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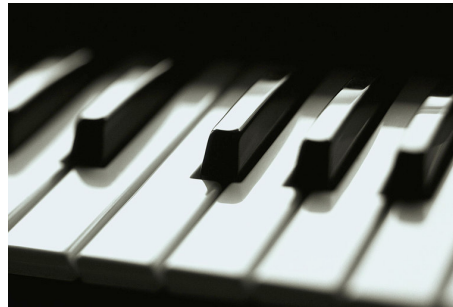
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Karla Kirkemo



Kathy Murphy

Karla Kirkemo:

Karla Kirkemo was born and raised in Montgomery, Alabama. Her dad worked for Southern Bell and her mom stayed home taking care of the kids. She has one brother.

After graduating from High School, Karla attended Auburn University. She related, "I had lots of majors, mostly in music. However, I did go

for two years as a Religion major. I went into Music Education and had Church Music for a couple of semesters. I went to school at Auburn for 10 years but didn't get a degree. I had trouble memorizing music and had to have the sheets in front of me to play. They told me I couldn't get a degree unless I could memorize."

Karla was raised Southern Baptist and played piano in the church beginning when she was 12 years old. She also played and sang for quartets.

Karla met her husband while working in a legal office in Pensacola, Florida. They have a son, Chris, who is going to major in Mechanical Engineering and Chemistry at Montana Tech this year. I asked Karla why they moved to Whitefish. She replied, "We visited Whitefish in the early eighties and loved the area. We loved the small town atmosphere where people were friendly and everyone seemed to know each other. We were able to move here in 1994.

"I volunteered at Muldown School in the reading program and met lots of folks and when Chris became active in sports, we met more people through the sports activities. We went to The Church of the Rockies when we first came here. Then, we attended another church. Eventually, we attended FPC because Shelle, who we had recently met, invited us. This is unfortunate about the town of Whitefish. Not many people invite others to attend the church they go to but Shelle did. I think this was about in 2000."

Karla elaborated on why she decided to attend FPC. "I love tradition and the history of this church and the people that go here. I feel a real stability with a lot of the couples who have gone here a lot of years. That can make a church incredibly vital."

FPC needed a pianist in the summer of last year and Karla was summoned to the task. She responded with characteristic enthusiasm as playing piano has been a love of her life. Karla related an inspirational story—"I was involved in an accident while I was in high school. The piano was on a uneven spot on the stage floor and tipped over. I reached to try to stop it from falling and it landed on my hand. I pulled my hand out and jumped off the stage which was about 15 feet high. They took me to the emergency room and a doctor told me that I probably never would be able to use my hand again for playing piano. As the years went on, it became obvious to me that God had healed my hand well enough to play piano. It still hurts to play, in fact, my hand hurts all the time. I always pray

before I play, asking God to limber me up a little so I can perform well. I never know what I'm going to play before I sit down. I hope that I use my hands well enough to know that God wants me to play that day. It never fails that there is at least one person who is really touched by my playing."

Gospel is Karla's favorite music. However, she laughingly said she played electric piano in a rock band when she was eighteen.

I asked Karla what it is about music that appeals to her. She replied, "Music is so free. In the south, I had an opportunity to experience a lot of the black gospel churches. The music there had the effect of liberating your soul and it is really great fun!"

When I asked about hobbies, Karla responded that she loves to garden, knit, visit with friends, and hike.

I asked Karla what changes she would like FPC to experience. She replied, "I would like to see a revival started in this church. It would be nice to open the doors to a lot of new families with children to start a next generation of members of this church."

Karla has accepted a position as a Legal Assistant for a law firm in Helena. In closing, Karla had this to say to the congregation: "Every person in this congregation is special. Every person has a gift to share with everyone else."

Kathy Murphy:

Kathy Murphy was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. When she was very young, the Murphys moved to Whitefish. Kathy's dad worked for the Great Northern Railroad in the baggage compartment. Her mom worked several places. Kathy explains, "My mom worked at the First National Bank, Plum Creek, the aluminum plant, and as a telephone operator."

Kathy graduated from Whitefish High School in 1959. She has two sons.

I asked Kathy how long she has attended FPC. She replied, "My mom attended here and raised me in this church so it was natural for me to continue to go to this church all my life."

Kathy is the organist for FPC. I asked about her musical background. Kathy recalled, "I had nine years of piano lessons beginning at the age of eight. I played in a lot of western bands over the years so I had to learn on my own other kinds of music. When I started playing in a band, they said I had to throw my music sheets away. I had

to learn to play by ear and the keys they were singing in.

"I taught piano lessons for five years. We would have piano recitals with Flossie and Bob Laird in the church sanctuary. The kids would play and the parents would come and listen. It was really neat!"

Kathy also plays the accordion. She recalled, "I learned to play accordion by watching myself in the mirror. I also played snare drum in the High School band and accompanied the chorus while they sang."

I asked Kathy what kind of music she prefers? She replied, "I like gospel, popular, and country and western. I really like what they call *The Golden Oldies*. I play piano for a group at the Moose Lodge called the Calamity Singers. We go around to the nursing homes and sing. We play all those *oldie songs*. It's really fun.

"I find playing music really relaxing and also uplifting."

I asked Kathy if she liked listening to music. She answered, "If I want to learn a song, I'll listen to it for awhile to get it into my brain. As far as a favorite artist is concerned, I like Floyd Cramer and various country singers."

Kathy enjoys sewing for both herself and others. She used to enjoy hiking and bowling but her hip problems now prevent her from enjoying those sports.

I asked Kathy what changes, if any, she would like to see FPC experience. She answered, "I would like to see more musical instruments involved in the church. Years ago, when we did the praise songs, we had a keyboard player, drums (some people thought the drums were too loud), a flute player, and a bass vile player. Ruth played organ and I played piano. It was a lot of fun! Now, we've kind of gotten away from that."



Dewey Hartman



Jacqy Little



Phyllis Bjorsness



**In
Service**



Mary Filiatreau



**One of
the First
Ladies**

Dewey Hartman:

Dewey Hartman was born in New Port, Washington. He stated, "My roots are in northeastern Washington and northern Idaho. I kind of kicked around there in my youth, back and forth, place to place."

Dewey's father worked as a civil engineer for the Great Northern Railroad heading up projects in surveying work, building bridges, and switching yards. Dewey's mom spent a lot of her time touring as a musician.

At the age of 16, Dewey came to Whitefish. He was a junior in High School. Dewey recalled, "I lived with several different people during those two years in school and graduated from Whitefish High School in 1958."

Dewey met Sandra in Algebra class in High School. After Dewey graduated from college, they were married. They have three children, two boys and a girl. They also have six grandchildren.

Commenting on his education, Dewey recalled, "My dream always was to be a teacher." Dewey enrolled at the University of Montana and earned a Master's degree in Mathematics. He taught for two years in Missoula and decided to attend the University of Hawaii in Honolulu and earned a Master's degree in Math. Dewey taught there for one year and eventually went back to Missoula and earned a Master's degree in Counseling.

Dewey explained, "I went to school and Sandy took care of the kids. I became a teacher and eventually, after several different places of teaching such as, eastern Montana, Missoula, and Honolulu, Hawaii, we settled in Whitefish.

"Mulley was the superintendent of the Whitefish School system. I had Mulley in school and had kept in touch with him over the years. In 1969 he hired me! I was pleasantly surprised. At first, I taught grade school. Later, I taught Math at the Junior High level and coached a little bit too at Basketball and Track. I eventually went back to school for more training in Counseling. For the last 14 years I worked at Muldown School, I worked as a Counselor and retired in 2001."

Dewey and Sandra have attended FPC since moving to Whitefish. Dewey related, "Sandy always went to church here. She was raised in FPC so it was natural for us to

attend here."

Dewey has served on Session several times and is presently on the Worship Committee and Head Usher. He has also served on the Personnel Committee and sings in the choir.

Over the years, Dewey has seen some changes at FPC. He recalled, "We used to have a large youth group here. The Bell Choir was made up of teenagers. Now, it is adult-orientated. When we first attended here, the attendance was about 40 or 50. Now we're about 90 to 100 people. I've seen the loss of certain individuals over the years I really miss."

I asked Dewey what he finds *challenging* about serving in our church. He replied, "Being on a committee, I really have to work at that. Doing the other jobs isn't difficult, such as arranging for greeters and shoveling the sidewalk. I'm kind of a pain

in the choir because I don't really carry a tune too well (*laughs*). I really tune into Hap beside me; thank God for Hap! It's a lot of fun though."

Dewey enjoys teaching above all else. He also loves to travel. Dewey relates, "I've probably ridden my motorcycle to Pittsburg five or six times. I've also ridden to Alaska and eastern Canada. I enjoy bike riding and running too."

Dewey and I talked awhile about the church and his faith. His closing remarks were, "Jesus was so plain and simple about everything. He wasn't an ideologue or interested in politics. He doesn't strike me as being a liberal or conservative. My personal motto is: *Love the Lord with all your heart, mind, and soul and love your neighbor as yourself*. This sums it all up for me."



Jacqy Little:

Jacqy Little was born in Boise, Idaho. Her dad worked for AT&T and was transferred to Billings in 1950. Jacqy graduated from Billings High School. She attended Montana State University and earned a Bachelors Degree in Education.

Jacqy accepted a teaching position in the small community of Winifred, Montana. She taught high school teaching Short-Hand, Typing, Economics, and Physical Education. Jacqy recalls, "I really didn't enjoy teaching high school and only taught one year. Winifred was a small country school and there were only six to ten students to a class in high school. So when a family went to town, they all went and there would be two or three missing that day. I couldn't quite get used to that because my mom wouldn't let me miss school unless there was something very seriously wrong."

Feeling unsatisfied with teaching, Jacqy left that career shortly after marrying and became employed doing office work. She explains, "I had a minor in business so it was easy for me to go into office-related work."

Jacqy has worked in a variety of office jobs over the years including a Food Wholesale Company, Aetna Life and Casualty Co., a Title Company, Travel Agency, and Boeing. She also owned a Costume Jewelry wholesale/retail business.

Jacqy stated that she felt very lucky that she got to travel to Europe twice. Her first trip was a Rhine River Cruise that was

made with her father. She visited the home of her father's father in the Alsace-Lorraine region. "We were able to visit the inn that my great grand mother and father used to own in France." The second trip she took with her family, and they visited Great Britain, Greece, Italy, Germany, and France.

Jacqy has two children, Tracy and Scott, and a grandchild Tyler. She considers herself very fortunate that both her children stayed in Whitefish.

Jacqy and her husband moved to Whitefish in 1970. Shortly after arriving here, they began attending FPC. She explains, "Jack was a Presbyterian and we were married in a Presbyterian church. I had joined the Presbyterian church in Great Falls. While there, I taught the Bethel Series for two years and also Sunday School. When we moved to Whitefish, it was only natural that we attend FPC."

There are many fond memories of FPC for Jacqy. "I remember shortly after I started going here, the kitchen was in the basement then and there was one lady who was teaching me how to peel carrots. Believe it or not, she thought I had never peeled carrots before!"

Jacqy serves as secretary of PW and is the church's office secretary. I asked Jacqy what she finds rewarding in doing the job of church secretary. She replied, "The thing I enjoy about it is that it isn't as stressful as working in the corporate world. The environment is more laid back. I worked for Boeing in Great Falls in the Personnel Of-

fice and it could get really hectic.

"Working in the office has helped me open up more to people. The experience has improved my social skills.

"One thing that bothers me at times working the office is the people who come in needing help. I have a soft heart and wish I could help everybody out but I know I can't. It is really sad at times."

For hobbies, Jacqy enjoys golfing, teaches Rubber Stamping, and making cards. She also teaches a class in Quilling. I didn't have a clue as to what *Quilling* was so Jacqy explained it to me. Frankly, I can't wait to see the finished product. Jacqy is also quite the handywoman. She exclaimed, "I wired my own home! My dad taught me a lot and provided books. It also helped to have the electrical inspector living next door. We used to own lots at Big Mountain Trailer Court and I did a lot of the maintenance work there. I've done plumbing too."

I asked Jacqy what changes she would like to see at FPC. She replied, "I would like to see young kids again in our church. I really miss them."

I asked if there was a message Jacqy would like to say to the congregation. She replied, "I would like people to look at things as a whole instead of focusing on the little pieces. It's like reading a book. It isn't right to focus on one small part of the book one doesn't like and condemn it. You have to take the book as a whole."

Mary Filiatreau:

Mary Filiatreau was born on a farm in Fall Creek, Illinois. Her father was a life-long farmer and her mother was kept busy raising kids and helping out on the farm. Mary had two sisters and three brothers.

Mary graduated from High School in Loraine, Idaho and went to the neighboring town of Quincy to attend Hair Dresser School (Cosmetologist). She passed her state board exam at Springfield.

The family moved to Montana in 1937. Mary needed further schooling to be licensed in Montana so she attended Cosmetology school in Billings and passed the Montana state board exams. Mary moved to Eureka and opened a Beauty Shop which she operated for four years. She met her husband Romie in Eureka and moved to Whitefish in 1952. Mary recalls, "Romie worked for the railroad so I sold my shop because we had to move around a lot. Romie worked for the Signal Department. He would travel as far as Spokane to Williston, North Dakota. So in the summer, I would go with him but during the winter, I would stay here." Romie worked on the railroad for 40 years, then retired.

Mary and Romie had 2 children. Mary has 4 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren. She has lived in her house for 54 years.

Mary has attended FPC since moving here in 1952. She explained, "I went to the Baptist Church when living in Eureka. When I moved to Whitefish, there wasn't a

Baptist Church here so I made a decision to attend the Presbyterian Church. When I lived in Illinois, I was baptized in a Methodist Church. When I attended the Baptist Church, I was baptized there. So I guess you could say I'm well baptized." *Mary laughed.*

I asked Mary what attracted her to attend FPC. She replied, "There wasn't a Baptist Church here and I knew I felt comfortable at the Presbyterian. The people were very friendly. I notice now at summer time—we get so many visitors here. I always try to visit with someone who I can see is a visitor and they tell me that the reason why they come here is because they always come here during the summer because they like it so much."

Mary has been involved with Presbyterian Women and served on the Memorial Committee for many years. She related, "The Memorial Committee is quite successful because people will give memorials on behalf of people who have passed away. That money is used for the church. This last year, they bought the new collection plates and candle lights. The Memorial Room has also been added onto quite a bit."

I asked Mary what changes she has seen over the years at FPC. She replied, "There's been a lot changes over the years. I'm quite pleased with the church now but I recall a time when there was a lot of friction. Sometimes someone would ask why I go to the Presbyterian Church with all the trouble going on. I replied, I believe in it and things

will work out and it did. There's been a lot of changes but I think it's been for the better now."

I asked Mary about special memories she treasures of days past at FPC. She recalled, "I remember your mother, Alice. She was the one who invited me to the women's bible study. It seems, I get more out of that than I do the service. We study the bible and discuss what we read. That group means a lot to me."

Mary enjoys doing jigsaw puzzles. She showed me a few she had framed in her home. Mary also loves crocheting. She fetched several and displayed them to me. They are truly works of art. She related, "I used to crochet when I was waiting for customers in the beauty shop. I've been doing this for about 65 years."

Baking is a passion for Mary also. She explained, "Every Christmas, I take four kinds of cookies and candy to the crew at the mill across the street. They just love it! It's just one little thing I do to make people happy and they keep me plowed out during the winter."

Mary would like to see us attract more young families to our church. She explained, "We have to think of the future. I recall when we were kids, we always went to church with our mother. It's a good way to get young people started with church."



Quotes of Wisdom:

Quotations from the collection of Dewey Hartman

I don't know why some people change churches; what difference does it make which one you stay home from?

A lot of church members who are singing "Standing on the Promises" are just sitting on the premises.

We were called to be witnesses, not lawyers or judges.

Be ye fishers of men. You catch them-He'll clean them.

Coincidence is when God chooses to remain anonymous.

Forbidden fruits create many jams.

God doesn't call the qualified, He qualifies the called.

God grades on the cross, not the curve.

God loves everyone, but probably prefers "fruits of the spirit" over "religious nuts!"

God promises a safe landing, not a calm passage.

He who angers you, controls you!

If God is your Copilot- swap seats!

The task ahead of us is never as great as the Power behind us.

The will of God will never take you to where the Grace of God will not protect you.

We don't change the message, the message changes us.

You can tell how big a person is by what it takes to..... discourage him.

The best mathematical equation I have ever seen: 1 cross + 3 nails = 4 given.

It's nice to work with friendly people. Be one.

Phyllis Bjorsness:

Phyllis Bjorsness was born in Redwood Falls, Minnesota. Her father worked for the Ford Garage as a parts manager and her mother was a full time mother and house keeper. Phyllis has a younger brother and a sister who is 17 years younger than her.

After graduating from high school in Redwood Falls, Phyllis attended Business School in Minneapolis where she received a degree in Office Technology. She landed a job at the County Auditors Office in her hometown where she was employed for three years.

Phyllis moved to San Maria, California to marry Al Bjorsness where he was stationed in the Army in 1951. They had known each other since high school. Phyllis and Al had four children— three boys and one girl. Their second son died in 1970 of Muscular Dystrophy at age 16. Phyllis also has four grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Al was discharged from the Army in Minneapolis. He and Phyllis lived there until 1966. Phyllis explained, “Al worked for the Great Northern Railroad and he said Whitefish would be a great place to raise our kids so he transferred here and we

made the move in 1966.”

Phyllis worked for the Burlington Northern Credit Union for 12 years. Sadly, Al passed away in 1996.

Phyllis has attended FPC for 41 years. She began attending shortly after moving to Whitefish. I asked Phyllis what it was about FPC that attracted her. She replied, “I’m a *cradle Presbyterian* so it was the natural place for me to go when I got to Whitefish. The people here were so friendly and made me feel welcome. This is my church family.”

I asked Phyllis about her work in our church over the years. She replied, “I was a trustee when we had trustees. I’ve attended Presbyterian Women all the time and am presently the PW Treasurer. I’ve also served as a deacon many, many times; I can’t remember how many. I’ve enjoyed being a deacon immensely. I recall the love of working in the cafeteria in the basement many years ago before it was closed in. It was a real joy to work with all the women there.”

Phyllis elaborated on her work in PW. She said, “I really like to do the crafts. We make baby caps, receiving blankets, and

quilts. PW buys the material but I have lots of yarn so I make the caps with the yarn I have. We send these items to a Presbyterian Church in New York and they send them overseas. It’s part of Presbyterian Women’s mission work.”

I asked Phyllis what hobbies she enjoys. She replied, “I enjoy knitting, crocheting, and counted cross stitch. I also really enjoy working at the hospital in the gift shop and hope to continue that this fall.”

I asked Phyllis what changes she would like to see our church experience, if any. She broke into a broad smile and replied, “I would love to see some more little children in our church. It would be nice if some young couples who have children joined our church.”

At the close of our interview, I asked Phyllis the same question I have asked everyone doing the interviews. *If you could send one message to the congregation, what would that message be?* Phyllis immediately replied, “Love one another. We need to have an attitude that overlooks other people’s shortcomings. No one is perfect. We all make mistakes. We need to love each other more.”



Grace

By Bob Paulus

There once was a boy who loved fishing. Few things in life gave him more pleasure than scampering down to the lake, baiting a hook, and casting his line far out into the water with a sturdy, shiny, but limber fishing pole.

However, the boy had a problem. He didn’t own that beautiful fishing pole that he desired so intensely. He wondered if he ever would be so fortunate as to possess something that would give him so much pleasure.

One day while walking on Main Street in the small town in which he lived, the boy passed a store that had a large plate glass

window facing the sidewalk. What caught the boy’s attention as he glanced through the window in passing caused him to freeze in his tracks. Displayed on the window shelf, as if enshrined in timeless glass for eternity, was the most immaculate beautiful fishing pole the boy had ever seen this side of his imagination.

The boy stared at the object of his dreams for what seemed like hours. His eyes danced on the gleaming, sparkling shaft of fiberglass that shouted for action from a five-pounder. The price tag read, *expensive*. The boy knew that if he worked for a hundred years he would never have

the means to buy this.

Even though reason beckoned him to leave, the boy continued his dreamy stare. Finally, he couldn’t stand it any longer. The boy knew only one thing. He had to possess it. He had to have that pole and he knew now was the time.

The boy looked first to his right, then slowly to his left. He turned a full circle on the sidewalk looking, searching for anyone who might see and hear because the boy had spotted a rock lying about five feet to his left which he knew would do the job.

No one was watching. Few people were

about that morning and the few who were seemed quite distant and preoccupied.

The boy reached down and took hold of the rock. Grasping it firmly in his right hand, he raised his arm back and let that rock fly with all his might.

Glass shattered! The window seemed to implode, then explode away from itself. The noise of breaking glass and re-breaking glass as it hit the sidewalk seemed deafening to the boy. He hadn't expected that. It was unnerving. As a matter of fact, it was terrifying!

The boy's eyes became wild with fear. He found himself running— running for everything he was worth. He didn't know where he was going and he didn't care. Just as long as he got out of there!

And the fishing pole remained, resting in display on a windowless window shelf on Main Street.

A couple of days later the boy was walking down the same street again. He had somewhat recovered from the scare of two days previous but was still feeling fairly skittish when he thought about his destructive deed of desperation.

Suddenly, the boy stopped. He saw a man walking on the sidewalk toward him whom he recognized as the owner of the store whose window he had shattered. The boy's heart raced. He started trembling with fear. The man was definitely, without a doubt, walking straight towards him and the expression the man wore told the boy that he had words to say to him.

As the man approached nearer, the boy swallowed hard. He couldn't look into his eyes. They seemed to know.

The man stopped in front of the boy and looked steadily down upon him. For a few seconds, no one spoke. Then the man broke the icy silence by saying with a soft but steady voice, "You're the one who threw a rock through my window the other day

aren't you?"

A small sheepish face looked up and shamefully replied, "Yeah I am. I threw the rock and broke your window."

The man responded, "I know you did. I saw you do it. And after breaking the window, you ran away. You didn't even stay to face your responsibility for doing such a thing."

The boy looked down again and in a voice strained with shame and fear he replied, "Yes, you're right. I got scared and ran. It was as if I couldn't help it. I couldn't get out of there fast enough."

The man hesitated before speaking again. He just stood there with his hands hidden behind his back staring down at the boy. After a few moments the man spoke again with his soft, steady voice, "Boy," he began. "I saw you run too. First you threw the rock, broke my window; then you ran away and hid to avoid the responsibility. Now that I've said that, I have something for you."

Large hands appeared from behind the man's back and in them he held a long, brightly gift-wrapped box. A large ribbon was tied around the center and a tag that bore the boy's name dangled from the wrappings. The man handed down the box with a big wide smile that would melt fog out of any gloomy day.

Small hands hesitantly reached for the box. The boy was completely bewildered as to what was happening but he knew that he should accept the box and open it. The man's broad smile was so encouraging even if bewildering.

The boy slowly unwrapped the box. His eyes kept darting to and fro between the box and the man. He couldn't understand what this was all about. Finally the box was opened. The boy reached inside and pulled out the most beautiful fishing pole he had ever laid his eyes upon! It was just the right length, color, flexibility, and downright

usefulness for him.

The boy was speechless. His eyes bugged out past his nose or so it seemed to him. Finally he managed to mumble, "Well gee... thanks. I mean why? I don't understand. Why did you give...?"

The boy's words choked in his throat. He just stared at the man with a gaze of wonder and bewilderment.

The man smiled and spoke evenly, "Now tell me, can you think of one thing, even ONE thing that you did to deserve or merit in any way me giving you that fishing pole?"

The boy immediately answered, "Heck no! I did everything wrong!"

The man said with a slight chuckle, "I know. Oh, how I know. Enjoy the fishing pole boy. I enjoyed giving it to you just as much as you will enjoy using it."



A note from the Editor, Publisher, Printer, and Copyboy:

I'm sure there are many in our congregation that love to write or perhaps have a favorite article, poem, or book they would like to feature. Please remember to get copyright permission from the publisher before submitting it for print.

It should be noted that any views or opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily the views

or opinions of the First Presbyterian Church USA.

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