

A TRIBUTE TO DON CLATTERBUCK



Scriptures quotations taken from the New Revised Standard Version of the Bible, copyright © 1989 by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the United State of America. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

Picture of Christ Holding Man reprinted from ClipArt under Creative Commons (CC) license that enable the free distribution of an otherwise copyrighted "work" when an author wants to give other people the right to share, use, and build upon a work that they (the author) have created.

“A Tribute to Don Clatterbuck” written, printed, and published by Keezletown United Methodist Church in 2020.

INDEX

Copyrights and publishing page.....	Page 1
Index.....	Page 2-3
Picture of Don and summary of book.....	Page 4
Picture of Don and Mary Harris.....	Page 5
Oct 9 th Celebration of Don.....	Page 5
A thank you note for the Celebration Day.....	Page 6
A Prayer for Sunday School in 2011.....	Page 7
A thank you note for birthday wishes in 2012.....	Page 7
Don's 2012 Advent devotional.....	Page 8
"My bed broke" in 2012.....	Page 9
Good Friday 2014 thank you note.....	Page 9
Moving to a retirement home 2014.....	Page 10
Thoughts on a New Year 2015.....	Page 10
"God Sees What You Can Do" devotional by Don.....	Page 11
"Oh Yes, You Did Laugh" devotional by Don.....	Page 12
Thank You for Being My Church note for 2015.....	Page 13
Older than Dirt note 2016.....	Page 13
"Sunday Taxi" devotional by Don.....	Page 13
"O Lord, Let This Math Class, Er, Thorn Be Taken from Me" devotional.....	Page 14
"Special Music" devotional by Don.....	Page 14
"Her Share" devotional by Don.....	Page 15
"Feeding with God's Word and Rabbits" devotional by Don.....	Page 15
"God Hears and Understands" devotional by Don.....	Page 16
A Commentary on blind people by Don.....	Page 16
"A Cloud of Witnesses" devotional by Don.....	Page 17
"Hanging of the Greens and Setting the Scene" devotional by Don.....	Page 18
Birthday reflections from Don.....	Page 18

Commentary on Jack Van Impe by Don.....Page 19
Thank you note for Harvest Party 2016.....Page 19
Thank you note for New Year 2017.....Page 19

“Working on Proverbs 13:4” devotional by Don.....Page 20

Picture of Don at Camp Overlook 2017.....Page 21
Thank You note for New Year 2018.....Page 21
Picture of Don at St Patrick’s Day UMM meal 2018.....Page 21
Picture of Don supervising raising of new steeple in 2018.....Page 21

Don’s Story on his 90TH Birthday.....Pages 22-25

Don’s 90th birthday thank you, and Don serving Communion.....Page 25

Picture of Don on Hayride 2018.....Page 26
Pictures of Don studying in Sunday School 2018.....Page 26
Happy New Year 2019.....Page 26

Don’s Obituary.....Page 27

Don’s Funeral and picture of Don and his empty wheelchair.....Page 28-29

How Don touched others by Ken & Faye Thomas, Kennis Armentrout and
Noland Suter.....Page 30

How Don touched others by Geraldine Armentrout, and Nancy Coffman.....Page 31

How Don touched others by Mac Coffman.....Page 32

How Don touched others by Rev. Dan Bassett.....Pages 33-34

How Don touched others by Pastor Joel Robinette.....Page 35

“My Tribute to Don” a poem by Diana Davis.....Page 36

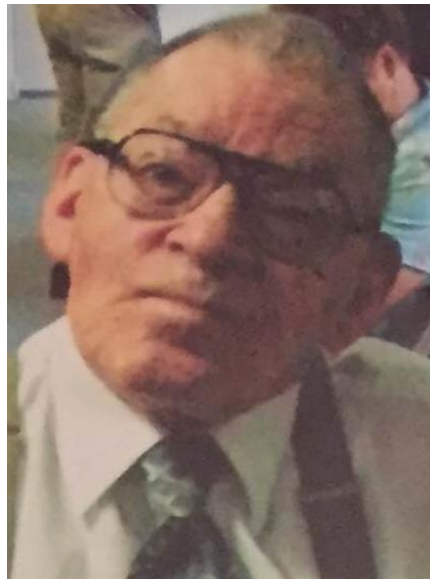
KUMC Church family’s tribute to Don.....Page 37

Thanks to contributors.....Page 38

This book displays the writings from 2011 through 2019 of Don Clatterbuck, who was a lifetime member of the Keezletown United Methodist Church family.

It was compiled and printed by them to honor and remember him and to show others how much they loved him.

Don was assisted in a majority of the writings by Rev. Dan Bassett, his longtime friend, who helped make this possible by writing down Don's thoughts. Dan told us at Don's funeral, that it took Don awhile to think through what to say, but that he always had his thoughts in order, knew just what he wanted to say, and that you had better write it down right.



You will find devotionals, thank you notes, how he touched others, and stories that may make you laugh, or cry, or just feel good, but they will all have Don's love in them.

That was his greatest gift to all of us...his unconditional love. He is missed and loved.



Don, at 78, with his dear friend Mary Harris, at 95.

A CONGREGATIONAL CELEBRATION OF DON – OCTOBER 2011

On Sunday, October 9th, the congregation celebrated the life of Don Clatterbuck, during the worship service, with a recognition pin, presented by the UMW, and a scrapbook with pictures, cards, and notes from the congregation and Don's friends. As he sat up front, Rev. Dawn-Marie Singleton led the children in recognizing all that Don had done for the congregation, and then gave a wonderful message emphasizing all the love he has shared with each of us throughout the years. Don was truly touched by the words, the music, and the outpouring of love showered on him, and sent the following note:

A NOTE FROM DON CLATTERBUCK ON HIS RECOGNITION– OCTOBER 2011

Dear Congregation of Keezletown UMC: Thank you for this wonderful honor. I will remember this from now on. I don't feel like I deserve this. When I was born, they did not think I was going to live, but the Dear Father thought different. He must have thought I could do some good. I owe it to my parents and my brothers and sisters. I have tried to live up to my upbringing. I know they were proud of me. I went everywhere they went—they did not hold me back any—which is why I am outgoing today. I like people, as you know. I love my Lord—my faith grows stronger every day. I have watched people, through my years. I can look back over my life and thank the Lord for what He has brought me through. I have had my ups and downs just like anybody else, but it has made me stronger. I have looked at some of the people in this church: Rev. Bush and his wife, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Coffman, Mr. Huffman (as we called him, Hezekiah), Mr. Layton Clatterbuck, Mrs. Charlotte Coffman, T.R. Clatterbuck, Mrs. Sadie L. Wright, Rev. Bill Fisher, Rev. David Breeden, Mrs. Allie Earman, and Rev. Dawn-Marie. I loved them. These are just some of the people I have looked up to....I could go on and on. I have had a good life. I have tried to live for the Lord like my mother and father. I have tried to carry on the name (I don't know how well I have done...). I will show you I am not an angel. One day, mother and father were away from home and I decided our garden needed work...so I decided, with my brother, we would go down on my uncle's farm, get a horse, come back and work our garden. My brother went out in the field and got the old horse, brought it into the barn and harnessed him up. He brought him out and hooked him up to my chair, and we came back up to the house. If he took a notion, he could have taken off with me—hard to tell where I would have landed. Then he took the horse back to the barn and let him go. Another of my adventures took place in Harrisonburg. I was walking all over town. They tore a couple of houses down. I got in my walker (I am kind of nosey). I heard something going on down in the foundation (it was a front-end loader). I walked up and looked down in there. I was not paying attention to my walker—I had my head somewhere else. My walker rolled, and first thing I know, my walker dropped four or five inches down on another step. It was just big enough to catch my wheel. I don't know how in the world I caught myself. If I had gone down in that hole, I would not be writing to you today; it would have broken my neck for sure. I would not be here today if angels were not around. This is only one story; I could tell you many more. I know they were on my shoulders every day. One more short story. I got ready to cross the street in front of the Asbury Methodist Church in Harrisonburg. The light was red and I crossed. I must have been going too fast, and I flipped over and I was standing on my head. Some man hopped out of his car and turned me over right. I went on my way, and he did too. Ha! Ha! Ha! Thank you all very much for everything. Your brother in the Lord. Don

DON'S PRAYER FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL: SEPTEMBER 17, 2011

Our Father which art in heaven, would you be so kind to hear my prayer. Bless everybody here this morning. May your will be done. Bless Mac as he leads us. May I and the class help him. Bless all the sick and heal them. Bless all the service people. Help the war to be over so they can come home to their families. Let us help our church. Help Dawn Marie do her best, and let us help her more in our church. Let our church be a beacon. Let us go out and hold up the Lord to the world. But let us help each other. Let us see what we can do for our church and our world and Keezletown, and see how many more we can bring into the fold. I praise you for what you have done for me, and all my good friends. Make me more thankful for the life you have given me. In your precious name I ask these things. Amen

OCTOBER 2012: A BIRTHDAY NOTE FROM DON CLATTERBUCK:

Dear Family and church family: At this time, I want to thank you all for both of my birthday parties, at home and church. I got about 75 cards, and all the surprises. Thank you for all the nice things you do all year round for me. I never will know how lucky I am....on the other hand, I know Who is over me! I hope I can keep on doing my best with all of you. When you all help and the Lord helps, I can do it. I look forward to doing my best. Your brother in the Lord. Don

From Expecting: The 2012 Keezletown UMC Advent Devotional

December 13, 2012 Luke 22:1-13

I was about twenty years old before a doctor in Baltimore told me my condition was called cerebral palsy. Then I was in my thirties before I finally got a speech teacher who helped me a lot.

I was part of a center in Harrisonburg for people with cerebral palsy. Mrs. Harris and my mother learned of a blind lady visiting from Florida named Nina Gray. My mother took her back to Florida to look over the center where she worked. Somehow we got her back here for our center. We called her "Pipey." She could play piano out of this world. She had a good education. She was a religious woman.

She taught me to say "you." I want to tell you how she taught me. At first she taught me to say, "ee." Then she ran that into "oo." Now I can say it as well as you.

She would wake up and think about something you couldn't say, and get her stylus out from under her pillow and write it down in Braille to help you the next day. She would not have to turn the light on!

She was blind, so she did not see all of our shaking...so she did not have to think about it, like someone who could see.

She told us, the best work she could get out of somebody was when they were really tired. She worked with one student at four in the morning!

Don Clatterbuck

“MY BED BROKE” BY DON CLATTERBUCK--DECEMBER 13, 2012

Don wrote this on December 13th, and would like to share it with you. “One time my bed broke down. I didn’t know what to do at that time. I called Lute. He’s a carpenter, you know. He came over and looked at it. He looked and he couldn’t do anything for me, but he called Mac and told him about it. He came over and looked. He said yes, he could fix it, and he took it back to his shop. He cut a piece off and welded another piece on. It was a whole lot better than before. He came back and put that on. He put half a dozen screws in it. It is better, and I am sleeping on it today. I know the Lord had His hand in that.”

GOOD FRIDAY THANK YOU--MAY 2014: Pastor Joel and the church: That was a wonderful program we had on Good Friday night. It was a moving experience. I am 85, and that was the first experience like that I’ve ever had. Everybody at the posts did a wonderful job. I would not miss that for the world. I want to thank everybody for the help they showed to me. I am sorry more people could not attend—they missed a whole lot, and they don’t know. It certainly moved me. Thank you. Your brother in the Lord, Don Clatterbuck

MOVING TO THE RETIREMENT HOME--SEPTEMBER 2014:

Dear Church Family, Thank you all for standing by me in my transfer. It was hard. I never thought I would have to do this, but that is that—I've got to live with it. I'm not too happy, but somebody else was in control. Thank you for all the cards, and for your prayers. I got "right many" cards! And also birthday cards! Also, as you know, I was serenaded on Sunday morning. I am sorry I could not keep on holding my office (Nominations & Leadership Development), but I could not get to the meetings like I should; that's why I gave it up. I have "right many" people who come by to see me. And the men are still hauling me back and forth. I look forward to that! My mind was going wild. I was not going to come back to church. Something took place: my Lord knows more than I do. Praise the Lord! Something good came out of this: Randy made a bargain with me; he said if I would come back, he would come to church, and so far he's held up his end of the bargain and I am holding up my end, also. I love the Lord, and I will follow him. I will see you in church! I want to thank the men and everybody else. Don Clatterbuck

THOUGHTS ON A NEW YEAR FEBRUARY 2015:

Dear Folks, Another year has come and gone! I hope this one will be better—I hope and pray. At this time I want to thank you all in the church for all the nice things you do for people. I want to thank you for all the nice cards and the candy you gave me. Thanks to Faye and to Ms. Armentrout, who delivered it. Thank you for letting me be with you all at the Salvation Army. I hope I can do that more—I enjoyed that. I know I am no help, but I like to have my nose in there! I hope your "boys" will still be able to get me when Randy can't. I hope this year will be better! I like to keep in touch. I appreciate Joel! Thank you again. May God bless and keep you.

Don Clatterbuck

From The God We Can Know: The Keezletown UMC 2015 Lenten Devotional

Ash Wednesday, 1st Day in Lent, February 18, 2015

Read: Exodus 3:1-4 **“God Sees What You Can Do”**

Moses got a mission from God to help his people. More than forty years ago in Harrisonburg I knew a lady named Gray Pipey who was sent by the Lord to help me and other people.

I used to go to a place called The Center in Harrisonburg. “Pipey” worked at a center for handicapped people in Florida. My mother met her and found out what Pipey could do. They went to Florida together to visit the place where Pipey worked and to determine if, possibly, I should go there. But instead, Pipey came to work at The Center in Harrisonburg.

Pipey had been blind from birth. However, she had a wonderful education and she was a marvelous person. She could do anything that everyone else could do. She could play piano gorgeously. She could tell you what you had on and how you were doing—although she was completely blind. At The Center, Pipey worked with us on our speech. She taught me to say, “You,” as well as other words that I could not say before. You could tell that she had great faith in the Lord. I looked forward to going every day to work with her.

I am a bigger man to have known her and I have more faith. The Lord knew what Moses could do. When Pipey looked at me, she saw what I could do. When you know about somebody like Pipey, you look at handicapped people differently.

Prayer: Dear Father, I come to you now to ask your blessing on this article. Bless our church and all the good we are doing, and what we are going to do for you. In Jesus’ name, amen. Don Clatterbuck

From Yesterday and Today and Forever: The 225th Anniversary Year
Keezletown UMC Devotional

Day 10 “**Oh Yes, You Did Laugh**”

Read a Scripture: Genesis 18:1-15; 21:1-7

My relationship with KUMC began at birth. Marhl and Alleen Clatterbuck, Sr., my parents, followed in the footsteps of T. R. Clatterbuck my paternal grandfather who attended the Keezletown Methodist Church his entire adult life. He sat in the back pew on the right hand side; however, my family soon filled in the pew beside him.

As the oldest of four children, I felt responsible for my siblings' behavior and church was no exception. Because there wasn't a nursery, parents disciplined their children and for the most part we were well behaved. One exception would be when Penny, my sister, and Lesta Mae, a friend, talked and laughed enough to disrupt the sermon and Pastor Bangle stopped and reprimanded them. I am not sure Penny ever forgave him. Another time Patsy, sister, and best friend, Claudette, created a scene laughing during the singing of a hymn. Immediately, mother tried to get control, but surprisingly she began to laugh uncontrollably and shook the entire pew drawing even more attention from those around us.

Pray: Thank you God for the gift of laughter and that we can laugh at the ridiculously wonderful and surprising things you do. Thank you for the laughter of children and parents who get caught up in moments of uncontrollable-uncontainable-unbelievable joy. May we share in the laughter at the experience of your joyful salvation and grace.*

Don Clatterbuck

THANKS FOR BEING MY CHURCH--SEPTEMBER 2015: Dear Folks, again—another year has come and gone. I had a very good year. Like before, I want to say Thanks for being my church. Like I said before, I don't know how I deserved all the nice things people do for me. I got about twenty-one cards (birthday cards), among other things. All the things people say about me! I don't deserve it. I look forward to working with my church, doing what I can to make my church better. When you all pray for me, I know I will succeed. Thank you for everything. In Jesus—Don Clatterbuck

OLDER THAN DIRT--FEBRUARY 2016: A message to say, "Thanks for just being you and for doing the wonderful things that you do!" Have a Happy New Year from Don Clatterbuck, who writes: Dear Church, thank you very much for the candy and the card, for your love, and for your help all year. I hope I can measure up to it. As you know, I am older than dirt: "The shoe lady" put that to my name, you might give her a talking to. Thank you! I hope we have a very nice year in front of us. I will try to do my part. Thank you! Brother Don

From Yesterday and Today and Forever: The 225th Anniversary Year
Keezletown UMC Devotional

Day 18 "**Sunday Taxi**"

Read a Scripture: John 1:35-42

Daddy was known as the "Sunday Taxi." He picked up and delivered an elderly man, a neighbor lady and her children, and always Daddy's sister, Aunt Sade Wright.

Pray: Thank you for John, Andrew, and Marhl who brought people to Jesus so they could see for themselves. Help me to be a Sunday taxi.*

Don Clatterbuck

From Yesterday and Today and Forever: The 225th Anniversary Year
Keezletown UMC Devotional

Day 41 **“O Lord, Let This Math Class, Er, Thorn Be Taken from Me”**

Read a Scripture: 2 Corinthians 12:1-10

Bill Fisher led the largest Bible Study I ever attended at the Keezletown Church. He was our pastor while he attended Eastern Mennonite Seminary. We met each Wednesday evening and at one time had seven different denominations attending. We met in the basement of the “old” Methodist church. Pastor Fisher was a people person, and his sermons seemed to speak to each in attendance. Bill stopped at my home frequently. He often had breakfast and he and my Daddy gave each other advice. Once Bill stopped by after taking his math exam. He asked Daddy for his gun and he shot his math textbook into confetti.

Pray: Thank you Lord for finally delivering Bill Fisher from math class. May our weaknesses, frustrations, and thorns make us lean even more on the strength of your grace. Don Clatterbuck

From Yesterday and Today and Forever: The 225th Anniversary Year
Keezletown UMC Devotional

Day 47 **“Special Music”**

Read a Scripture: Psalm 100

Many individuals and occasions helped to develop and define my life. One is Nelson Miller. She was pianist/organist for more than 50 years. She gave music lessons to Patsy and Penny. Each of them provided special music for worship making me very proud. Mrs. Miller also directed the senior and junior choirs and was instrumental in Irene Dean making choir robes. Also she aptly taught the adult Sunday school class for years.

Pray: “Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the earth. Worship the LORD with gladness; come into his presence with singing. Know that the LORD is God. It is he that made us, and we are his; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture” (vv. 1-2, NRSV). Don Clatterbuck

From Yesterday and Today and Forever: The 225th Anniversary Year
Keezletown UMC Devotional

Day 55 “**Her Share**” Read a Scripture: 1 Corinthians 12:12-31
Mother always did her share. Her big project was the two week Vacation Bible School Program. I remember one year we coordinated our VBS with Crossroads Presbyterian Church. Not only was daily attendance huge, the church could not provide seating for the crowd at the closing program. Mother, Patsy, and Penny always helped Daddy pack treats of candy and an orange for Santa to give to each child after the Christmas Program. Another event Mother viewed as special as Christmas was Easter. She helped to plan the Easter Program, the Sunrise Service and the breakfast which followed the Sunrise Service. We had our Sunrise Service in the lot behind our old church; a perfect place to witness a sunrise. Mother enjoyed her membership in the Methodist Women and their outreach program as well as the fellowship.

Pray: Jesus our Savior and Head, Alleen took a pretty big share and part in the body of Christ. Help me to receive the share you give to me. Help me be a willing, healthy, and vital part of Christ’s body ministering to the world.*

Don Clatterbuck

From Yesterday and Today and Forever: The 225th Anniversary Year
Keezletown UMC Devotional

Day 119 “**Feeding with God’s Word and Rabbits**”

Read a Scripture: Luke 9:10-17

I remember Rev. Bush and his wife. They were missionaries before becoming the pastor at Keezletown. Mrs. Bush hosted and taught a weekly Bible Study in the parsonage. Most memorable was their practice of raising and slaughtering rabbits to give to feed the needy. My Aunt Sade and the Bushes developed a spiritual bond during the tragic death of Aunt Sade’s son, J.F., at the age of five.

Pray: Thank you Jesus for your mercy on the crowd in teaching about the kingdom of God, healing those in need, and feeding the hungry. Pour out your mercy through us like Rev. and Mrs. Bush in teaching about God, sharing food with the hungry, and comforting those in need. Don C

From Yesterday and Today and Forever: The 225th Anniversary Year
Keezletown UMC Devotional

Day 126 **“God Hears and Understands”**

Read a Scripture: Psalm 116

Mr. Wade Huffman was another pillar of the community and an exemplary church member. He was a quiet man of few words but when he spoke, we all listened. He loved the Lord and was a strong witness. Although he had difficulty understanding me, he had long talks with me. His effort and compassion helped to give me a sense of self-worth despite my handicap. Mr. Huffman was our school bus driver and he handled each child as though he or she was his own child.

Pray: Inclining-Your-Ear-to-Me God, thank you for hearing and understanding the deep cry of my heart and faltering words from my lips. You save, deliver, and deal bountifully with me. Let my ears be inclined toward others and give me understanding for where others need your grace.*
Don Clatterbuck

A COMMENTARY ON BLIND PEOPLE-- AUGUST 2016

On Tuesday morning I was looking at television, and Dr. Phil came on. I don't care for his program, but he told what it was going to be, and I got interested. I am interested about blind people. Maybe you have heard me tell this: I knew a blind lady we called "Pipey" and she was my speech therapist. I liked her very much. She taught me very much. One word she taught me to say was, "you". This is how she taught me: she told me to say "ee" and then "oo" and then I could say "you" perfectly. The woman who Dr. Phil had on the show was a very nice looking lady, about fifty or older, but she said nobody accepted her, and she said that she always wanted to be blind, but she could not find anybody who would help her become blind. She found a professor who agreed to help her. She went to a store and bought some acid. The professor put drops of acid in her eyes. She yelled and screamed, but that was all she could do. Now she wants to see. That doesn't make sense to me. Her husband is blind, also, and he didn't think she ought to be able to see. Her parents disowned her. Dr. Phil told her she ought to go back to her parents and try to make up with them. That is all of the story. I think this is out of the question, myself.

From Yesterday and Today and Forever: The 225th Anniversary Year
Keezletown UMC Devotional

Day 138 **“A Cloud of Witnesses”** Read a Scripture: Hebrews 12:1-12
Members fondly remembered include: Mrs. Keezle, Erma Cline, Lena Earman, Robinette Randolph, Mr. Wheeler, Mary Harris, Aunt Charlotte Coffman, Elton Armentrout, and Sam Hasler. Each contributed to the church using his or her talent. Other memorable moments at KMC include: each of our baptisms, Penny’s solo during the Christmas Program when she was only six years old. She wore her new white satin dress bought by Mrs. Miller. Patsy and Bill’s wedding, Penny and Dorsey’s wedding, Mother and Daddy’s surprise 50th Anniversary, Aunt Sade’s funeral, Marhl Jr.’s memorial service, and Mother and Daddy’s memorial services. My life has been enhanced and enriched by past and present members of the KUMC and I thank you for your kindness. To God be the glory!

Pray or Sing the Hymn: “To God Be the Glory”

To God be the glory, great things he hath done!
So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,
who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
and opened the life-gate that all may go in.

Refrain

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the earth hear his voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father thru Jesus the Son,
and give him the glory, great things he hath done.

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
to every believer the promise of God;
the vilest offender who truly believes,
that moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done,
and great our rejoicing thru Jesus the Son;
but purer, and higher, and greater will be
our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see. (Fanny J. Crosby)

Don Clatterbuck

From Yesterday and Today and Forever: The 225th Anniversary Year
Keezletown UMC Devotional

Day 163 “**Hanging of the Greens and Setting the Scene**”

Read a Scripture: Ezekiel 17:22-24

Special programs and occasions is when my Daddy stepped up to the plate.

Additionally, he was Sunday School Superintendent, Sunday School teacher, choir member, and served on boards and committees. But his greatest challenge and joy was decorating for the annual Christmas Program. He cut greens from the mountain, cedars from local farmers' fields and gathered bittersweet berries from the railroad track. After he positioned the large mural across the front of the sanctuary he used the greens to create hillsides and the town of Bethlehem. He insisted on draw curtains for the stage using wire, a pulley, and eight white sheets. His final touch was the light board mounted at the back of the church. I remember watching all this transformation and witnessing the excitement of Christmas within our congregation.

Pray: Emmanuel our God with us, transform our hearts with your presence. Give us the Spirit of Christmas. Decorate and fill our lives with signs of hope, peace, joy, love, and Christ in our midst.*

Don Clatterbuck

BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS AUGUST 2016: Dear Friends of the Church, Another year is past...older, older man! It was a nice day, and a friend got me my lunch! You know me! It was nice. I got twenty one cards, and a whole lot of friends wished me a happy birthday. Again, I don't know how I am so lucky. I don't think I am worthy of all this. My Lord has been so good, and He will be! Thank you again. I look forward to working with the church. Your brother in the Lord,

Don Clatterbuck

SEPTEMBER 2016: A COMMENTARY ABOUT JACK VAN IMPE:

Written to Mac Coffman, who asked to share with the church family:
Brother Mac, I have a question for you? Have you seen Jack Van Impe? I see him on Channel 13 at 10:00 p.m. on Saturdays and 9:00 p.m. on Sundays (you may have to re-check those times). They call him “the walking Bible”. He knows that Bible from the top to the bottom. He can quote everything. He can quote the verses backwards and forwards. He can tell you where everything comes from. He can tell you where we came from and where we are going. He can tell you why everything has happened and what is coming down the road. He can quote the Bible and tell you why and what. It is scary. You could tell this to the class. Thank you. I hope this will help somebody. Brother Don

ABOUT THE OCTOBER 2016 HARVEST PARTY: I want to thank the Lord for a pretty day. I also want to thank our 4 “chauffeurs”, and all of our good cooks, and Joe: he headed up our cooks. Thank you for the cake walk. Thanks to all the people who came out. It was a great day. Thank you to the church. Brother Don

JANUARY 2017 NEW YEAR THANKS: Keezletown Church: Another year has gone, and we face another one. I want to thank our church for my gift: it’s going to make me as big as a barn door—haha! Thanks for all of my gifts. All of you—all go overboard for me. I sure do appreciate them, and I thank you again. I hope I show it. I thank the Browns for delivering it. I thank you, Pastor Joel, for your calls. I hope I can help make this year a better one. Pray for me! Brother Don

From A Christian Resolution: The Keezletown UMC 2017 Lenten Devotional

April 14, 2017 Daily Readings: Joshua 9:3—10:43; Luke 16:19—17:10; Psalm 83:1-18; Proverbs 13:4

“Working on Proverbs 13:4”

After my father retired, he managed and operated the canneries at Keezletown (and Broadway) until the morning when he was fatally injured while driving his truck to Keezletown.

He would get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and eat his breakfast; then he would go over there and start the fires and get the steam up.

At about 8 o'clock, people would start to roll in. They would prepare their own food— all kinds: corn, beans, carrots, sauerkraut, and meat in the Fall. Also in the Fall, they would make apple butter, but they would get my dad to put in the sugar and the oil of cinnamon and “season it up” for them. Then he helped them cook the apple butter.

They would put the food in the cans and seal them up. He would put them in the cooker using a chain hoist and bring them up to temperature with the steam, then let off the steam and do it again. Later, he would hoist them out and put them in cold water until they were cool enough for people to take home. The food would keep for a long time.

For three or four years, I sold apple butter and applesauce in Harrisonburg so I would have my own money. One year, I sold a thousand cans. People would come to our house to pick it up.

Prayer

Our Father in Heaven, bless us in Your name, I pray. Bless our world. Bless our church and our Sunday School. Bless Rev. Joel. Bless Keezletown. Bless Mac as he leads us. We love You. You have our world in Your hands. Save our world in Your name. May Satan go away— he is nothing but a liar. In Your precious name I pray. Amen.

Don Clatterbuck



September 24, 2017

Picnic at Camp Overlook with Scott Dodrill,
not trying to spill Don on the uneven ground.

2018 NEW YEAR THANKS: Dear Church, to whom it may concern:
Here, another year has passed. I want to thank the church for all the things you've done for me, and all of the cards! Like I've said before, I could not have done it without my church and Jesus Christ. I want to thank Mr. Brown, who delivered my presents. Also our preacher, Joel. Have a Merry Christmas. Your brother in the Lord, Don



Playing St Patrick at the UMM
Pancake Meal March 2018



Supervising the raising of the Steeple
in April 2018 with Brayden, Noah,
Chloe, and Randy

AUGUST 10, 2018 WAS DON CLATTERBUCK'S 90TH BIRTHDAY—WE CELEBRATE HIM AND HIS STORY (as told by Don to Dan Bassett)

Dear People, to whom it may concern: I am eighty nine years old. This is some of my life. I have cerebral palsy, but a good mind. When I was born, it was not like today. When people had a handicap, sometimes they put them back in a corner...but not my family...I did what they did. More or less, they were proud of me. Satan did not want me to live, but the Lord had a different idea (He was right!). This was during the Second (world) War and (I can't recall any dates—I am sorry). My doctor told my family to take me to Lynchburg. Of course, they were not going to put me there—they knew that. We talked to the head man. He looked at me and could tell I "had a little bit". Ha! Ha! He looked at me and said, "For God's sake, don't put him here. He will lose what he has." Of course, I taught myself the little bit of education I have, and my family helped me. They did not know what was wrong with me—nobody knew. We heard of two doctors in the world, one of them in Baltimore, one of them in Florida. Dr. Phelps (sp?) was in Baltimore and Dr Casson (?) was in Florida. We got in our car and went to Baltimore. We went to Dr. Phelps' office. The nurse came out and walked by me. She acted like she was going to step on my toes. I don't know whether she or the doctor said, "He has cerebral palsy". That was the first time we knew. We came back. I don't know what we did, but we went on living. This was during the war. My father got called up to make parts of a gun. He went to Roanoke. I think he went to Viscose. We moved to Roanoke. We got called up to an office. Somehow they were involved with cerebral palsy. It tuned out me and my family got hooked up with them. The man's name was Mr. Chapman. They found me a teacher, a couple days a week. Her name was "Miss Bunny". When camp time came (Camp Easter Seal), I was too old, but they got me in there anyway and somehow. I thought I was hot stuff! We got up every morning and went out by the flagpole. Then we had breakfast. I forgot what we did all day. I had a boy taking care of me. His name was Harry Thomas. He was a good boy. He wanted his family to take one of the campers—he felt sorry for him—but they would not do it. I went to that camp for a couple of years. We lived at two different places in Roanoke, first we lived on 15th Street, then we moved down to the corner of Bullitt and 12th Streets (we bought that one). That was behind two churches. We bought our food at Kroger. We lived there a couple of years, on account of me. I did not like it, so we came back to the Valley. We sold that place and we got our money back. When we came back to the valley, Mom had not

ever worked outside the house. My Aunt Sadie asked her to come to Sunnyside (where she had already worked) for one day. My Mom became the dietician there for a while. When they got a real dietician, Mama and she were good friends. When the dietician wanted to go away for a week, she told Mama to “take over”. When my aunt fixed food for the “everyday people”, Mama would fix desserts for the diabetic people—they thought it was wonderful! It was during this time that our family met the Harris family: Hubert and Mary, and their children, Hugh, Merle, Jim, and Paul. When we were in Roanoke, we got in touch with Mr. Chapman. When we got word that Mr. Harry Thomas /”Tommy” (known from Camp Easter Seal) was going to graduate in the spring, Mom and Dad got in the car and went and talked to him. They liked him. So they came back, got in touch with that office in Roanoke and told them what they had found out about Tommy. The office hired him. They sent him, where for a couple of years he worked out of a couple of rooms in a big house on East Market Street, the Stonewall Jackson Inn, where dances were held. He had work every day. He was a good fellow. He knew what he was doing—at least I thought he did. As I said, we worked out of those couple of rooms for a couple of years. In the meantime, they gave us the coal bin down at the Main Street School. We cut that up into three rooms, and we put a restroom in too. Also in the meantime, we heard about a woman called “Pipey”. She came here in the summer for two or three weeks, with a friend who lived out west of town. Mama went to see her. She was a smart cookie! Pipey was the head of the Home at New Market. Somehow, she gave that up and went to Florida. About the time she was going back, Mamma went to talk to her (west of Harrisonburg on Rt 33). She asked Mama if she would go with her to Florida. When they went back, they went on a train. When it was mealtime, they went into a car of the train, but it was an “alcohol car” (the “Saloon car”). They had a big laugh over that. I think Mama wanted to look over the place with me in her mind. In about a year and a half, Pipey came back to Harrisonburg, to our Center as a Speech Therapist, and she was a “gold mine”. Of course, at this time, people didn’t know about this kind of work. At the time she took us, I was at the head of the line. There were about three of us. She took us to clubs, all over. We went to Luray for one. I could not say “you”. When she found out you could not say a certain word, she would write a tune. She would put the word you could not say into the tune. I will tell you how she taught me to say “you”. She told me to say “ee”, then “eee I oo”. Now I could say “you” as good as you. That’s how she taught everybody.

And she was blind. She said she would wake up at night and think about stuff and write it down. And she could tickle the ivories! They hired a schoolteacher—her name was also Thomas—no relation to Harry Thomas, whom we called “Tommy”. Tommy left because he wanted to be a doctor. We hired a man named Claude Chambers. He stayed about fifteen years. He came from West Virginia. He had a couple of children. I reckon, we had about twenty students, but that’s just a guess. Mama was at Pleasant Valley at the time. We got up in the morning and did what we had to do. My sisters and brother went off to school. Mama and I went and got in the car, and she would drop me off in Harrisonburg and go on to work. Then she would pick me up at about three or four o’clock and take me home. Sometimes, Mr. and Mrs. Harris would bring me home at noontime. I look back now and wonder how Mama did that. About that time, CoHope came on the scene. In Harrisonburg, we had a doctor, Dr. Powell, and a lady. I reckon you would say they were the head of our Center. Our parents decided we should build a place of our own. We began to save money... I’m going to guess again—we had about \$15,000 saved us. I reckon, those two people thought they wanted that money. They decided to close us down. Dr. Powell and the lady went (somebody went) up to Woodrow Wilson and hired a woman, for the purpose of shutting down the center. I forgot her name, but she was a “hussy”—a devil—to me. I reckon she was what people called a therapist. In three weeks, our Center was closed down. She talked to Pipey and our secretary. I’m guessing again, here that they would keep her on if she would help them close it down—throw all the people out. Everybody was wonderful to me until the last. The secretary liked me. She fed me my lunch. I liked her. Her name was Sue Atkings. The lady from Woodrow Wilson kicked Pipey out, and it was all over. This was when CoHope came on the scene. Mr. Harris did not help any; he thought that closing the Center was a pretty good idea; he thought it would help CoHope, I disagreed with him. I thought both could help each other with the center. I was the first one to get in and the last one to leave. The woman from Woodrow Wilson put me in my walker and told me she was going to lunch, that she would be back. I’ve never seen her again, to this day. With CoHope, I was also the first day student and the last one to leave. For this year for the 90th birthday for me: I have had a wonderful life—a wonderful life my Father gave me from heaven. My mother and my Father gave me a good life down here, my brother and my two sisters, my church and my friends. Ninety years old! My church asked me to help

serve Communion. I thought it was wonderful for people to think I was good enough. I thought that was outstanding, for me especially. I would like to do that again, every once in a while. I like Reverend Joel and my church, as you can tell. I like people and talking to them. I can't talk nearly as well as I used to. I reckon that is my condition. I'm sorry. I can't shake hands with people. I am sorry, sorry about that! I like to shake hands. I love you all, as you can tell. As you know, I hold an office—I should never have taken that. I had a wonderful birthday. Patsy, my sister, put on a feast at Mill Creek Church of the Brethren for us. She is something else—a wonderful gal! It was a wonderful feast! I could not eat; I had been to the dentist and he told me not eat anything by soft food for about a week. I had to sit there and watch all those people eat. It was a surprise. We had about forty people, I think. We had people from Texas and Georgia and Alexandria. I could not believe all the things I did in those couple of weeks. But, with help from everybody—I could not believe it—for an old man like me! I hope my people can get something out of all of this. I brought you all up to date on my party. Thank you for allowing me to share in the newsletter. God bless you all.

DON SERVES COMMUNION TO THE CHURCH FAMILY



Dear Church: I want to take the opportunity, again, to thank you for my 90th birthday, for my family, and for all the other wonderful things. To top it off, I want to thank my Father in heaven. He thought I was good enough to allow me the opportunity to help serve Communion. Thank you. This is all I have to say for now. More will be following.

Don Clatterbuck



Hay Ride October 2018



Studying "Awaiting the Already" in Sunday School December 2018

HAPPY NEW YEAR JANUARY 2019:

Dear Friends of the Church, What else are you all going to come up with? I LOVE the little tree. Everybody else thinks it is pretty, and out of the ordinary. I could not live without my Christ, and you all in my church. I can't wait to see you all every Sunday. Happy New Year! I wish Pastor Joel and his family a Happy New Year. I will try to do better next time.

Don

DON WENT HOME TO HIS FATHER ON JULY 1, 2019

Donald K. Clatterbuck, 90, of Penn Laird, passed away Monday, July 01, 2019, at Curis at Harrisonburg, where he had resided for the past several years. He was born August 10, 1928, in Rockingham County and was a son of the late Marhl William Sr. and Alleen Huffman Clatterbuck.

Donald was preceded in death by one brother, M.W. "Brownie" Clatterbuck, Jr. and one sister, Penny Patterson.

Donald attended South Main Street School in Harrisonburg, Co Hope School in Keezletown, Cerebral Palsy Center in Sebring, Fla. and Dr. Phelps Center in Baltimore, Md.

He was a lifetime member of Keezletown United Methodist Church and was a member of the United Methodist Men's Group.

Surviving are his sister, Patsy Sacra Rodeffer and husband, Charles of Harrisonburg; two sisters-in-law, Sylvia Clatterbuck and Faye Crowe; nephews, Randy Clatterbuck, Keith Clatterbuck, M.W. Clatterbuck, III, Greg Clatterbuck and Neil Sacra; nieces, Dawn Plowman, Cindy Schmidt and Millette Mills, as well as a number of great-nieces and great-nephews.

Funeral services will be conducted 11 a.m. Saturday, July 6, 2019, at Keezletown United Methodist Church with the Rev. Joel Robinette, Pastor Dan Bassett and the Rev. Jim Harris officiating. Interment will follow at Eastlawn Memorial Gardens.

The family will receive friends from 6 to 8 p.m. Friday evening at Kyger Funeral Home in Harrisonburg.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to Keezletown United Methodist Church, 1456 Indian Trail Road, Keezletown, VA 22832.

JULY 6th DON'S CELEBRATION DAY: We all gathered at KUMC to

celebrate the life of Donald K Clatterbuck, Don. As we entered the sanctuary, soft hymns, such as "Amazing Grace" and "High Up on the Mountain" were playing before Carol took over on the organ with Pastor Joel gave the lovely old hymns. of Grace before the choir sang one of Don's favorites, "O Living God". Rev Dan Bassett led us in prayer, read Psalm 90, and then told us how Don had many



him through life. There was the Department of transportation, of hygiene, of communication, of food consumption, and of spiritual matters. He was proud to have been in a few of these departments and had helped Don throughout a good portion of his life, especially when he wanted to write something. We then heard a taped version of "Slippers With Wings", which brought a tear to many an eye. It is the story of a little girl who could never run or play, and prayed every night for slippers with wings. When she went to heaven, she got her slippers. We could just imagine Don running in his "slippers with wings". Rev Jim Harris, another longtime friend of Don's, read from Revelation 21:1-7 and from John 14:1-6. Rev Jim then spoke on growing up with Don and his own brother Paul, who also had cerebral palsy, and the mischief they could get in to. The congregation then sang "Great Is Thy Faithfulness". Pastor Joel read Isaiah 52:13-54:12 and talked about how Isaiah prophesied the Savior's suffering for us. He then talked of how bravely Don suffered throughout his life with his infirmities, with the joy of the Lord in his heart, and how he shared that with all of his church family. A time for those who wished to speak of Don was given, and Neil Sacra came forward first to tell how much "Uncle Don" meant to him. He was followed by Randy Clatterbuck who called Don "an old goat"; then Scott Dodrill, who told his and Don's peacock story; Sharon Martin, who praised Don's spirit for everyone; Mac Coffman, who also grew up with Don and was almost part of the family, who talked about taking him places; and Carol Dillard, who praised him for always generously giving money to any project the church had going. She said she told him she was going to buy shoes with the money and he laughed. There was a big red ceramic shoe

sitting on the dessert table at the meal afterwards—he would have laughed. We were then led in a commendation, a prayer of Thanksgiving, and the dismissal to the cemetery, as “Going Down the Valley” played. Some of the men who made sure Don got to church and other places carried him to his final resting place. They were Dale Dodrill, Scott Dillard, Joe Liskey, Mac Coffman, Wayne Myers, and Scott Dodrill. All three Pastors officiated as a prayer was given, 1 Peter 3-9 was read, along with the 23rd Psalm, followed by the committal and blessing. The family greeted those attending before returning to a sumptuous meal provided by the church family at the church. Many stories and remembrances were shared, along with much laughter as we all tried to comfort one another and heal the void left in our hearts. Our consolation is that Don will never sit in that chair again, his words are all clear, and he is walking, and running, and probably creating all kinds of wonderful mischief in heaven for Jesus to laugh at.



MEMORIES FROM THOSE DON TOUCHED:

Dear Mrs. Thomas (**Faye Hoover-Thomas**): It is so good to see you back. I know you had a bout, but the Lord has been wonderful to you. I know you realize that. You look wonderful. I know Ken was upset about you; he would come on Sundays and keep us posted about you. I know he is so happy to have you back. The Lord is so wonderful, as you know. I prayed for you every day, and I still do. I know you were so glad to get out. I just want you to know we are happy to have you back. Keep your chin up! I hope I will see you a lot more at church. May the Lord bless you and Ken. Your brother in the Lord, Don

Written August 2017: Dear **Kennis Armentrout**, I came to you for some help, and you gave it to me as best you could, and I thought it was the right way to go. I appreciate your thought. I appreciate that a whole lot. Kennis, I don't know if you know it or not, but we are kin to each other; your father and my father were first cousins. I knew all your family, your mother and father, and all your siblings. I used to live down at the foot of the hill, in a two-room house...the green house (they have built onto it). At that time, there were not but a couple of houses on that road. I don't know if you remember that or not. I saw you kids walking by to school every day. I am almost 89, in a couple days! Old man! Haha! We had a good time on Sunday, didn't we?! I appreciate you talking to me. I don't talk as well as I used to. It seems like people are afraid to talk to me. Since I got older, I don't talk as well. Well Kennis, I thought I would bring you up on my life a little bit. You have a nice family, and you are, too! I look forward to seeing you and talking to you for a long time. I appreciate you, and Thank You again. Your brother in Christ's name, Don

PS: I do not have an education. At that time, they did not have a law like they do now. No school like they have today. What I have, I manufactured for myself. I can't help that. I have gotten by very well. That is it!

Several years ago, I worked the polls on Election Day. One of the tasks I had was to help Don Clatterbuck vote. When Don arrived at the polls, I would take a single ballot and go to Don's vehicle. I would read the choices to him, one at a time. Don would respond with a "yes" or "no" and I would mark the ballot. Don was well-prepared and knew the person he wanted to vote for or for what issue he wanted to vote for or against. **Noland Suter**

From **Geraldine Armentrout**: On the day my mother died, I was having a really rough time. I was emotionally drained and my sister was being very unkind to me. I was sitting at my kitchen table, trying desperately to pray, but I had no words...I didn't know what to do. I picked up the phone and dialed Alleen Clatterbuck, and told her what was going on. She said "Don and I will pray for you" and hung up the phone. It wasn't two minutes later that I felt and saw a whirlwind swirling around me and an overpowering peace came upon me—I felt God thru their prayers. I was at peace and my sister never hurt me again. Thank you Don and Alleen.

From **Nancy Coffman**: When I first met Don I knew there was something very special about him. Even though he couldn't walk, use his hands, or talk well – I could see the love of the Lord shining through him. I could see how he looked at people, and how people loved him back. I watched little children go up to him and touch his hand and look up at him and smile, and he would smile back at them. It's hard to find an excuse for not going to church, when you see Don there every Sunday knowing that it wasn't easy for him to get there. Thank you to the dedicated men in the church that would take Don to meetings and to church functions. I remember going to see him at Avante to sing Christmas carols. As I was singing, I looked down and he was singing right along with us. He praised the Lord with his singing. I am glad to Lord put him in my life as he became a dear friend and brother in Christ. There was a time that Don went out of his way to show concern for me, which really touched my heart. His caring and concern for others was inspiring. Don would laugh when I would tell him when we get to glory, he and I would run a race. He surly was a man of God. Your sister in Christ, Nancy

From **Mac Coffman**: Don was a remarkable person. His mind and spirit worked at lightning speed. My mind was about 5 seconds behind his. When a preacher would make a spiritual point, Don would say “Amen”. For me, it was 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005 – and then I would want to say “Amen” also. He was in tune with message. He was in tune with everything going on. At gatherings you could watch him observe families and friends talking and interacting. It was as though he could read between the lines. He was always patient with me in trying to communicate. I was feeding him at one of the meals where we had cornbread and chili. He would not eat either one! Until finally, after many attempts to tell me, I understood he wanted his cornbread on top of his chili. He always thanked me, whenever I had the privilege of helping him. He would say, “Good job boy”. During one of our trips from town in his van, someone pulled out in front of us. I swerved, missing the car and said a word I wasn’t supposed to. I look back at Don, his eyes were big as saucers and he said, “Oh my!” There is a good reason to put those straps on a wheelchair in a van. He was the best dressed and the most faithful man attending church. Don touched a lot of people. I am glad I was one of them. He loved the Lord. His life brought glory to God. I miss him. But because of Calvary, I will get to see him one day in a new body, in glory – and maybe my mind will be as fast as his. Don was my friend. Mac Coffman

From Rev. Dan Bassett:

Below from Bethel UCC Newsletter June 30 – July 6, 2019

My friend Don Clatterbuck died on Monday afternoon, and his family is following his wish to have Rev. Jim Harris, Rev Joel Robinette, and me take part in his funeral, this Saturday. Jim's brother Paul was a resident of Keezletown's CoHope School, where Nancy and her mother and I worked. That was also where I met Don, who was a day-student— always the first to get in the van in the morning and the last to be dropped off at his home near Penn Laird each evening. Don's family and the Harris family were longtime pillars of Keezletown United Methodist Church. Don was always faithful to his home church, and Joel comes latest in a long line of Don's pastors there.

If you have heard me speak at Bethel, over these dozen or so years, you will have heard about Don. You may have met him in person, too! He attended services at Bethel at least twice: once when I was ordained, and one Sunday morning during this past year. (There may have been one other occasion.) I could not fail to mention Don in sermons and conversation, because he has been such an inspiration and teacher to me for over thirty years.

In the category of Inspiration, here's the bottom line: If Don could achieve so much, love so many people and profoundly touch their lives, without being able to use his hands, feet, or a clear voice, what's my excuse? I started working with Don and the other CoHope people in order to make a little money to feed and house our little family. That crass and worldly impulse threw me into the light of amazing spiritual grace: Inspiration. Don and several of the CoHope folks were born into Cerebral Palsy, a condition in which the person's brain cannot control their muscles. Other CoHope people were dealing with Muscular Dystrophy and Polio, which caused them to experience similar symptoms. Being close to Don and the others gave me a front-row seat to the battle of the ages, in which the spirit strives to master the flesh. I don't have words to explain why I was especially drawn to Don— other folks were more drawn to other CoHope people— but in Don we found a mighty warrior whose strength was in the spirit. Inspiration: when the spirit triumphs and takes control from the inside. When Jesus sent his disciples on their first mission experience without him along, he told them, "Whoever

listens to you listens to me, and whoever rejects you rejects me, and whoever rejects me rejects the One who sent me.” - Luke 10:16. So then there is the category of Teaching. In good teaching, Inspiration is applied to the real circumstances of life. With Don in my life, it wasn't that Don explained a lot of information to me: rather, he applied Inspiration to his own life and he enlisted me (and dozens of other co-conspirators) in turning his dreams and schemes into realities. He didn't know everything, nor did he know how to *do* everything— but he did apply himself and all the resources he could muster, over and over again, to accomplishing his goals. Whether it was raising funds for Relay for Life or pulling out the stump of a tree he no longer liked, Don found ways to make things happen. He didn't make the candy Eater eggs or drive the tractor, but he persuaded others to use their resources alongside him to get things done. Even when I knew that Don was mistaken about facts or processes, his drive carried me along to apply my own knowledge, my circle of friends, money, transportation, etc., to his chosen task. So Don's teaching operated on a high level, getting the learner to grow in creativity and resourcefulness.

Don came up in a different world, when people who have disabilities were kept out of public goods such as schooling and access to buildings. For the sake of humanity and the nurture of every person, I will work so that we never go back to those bad old days. But I thank God that, in spite of all the unjust barriers, Don was surrounded by plucky, gritty people who made ways out of no way. They set up special schools, invented wheelchairs and walkers and ramps and lifts and many other tools of accessibility, turning the impossible into the routine. Along the way, Don himself became a model of godly spirit, pluck and grit. We will be blessed if we meet more folks like him. They are around. Luke 10:20: “Nevertheless, do not rejoice at this, that the spirits submit to you, but rejoice that your names are written in heaven.”

REMEMBERING DON, BY PASTOR T JOEL ROBINETTE

Don Clatterbuck's wheelchair has been sitting empty for a few Sundays in the back of the sanctuary. The chair is not actually empty. It has one of those purple Keezletown United Methodist Men shirts draped on the back. There is also a sign with a joyful and inviting message, "Gone To Heaven!! See You There" and it has a smiley face. Sitting on the seat is a Bible with a note on it that reads: May 8, 2012: Don completed reading through the Bible beginning to end. May 9, 2012 - began reading from the beginning again! On 9-3-13 - Completed the reading of the Bible. Will start at the beginning on 9-4-13.

Don kept up with people in our church who were going through difficulty and asked about them, prayed for them, and recruited people to write cards and letters to send to them. May we continue to pray for and care for one another with the grace of God.

Don needed help with transportation to get to most places he wanted to go. He recruited nephews, family, friends, and church to go along with him in his faith, adventures, and life. As Don traveled with those folks he shared his life with them and became closer to them. May we travel in the company of Christ and the gift of people around us to share the gift of relationships and life building community.

Don was at a majority of church functions I can remember that had food. When I was a college student the campus ministry I was a part of had a saying which was "food equals fellowship." Don was ready for food, yes he was, but he was always ready for fellowship and relationship. When each person is a unique gift and creation of God we are surrounded by the rarest and most precious gifts. Don was one of those precious gifts of God and so are each of us. Let us build each other up in the grace of God, and maybe have some dessert while we're at it.

Don got through his Bible many times, had Bible studies with others in his home, got up early for Sunday school with teaching on the Bible, and went to worship with preaching on the Bible. Don kept going with God and others through his whole life and I think one reason might be is because Don had his eyes on God's promises. God promises to be with us especially in Jesus Christ, the gift of the Holy Spirit, and when people gather together in Christ's name. Don experienced some of the promises of God's grace here on earth and has gone on to an eternal home with God's transportation committee of Christ's grace, the Spirit's power, and the community of the church. May we keep going, too, loving God and loving others and see Don there! Pastor Joel

MY TRIBUTE AND THANKS TO DON

(by Diana Davis)

Today we said goodbye
To one we loved so dear.
Our hearts were filled with sorrow--
Heaven let out a cheer.

His parting was peaceful and calm,
As the angels brought the light,
And he entered that Pearly Gate
With all his family in sight.

Before he raced to meet them,
He was greeted by another--
The one who stood beside him,
His lifelong friend and brother.

As Jesus took him in His arms
And held him oh so close,
Don held on to this one--
The one He loved the most.

Heaven let out another cheer.
He can run and he can talk.
He's whole again as he should be,
On golden streets he'll walk.

Run free, my friend--
Your journey's done,
Your battle is now over,
Your victory is won.

-dld



THE KUMC FAMILY'S TRIBUTE TO DON:

Would you miss hearing his "AMEN" during the sermon? Would you miss seeing his wheel chair in the back of the sanctuary? Would you miss seeing the maroon van in the parking lot letting us know he's here? Would you miss kidding him about how much he eats when we have a meal? Would you miss getting uneasy every time he gets choked while you are feeding him during one of those meals? Would you miss getting in his shirt pocket to get his offering that you know will always be there? Would you miss his laughter? There is a light in that corner of this sanctuary. It's been there for quite a while, and thru the years, it's become brighter and shown on more and more people. You can't walk past him without saying Hi or smiling.



Don, you are an extraordinary individual. God made you unique to serve Him...and that you have done. Your strength of faith, your love for all you meet, and your extraordinary way of letting everyone know that God loves you and us, are an inspiration to us all. God has blessed you, but He has blessed us all more, for knowing you.

You ran your race; you won your victory; you were a good and faithful servant. Wear your golden crown, and your silver slippers, and run, Don, run. Until we meet again, hug Jesus for us.

Many thanks to all who contributed to this tribute to Don. To Rev. T. Joel Robinette, Rev. Dan Bassett, Rev. Jim Harris, Noland Suter, Geraldine Armentrout, Mac and Nancy Coffman, Ken and Faye Hoover-Thomas, Dale Dodrill, Kennis Armentrout, the Clatterbuck family, to those who took pictures, to Pastor Joel for proofreading, and to Lynn Siler for printing and collating. We hope you enjoyed reading it. Don left an imprint on all of us who knew Him and was truly a “good and faithful servant”. I considered it an honor to collate and edit this in his memory.

Diana Davis

Written, edited, printed, collated, and published by Keezletown United Methodist Church in 2020 to remember Don. Thanks be to God. Amen.