

# Clyburn Family News

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Easter

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Clyburn Family Homepage - <http://home.switchboard.com/Clyburn> or Box 52, Montague, CA 96064

## **Jim Clyburn<sup>1</sup>**

James Virgil Clyburn, 4th son of Stephen Franklin Clyburn and Nancy Hulda (Parks) Clyburn was born in Muskogee, Oklahoma June 27, 1905. Jim grew up in Oklahoma, Washington, Oregon and Hilt, California.

He attended school in Hilt, California and the Humbug school. This was a school located at the mouth of Big Humbug Creek on the Klamath River. This is approximately twelve miles from Yreka, CA.

Jim's older brothers Henry Lee and Robert Franklin attended school there as well as his younger brother Joe Bailey Clyburn. Henry Lee died in 1924 and Robert Franklin died in 1925. Neither of the older brothers were married and had no children.

To get to the school they crossed the river on a cage with pulley and cable then walked about a mile up-river. At that time the only road was on the Humbug side of the Klamath River (opposite side of the river from highway 96 now).

Jim grew up on the Klamath River and later worked at Tulelake in the wheat fields with his dad and brothers.



Jim & Lottie Clyburn

He married Charlotte Eskridge on January 6, 1925 in Klamath Falls, Oregon. Jim and Lottie were the parents of two children - Virgie Lee Clyburn and Arlie Virgil Clyburn.

Arlie Virgil Clyburn was born in Prescott, Arizona January 27, 1928. Arlie married Keeva Rupp in Yreka, California on November 25, 1948. Arlie is now 71 years old and lives in Colbert Washington with his wife. They have two daughters (Ardyce and Lori) and three

grandsons.

Virgie was born at Tulelake, California on June 29, 1926. Virgie developed Hodgkin's Disease and was ill for a long time. She traveled many times to San Francisco for treatment with her mother. She was married for a short time before her death to Alfred Spearin of Hornbrook, CA. She died on September 5, 1943 and is buried in Hornbrook Cemetery.

Jim and Lottie owned and operated numerous lumber mills in the area of the Klamath

<sup>1</sup> Story by Fae McBain

River. One was on Ash Creek, one on Hubbard Bar (about a mile below Ash Creek), One on Cow Creek (upper Beaver Creek).

While living and working on Hubbard Bar (Klamath River) Jim built an enormous waterwheel. This waterwheel, which Jim intended to use watering his garden, was so big that he couldn't move it! For many years it was a noted landmark on the Klamath. When it finally was torn down it was even remarked on as "*The End of a Landmark*" in the Sacramento Bee newspaper.

As a young girl (Jim was fourteen when I was born) I remember that Jim worked for the Fruit Growers Supply Company at Hilt, CA. They went into the woods on the train from Hilt and lived at a camp during the week and came out on Friday afternoon or evening to spend the weekends.

Jim did some mining on the Klamath River also. I don't remember just where he mined. He also was a carpenter and built more than one house.

Jim was an avid fisherman and hunter and, in later years a rockhound. He had many favorite fishing spots on the Klamath River. He brought home nice salmon and steelhead on a regular basis. Jim came home from fishing one day and quietly died of a stroke.

He and Lottie are buried beside their daughter Virgie in the cemetery in Hornbrook, CA.

### **Ronnie Clyburn** **(Getting Married !)**

Ronnie Jayme Lynn Clyburn has announced her coming

marriage to William Matthew Lee. This marriage will take place on Saturday, May first 1999 at 1 PM at Trinity Christian Center, 37710 Kenai Spur Hwy..., Soldotna, Alaska.

The invitation reads "This day I will marry my friend; the one I laugh with, live for, dream with, Love... Two lives, two hearts joined together in friendship united forever in love.

Isn't that wonderful !

A reception follows at the home of Lynda (Clyburn) and Bill Thompson, 4449 Beaver Loop Road, Kenai, Alaska.



Ronnie Clyburn 1987

### **Easter 1999** **Christ is Risen!**

Hi everyone. I'd like to share some news about some of the wonderful things that have been happening to me, with you.

As many of you know I was a drunk. On November 4th 1989 I drank my last drink and then got into the program of Alcoholics anonymous. On August 20, 1994 I married a wonderful woman. On August 19th, 1997 I was baptized (although basically) by Father

Andrei, the Russian Orthodox Monk in Trail, Oregon. On August 20 1997 I divorced that woman that I love (we had split up about 6 months before that). About the same time one of my best friends went to prison for 11 years as the result of one bottle of whisky (he is an alcoholic).

These have been the most powerful emotional experiences of my life up to now. You might ask, "What about being born? Or what about your first marriage? Or what about your children being born? Well these seemed very important at the time, I was a different person and really was could not appreciate them. The new life and attitude began with my walking into my first AA meeting.

Something happened last night that tops all these. And I'd like to explain:

When I married the girl of my dreams in 1994, she introduced me to a church and a religion. Prior to this I never really believed in God and swore (to myself) that I'd never join a church or any of that kind of thing. My AA experience and some spiritual experiences taught me that God did exist but I thought AA was enough.

Well as a direct result of my divorce I was forced to my knees spiritually and emotionally (and physically!) I was forced to look at myself, and I realized, slowly, that whatever I seemed to have spiritually wasn't enough. I had nothing left when I lost her. I knew enough to know that I needed help, so I went to see Father Andrei (not that I was looking for spiritual help, just help to get my marriage back). He did help me,

but not the way I initially wanted. He introduced me more fully into Christ and the rituals of religion. It was wonderful and something that I could hold close to my heart and hang onto. It seemed to satisfy, temporarily, the ache in my soul from my loss.

Father Andrei, wise soul that he is, nurtured me and guided me and sincerely cared for me. He cared enough that he pointed me toward my wife's church even though the church was a little different from his (He knew that this church was more in line with my culture than his church was). I now know that he works with God's selfless love. What a very special person he is and what a wonderful example of God's love on earth he is.

Last August I noticed that the opportunity for joining the church was available (I had been going pretty regularly anyway, but couldn't join in the Eucharist [communion] as I didn't belong to that faith or any faith). I joined the R.C.I.A. program (Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults) and have been studying about Christ, God, the Bible, God's people and toward joining the church.

Last night, Holy Saturday Night, I became a member of that church.

What a beautiful 2 hour ceremony and service. What beautiful people there! It was wonderful! The time flew and for once in my life, once it started, I was not the least bit nervous, shy or bashful. It was as if I finally was coming into my heritage. I felt that it was the most right thing that I have ever in my life done. A feeling of pride flowed over me, or maybe it wasn't pride and was simply

satisfaction. Anyway, I felt like I was beaming inside and I know that I was glowing on the outside. I felt so well, so happy, so at peace with the world and the people. So simply accepting of life, that life was so right. I didn't think of any cares, or worries, and had no anger or stress. I felt filled with love and forgiveness and wonder.

I was rebaptized (this would appear to be just a formality, but my father in heaven seems to know just what I need, and this time it was very formal and I was officially confirmed into the church. This is a very important process and it entails some very important responsibilities that I agreed to.

The most wondrous day of my life and I never thought that something like this would happen to ...me. I never felt important enough or worthy enough and my attitude was defiant about anything like this and I knew that I'd never do crazy stuff like some other people had done!

What a wonderful time to be baptized and rise from death with Christ. How lucky can a man be? I consider myself the

luckiest person on earth at this moment. To come from a place of spiritual death and wanting physical death to a place of life with Christ. I've found that with Christ life can come from death. It's taken me many years to understand, in my heart, the real meaning of Easter.

God bless you all and I hope that you had as wondrous an Easter as I have had - and I haven't even had one Easter egg!

- Frank Clyburn

The wedding date was set and the groom's three pals - a carpenter, an electrician and a dentist, were deciding what pranks to play on the couple on their wedding night.

The carpenter figured sawing the slats off their bed would give them a chuckle of two.

The electrician decided he'd wire the bed - with alternating current, of course.

The dentist wouldn't commit himself but wore a sly grin and promised a real Lulu.

The nuptials came off as planned, and a few days leach of the groom's buddies received the following note:

"Dear Friend,

We didn't mind the bed slats being sawed. The electric shock was only a minor thing. But, by god, I'm gonna kill the guy who put novocaine in the Vaseline !"





George Albert Taylor, husband of Doris June (Knight) Taylor  
at the Golden Age Mine on McKinney Creek, Klamath River, CA