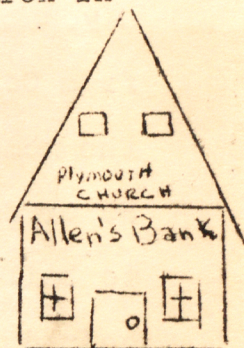
It took a great deal of hoping and wishing to make a church like this, don't you suppose? Ninety years ago, in December 1857, there were only a few people living in Des Moines, but ten of them were Congregationalists. They wanted to have



a church, so they met and planned to rent rooms above a bank building for their worship. This was the be-

ginning of Plymouth Congregational Church in Des Moines.

The first real church building was a little wooden church house on Court Avenue. The congregation grew to sixty-six as the years went along





and the people began to wish for a bigger church. That was when Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States and the

Civil War between the North and South was being fought. The people could not build a new church then, but they did have the little church moved and enlarged to seat four hundred.

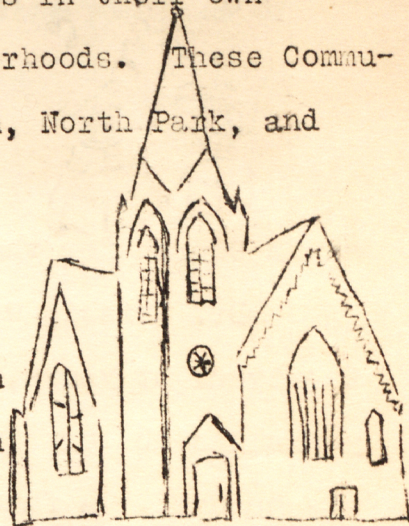
Many people came to hear what was being said at Plymouth Church, because it was known as an abolition church, openly declaring itself against Negro slavery.



A few years after the war was over, in 1871, a young man named Dr. A. L. Frisbie was called from Connecticut to be pastor. In a short time the membership grew to one hundred sixty-six. He urged the people to start saving their money to build a new and larger Plymouth. He also helped groups of people who lived too far from the downtown church to start Congregational

Churches in their own neighborhoods. These Community groups were called Pilgrim, North Park, and Greenwood Churches.

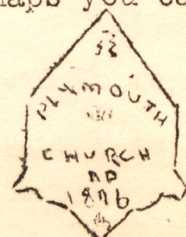
In 1876, that was eleven years after the Civil War, the people did build a new Plymouth Church at the corner of Seventh and Locust Street where the



Hotel Chamberlain is now. This was a brick church and it cost \$37,000, a great sum of money for that time.

There are two things here in our Tower Chapel which came from that 1876 church, Perhaps you can guess one of them.

That's right, it is that plaque in the front of our chapel which came from the foundation of that brick church. It says, "Plymouth Congregational Church, 1876".



The other thing in this chapel which came from the 1876 church is our little walnut organ. When we sing "Holy, Holy, Holy," to its music

(gone)



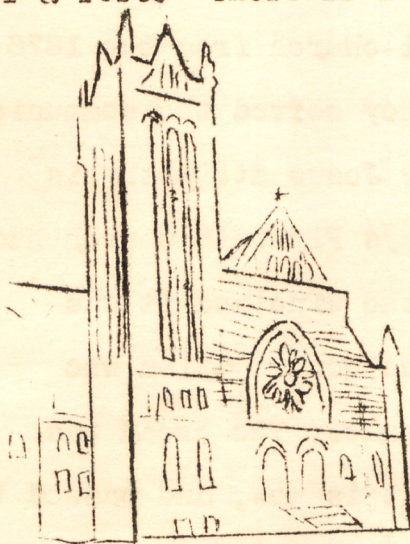
it would be fun to think that all the Plymouth boys and girls for seventy years back are singing it with us, for this little organ has been a part of Plymouth Church for that long a time.

Dr. Frisbie was the pastor of Plymouth for twenty-eight years, and during those years the membership increased to six hundred. A fund of money was also started to buy a home for the minister but that dream of Plymouth people was not realized until 1944 when the sum started way back then was applied to the purchase of the Frisbie Memorial Parsonage. Yes, it was named in honor of Dr. Frisbie who helped the people plan for it so many years ago.



But to go back now to the story of Plymouth Church. You can see that the people kept outgrowing their churches just as children outgrow their coats and shoes! So they began before long to wish for a bigger church again. Plymouth people wanted

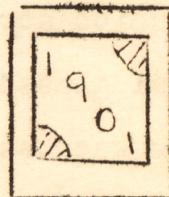
a stone church this time, with some very beautiful stained glass windows showing pictures of Jesus. They also planned a big round window in the front of their church, called a rose window because it had designs shaped like petals of a rose. There is a good picture of that stone



church hanging over in our Community House showing the big rose window. The windows with the pictures of Jesus are in our Plymouth Church today. Can you guess where they are? Yes, all of you have en-

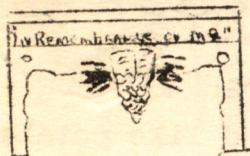
joyed them, haven't you, on the East side of the big church. The windows in our Primary and Junior chapels also came from this church.

There is something near this chapel, also, which came from the foundation of the stone church and tells when that church was built. It is that plaque in the hall



just West of us which says 1901.

The next time you are in our Junior Chapel, upstairs, notice also the black walnut communion



^(in attic) table with its carved design of grapes and wheat meaning the bread and wine and the words

from the Bible "In Remembrance of Me." This was carefully moved to the 1901 church from the 1876 Plymouth to be used when they served the communion remembering the Last Supper Jesus ate with his disciples. In the early days Plymouth Church had a large silver goblet for the wine and it was passed to each member of the congregation who drank from it as his turn came. The bread was broken in small pieces as it is now, and passed to the congregation.

After the 1901 church was finished, a new communion service was purchased with little individual glasses for the wine. The same communion table was used, however, and if that old table could talk today, how many things it could tell us about the hopes and prayers of people at Plymouth through all the years from the time of Abraham

Lincoln until now!

Before the people really outgrew this church, something happened to change their plans. One day some business men of the City of Des Moines came to the minister and told him they would be interested in buying the church to tear down, as there was to be a new road put right through the church yard. They wanted to run the Eighth Street business traffic through the church yard



to a new street called Keosauqua. You have probably all ridden on Eighth Street to Keo Way or Keosauqua Street sometime when you have been downtown, and so you know the street did go through. But what about the church?

The minister called the people together and they decided they must plan at once for a different church. This time they thought the church should be out near more of the Plymouth members' homes, away from the growing city. So they talked of buying land at 41st Street and Ingersoll from a man named Mr. Cownie. They planned to tear down the stone church, carefully

saving the windows to put in the new church.

Some people said they were foolish to have a church away on the edge of the town, for Forty-first Street and Ingersoll was almost at the edge of the town then. But the men who planned it dreamed that someday there would be many homes and schools and boys and girls around Plymouth Church, for they felt that Des Moines was going to be a real city. And so they planned for a big building to hold so many boys and girls that they would not outgrow it this time.

There was already a brick house on this piece of land, so they planned to build the church



up close to the house and use this home as a Community House for Plymouth people. Do you think you have ever been in that house? I am sure you have.

But when the people found how much it would cost to build a church such as they had planned, they hardly knew what to do about it. Almost half a million dollars altogether!

*renamed
Burling
House*

"We can never pay for it," some of them said, "we should build a smaller church."

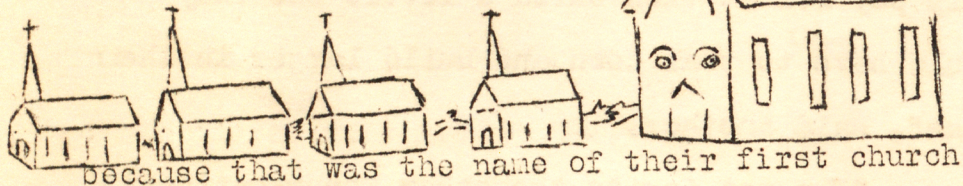
"Even if we can't pay for all of it now, I think our grandchildren would rather have us build a big church and let them help pay for it then build a little one they would have to tear down and build larger in their time", said another.



"Why not invite the other Congregational Churches here in Des Moines to go in with us", said someone "and we'll all build together a church big enough for our children and grandchildren. There's North Park, Pilgrim, Greenwood, and Waveland neighborhood churches now, you know."

So they decided to ask the other churches about joining in this plan. The Greenwood Church, whose pastor at that time was Dr. Burling, voted for the union. Their church was near the site of the new Plymouth and they thought it was a good part of town in which to locate a new Congregational Church.

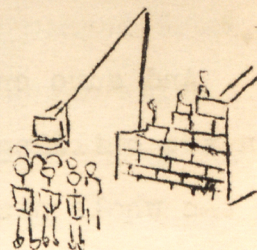
They invited the Plymouth people to worship with them until the new building was done. Soon the other neighborhood Congregational Churches joined in the new plan, and so it was arranged that all the Congregational Churches in should go together and build church for all the people. to call it Plymouth Church



in Des Moines.

The people paid what they could of the large amount of money necessary to build this church and borrowed the rest of the amount until they could afford to pay it all. Each year they paid interest for the use of the money. This was in the late 1920's after World War I and prices on food and clothing were so high that Plymouth people had a hard time raising the interest each year of \$6,000.00. It really was a great sacrifice for many families to keep the pledges paid and keep the new church going.

How interested people were, however, to see the new church being built. Boys and girls watched the great arches and beams put in the ceiling. They watched the beautiful stained glass



windows carefully brought from old Plymouth and put in place. Then too, they saw the big organ pipes, the best in the state it was said, placed behind a designed screen so it would let the music through but not hinder people in their worship. They were much interested in the plan of the church with the long center aisle leading to the cross on the lovely carved wood altar. They liked the little pictures, or symbols, about the life of Jesus in the wood carving about the chancel, and the words carved above the altar, "Love Never Faileth."

Some of the boys said that such a big church would never be full.

Others said, "Sure it will. By the time we all grow up and have children of our own we'll fill the whole place, and that big gymnasium they're going to have

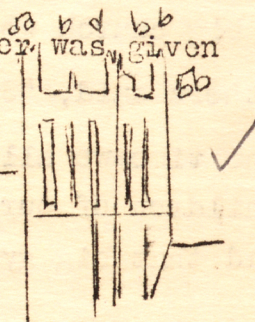


too."

And sure enough, as the boys said in 1928 when the building was being completed, we are filling the whole place. We are thankful, aren't we, that they wished and dreamed as big a church as they did?

Just recently, the church has been able to pay back much of the money they borrowed in the 1920's. There is still \$66,000 to be paid. *(now paid)* We are glad there is still wishing and helping to be done that we may have our part, too, in making Plymouth more useful and beautiful.

Do you ask what could be done? What could be done to make this room more beautiful, this Tower Chapel? Two rows of small pews, *in attic* you say, a velvet hanging, a new altar with a lovely picture - yes, these all would help. The metal plaque in the back of this room tells us the tower was given by Mrs. Ellen Rollins in memory of her husband. She gave the money to build the tall and beautiful tower, and we all hope that someone will give bells

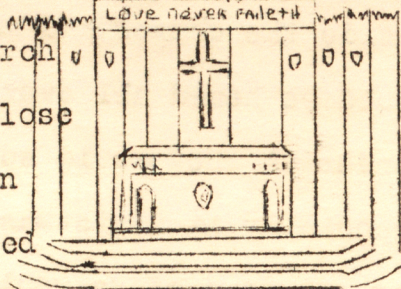


to put up in it; bells that would be played from inside the church and made to chime songs which could be heard all over the city. Just think how wonderful they would sound on Sunday morning and especially at Christmas time chiming the carols! Perhaps some of us would like to help buy the bells for Plymouth.

Just above our heads in this tower is the Margaret Camp Memorial Room. We usually call it the third grade room, ^(now Primary Chapel) but money to furnish it was given by the Camp family in memory of their daughter, Margaret. There is also a memorial window in the East section of the big church given to remember her. Isn't that a fine way to remember people, to give beautiful windows and to furnish rooms in the church to make other boys and girls happy?

Let us go out now into the big church, and see if there are other plaques there showing memorial gifts from people of Plymouth. Stop long enough to look high up to the top of the church and see those heavy wooden beams and Gothic arches.

Notice the lovely lights and the wood carving. You can see how it took a long time and a great deal of planning to build a church like this. Let us go up close to the altar now so you can see the cross and the carved words "Love Never Faileth."



These little carvings in the wooden panels, you remember, are symbols of the last week of the life of Jesus. Behind the altar you will notice, if you have sharp eyes, that what seems to be a large window, is really a painted screen with the pipes of the pipe organ behind it. That was to help the people think about God you know, and not just about the organ when it played.

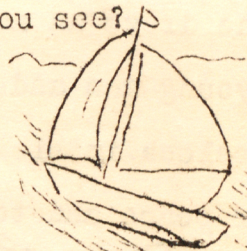
Let us go down now along the East side of the Church where the colored windows are with pictures of Jesus as a man and Jesus as a baby in his Mother's arms. You will understand more about those windows as you grow older. Under each one is a metal plate with the names of faithful Plymouth families who gave those windows to the

1901 Plymouth Church, the Frisbie family in memory of Dr. Frisbie, the Rawson family, and the Warfield family.

Back here farther is the Camp memorial window. And what does it say under these next two window? That's right it says, "In memory of Stoddard Lane." He was the ninth minister of Plymouth and beloved by all. You will notice a number of little pictures in these windows which show that he was a person interested in many things. First, what pictures show you that Dr. Lane was a minister of Plymouth Church? Yes, the open Bible is there and the cross with the crown.

He came here in 1929 and died while still our minister in May, 1943. What other interesting pictures do you see?

Yes, there is a sailboat. Dr. Lane was a good sailor and he often talked about how life is like sailing on the ocean. He said that when you learn to sail you learn to trust God's laws



and know they are dependable. In his own words, "If sometimes the water held you up and sometimes it didn't, if sometimes the tides came in and sometimes they didn't - well, you can see that in a topsy-turvy world like that with no law in it, making boats would be impossible, and sailing them would also be impossible. But the world isn't like that, God is there and we can depend on him."

There is an anchor in the window, too, isn't there? An anchor on a boat helps you to be safe. Dr. Lane believed that people who have faith in God have an anchor that helps them feel **safe** and secure no matter what happens.



There is also a dove in the window. A dove means the Holy Spirit bringing peace. Stoddard Lane drove an ambulance in World War I when he was a young man and he knew what war was like. He was tireless in his efforts to get men to work for peace and to love all races of people. He



often said, "There are good people and bad people in the nation."

But they are all children of God. Who am I to say that I with my white skin am worth more to God than the other man with his dark skin. We must try to help people understand that there is a God who cares for all of us."

At the top of the windows you see two different kinds of stars, one a five pointed star and the other a six pointed star of David, or Jewish star. The five pointed one is for the Light of the Christmas star in Bethlehem which has never gone out in the world. Dr. Lane used to talk about the lights going out in the world, but he often said that Light shining for goodness and love must never go out.



The six pointed star is for the Jewish faith, which is part of ours. The Old Testament came to us from the Jewish people, and Dr. Lane was always helping Jewish and Christian people to see that they could be the best of friends. One of his best friends was a Jewish Rabbi, Eugene Mannheimer, whose church was across the street

from the Lane home.

Here come some of our high school boys and girls in to the back of the church just now for choir practice. They knew Dr. Lane. Let's ask them what they remember most about him.

We have been talking about the Stoddard Lane windows. Can some of you folks remember Dr. Lane personally? What do you remember most about him? "Sure, I remember how he used to play baseball with us boys up at "Y" Camp. I can still see him coming to church in an ambulance and preaching from a wheel chair for six weeks after he hurt his knee in one of those ball games up at camp."

"The thing I remember best is the fun we used to have with him in the Christmas workshops after school before Christmas, mending toys for needy families whose names we chose. Then how much fun it was on Christmas Sunday to see the bushel baskets of things filling all the front of the church and down the aisle. Gifts we had planned for certain families.

"I remember the parties he and Mrs. Lane helped us plan for the colored children. We had a whole crowd of them here at Plymouth once. Everybody seemed to have a good time."

"The thing I liked best was the children's stories he used to tell us Sunday mornings. We used to stay for the music and that story, then slip quietly out during the hymn. The collection of stories Mrs. Lane wrote and he told is still one of my favorite books, "The Giant Who Liked Chocolate Cake", it is called.

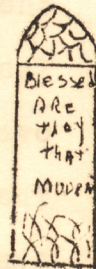
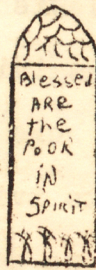
"I remember how we used to go over to the Jewish Synagogue to help them celebrate Thanksgiving and then the Jewish children came over here to help us celebrate. They have their Thanksgiving or Succoth as they call it earlier than we do."

"The thing I always think of is how well Dr. Lane remembered all of us and called us by our first names, even us little kids in the fourth grade then, just as if we were somebody

important. I showed him my ship collection once and he always remembered and often asked about it when I met him in the hall on Sunday morning.

That's right, he was everybody's friend wasn't he? Thank you, choir boys and girls for all these things you remember. If Dr. Lane could speak to us today he would probably say, as he did so many other times: "Plymouth is not only a present possession, it is a rich heritage passed along to us from the past. It belongs not only to today, but to yesterday. God help us to be worthy of it - to hold fast to the best of yesterday and to make tomorrow even better."

And so may we see that there are still things to do for Plymouth Church to make it even better. There are plans for these other windows picturing the Beatitudes that they may soon become beautiful memorial windows too. And some people have dreams of another chapel to be built



as we continue to grow. But more important than these things are the unfinished ideals which Dr. Lane hoped Plymouth would continue to stand for. Each of us in his own way can make Plymouth better by living those ideals.

Let us go on now into the foyer of the Church and see if there are any memorial plaques there.

Yes some of you already know there are honor rolls of Plymouth boys who went to World War II. Some of them gave their lives in the service that we might still have a free country where people worship God, as they please. Dr. Frederick Meek was our minister at that time and he used to send Church bulletins to all those boys to let them know Plymouth Church had not forgotten them. He had many plans for Plymouth Church too, for he knew it could have a great future.

And what is the plaque on this wall to a man named Harry Waller? This is not for a man



died for Plymouth, but for a man who lived for
Plymouth. He still comes to worship when he is
able and he has given many years of time in help-
ing take care of the church and plan for its work.
He was chairman of the building committee when
this church was built as the name plate tells us.

There are many of us who cannot give
money to leave stained glass windows in a church,
but we can all give some of our time for Plymouth
as many many others have done whose names are not
printed here in the church.

Some of our time in wishing
and planning with Dr. and
Mrs. Hoskins for the Ply-
mouth of tomorrow! Some



WE WANT TO HELP
of our service helping with the broadening ac-
tivities of Plymouth today! Some of our love
in memory of all these people who have given
so much to us!

For after all -

What is the Church?
Is it the stones that reach high
 up toward heaven
To form the walls and hold aloft
 the towering cross?
No! For sometimes people go to church
In houses made of wood
Or bamboo poles and straw-thatched roofs
Or even in a canvas tent
Or under the tall arches of the trees.

Could this then be the church?
The love of people following Him
In going about and doing good,
Sometimes within four walls,
Sometimes far out into the roads
 of little travel
Sometimes in the dark and narrow
 city streets
Or even in the seats of government?

This is the Church!

The Reverend Fred Hoskins, D.D.
Pastor

The Reverend Oscar Bollman, M.S.T.
Assistant Pastor

H. Telfer Mook, Director Christian Education

Genevieve Wheat Baal, Mus.D.	Kathryn Barnhart
Director of Music	Pastor's Secretary

Lenore Mudge Stull, B.M.	Jean Cate
Organist	Office Secretary

Marie Wilkinson	Martin Zylstra
Church Secretary	Building Supt.

