



The Philmont Reformed Church

There were four churches in Philmont: the Methodist Church, the Episcopal Church, the Catholic Church, and I belonged to the Philmont Reformed Church. So many of my memories are connected with that church! Weddings, baptisms and parties.. When it burned down--that was such a tragedy! That church was very personal to everybody in the congregation. We used to make roast beef dinners and free spaghetti suppers for everyone in Philmont. We didn't charge, but we'd get a lot of donations! We had a big Sunday school, too; all the churches did. The women had their own organization within the church. Some would cook; others would sew. My group would go every Tuesday to Martha Wiegelt's at Swiss Farms on Roxbury Road--she was very talented!--and we'd sew for a few hours, or crochet, or knit mittens, or make dolls. It was my job to embroider the faces on the dolls. It was all very friendly. Once a year, we'd have a big bazaar to sell what we'd made to support the church and people would come from all over. We did beautiful work! All of these things were so normal back then. My daughters were involved after me.

Also, once a month, we'd have a covered dish dinner at the church, and once, Glen Farmsby sat at the table with my husband and me. He was a big man, like my husband, Crawford, and they were both so funny. That night, everyone had brought the same two dishes: either a jello mold or a potato salad! Farmsby would say, "pass the steak please," and Crawford would pass the jello, and Farmsby would say, "pass the vegetables," and Crawford would pass the potato salad! We were laughing our heads off about that! Another time, I remember sitting in church one Sunday morning, and my husband had just bought a new suit from the Philmont Department store, and two other men showed up in the exact same suit!

When the church burned down, I was at my daughter's house. I could see the flames and smoke from her living room windows. It was very sad. We had beautiful stained glass windows in our church. Out of all of them, I think they were only able to save three or four. My son-in-law, Malcolm, got a hold of one of those stained glass windows and he made an altar with it. It stands in the Methodist Church now. The Methodists were so kind. That very night of the fire, they invited our congregation to join them. From then on, we've rented a room from them for our services. In fact, in the winter, they combine services in order to save heat. Now, the sign on the lawn of the Methodist Church says that it houses both churches. Everything changes.

By Catherine Moore, 2019