

From: "P Hollett" [REDACTED]  
Sent: 11/7/2011 9:03 pm

Thank you for this opportunity to tell you about Boston Chapel.

First, my dad Rev. Hollett passed away on 12/25/2009. I am the oldest of six kids and was there when Dad preached at Boston Chapel on Dover Street. He pastored from 1962 to 1965 at Boston Chapel. We started off with 4 in attendance, church secretary, dad, myself and one other person. We grow from 4 to 50 and moved to Roxbury and purchased the VFW hall behind the police station.

There were many college students from ENC. Some of them that I remember were Jim and Joanne Chew, Betty Manna, Julie Banco, Don Brotherton, John and Carol Evans, Paul and Linda Beech, June and Max Ingersoll and Steven Burns. They all did whatever it took: calling, singing and teaching Sunday School classes.

Some of the members that I remember are Adolf and Mildred Shore, Mrs. Diaz, Cheryl Diaz and her sister. I would go and visit Cheryl Diaz on Sunday. Her mom made the best fried chicken. I remember going down to the store. Her mom, Mrs. Diaz, said to me "you are going to see drunks and other people lying on the streets. Mrs. Diaz said "Act like you live here". We went to the store with confidence and stepped over a couple of drunks on the way.

Katie Mae Lashley would come to church to hear God's word (*amidst much personal difficulty and opposition*). She would come to church sometimes with bloody legs. She was so hungry for God's word and fellowship with other Christian's. The last we knew she moved to South Carolina to be near her family.

One of my father's first funerals was the Missionary President's granddaughter. Mrs. Sanders was the Grandmother. I had held that beautiful precious little girl the week before in church. Mrs. Sander's tried every week to bring her family with her. Mr. and Mrs. Harlow and family became a part of our family. We shared many holidays and Uncle Bill -- as we would call him -- could cook a great meal!!

There was a little boy across from the church that had played with matches, who caught himself on fire. My brother Steve tried to put fire out with a blanket, but his burns were so bad that he died a few days later. My brother still talks about it today. One good thing came out of this -- his family were all in church the following Sunday. They did get to hear the Gospel.

We would have Thanksgiving dinner together in the Church. Some of the College students didn't go home and some of the church family had no other family or a place to go. We became one blended family that day with God as the Head! It was one of my Dad's favorite pastorates and a lot of memories for the family as well.

We have some pictures. We can send them to you if you would like. Please send us an address where we can send them.

Thank you, for allowing us to tell you about the wonderful people that attended the Boston Chapel Church of the Nazarene and how they have changed our lives forever.

Sincerely,

Cynthia Finney and  
Mother Pat Hollett