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To our way of thinking, no religious edifice in North Carolina is more serenely beautiful than New Bern's historic First Presbyterian church.

Its gleaming white exterior, fronted by graceful columns, emphasizes the dignity that befits a structure dating back to 1822. Equally impressive is a unique interior, the likes of which you'll find only in the Congregational Church at Litchfield, Conn.

Both churches were fashioned from plans designed by England's greatest architect, Sir Christopher Wren, who died a century before either building came into being. In a world strangely foreign to the era he lived in, they stand as heart-warming monuments to his fine creative talent.

Wren was at his magnificent best when he designed places of worship. More than 50 churches in London, all of them beautiful, were born of his handiwork. His masterpiece is St. Paul's, the cathedral of the Bishop of London, and as famous as is Westminster Abbey.

It is built in the form of a Latin cross, measuring 500 feet in length, and 250 feet wide. Its great dome rises 364 feet from the pavement, and has a diameter of 102 feet, just 37 feet less than St. Peter's in Rome.

Wren's tomb is in the crypt that lies beneath the cathedral. Also buried there is the "Iron Duke" of Wellington, as well as the historian, Henry Hallam, and artists like Lord Leighton and J. M. W. Turner. Under the center of the dome, in the crypt, is the black marble tomb of Admiral Horatio Nelson, England's greatest naval hero.

Although Wren had been dead for 99 years when the First Presbyterian church here in New Bern was dedicated, the Presbyterian faith actually established a foothold in North Carolina just 16 years before he passed away.

History says that French Huguenots from Manikin Town, near Richmond, Va., settled on Trent river two miles from here in 1707, three years before Baron Christopher de Graffenreid and a party of Swiss founded New Bern.

Under the inspiring guidance of Rev. Claude Phillips de Richbourg, these hardy souls were the first Presbyterian congregation in North Carolina. They were forced to flee during the Indian massacre of 1711 and ended up on the banks of the Santee river in South Carolina.

It was a bitter blow for the denomination's initial efforts in the Old North State, but the seeds of faith had been sown well. As early as 1739, Rev. George Whitefield preached a Christmas day sermon to a group of worshippers described as New Light Presbyterians here in New Bern.

However, for reasons obscured by the obliterating hand of time, it wasn't until 1817 that a permanent organization was formed by the Rev. John Witherspoon, then living in Hillsboro, who was a New Bern native and a grandson of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

A lot was purchased in 1819, and in three momentous years the present edifice was com-

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**NONE BUT THE BRAVE**—Add this photograph of Dickie Quick, snapped by Billy Benners, to the hundreds of unusual pictures that have appeared in The Mirror since our first issue on April 3, 1958. Dickie, a professional model and occasional TV performer, needed proof of his water skiing ability when soliciting new clients, so the New Bern youngster ventured forth on the chilly Trent the other day. You (and Dickie's prospective customers) would never guess

that his warm smile and carefree manner were accompanied by goose bumps and skin texture that seesawed between pinkish and purple. So far, most of his TV work has involved commercials, but anyone who can smile this convincingly under trying circumstances is apt to end up acting full time. His many New Bern friends will agree that he is a home town boy who deserves nothing but the best.