

## Judie McDonald

May 3, 2015

When I was in my fifth year in high school, my friend Sue Peever and I would take the bus to Metropolitan and arrive here at 9 a.m. each morning. (Sue's Grandfather, Rev. Dr. R. G. Peever, had been a Minister at Metropolitan during the First World War.) We asked for permission from Mae Radford, Church Secretary, to study at the church. We'd go into the Sunday School rooms at that time in Met Hall. We would work in different rooms and do our school studies until 10:30 a.m. when we would take a break to play "Hide 'n' Go Seek" in the church. Mr. Bean, the Custodian, never said anything to us. Yet, he and others in the church had to know we were running around on the upper floors. After our break we'd go back to our rooms and study. At noon we'd break again, go down to Moskie's for lunch, then come back to the church. In the afternoon, we'd have the same break. Sue passed her high school subjects very well. I more than passed ... I got into Western. I believe this was attributable mostly to my time spent here at Metropolitan. To my knowledge this practice was something never done by others at Metropolitan. This story is a credit to Metropolitan for getting me out of high school.

Numerous other great things happened here at Metropolitan ... my baptism, our marriage and our children's baptisms. All five children joined Metropolitan. Funerals for my husband and parents were also held here.

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