

Anne Marie Frutchey Moore Waltz

Becomers Mystery Person of the week - September 23, 2007

I have no idea how to get started on this, so I'll just begin with my Mom and Dad.

It began with my father, from a well to do family, a first-born son, German heritage, well educated with 4 siblings, all who became teachers, medical people, and leaders. Carl, (Dad), at age 21, didn't like the chosen dictates of his father, decide to leave home and follow his own dreams. Along with this decision, he was angry, frustrated and difficult to live with or around.

He found himself in a distant city with no relatives or friends, BUT, at a dance, Summit Beach Park, he met Alice. She was a pretty, 21-year-old Irish darling, who fell for Carl at first sight! Till the end of her long life, she trusted and loved him. The two of them were complete opposites. The marriage should never have worked (over 50 years!)

Growing up, as one of their many children, I was always thankful for Mom. She was full of Irish stories, told memories of her childhood with her many siblings from the Cumberland Mountains in Maryland, and with her little education, she learned along with us. She was always an encourager and full of God's faith. She cuddled, hugged, loved us, and enjoyed her babies, as did we!

Then came Dad, expecting perfection, not afraid to discipline harshly, still angry and trying to prove himself (probably to his parents). We learned 'Yes Sir', at an early age. He took his anger out on us. (Eventually, this bonded us together, and still does.) I think God, in his mercy, saved us, mainly for Mom's sake. Dad always loved her, was kind to her, and set an example of the perfect husband to others. Our childhood memories could fill a book; For me, one benefit was that I learned to run faster than any kid could on the block! I'd come back when he calmed down. In the midst of all this, I have to say, that now, I know, he loved us.

OK. I've set the stage. Dad taught us to read, obey, and read music before entering 1st grade. So, I began school at an advantage. I grew up thinking everyone had to walk (we had gas rationing) to Sunday School and Church every Sunday, and sit at the piano and count out loud, and learn the instrument of Dad's choice. (Now, I'm thankful for this.) One winter Sunday, with snow everywhere, piled high along the sidewalk, we almost lost Baby Margaret, toddling along, trying to keep up, in a snow drift. We made it to church, where we found only one person there —the custodian, keeping warm in the furnace room. We turned around, went home, to Mom, who was cooking a warm meal while she cared for the youngest.

One of my earliest memories, about age 4 or 5, was when my Aunt Clara and Uncle George, decided I should live with them. They were childless and wanted me. This should have been perfect, but I found to my 'little' amazement, that I wanted to stay with my Mom and Dad! My aunt and uncle spoiled me, treated me to all sorts of goodies, and made sure I would see all the Shirley Temple movies. Uncle George had fun, (Dad didn't know this for years) taking me to a corner bar, sitting me on the bar with my little guitar, singing songs for everyone there. Eventually, Dad reclaimed me.

My sister, Marian, 4 years younger than me, was a marvel at the piano, had perfect pitch, learned the oboe, and took a lot of 'heat' off me. Dad already had a horn and trombone player, so following that came a trumpet, drums, and strings - violin and cello. We were all playing in

church and school bands and staying busy. Em and I even played in a company Boys band, and yes, I liked me boys. Next came High School!

One teacher, especially, influenced me. Mr. Hawk, band and orchestra director, encouraged me to continue and work at my music, my grades and gave me individual attention. Because of him, I went on to bigger and better things, knowing I could 'do it' Everyone needs a Mr. Hawk! I went on to the university, but dropped out after a year, to stay home, as Mom had serious surgery. The older two kids were married and gone, so I learned to get along with Dad, and help him run the household. What an experience.

At age 21, I married my sailor boy friend, Bob, in San Diego, where he was stationed, lived there for a couple years, working at the Telephone Co. switchboard, where I could talk to celebrities that lived there, and began a new phase of my life. I had traveled alone to San Diego, met a friend, told her I was getting married. She helped me find a room, and planned my wedding, and had a roommate that sang. Eventually, I sang for the roommate's wedding. (God is so good) Our wedding was in a church, after the Sunday church service, with lots of sailors and flowers and friends. I learned to love California!

Let's skip to two kids later, and living in Garden Grove! I met Robert H. Schuller at an inner city church meeting, where he was speaking, Mary Rishel at the organ, (she became one of our 1st organists) and Eugene and Jean Coffin hosting the service. Yes, I sang for the service. Bob invited me to his church, and I'm still here! (Actually, Bob suggested to me that I was attending the wrong church.) At that time, the church was a small chapel on Chapman Ave. where I discovered, one service was 'done' and the 2nd service was on the snack bar at the Orange Drive-in theater. It was crazy. I fit right in with my husband and two kids. My husband, Bob, became an Elder and even helped RHS find the property that the Crystal Cathedral is now on. I was busy with two precious kids, and staying active with singing for funerals, weddings, and services. It was a good life.

Meanwhile, my sisters and brothers were grown up. 3 brothers - an Engineer, Physicist, and the 3rd a music teacher (choirs and bands), -4 sisters - nurses and homemakers, and a music teacher. We still have marvelous reunions, although there are only six of us now.

My marriage ended, and in came KEN WALTZ. God has blessed us over and over and we truly thank HIM, Poor Ken - he promised to take care of me. That's all I wanted And it's still true. Someway, he manages to do it! After God, I come first before his huge family! After God, he comes first before my huge family!

With Ken, my life changed dramatically with travel everywhere, meeting fabulous leaders and people all over the world, and had the opportunity to learn different cultures and likes and dislikes of people in general. We sat at head tables at meetings with Airlines and Products Support Industries, in Europe and the USA, two times a year. Ken amazed me with what he easily did. I learned to love it!

A few P.S.s

Yes, I also have been to prison, and was taken and shown the electric chair. (Columbus, Ohio)

I was the first president of our Women's Guild, or Bible Study, here, at the Garden Grove Community Church on this property, (about 1960 - 61)

My claim to fame was at the last congregational meeting at the little church on Chapman, where I had the nerve to stand up, and say that my family and I were in favor of moving on with the

Schullers to a newer and larger church home, which became the Crystal Cathedral. Many were not in favor of this, mainly because so many had helped in the construction of the building. Arvella reminds me of this.

I have a famous historical figure in my ancestry. A poem was written about her - Barbara Frietchie by John Greenleaf Whittier. She was 4 score years and 10, as she rescued our flag, and said, "shoot if you must this old gray head, but spare your countries flag," during the Civil War

My Dad passed away in 1978 with my sister Barbara, an RN and myself nursing him at home. He was a changed, dear man, who had learned to love the Lord, and thankful for the attention and love. We made sure there was plenty of background brass and classical music for him to listen to. At his funeral, at the same old church, all of us were, of course, the choir singing his favorite hymns.

I have to admit I was a thief. I stole a box of peanut brittle at a drug store. My precious Mom caught me eating it after I was home. She marched me back to the store, walking at least two miles, to admit my guilt, pay for it, and apologize.

Yes, I ran away from my first husband on a city bus. I knew he would need the car, so I drove to a safe place, left my few belongings there, drove back to the house, left the car, and caught a bus. Yes, I did leave a note. And yes, it was time for me to do this.

Today I visited Disneyland, (I have a pass) and went to see the Billy Hill and the Hillbilly's show in Frontierland at the Golden Horseshoe Cafe. It's a great show, with very talented musicians. Suddenly, I remembered that when I had worked for Disneyland, we had an employee's show where I had been asked to be Slew (sp) Foot Sue, who sang cute words to 'Sugar Blues'. We all did a little soft shoe, and I belted out the song, so, that's a fun memory!

Well, on top of all this, I'm thankful to be part of this class - Becomers, a group of Lovers of Jesus Christ, our Lord!