

ADVENTIST HERITAGE

Book I



Office of Education
Lake Union Conference

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ADVENTIST HERITAGE

Book I

Rationale

Why study history? Why not just concern ourselves with the present and the future? A wise man has said that if we do not learn from the mistakes of the past then we are doomed to repeat them. One wise and inspired woman said, "We have nothing to fear for the future, except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us, and His teaching in our past history." 9T 10 If the study of history is important then the study of Seventh-day Adventist History is vital.

The Seventh-day Adventist movement has a rich heritage in which evidence of God's providence and blessings abound. Our pioneers had a vision and a sense of urgency to pronounce the life giving message of Jesus' soon return. In studying the early days of the Adventist movement, we catch a glimpse of both the humanity and the humor of our foreparents. By taking a vicarious look at the trials, triumphs, and tragedies of our pioneers, we begin to understand them better. We have also been told that in the last days the "children's voices will be raise up to give the message of warning to a perishing world. When heavenly intelligences see that men are no longer permitted to present the truth." 6T 203

The purpose of this committee was to put together a four-year cycle of materials that would inform new believers and re-acquaint all others of our rich heritage. These materials are to be used during the Adventist Heritage Week. It is the committee's hope and prayer that this will spark an interest in further examination of our historical significance.

The study of our heritage will enable our children to recapture the vision and regain the lost fervor which will empower them, through the Holy Spirit, to deliver God's final message.

It was the intention of this committee to find a representative sampling of highlights from our Adventist past and to put them into an organized and useful format.

In this packet you will find pictures, stories, biographies, and some study sheets on the pioneers to be studied in the first year of the four-year cycle. Some stories are repeated, but since this is for grades 1-8 it was felt that teachers could select those segments they felt most comfortable using.

Adventist Heritage Committee
Lake Union Conference

ADVENTIST HERITAGE WEEK

Four-Year Plan

First Year	Beginning to 1844 (Disappointment)
Second Year	1844 to 1855 (Move to Battle Creek)
Third Year	1855 to 1881 (Death of James White)
Fourth Year	1881 to 1915 (Death of Ellen White)

FIRST YEAR

Characters:	Joseph Bates
	Hiram Edson
	William Foy
	Hazen Foss
	Leonard Hastings
	William Miller
	Ellen White
	James White

OVERVIEW OF EVENTS PRECEDING THIS PERIOD

Dark Day - MEMORABLE DATES FROM OUR ADVENTIST PAST, Dark Day,
p. 61

Falling Stars - MEMORABLE DATES FROM OUR ADVENTIST PAST,
Falling Stars, p. 151-152

SUGGESTIONS FOR USE

This notebook contains material of early Adventist History. There is much more material than can be used during the Adventist Heritage Week. Teachers, therefore, can be selective, or many teachers choose to use the materials over a longer period of time. For example, materials can continue to be used at worship periods, church presentations, and other special programs.

MATERIALS INCLUDED

JOSEPH BATES:

Picture of Joseph Bates
Joseph Bates - Apostle of the Sabbath
Truth (Biography)
A story About Captain Joseph Bates
Joseph Bates Was Sure God Would Provide

HIRAM EDSON:

Picture of Hiram Edson
Hiram Edson - Advocate of the Sanctuary Truth
(Biography)
A Story About Hiram Edson
Picture of Hiram Edson's Barn

WILLIAM FOY:

Picture of William Foy
William Foy (Biography)

Hazen Foss:

Leonard Hastings:

Picture of Leonard Hastings
Leonard Hastings (Biography)

WILLIAM MILLER:

Picture of William Miller
William Miller-Herald of the Second Advent (Biography)
William Miller-Second Advent Preacher
William Miller-Farmer, Justice of the Peace
William Miller-Preparing to Preach
A Story About William Miller
Pictures of Miller Home and Miller Chapel

ELLEN WHITE:

Picture of Ellen White
Ellen G. White-Messenger of the Lord (Biography)
When Ellen White was Young
Study Sheet-Ellen's Accident

The Cow that got Stuck in the Mud
Study Sheet "Where's Bossy?"

Two Little Surprises
Study Sheet - Two Little Surprises and
Ellen Helps the Squirrels

God Chose Ellen
From a Little Girl to a Teenager
First Vision -The Path and The Celestial City
Study Sheets-The Narrow Way and
Ellen's First Vision

Kindness to Animals
Encouragement From Heaven
Lost in a Storm at Sea

JAMES WHITE:

Picture of James White
James White-Apostle Paul of the Movement (Biography)
James White (Biography)
A Story About James White
Picture of James White and His Chart

PLAYS

PLAYING OUR PAST

Two More Days (1844)

SHORT SKIT

Call of William Miller

CHORAL READINGS

CHORAL READINGS

Joseph Bates--Apostle of the Sabbath
Sister White's First Vision

POEMS

CHORAL READINGS

William Miller
Ellen White
James White

OTHER MATERIAL

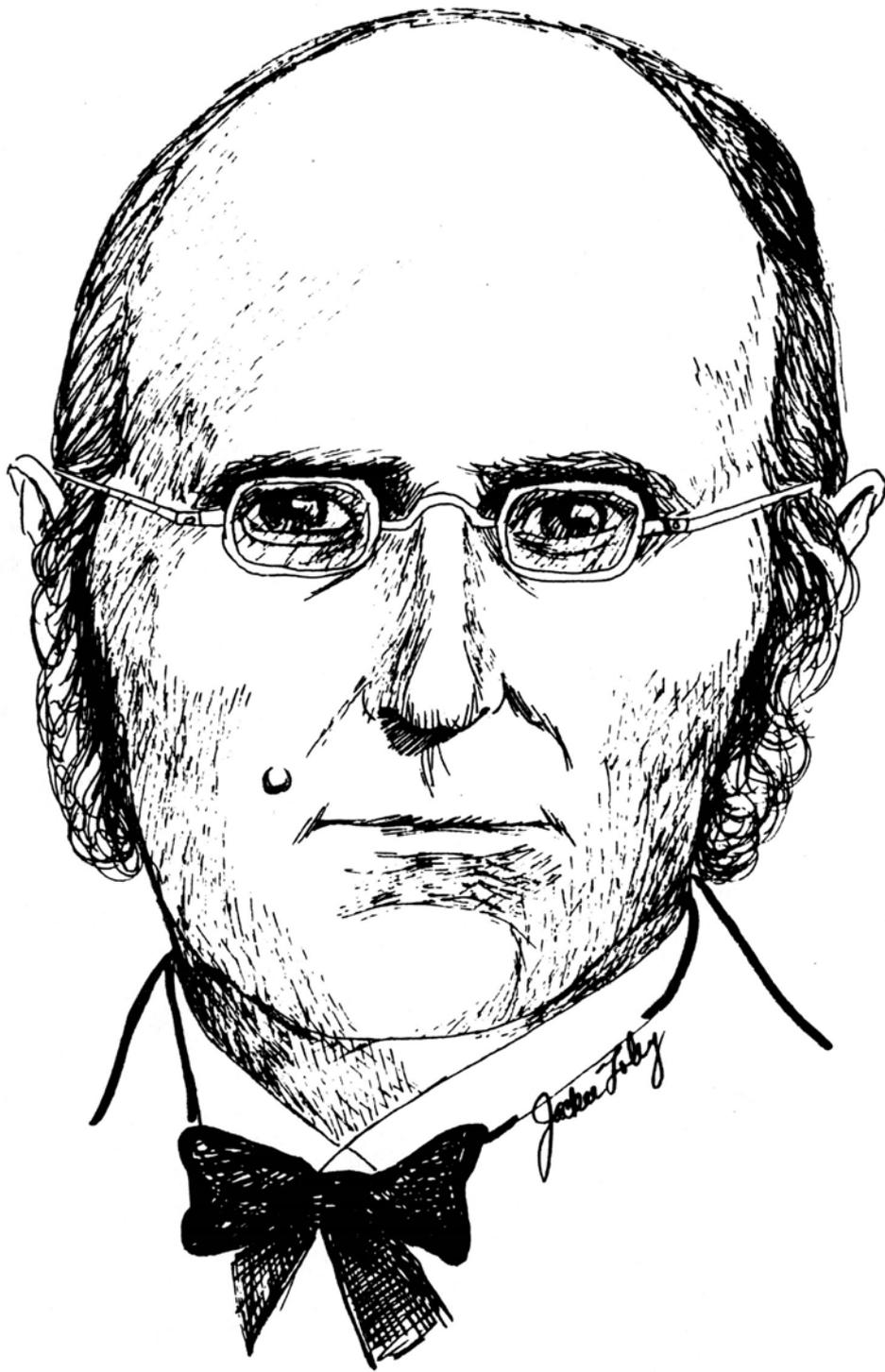
RESOURCE BIBLIOGRAPHY

ART AND CRAFTS (CATCH THE VISION PROJECT)

MEMORABLE DATES

EVALUATION OF HERITAGE WEEK

HERITAGE MAP



JOSEPH BATES

JOSEPH BATES

Birth: 1792 Fairhaven, Massachusetts

Death: 1872

Family: Wife - Prudence Nye

Accomplishments: Sea captain, preacher, a founder of SDA church, temperance society, writer and publisher of the tract *The Seventh Day Sabbath, A Perpetual Sign*, counselor.

JOSEPH BATES

APOSTLE OF THE SABBATH TRUTH

July 8, 1792 - March 19, 1872

Fairhaven, Massachusetts, is a quiet little city across the Acushnet River from the old whaling town of New Bedford. To this New England community came the parents of Joseph Bates to settle on a little farm when Joseph was an infant. Here the future church pioneer spent his childhood. Here the love of the sea penetrated his blood. At the age of fifteen he "shipped" on a commercial vessel, and for the next twenty-one years lived the life of a sailor. His thrilling adventures at sea and the colorful story of his life are told in Virgil Robinson's book *Cabin Boy to Advent Crusader* (Southern Publishing Association, 1960).

Bates returned to civilian life in 1828 with a small fortune. He became involved in the abolitionist cause and was known as a man of courage and conviction. Bates was working to develop a property for an industrial school when he accepted William Miller's views on the speedy advent of Christ. Within a year or so, the retired sea captain became a respected evangelist and spiritual leader among the Adventists. He presided at one of the early advent conferences.

In early 1845, Bates was providentially led to an understanding of the truth concerning the seventh-day Sabbath. He visited Washington, New Hampshire, where a group of Adventists had begun to observe the seventh day. Fortified by this experience, he became the apostle of this new-found doctrine. In 1846 he published a 48-page tract on the subject. Captain Bates was

present at the Sabbath Conferences of 1848 where important Bible teachings were unearthed from the gold mine of Scripture by the Sabbathkeeping Adventists. These new-found doctrines became the platform of the Seventh-day Adventist faith.

The respected Captain was the oldest member of our church pioneers, and he became the first Seventh-day Adventist local conference president (Michigan, 1861). He lived to a ripe old age. One reason for his physical endurance, in spite of many sacrifices, was his simple diet and temperate habits. He organized one of the first temperance societies in the United States. Captain Bates was a spiritual man with clear-cut views and courageous as a lion. He did not hesitate to sacrifice when the need arose. Let us thank God for the venerable Captain--apostle of the Sabbath truth.

Joseph Bates

"God Will Provide"

Joseph Bates went on, telling the truth of the Sabbath wherever he went. But Captain Bates knew he could share this truth much faster if it was in printed form. A book could go to a thousand places, while he was going to just one.

He decided that he should write a small book that would explain the Sabbath truth. Yet how could he? He only had one shilling to his name. That was only twelve and a half cents.

Captain Bates had not always been poor. In fact, years before he had been a wealthy man. But because he believed that Jesus was coming in 1844, he sold all his property and used the money to spread the news of Jesus soon coming.

When Jesus didn't come as expected, many Adventists got discouraged. But not Captain Bates. He wasn't even upset that he had no money.

However, he didn't know how he could get anything published. So he prayed about the matter. He felt assured that God wanted him to write the booklet. So he sat down at his desk, with his Bible next to him, and began to write.

He had not gotten very far in his writing when his wife, opened the door and said, "Joseph, I haven't enough flour to finish the baking."

"How much flour do you need?" asked her husband.

"About four pounds," she replied.

"Very well," said Bates. Getting up, he took a six-quart pan from the kitchen shelf, went to the grocery store, and bought a panful of flour. He took it home and returned to his writing.

In no time Mrs. Bates came in again.

"Joseph where did this flour come from?"

"Why," said he, "isn't there enough? You said you wanted four pounds."

"Yes, I did," she admitted. "But where did you get it?"

"I bought it," he said.

"You, Captain Bates, a man who has sailed vessels to all

parts of the world, just went to the store and brought back only four pounds of flour!"

"Wife," said Joseph Bates, "I spent for that flour the last money I have on earth."

Mrs. Bates threw her apron up to her eyes, and began to cry. She had not realized that her husband had given away almost all his money.

Sobbing bitterly, she cried, "What are we going to do?"

Captain Bates stood up and faced her. "I am going to write a small book and spread the news of the Sabbath to the world."

"But," said Mrs. Bates still weeping, "what are we going to live on?"

"The Lord is going to open the way," answered her husband calmly.

"Yes, the Lord is going to open the way," she returned. "That's what you always say." And bursting into a fresh flood of tears, she left the room.

Joseph Bates sat down and began writing again on his Sabbath booklet. In about half an hour he felt impressed that there was a letter at the post office for him, and he should go get it.

Arriving in town, he went directly to the post office window.

"Is there a letter for me, Mr. Drew?" he asked.

The postmaster looked. "Yes, there is, Captain Bates," he said. "But there's five cents due on the postage." In those days people could pay the postage when they sent the letter, or they could leave the stamp off and let the person getting the letter pay the postage.

"Mr. Drew," Mr. Bates said to the postmaster, "I am out of money. I don't even have the five cents to pay the postage. But will you at least let me see where the letter is from?"

"Oh, that's all right, Captain Bates," said the postmaster. "Take it with you. You can pay me some other time."

"No," said Bates, "I will not take the letter from the post office until the postage is paid." It was a principle of his not to go into debt.

Handing it back to the postmaster, he asked, "Will you please open it? If there is money in it, you can take out the charge for the postage; if not, I will not read it."

The postmaster opened it, and out came a \$10 bill! He put the money in the cash box and then handed Bates the letter and his change of \$9.95.

Bates quickly read the letter. It was from a man who said that the Lord had impressed him that Captain Bates needed money.

Joseph Bates walked to the general store, bought a barrel of flour, some potatoes, sugar and other things his wife could use in the kitchen. He asked the store clerk to deliver the food to his house.

"The lady of the house will probably tell you that the goods don't belong there, but don't pay any attention to what she says. Unload the goods on the front porch, just as I have told you."

"Whatever you say, Captain," said the delivery man.

Then Bates went down to the printing office and made arrangements with the printer to run 1,000 copies of his Sabbath booklet. He said he would pay the printing costs as the money came in. And he would take no books from the print shop until they were all paid for. Where he would get the money, he didn't know but he was sure the Lord would send it to him.

Captain Bates made one more stop for some paper and pens. By the time he reached his house, the groceries were sitting on the front porch.

Bates returned to his desk and started writing again. Pretty soon his wife rushed in.

"Joseph, just look out there. A delivery man drove up here and unloaded all those supplies. I told him he had the wrong house, that we had no money with which to buy such things. But he declared this was the house where he was to leave everything. Then he drove off."

"Well," said her husband, "I guess it's all right."

"But where did it come from?" she persisted.

"Why," her husband answered. "The Lord sent it."

"Oh, yes," she answered, "the Lord sent it. That's what you

always say."

Captain Bates handed the letter to her and said, "Read this, and you will learn where it came from."

She read it. Then she went out for another cry, but this time she cried because she was ashamed of her lack of faith. And pretty soon she came back and asked her husband's forgiveness.

Joseph Bates finished his book, the printer printed it, and the Lord provided the money. Just as Joseph knew He would.

Adapted from Pioneer Stores, pp. 237-247.

Rachel Oakes/Joseph Bates

Sabbath Comes to the Adventists

To begin this story, we must go back more than 150 years ago to the year 1844. In the town of Washington, New Hampshire, there lived an earnest company of Adventists. They were not satisfied just knowing that Jesus was coming soon. They decided that they must encourage their neighbors to get ready too.

One day Delight Oakes, the village school teacher, received word that her mother was coming to visit.

Mrs. Oakes arrived sometime in January or February. The townspeople made her feel right at home. They learned that she was very interested in the Bible and spiritual things. So they shared with her their great excitement about the soon coming of Jesus. After all, with such a short time before the end of the earth, they thought of little else.

One Sunday morning Frederick Wheeler, a visiting minister from the area was speaking in the Washington Christian church. During the service, Elder Wheeler stressed the importance of keeping all of God's commandments. Mrs. Oakes sat in the congregation and heard what he said. It was all she could do not to stand up and interrupt the sermon. But she remembered her manners and sat quietly.

Her chance to speak came a few days later when Elder Wheeler stopped by the Farnsworth home where Rachel and her daughter Delight were living.

"Do you believe that Christians should keep all the commandments?" she asked the minister.

"I certainly do," Wheeler replied.

"Then why don't you keep the Sabbath?" she asked.

"But I do," he answered. "Isn't Sunday the Sabbath?"

Mr. Farnsworth nodded in agreement.

"No, it's not," said Mrs. Oakes. Reaching for her Bible, she turned to Exodus 20:8-11 and explained that the Saturday, not Sunday is the Sabbath. Before moving, Mrs. Oakes had been a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church, a church that had been

keeping the seventh-day Sabbath for hundreds of years.

After hearing what Mrs. Oakes told them, the Adventists in the little community began to study the Bible to learn the truth of the Sabbath for themselves.

William Farnsworth was the first to accept the seventh-day Sabbath. Elder Wheeler and others soon followed. The small group at Washington, New Hampshire, became the first Seventh-day Adventists, although that name was not officially accepted until nineteen years later.

Other Adventists in nearby towns learned of the Sabbath from the believers in Washington, New Hampshire. One of these was a minister named T. M. Preble. He decided that the Sabbath should be brought to the attention of all the Adventists. So he wrote an article about it. It was published in an Adventist paper called, "The Hope of Israel." This was in February 1845, four months after the Great Disappointment.

Joseph Bates received a copy of this paper, and read what Preble had to say about the Sabbath. After careful study, he too, decided that the seventh day was the only day God had ever set apart for worship.

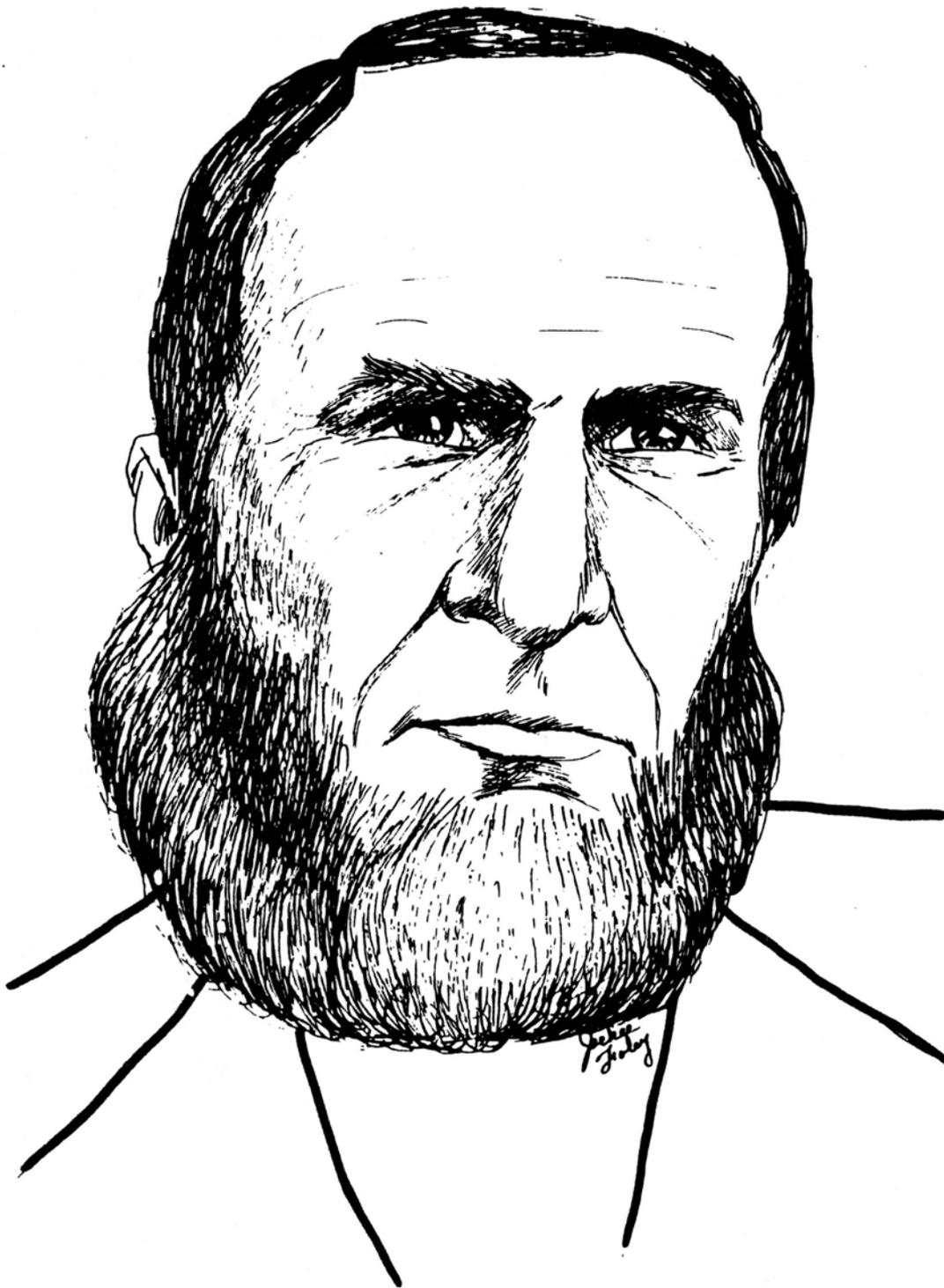
He traveled from his home in New Bedford up to Washington, New Hampshire. There he met the Sabbath-keeping Adventists. After studying with them, he returned home, full of the great news.

The next day he met a friend of his, Captain Hall.

"Good morning, Captain Bates," called out Captain Hall. "What's the news this morning?"

"The news is," answered Captain Bates, "that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord." And he began to tell his friend what he had learned. Captain Hall went straight home and called his wife. They sat down to study the Bible. It was not long before they came to the conclusion that Captain Bates was right, and they became Sabbath keepers, too.

Adapted from Campfire Junior Stories from the Day of SDA Pioneers, pp. 21-24.



HIRAM EDSON

HIRAM EDSON

Birth: 1806

Death: 1882

Family:

Accomplishments: Layman who shared his concept of the heavenly sanctuary and the role of Christ there.

HIRAM EDSON

ADVOCATE OF THE SANCTUARY TRUTH

December 1802 - January 1882

Hiram Edson was the instrument whom God used to reveal to the early Sabbath-keeping Adventists the meaning of the cleansing of the sanctuary. With Bates and White, he was one of the deep-thinking students who developed the Seventh-day Adventist faith, a self-sacrificing servant of God, an ardent evangelist, and faithful all of his long life in his devotion to Christ. He was at one time a Methodist.

In the 1840's he lived on a farm near Port Gibson, New York, a little town on the Erie Canal almost midway between Albany and Buffalo. A small company of Advent believers, mostly farmers, lived in this area, and they looked to Edson as their leader. His farm was about a mile south of town. At that place the Adventists gathered on October 22, 1844, to await the coming of the King. But Christ did not come as they expected.

The following day, in answer to their prayers for light, God opened to Edson--as if in a vision--a scene of wonderment: Christ, our High Priest, entering into the Most Holy place of the Heavenly Sanctuary to begin a special work of judgment prior to His return. Edson shared this light with his friends, Owen Crosier and Dr. F.B. Hahn of nearby Canandaigua. They determined to study the sanctuary and its cleansing from the Biblical viewpoint. The results of their research appeared in their own little Advent paper published in Canandaigua, the *Day Dawn*; later also in the *Day Star*, Cincinnati. From this point on, light came to the disappointed

Adventists; and the "why" of their pain and disappointment began to dawn upon them.

It was Edson who advanced funds to purchase the first Seventh-day Adventist press. It was at Edson's home in Port Gibson that the third Sabbath Conference of 1848 was held. Edson sold his farm, turned to preaching, and became a successful evangelist. In his later life he labored near Roosevelt, New York. For years he was leader of our work there. He lies buried in the Roosevelt cemetery.

Resource: *Footprints of the Pioneers*, pp. 73-82; *Captains of the Host*, pp. 91-105; *Pioneer Stories Retold*, pp. 25-31.

Reprinted from *The Atlantic Union Teacher*.

A Story About Hiram Edson

This is a story about the dawning of new light!

Early on the morning following the October 22 disappointment, Edson said to a few friends who remained at his house, "Let us go out to the barn and pray."

They entered the barn, shut the door and waited in earnest prayer for light to dawn upon their minds. The answer came, too. Not while they were in the barn, though they did have the witness of the Spirit that their prayers were heard; but less than an hour later, as Edson and his friend were crossing the corn field to visit a neighbor. Arthur Spalding tells what happened:

"About midway of the field Hiram Edson was stopped as with a hand upon his shoulder. He turned his face to the gray skies, and there seemed to open a view into the third heaven.... He saw Christ as the great high priest going from the Holy Place of the sanctuary into the Most Holy. 'And I saw,' writes Edson, 'that instead of our High Priest coming out of the Most Holy of the heavenly sanctuary to come to this earth on the tenth day of the seventh month, at the end of the 2300 days, He for the first time entered on that day the second apartment of that sanctuary; and that He had a work to perform in the Most Holy before coming to this earth.'

"His companion...had reached the other side of the field. At the fence he turned, and...he called, 'Brother Edson, what are you stopping for?' Edson replied, 'The Lord was answering our morning prayer.' Then, rejoining his friend, he told him of the vision. They went on their way, discussing the subject, recalling what

little study they had made of the sanctuary, and shaping up the Bible evidence of the revelation "--*Captains of the Host*, p.94

The Adventists could now understand that Jesus could not come till His work as our Priest was finished in heaven. When this important truth was shared, good news spread and the disappointment was seen for the first time in its true light.

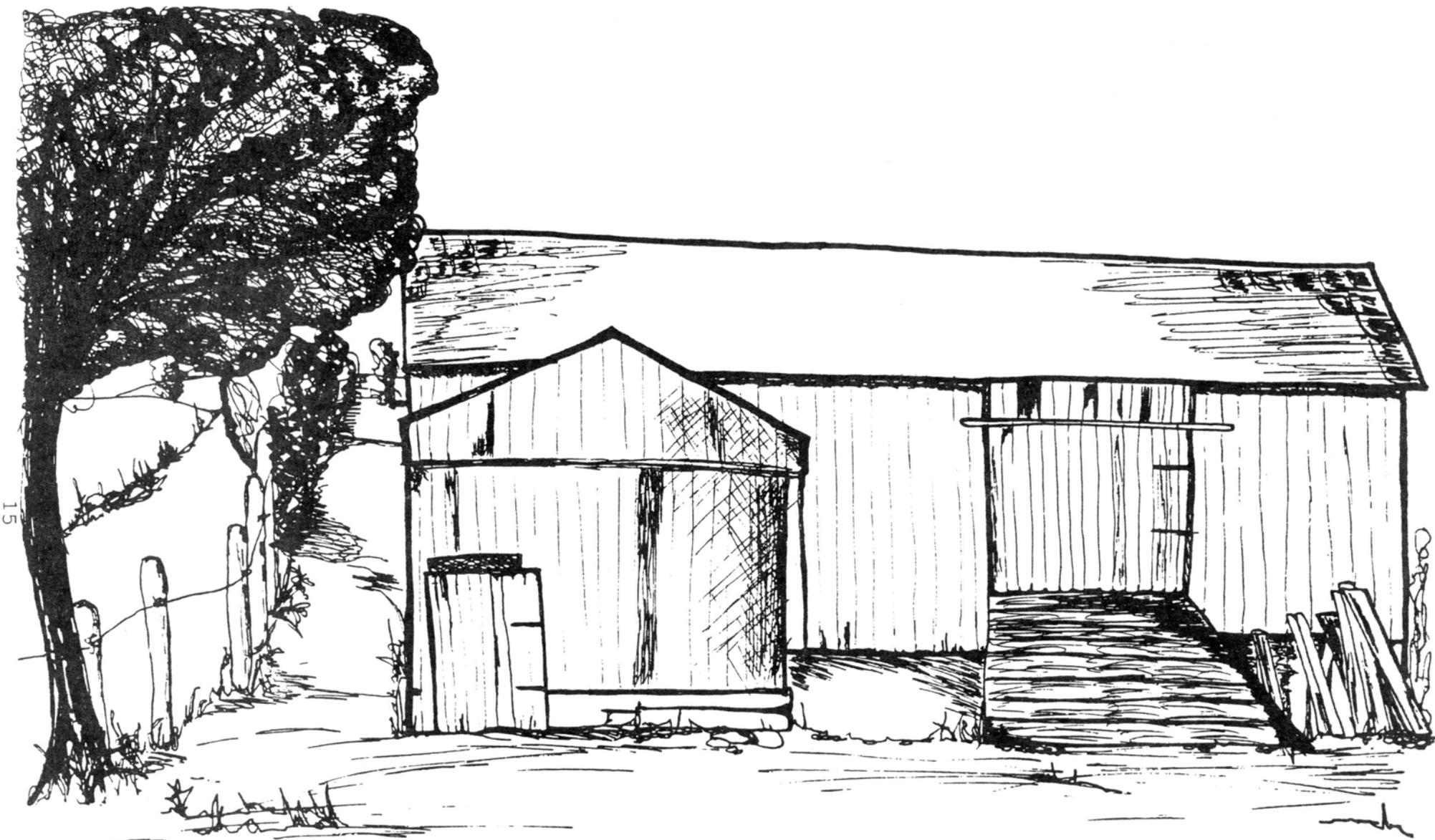
The following year more precious light dawned upon the Port Gibson Adventists. Joseph Bates--apostle of the Sabbath--journeyed there with his Sabbath message.

"Edson...now hailed Bates' message with joy, and kept the next Sabbath. Dr. Hahn joined him in this. But Crosier said, 'Better go slowly, brethren, better go slowly. Don't step upon any plank before you know it will hold you up.'

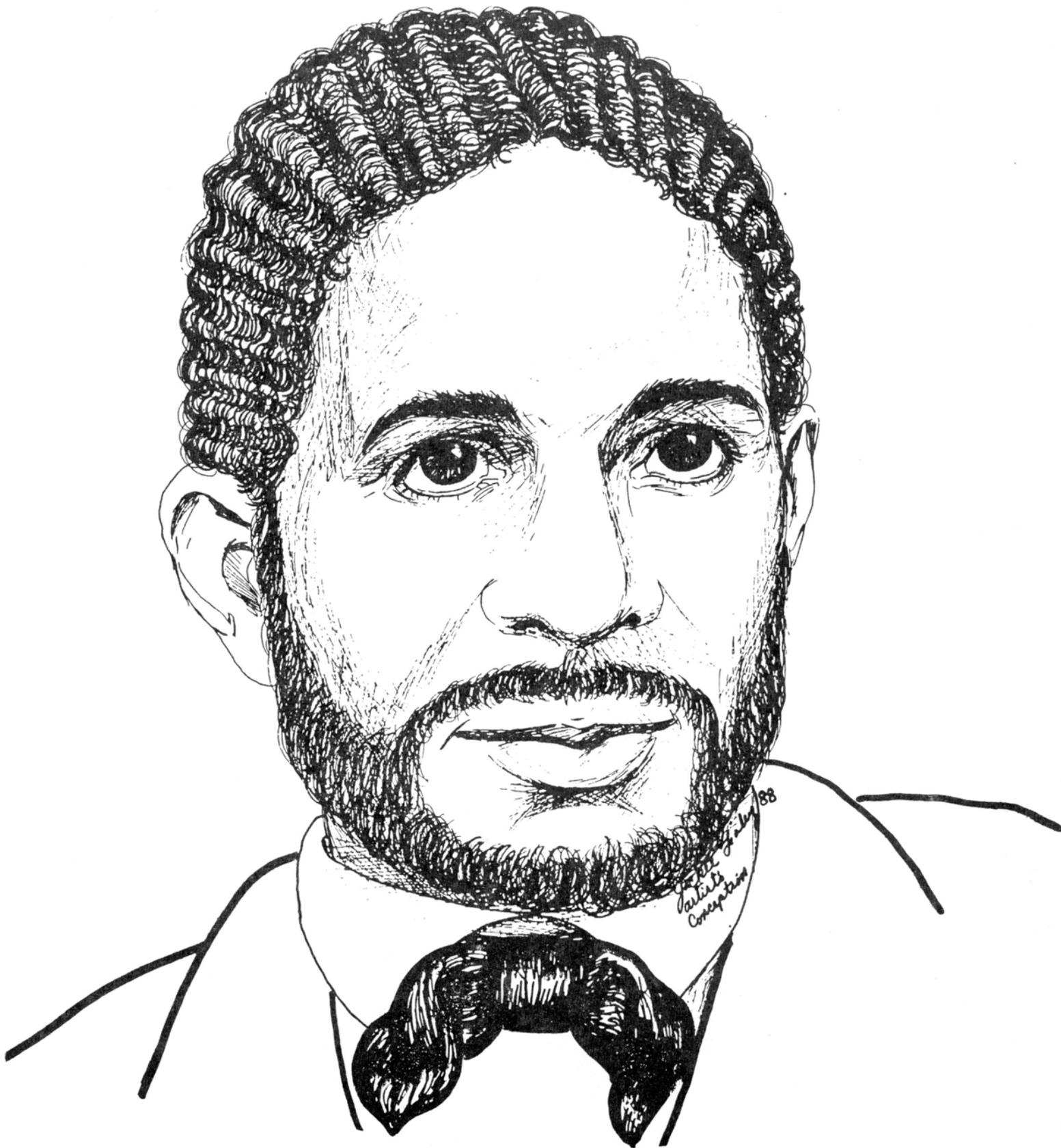
"I have tried the plank already,' replied Edson, 'and I know it will hold.'"--*Ibid*, 104.

"It would appear," wrote Arthur Spalding," that the Port Gibson company was the primary Adventist group to step out on the first two planks of the platform being built into the Seventh-day Adventist faith--the sanctuary and the Sabbath."

Resource: *The Atlantic Union Teacher*



**HIRAM EDSON'S BARN
PORT GIBSON, NEW YORK**



WILLIAM FOY

Birth: 1819 Kennebec County near Augusta, Maine
Death: November 9, 1893 East Sullivan, Maine
Family: Father - Joseph Foy
Mother - Elizabeth Foy ("Betsy") died 1870
Accomplishments: Pioneer preacher, prophet, farmer
builder

WILLIAM FOY

(1819-1893)

William Foy was born a free black of free black parents, Joseph and Betsy Foy. His home was near Augusta, Maine. Even though slavery was not tolerated in the north, free people of color were not considered equal to whites. As we shall see, Foy was an unusual black man.

A physical description of him stated that he was tall and light skinned. He was also described as an eloquent speaker.

How did Foy become a pioneer preacher? The state of Maine had very few blacks living within its borders. Therefore, they did not pose a threat to the whites and were allowed more privileges to study, and to be self-supportive than most states.

Little is known about Foy's parents and whether they were christians. It seems that Foy was allowed to read books and attend school. William Foy was befriended by Silas Curtis, an ordained Freewill Baptist. It was through the ministry of Curtis that Foy became converted at the age of 17. Foy continued to study and followed his mentor's footsteps. He became a minister.

Even though witnessing for God was not always pleasant Foy worked hard among both blacks and whites. He was instrumental in leading many people to God.

Foy experienced his first vision in Boston some years after leaving Augusta, Maine. Prior to moving to Boston he was married to his first wife, Ann. The couple both met Ellen White in Maine. By 1842 Foy had experienced two visions in which he learned about

Christ's second coming and last days events. Because of the visions he joined the Millerite movement.

Foy began sharing his experiences. He was hesitant at first, but was encouraged by a fellow pastor of the Episcopal Methodist Church.

The third and last vision Foy experienced was in 1844 that showed three levels: 1) God guiding his people from truth to truth 2) testing the truths God's people had discovered 3) ultimate victory when the saved reached the Holy City because they believed and followed God's messages.

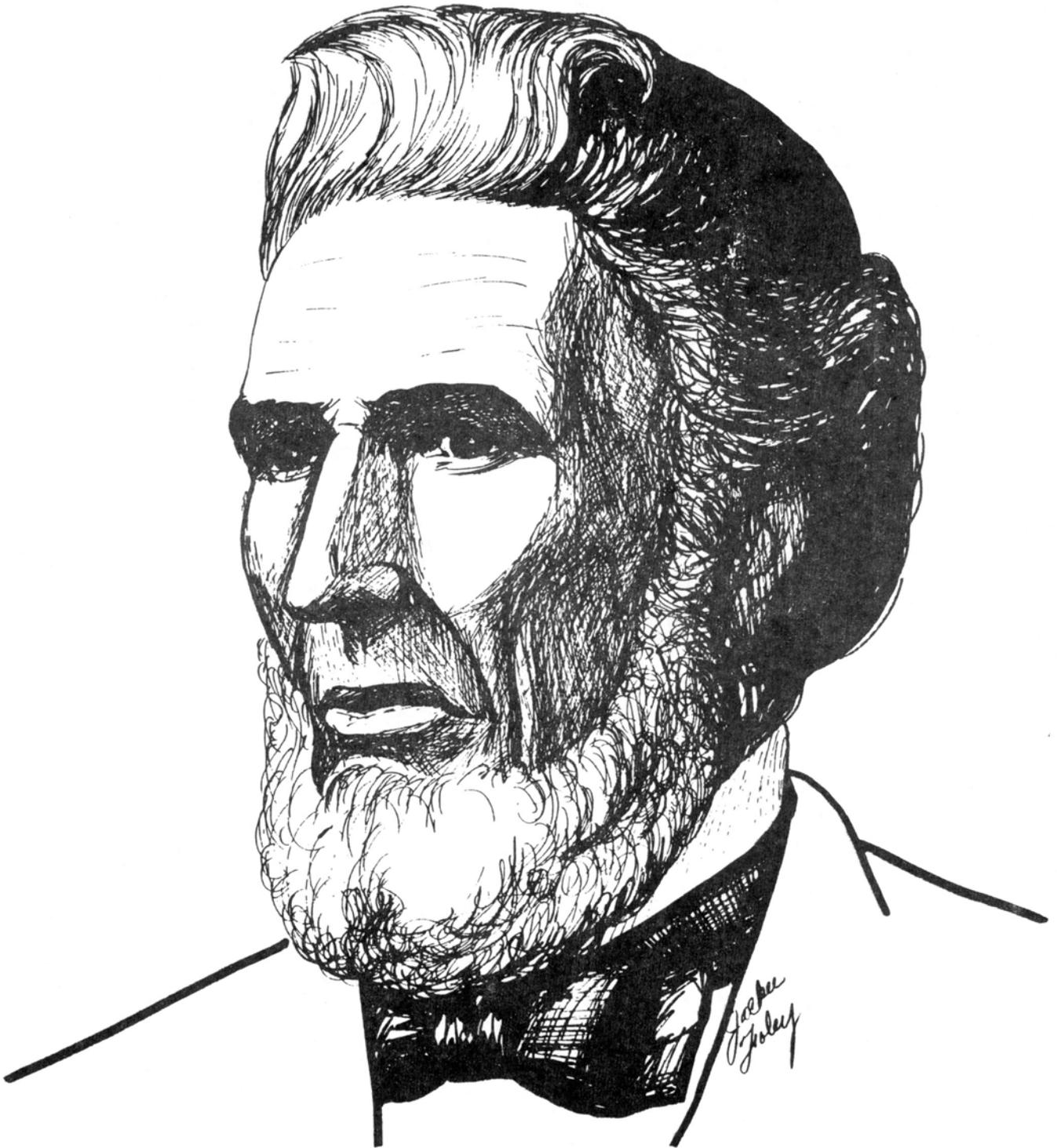
William Foy's visions and conversion experiences were published by the Pearson brothers of Portland, Maine in 1845.

Foy moved back to Maine and continued to minister to the Baptist and Methodist congregations. J.N. Loughborough and Ellen White saw him and believed that his experiences were genuine.

Today William Foy is considered as a prophet for the time prior to the Great Disappointment. If what he was preaching about was seriously considered, the Disappointment may not have taken place.

Baker, Delbert W. The Unknown Prophet. Hagerstown, MD: Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1987.

Neufeld, Don Fred. Seventh-day Adventist Encyclopedia. Washington, D.C. Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1966.



LEONARD HASTINGS

Birth: ? Ipswich, New Hampshire

Death: 1882 Ipswich, New Hampshire

Family: Souse - Elvira

Children - Fred

Accomplishments: Farmer, preacher, nominating and auditing
committee member

LEONARD HASTINGS

(?-1882)

The potato patch that yielded healthy produce was because of the faith of a farmer, Leonard Hastings. The Hastings were friends of James and Ellen White. They were faithful people who toiled the land. In anticipation of Christ's Second Coming in 1844, Leonard Hastings decided to leave the potatoes he had planted in the field.

His skeptical neighbors visited him during harvest time to query why he had not harvested his crop. Hastings replied that his potatoes would preach his faith in God's return to earth.

Because he left his crop in the ground his potatoes were not afflicted by early rot like the crops that were taken up earlier. Instead of losing, he gained and helped his neighbors.

Leonard Hastings was an active member of the church in his area. He served on several conference committees and became vice-president of the New England Tract and Missionary Society.

Neufeld, Don Fred. Seventh-day Adventist Encyclopedia.
Washington, D.C.: Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1966.



WILLIAM MILLER

Birth: Feb. 15, 1782 Pittsfield, Massachusetts
Death: December 21, 1849 Low Hampton, New York
Family: The first of 16 children
Spouse - Lucy P. Smith
Accomplishments: Farmer, Baptist lay-preacher,
author, builder, preacher of the
personal second coming of Christ.

WILLIAM MILLER

Herald of the Second Advent

February 13, 1782 - December 20. 1849

As a little boy William Miller lived on a farm in Eastern New York. On the death of his parents this farm became his. As a lad he was a diligent student, borrowing books and reading whenever he had a chance. At night, after his parents had retired, he would quietly rise, take a book and lie down in front of the fireplace and study. One night his father caught him and threatened to whip him if he did not get his rest and stop his foolish study habits.

Miller had a strong religious background but he became attached to the wrong "crowd." His friends were deists. These people set aside the Bible and had vague ideas about God and His personality. But Miller was always a man of high moral character. What he failed to find in religion he sought to find in high and patriotic attainments. He served his country as an officer in the War of 1812. He served with distinction. Later in his home community he served as the justice of the peace.

When Miller was thirty-four years of age he became dissatisfied with his views. The Holy Spirit impressed his heart, and he turned to the study of the Word of God. In this book Jesus was revealed to him as his Saviour. He found in Christ the answer to all his needs. He determined to study the Bible carefully and to determine, if he could, the answer to the many problems that had perplexed him. His study led him to the great prophecies that pointed to the first and to the second advent of our Lord. The time prophecies interested him, particularly the prophecies of

Daniel and the Revelation.

In the year 1818, as a result of his study of the prophecies of Daniel 8 and 9, he came to the conclusion that Christ would come some time in the year 1843 or 1844. He hesitated until 1831 before he began to announce his findings. Then the die was cast. From his first public service we may mark the beginnings of the Advent movement in North America. In the months and years that followed, roughly 100,000 persons came to believe in the imminence of Christ's second coming.

Following the disappointment of 1844 Miller lived for several years. He fell asleep in Christ in 1849. A small church stands near his home in Low Hampton, built by Miller before he died. In spite of his misunderstanding of the event that was to transpire in 1844, God used him to awaken the world to the nearness of the end and to prepare sinners for the time of judgment.

He lies buried in the small cemetery at Low Hampton, New York, awaiting the call of the Life-Giver.

See: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 317-330; also *Midnight Cry*, pp. 17-60; *Footprints of the Pioneers*, pp. 18-27; and *Captains of the Host*, pp. 15-26.

William Miller

The Reluctant Preacher

When he was a young man, William Miller didn't have much time for God. And he was convinced that God didn't have much time for him. Miller was a deist. Deists believe that although God created everything, He wasn't interested in what went on in the lives of people.

But as a captain in the War of 1812, Miller came face to face with death, not only in battle, but also in the sicknesses that killed many soldiers. He began to wonder if life on earth was all men could look forward to. Was there any hope for a life beyond the grave?

During one of the battles, Miller had expected the Americans to be soundly defeated by the British. But when the Americans were able to push back the much larger British army, Miller felt that God had stepped in and given them the victory.

A longing to know Jesus began to grow in Miller's mind. He began to study the Bible, and there he found the friend he had always been looking for.

Although Miller had been an avid reader all his life, he pushed aside all books, except for the Bible. He found it more exciting than anything else he'd ever read. Here are his own words:

"The Bible now became my chief study. . . . I searched it with great delight. . . . I wondered why I had not seen its beauty and glory before, and marveled that I could have ever rejected it. I found everything revealed that my heart could desire. . . . I lost all taste for other reading, and applied my heart to get wisdom from God."

Two years later, Miller came to the conclusion that Jesus would return to earth sometime in 1843. But he hesitated to tell people about it because, as he thought, "I am only a farmer and they will laugh at me."

So he studied the question thirteen more years. Then one Saturday in early August 1831, he promised the Lord that if

someone would ask him to preach what he had learned, he would go.

Satisfied that no one would ask an ordinary farmer to give a sermon, Miller went out to do his chores. He didn't know that at that very moment, his nephew Irving was on his way to the Miller home with a speaking invitation.

Irving arrived and knocked on the door.

"Uncle William," he said, "our minister is away, and Father wanted to know if you would come and speak at church tomorrow. He wants you to tell the people what you have learned about Jesus soon coming."

William couldn't believe his ears. God had sent the invitation the same day that he had offered to go.

Without giving an answer to Irving, Miller turned around and rushed through the house and out the back door.

As he dashed down the path trying to think things through, he heard the words, "Go and tell it!"

"I'm only a farmer, not a preacher," he argued. "How can I carry a message like Noah?"

"Will you break a promise so soon after you have made it?" God seemed to say.

Finally, William agreed to do whatever God asked of him.

"Lord, I don't know how I can do it; but if you will go with me, I will go."

As soon as he spoke those words, the heaviness he felt on his heart disappeared. He sprang to his feet and jumped up and down, clapping his hands and shouting, "Glory! Hallelujah!"

Lucy, Miller's youngest daughter, had seen her father rushing out of the house. She had followed him down the path.

Knowing her father as a rather quiet person, she was shocked to see him jumping up and down and shouting. Lucy ran back to the house crying, "Mother, Mother, come quick! Father's down in the grove, and he's gone crazy!"

Lucy soon realized that her father was still the clear-thinking person he had always been. She listened to her father's sermons, and soon she, too, began to look for Jesus' soon return.

Well, that is the story of Miller's call to preach the

second coming of Jesus. What a strong preacher he was, too! Fearless, deliberate, and forceful! Thousands were converted under his ministry.

God may not ask you to be a preacher. But He has a special work for each of His followers. If we read our Bibles and pray, He will help us use our talents to spread the word of Jesus soon coming.

Adapted from 1844: Volume 1, Religious Movements by Jerome L. Clark; and Footprints of the Pioneers by Arthur Spalding.

William Miller

The Monomaniac

by Paul Gordon & Beverly MacLaughlin

A monomaniac? What in the world is a monomaniac? William Miller had heard that one of his neighbors, a doctor, was saying, that Esquire Miller was a fine neighbor. But when it came to the subject of the Advent, William was a monomaniac.

William decided to let the doctor treat him for this mysterious illness.

One of the Miller children became ill, so William sent for the doctor. Back in the 1800's doctors didn't wait for their patients to make appointments. Most of the time the doctors made house calls--visits to the home of the sick person.

After caring for the child, the doctor noticed that William was very quiet in one corner of the room. The doctor asked what ailed him.

"Well, I hardly know, Doctor. I want you to see what does ail me, and tell me what to do."

The doctor felt William's pulse and asked if he hurt anywhere.

"Well," said William, "I don't know, but I may be a monomaniac; I want you to check me and see if I am, and if so, cure me. Do you think you can tell when a man is a monomaniac?"

The doctor blushed. "Uh, well," he sputtered. "A monomaniac is an ordinary person who only talks about one particular subject. He goes on and on about that one subject and cannot be stopped."

William said, "Sit with me for two hours while I explain the Advent to you; and by then you will discover if I am a monomaniac. You may even charge me for your time as in your regular work of a doctor."

William Miller opened the Bible to Daniel 8. He showed the doctor different verses and pointed out the prophecy of the 2300 days. Then he read about the 70 weeks. William wrote down these

numbers. Then he added here and subtracted there until he came up with the number 1843.

"After studying my Bible for a number of years, I have come to believe that Jesus will return for his people sometime in 1843."

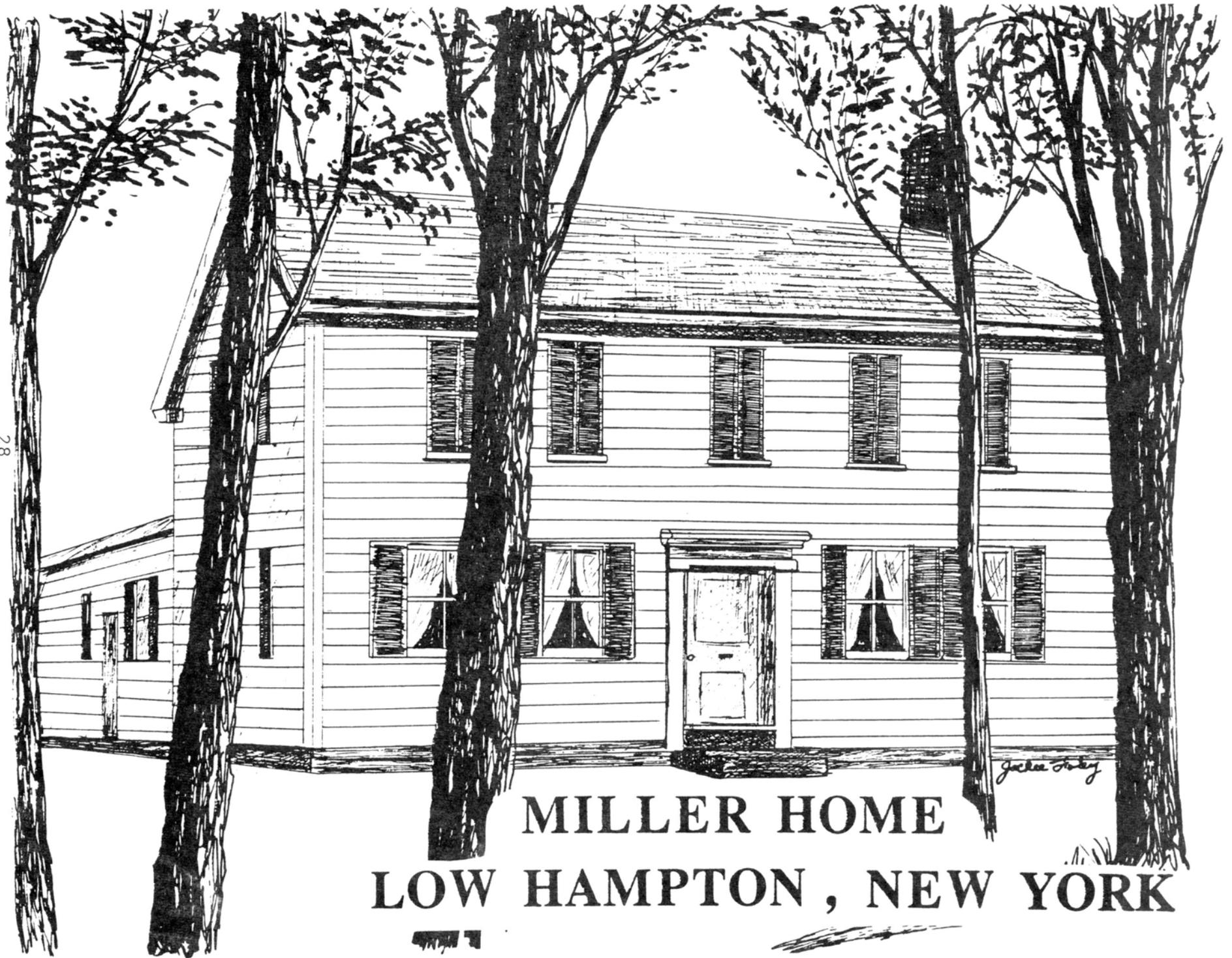
At the end of the Bible study the doctor grabbed his hat and hurried home.

When the doctor returned the next day, William was surprised. But he was even more shocked at the doctor's words.

"After thinking over what you said yesterday, William, I have come to the conclusion that you are right and that Jesus is coming soon. Does that mean that now we're **both** monomaniacs?"

We know now that Jesus didn't come back to earth in 1843, or 1844. Although William Miller didn't understand Daniel 8:14 perfectly, he introduced many people to his best friend Jesus.

Adapted from Adventist Pioneer Stores-Elementary. Adventist Heritage Project, pp. 3-4.



MILLER HOME
LOW HAMPTON, NEW YORK



MILLER CHAPEL
LOW HAMPTON, NEW YORK



ELLEN WHITE

Birth: November 26, 1827 Gorham, Maine
Death: July 16, 1915 California
Family: Father - Robert Harmon
Mother - Eunice Gould Harmon
Siblings - 2 brothers, 5 sisters
Spouse - James White
Children - Henry Nichols, James Edson
William Clarence, John Herbert
Accomplishments: Prophet, author, counselor,
lecturer

Ellen Harmon

The Thoughtful Student

by D. A. Delafield

If you had been a boy or girl back in the year 1835, and if you had lived in the beautiful Atlantic Coast city of Portland, Maine, you might have had Ellen Harmon as a playmate and a friend.

You would have found her pleasant and full of ideas. Perhaps you would have gone with her on Sunday mornings to the Methodist Episcopal church on Pine Street. Ellen was a Christian girl and found happiness in serving Jesus. Perhaps you would have been baptized at the same time that she was, in Casco Bay, with the other eleven people.

Ellen's father was a hat maker. He wasn't a rich man, but he and his wife Eunice had a large family to support. Ellen and her twin sister, Elizabeth, were the youngest of the eight Harmon children. All of the children worked to help their father make his business succeed. Ellen made crowns for the hats, and her father paid her twenty-five cents a day for her work. Do you know what she did with her money? She started saving it for missions. She saved and saved. Little by little she gathered her coins together until she had \$10, then \$20, and finally \$30.

One day Ellen came to her father and said, "Father, here is \$30. Please invest it in tracts and pamphlets so that other people can hear of Jesus' soon coming and be ready to meet Him."

Father Harmon was deeply impressed by his daughter's sacrifice. You see, back in the 1840's, \$30 was a great deal of money. It represented four months of hard work.

Now, if you had gone to school with Ellen Harmon, you might have had a chance to witness the following experience that happened when she was eight or nine years old.

Ellen was sitting at her desk one morning. Near her sat a boy who was always getting into trouble for one reason or another.

Just as the teacher was about to start a spelling test, the mischievous boy did something that irritated him.

Without thinking, the teacher snatched up his wooden ruler and stalked over to Ellen's row. He raised the ruler to strike the unruly boy. But the ruler flew out of his hand and struck poor Ellen on the forehead. Oh how it hurt!

Ellen jumped from her seat and hurried out of the room. When she didn't return to class, the teacher began to worry.

I wonder if I hurt her, he thought.

He searched around the school, but couldn't find her. He realized that she must have gone home.

Leaving the other students behind, the teacher ran after Ellen as fast as he can go.

"Ellen, Ellen, come back. I didn't mean to hurt you."

When he caught up to Ellen, he noticed the ugly wound on her face.

"Ellen, I'm sorry," he began. "Please forgive me. I didn't mean to hit you. It was a big mistake."

"Of course, I will forgive you," Ellen said kindly. "But where did you make a mistake?"

"Why," he replied, "I meant to hit the boy next to you. But the ruler slipped out of my hand and accidentally hit you."

Ellen looked down at the ground. "It was a mistake for you to hit anybody. But I would rather have this gash in my forehead as to have somebody else injured."

I don't know what happened after that, but the teacher must have thought twice before he struck another child during a fit of temper.

Ellen's experiences in childhood helped prepare her for what lay ahead. Her love and concern for others would be seen all through her life as she dedicated herself to the cause of God.

Adapted from Pioneer Stories-Elementary, Adventist Heritage Project, pp. 1-2.

THE COW THAT GOT STUCK IN THE MUD

As told by Arthur L. White

This is another "stick-to-it" story, but it is a story about Sister White when she was a little girl. The family name was Harmon, and the Harmon family lived in the country near Gorham, Maine. The home was on a little stream. This land back of the home on the hillside and across the stream was largely in woods and served as a cow pasture.

In the Harmon home, each of the children had their duties. They were taught to do their part in the home. They learned to do their work well. When Ellen was just a little girl, it was one of her tasks to go up to the shed where her father did the milking. Every evening when she would go down to get the cow, the cow was there, because cows have a way of knowing when it is time to be milked, and they know they will get something special to eat too.

And so each evening Ellen went down to the pasture gate, opened the gate, and brought the cow up to the shed. But one evening, as she went down to the gate, the cow wasn't there. "That's strange," she thought, "where's bossy?" Then she listened, but she didn't hear a thing. Then she called louder, "Come bossy, come bossy, come bossy!" Then she listened. There wasn't any response, and she knew that something was wrong, because Bossy was always there when it was time to be milked.

Now I know some boys or girls who would have said, "Well, it's just too bad. If Bossy isn't here, there is nothing I can do about it. I can't help it." But Ellen and her sisters and brother had been taught to carry responsibilities. They had been taught to

find a way to do what needed to be done.

But where was Bossy? Ellen opened the pasture gate and she started walking down through the woods towards the little stream. And she kept calling, "Come bossy, come bossy, come bossy!" And then she listened. But she didn't hear a thing. She walked on and on down through the woods on the pasture trail. She kept calling. Finally when she got down near the stream, she called, "Come bossy," and she heard just a faint "Moo!" She knew that Bossy was nearby. She kept calling and she was looking this way and that. Finally she got to the stream, and there was Bossy, standing in the stream, stuck in the mud!

You may think it strange that a cow should get stuck in the mud, but I have known of cases where cows have been stuck for a day or two as they were in soft mud and were unable to get out.

Now what could Ellen do? Here was the cow and the cow was stuck. How could she get her out? She began to think. She found some nice tall grass, picked some big handfuls and reached out to where the cow could reach it. And oh, it tasted so good to Bossy! She got some more grass, but this time, she didn't give it to Bossy. With one hand, she took hold of Bossy's horn and she held the grass close to the cow's mouth, then she moved the grass quickly away. As she did this, she said, "Come on, Bossy!" and gave a quick pull on her horn. The cow, reaching for the grass, made an extra effort and got out of the mud. And then Ellen let the cow eat the grass.

It was getting late when she got back to the house, but Bossy was with her. She had found a way to do that which needed to be

done. This was a lesson that helped her all through her life. Sister White was called upon to do many hard things. It was because while she was a little girl she had learned to be faithful and to do what needed to be done that she was prepared to do larger and more difficult things later in life. We do not find that when Sister White had something difficult to do that she complained and said, "I can't do it!" No, she found a way. This is a lesson that each boy and girl must learn too. If we learn this lesson, it will help us all through life.

Reference: *Campfire Junior Stories from the Days of S.D.A Pioneers*
pp. 37-38.

WHERE'S BOSSY?



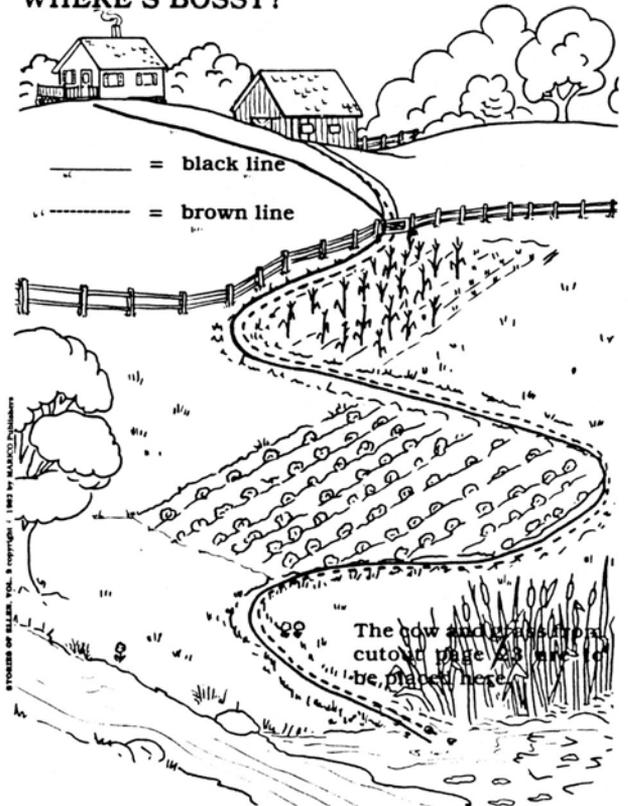
STORIES OF ELLEN, VOL. 2 copyright © 1982 by MARICO Publishers

WHERE'S BOSSY?

Directions: Below are cutouts to complete this page. Cut the pictures in the inside of the lines around them. Use a black crayon to draw a line showing Ellen's steps from the house to Bossy's hiding place. Use a brown crayon to show their way to the barn. Encourage the children to color the scene in realistic colors. Staple the grass to the lower right edge of the picture. Ellen and Bossy are to be left moveable for play by using a small roll of masking tape on the back.



WHERE'S BOSSY?



TWO LITTLE SURPRISES

Mr. Harmon stood on the back steps of his farm house near the little village of Gorham in Maine. November snow covered the ground. He rang the old metal cowbell loud and long. Its clanking sound sent out the message to his three oldest children, "Come to breakfast! Breakfast's ready!"

In the barn, Caroline, who was 15 years old, and Harriet, who was 13, heard the bell. Caroline finished milking the cow while Harriet put more hay in the manger. In the chicken house, twelve-year-old John threw some wheat to the hens. Then the children dashed into the house. On the porch, they stamped snow from their boots then crowded into the kitchen.

"Whew!" exclaimed Caroline, handing her father the pail of fresh, foaming milk. "It's cold outside. I'm ready for something hot to eat!"

After they had washed, Mr. Harmon called the three younger children. "Mary! Sarah! Robert! Come and sit down." He tied a bib around little Robert's neck and lifted him into his highchair.

"No, Papa," Robert whined, "I want Mama do it."

"Where is Mama?" asked five-year-old Sarah looking around.

"Yes, where is she?" asked Mary who was seven.

The older children looked into the twinkling eyes of their father. They knew.

"Papa! Papa! Did Mama have the baby last night? Did she?" asked Mary.

Mr. Harmon smiled and nodded his head. Everyone started

talking at once.

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"I want a little brother."

"No, I want a baby sister."

"Is it a girl?"

"Tell us Papa! Please tell us!"

Mr. Harmon put up both hands for silence. "In a little while I will let you see for yourselves," he said. "Right now, children, your mother needs to rest. But as soon as we have eaten and all the chores are done, I will take you to your mother's room. I want her to have the fun of showing you what God gave us."

The children did their chores with unusual speed. The girls washed the dishes and put them away. They filled the kitchen pail with water from the well. They swept the floor and made the beds. John filled the box behind the big black stove with split wood, then he watered the chickens and put a big armful of hay in the stall where old Bossy stood munching her grain.

"Well done! Well done, indeed!" exclaimed Father Harmon. "Now, follow me."

On tiptoes they followed him up the stairs. Mr. Harmon opened the bedroom door and peeked inside.

"Are you ready, Eunice?" he whispered to his wife.

"Ready, Robert," she answered softly.

Father Harmon turned to his children and put his finger to his lips. He opened the door and they stepped inside. Quietly they gathered around the bed. What a surprise met their wide eyes! In their mother's right arm was a tiny baby, but that was not all.

Her left arm was around another tiny baby. The children looked from one baby to the other and then into their mother's eyes.

Mother smiled. "You have two baby sisters," she said. "Aren't they lovely! God gave us two precious little gifts to love and care for."

"Twins!" whispered Harriet. "Twin sisters! What are we going to name them?"

"Well," said Mother, "Why don't you think of names today? Because our babies are twins, perhaps it would be nice to choose names that begin with the same letter. Write a list of names you think of. That will help your papa and me decide what to call these little ones."

"Children," father announced, "No hat making this morning! You may celebrate the babies' birthday by doing whatever you wish. This afternoon, though, I'll need your help as usual. We are now a family of ten--Father, Mother, and eight children. We shall make and sell more hats, plant more garden, and fill our home with more love."

"We'll all help," Caroline promised.

"Yes, we will!" chimed the others. "We will! We will!"

That evening, at the supper table, father collected the list of names the children had thought of during the day. Then, while they were cleaning up after supper, he took the names up to Mother's room and shut the door.

The supper dishes were washed. The children waited. They even set the table for the next day's breakfast. Still they waited. Finally Father came down the stairs.

"What names did you choose?" six eager voices asked.

"Come, gather around the table," Father invited. He put the big family Bible on the table and opened it to a special page. "This is the page on which are written the names of all the people in the Harmon family."

The children crowded around. At the top of this page were the words:

ELLEN GOULD HARMON BORN NOVEMBER 26, 1827

ELIZABETH HARMON BORN NOVEMBER 26, 1827

"Ellen and Elizabeth," the children said. "Ellen and Elizabeth," they repeated. "What pretty names."

Ellen and Elizabeth grew like most little girls. They learned to walk and talk and sing. They learned to play with Robert, who was only two years older. They learned to help with the work.

Every morning, just before breakfast, Mr. Harmon had family worship. Every evening, just before Mother tucked the little ones into bed, he read from God's Word. Then the family knelt and Father prayed. Mother prayed. Then, beginning with the oldest, each child prayed.

Every Sunday they went to the Methodist Church for Sunday School. Ellen and Elizabeth grew up loving Jesus and talking to Him.

From their house, the garden and pasture land sloped gently down to a little creek. Trees grew on both sides of the stream. The children liked to play there.

One day in autumn, Ellen ran down the sloping hillside to watch the birds and little wild animals. The squirrels scurried up

the trees and hopped from branch to branch. Their fluffy tails sparkled in the sunshine like silver. Meadow larks were singing their happiest songs.

Several neighbor children were playing by the creek. Ellen joined them in their fun. They kicked the fallen red and yellow leaves high in the air. They laughed to hear the leaves crackle and crunch under their feet.

"Oh, look what I've found!" one of the older boys called. Everyone came running.

"Hickory nuts!" they exclaimed. "Look at that pile of hickory nuts right there in that hole in the tree." Eager hands reached in to grab some nuts. Some of the boys began filling their pockets with the nuts.

"Please don't take the nuts," Ellen called. "Those are the squirrels' nuts. They don't belong to us."

"Oh, don't worry," the children laughed.

But Ellen did worry. "Please leave them there," she begged. "The squirrels worked hard to gather all those nuts. They need them to eat when winter comes."

Most of the children didn't listen. One girl who had cracked a nut and was eating it called out, "The squirrels can find some more. They have plenty of time."

When Ellen saw the nuts disappear, she ran home to the dried corn bin. She picked out several large ears of corn and carried them back to the tree. Her playmates had gone. Ellen's small fingers pressed hard to shell the corn from the cobs. She stuffed the corn kernels into the tree hole, then pushed leaves up against

it.

"I'm sorry they took your nuts," she said, hoping the squirrels might understand when they discovered that their nuts were gone. "You won't like corn as much as what you had, but it's the best I can get for you."

Even as a young child, Ellen loved God and His special creatures; and she knew that by being kind to them she was pleasing Jesus.

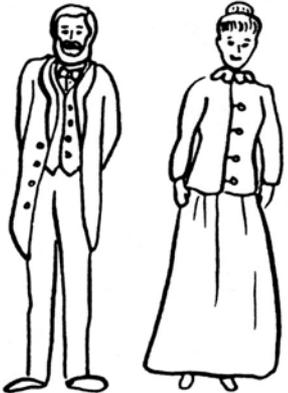
Spirit of Prophecy Emphasis Stories

TWO LITTLE SURPRISES



Father _____

Mother _____



Sisters



(1) (2) (3) (4)

(1) _____

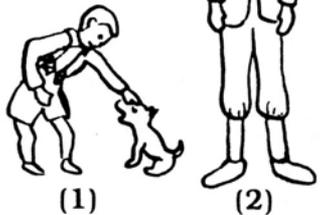
(2) _____

(3) _____

(4) _____

Brothers (1) _____

(2) _____



(1)

(2)

* * My Family * *

My Name _____

Birthdate _____

Father _____

Mother _____

Sisters and Brothers _____

TWO LITTLE SURPRISES



Ellen

Elizabeth

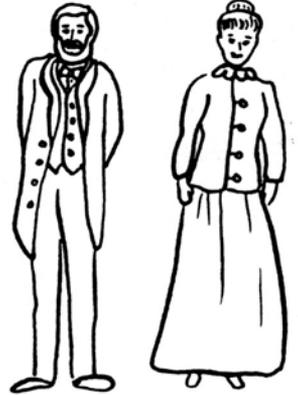
November 26, 1827

Father

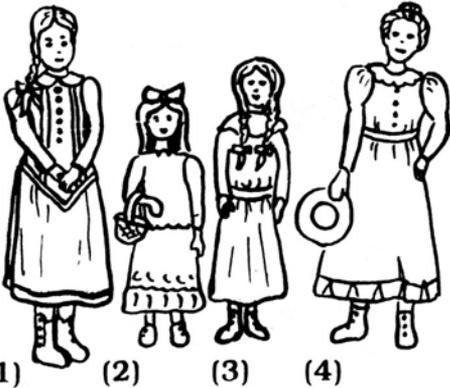
Robert Harmon

Mother

Eunice Gould



Sisters



(1) **Harriet**

(2) **Mary**

(3) **Sarah**

(4) **Caroline**

Brothers

(1) **Robert**

(2) **John**



* *

My Family

* *

My Name

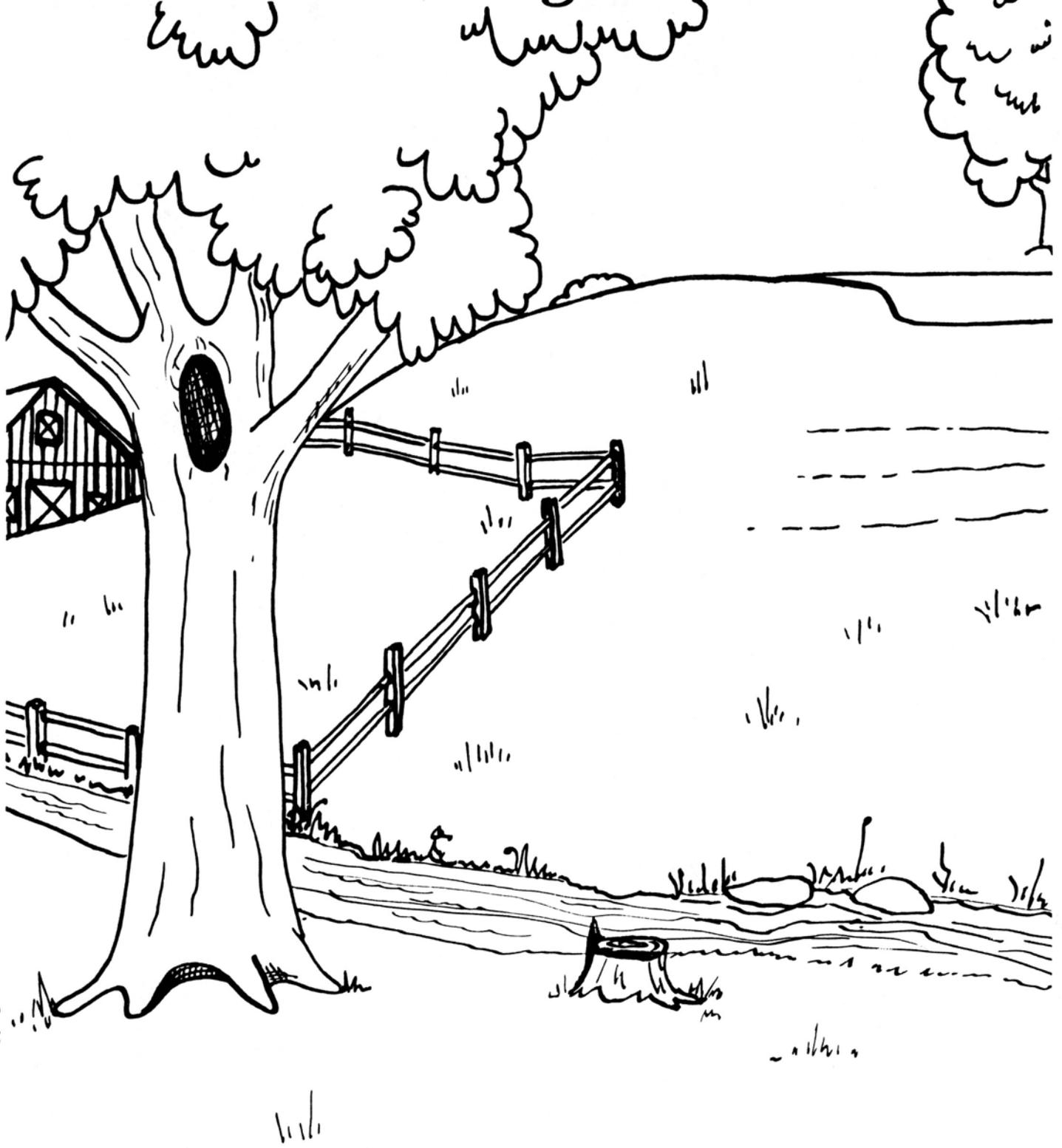
Birthdate

Father

Mother

Sisters and Brothers

ELLEN HELPS THE SQUIRRELS



STORIES OF ELLEN, VOL. 1 Copyright © 1981 by MARICO Publishers

1. Place the house on the top of the hill.
2. Place the other pictures where you wish.
3. Draw leaves on the ground.
4. Color the picture to make a fall scene.

FROM A LITTLE GIRL TO A TEENAGER

"Wake up, little twins," Mother Harmon called. "Your father is almost ready to load your bed on the wagon." Ellen and Elizabeth stretched and opened their eyes. They saw an empty bedroom--no curtains, no chairs. Sarah and Harriet's bed was gone. Even the little braided rug beside their own bed was not there.

"Remember?" questioned Mother. "Remember? This is the day we leave the farm and move to Portland."

Of course they remembered! Only yesterday Father and John had taken a load of things the twelve miles into Portland. Of course they remembered! Like a flash, four feet landed on the board floor. They pushed their arms and legs into the clothes Mother had ready for them. The twins didn't want to miss one minute of the excitement. The family had eaten breakfast. Mother insisted that the girls each eat a bowl of hot porridge and drink a cup of warm milk. They swallowed the food at record speed. Soon they were running around trying to help, but getting in the way.

Finally the wagon was loaded. The chickens were in little screened boxes. The cow was tied to the wagon so that she could walk behind it. The children climbed up on the wagon. They squeezed into little places here and there. Father picked up the reins and started the horses on a slow walk.

Ellen was excited about doing something new, but she couldn't help feeling sad as they started down the long hill. Their farm at the top of the hill was such a beautiful place to live. Every day they had been able to look down into the valley and then far away

across the Connecticut River to the beautiful White Mountains.

Once more Ellen asked, "Do we have to leave our home?"

"I know how you feel, Ellen," Mother Harmon comforted her. "This is where you children were born. We have had both happy and difficult times here. We are a big family now. It isn't easy to make a living on the farm. In Portland, where more people live, Father can sell more hats. Besides, we want you to have a good education. Portland has a good school."

When Ellen was a little girl, Portland was not a big city as it is today. There were no streetcars or automobiles. Houses were farther apart. Many people had barns in which to keep their cow and horses and wagon. Near the town were pastures and meadows where cows and horses might graze during the spring and summer.

The Harmons were soon settled and busily caring for their animals, planting a garden, and making hats to sell. Everyone in the family helped.

One day, Mother handed Elizabeth and Ellen a sack lunch. It was to be their first day at school. The twins walked along the path beside the road to the Brackett Street School. John was with them, and probably Sarah, too.

The twins studied hard and were soon able to read and write. They made many friends. Mother never allowed them to stay and play after school, nor were they to linger on the way home. Chores waited for each one to do.

The school years and the summers slipped by quickly until the twins were nine years old and in the third grade.

One afternoon, Ellen and Elizabeth, and a classmate came out

of school and started for home. As they walked hand in hand across the park square, an angry thirteen-year-old girl followed them. We do not know why, but she shouted and threatened them. The girls hurried on as fast as they could. When they were nearly across the park, they heard angry shouts again, louder and meaner this time. Ellen turned her head to see how close the big girl was behind them. At that moment a large rock came hurtling through the air. It struck Ellen full in the face. The angry girl turned and ran. Ellen fell to the ground, unconscious. The rock had smashed the delicate bones in her nose and also injured her face.

For three weeks Ellen lay at home unconscious. The doctors came. "There is nothing we can do to help her," they whispered sadly. "She will die." And they went away.

Mother Harmon never gave up. She had a big cradle built for Ellen. Mrs. Harmon rocked her child and talked to her even though Ellen was unconscious. She rubbed the thin little legs and arms and kept them warm. The family and friends prayed for Ellen. They missed her sunny, happy ways. Finally Ellen began to awaken. She did not remember anything about the accident. She did not know why she was so weak and thin. Many more weeks passed before she could even sit up.

During this time Ellen often talked to Jesus. She told Him all her troubles. She asked Him to forgive her sins. She felt that He was her very dear Friend. She wished that all her playmates, and even the girl who threw the rock, knew that Jesus was their Friend, too.

After a long time, Ellen returned to school. How eager she

was to make up the lessons that she had missed! Perspiration dropped from her forehead. When she tried to read, all the words seemed to run together. When she tried to write, her hand trembled so badly that she could not control it.

After a few weeks Ellen's teachers said she was too weak and sick to stay in school. They invited her to return when she was stronger. Several times after that Ellen tried to go on with her schooling, but each time she had to give up. This was the greatest disappointment in her young life.

When Ellen was twelve years old, William Miller came to Portland. He held meetings every day. There were meetings in the mornings, in the afternoons, and in the evenings. People brought their lunch baskets and stayed all day. They listened to the wonderful, yet most solemn news that Jesus was coming soon. At the close of one meeting, William Miller invited those who wanted to be ready to meet Jesus, to come to the front for special prayer. Ellen went forward.

"Lord," Ellen prayed, "I can never be good enough to enter heaven." For weeks she was filled with great sadness because she felt that her sins were too great. Jesus could never save her. She did not tell anyone, not even her mother, how sad and lost she felt.

The following summer, Ellen went with her parents to the Methodist Campmeeting. She was glad to have this special time to learn more about Jesus. The Holy Spirit helped her understand that the very first time she had asked God to forgive her, He had gladly done so.

Ellen's pastor told her, "All you have to do is to believe that God has forgiven your sins. Thank Him. Trust Him. Be happy and joyful in His loving care. He will save you."

When Ellen understood this, the peace of Jesus filled her life. She wrote: "The sun shone bright and clear. . . . The birds sang more sweetly than ever before." Trusting her Saviour changed Ellen's sadness to gladness.

She saw the loveliness of the flowers which her mother had planted around their home. Ellen walked over and touched the delicate petals of a pink rose. She thought: "How perfectly God has made this beautiful flower! He takes care of the flowers and so I know He loves and guards us, His children." Then, in great happiness, Ellen exclaimed, "I am God's child. His loving care is around me. I will be obedient. I will praise His dear name. I will love Him always."

One day Ellen told her pastor that she wanted to join the Methodist church. He wrote her name in the church book. Ellen looked forward to being baptized after she had proved that she truly wanted to follow Jesus.

On June 26, 1842, Ellen was baptized with twelve of her friends in the Casco bay near Portland, Maine. The wind was blowing, and the waves dashed upon the sandy beach but the peace of Jesus was in Ellen's heart.

"I belong to You, Jesus," she whispered as she walked back up on the beach where her mother wrapped a blanket around her.

God, who was watching and listening, knew the wonderful things that Ellen would do for Him, but no one else did. Only God knew.

Life Sketches, p.24.

Testimonies for the Church, Vol. 1, page 19.

Spirit of Prophecy Emphasis Stories.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

The clopping of the horses' hooves broke the stillness of the Australian countryside as Mrs. White's carriage rolled along at a brisk pace. The elderly lady leaned forward eagerly to see the white flowers alongside the road. After hours of writing, there were times when she just needed to get outside into the fresh air. A country buggy ride was perfect for times like that, especially when little Ella could go along. Mrs. White smiled at her granddaughter, holding on so tightly to her grandma's dress just in case the horses made a quick stop.

Suddenly the carriage slowed, for something blocked the road ahead. As they drew closer, those in the buggy could see a bony old horse trying vainly to pull a heavily loaded wagon up a steep hill. Beside the cart stood the driver, whipping the horse unmercifully.

"Get up there, Nell! Curses on you! You're the most no-good horse I ever saw. Get up that hill before I beat your hide off!"

"Stop!" cried Mrs. White. "Sara, stop this carriage!"

Mrs. White's companion pulled back on the reins and the horses came to a halt beside the bony mare.

"Sir, have you lost your mind?" Mrs. White's voice was sharp and her eyes flashed. "Can't you see that poor horse is doing her best? You've overloaded that wagon. Take some of the wood off."

The whip stopped in mid-air, and the man turned around. If he thought of defending himself, the fire in the old lady's eyes stopped him.

"Oh, all right," he grumbled. "I'm sorry. I'll take off some and make two trips."

The man began piling part of the wood beside the road where he could find it later. Did the horse look gratefully at Mrs. White? Or did her granddaughter just imagine it?

As the carriage started up again. Mrs. White spoke firmly. "People who abuse animals will have to answer for it in the day of judgment, Ella. (PP 443). Just as Balaam's donkey had an angel beside him that Balaam could only see when God opened his eyes, so God sends angels to note the care given to every animal on earth. He records any mistreatment. God made the animals and has already told us that when even a sparrow falls, He records it. Why don't people realize that He expects us to care for the poor dumb creatures He put on the earth? It hurts me to see people treating a horse like that."

"Does the Bible say we have to care for animals, Grandma?" Ella asked uncertainly.

"It certainly does, dear. It even says that if we see that someone's ox or donkey has fallen into a ditch, it's our duty to stop and help get it out."

"I'd help get it out, Grandma. I wouldn't want to see any animal hurt. Why do people hurt animals?"

"Sometimes it's because the devil has led people to believe that animals don't have feelings, Ella. Sometimes people think they have a right to treat any animal badly just because it's an animal. I'm glad you're kind to animals, dear. But sometimes by just neglecting them you can hurt them, too, you know. If the cat

doesn't get any food all day or the dog gets locked in the shed for hours, that hurts, too. Any animal you own must have the best of care, and if you see any animal hurt or in need, God expects you to help."

"Oh, look at that pretty bird, Grandma," exclaimed Ella. "That's much prettier than an old sparrow."

Mrs. White smiled and smoothed Ella's dark hair.

"Yes, it is, but God still cares for the sparrow just as much as for the pretty songbird. Do you know what the Lord told me once? He said that if it were up to Satan, he'd kill every single songbird we have on the earth! He hates them for singing praises to God all the time. (DA 356,357). Aren't we glad that God stops him from doing that?"

"Ruthie's dad isn't kind to HIS animals!" Ella declared. "He wrung their chicken's neck and the family ate him!"

Grandma White looked sad. "Yes, dear, many people eat meat. One reason I don't is because I can't bear to think of the poor suffering creatures that are killed just to provide food for the table."

After the buggy ride, Ella and Grandma went to the pasture in search of the cow. Gently they coaxed her up to the barn for milking. The hired man tied her legs so she couldn't kick while he milked her.

"You know," Mrs. White remarked, "if you'd give her a little grain to eat while you're milking her and talk soothingly as you milk, you'd never need to tie her legs. It would be less work for you and more comfortable for her."

So it was that everywhere she went, Mrs. White carried with her a kindness for both people and animals. Every day she remembered that God had created them both, and that He expects us to treat them as His special creations.

Based on Stories of My Grandmother by Ella Robinson, p.126 ff.

Spirit of Prophecy Emphasis Stories

Ellen White

"My First Vision"
Part 1

My first vision? Well, let me tell you about it. I was only 17, but it was one of the most unforgettable experiences of my life.

I was at a church member's home, visiting with three other friends. Mrs. Haines suggested that we have morning worship together. I thought that was a good idea, because when you pray with your friends, you feel closer to God and to each other, too.

It was a difficult time for us right then. And some of us were feeling far from God. You see, William Miller had led us to believe that Jesus was planning to come that very year. As other people began to study the Bible prophecies, it was decided that Jesus would come on October 22, 1844.

We had been so excited that we went around telling everyone to get ready. We became known as Adventists because we were waiting for Jesus' second advent. But when October 22 passed and it became October 23, we realized that something had gone wrong. For Jesus **didn't** come.

Everyone was discouraged. But people reacted in different ways. Some said, "Oh well, I never really believed it anyway." Others asked, "Why did God let us down?" Then there were a few of us who began to wonder if maybe we had misunderstood the Bible prophecies. Maybe our dates were wrong.

So you can see that we had quite a lot to pray about that day at Mrs. Haines'.

As best as I can remember, one of the ladies was praying when a strange feeling came over me. It seemed that the Holy Spirit was right there with me. And before I knew it, I felt myself being lifted up, up--right out of the house, out of the United States, and clear out of the world. I know now that my body didn't really go anywhere. It was something like a dream, but much more real.

Right away, I looked around to see if any of my friends were

with me. I looked back on the world, but I couldn't see anyone.

"Look again, a little higher," a voice commanded. I raised my eyes and saw a straight, narrow path high above the world. Adventists were walking on the path toward a shining city that lay at the end of it. A bright light behind the people lit up the path so no one would stumble and fall off. The angel (for that's whose voice I had heard) told me that the light was Pastor Miller's message about Jesus' soon coming.

The angel also pointed out that Jesus was leading the group that was traveling to heaven. Sure enough, when I looked again I could see Jesus up front, calling for everyone to follow Him.

Then I noticed something strange. Those who kept looking at Jesus weren't having any trouble staying on the path. A few, however, were getting tired of the long trip and began complaining.

"I'm so exhausted," they whined. "That city is too far away. We'll never get there! I thought we'd be there long before now." As they complained, they took their eyes off Jesus and began to stumble.

Jesus heard them and He raised His right arm, releasing a dazzling ray of light that made the path even easier to see.

Some brightened up, cried, "Praise the Lord!" and hurried up the path, looking at Jesus once more.

Others, however, grumbled even more loudly. "That message about Jesus' coming was all a fake! God didn't send the message. William Miller made it all up."

No sooner had they uttered their doubts than the light behind them faded. They were left in complete darkness. Of course they lost sight of Jesus entirely, and in the dark stumbled around until they fell off the path. It was awful watching them sink into the wicked, dark world below.

All at once I heard a loud noise. The wicked thought it was thunder or an earthquake. But to those of us on the path--for now I seemed to be marching there, too--we knew it was the voice of God. He announced Jesus' return to earth. How happy we felt!

Then I noticed that this special group of people who had

lived to see Jesus come all had writing on their foreheads. It said, "God, New Jerusalem," and beside the words was a lovely star containing a new name for Jesus. It was clear that we were all addressed for delivery to God in the Holy City.

When we realized this, we began to praise God and hug each other for joy. This made the wicked people furious. They rushed to grab us. But when we called out the name of Jesus, they fell helpless on the ground. We knew that God was really with us, and our enemies knew it, too.

A little black cloud appeared in the eastern sky. Somehow we all knew it was the cloud Jesus was coming on. He was no longer at the head of our line (you know how things change around in a dream) but was up there on the cloud, getting closer every minute. The bottom of the cloud looked like fire. A huge rainbow arched over it. Ten thousand angels surrounded Him.

In the center of the cloud sat Jesus, His curly white hair reached His shoulders. Not just one, but many crowns rested on his head. His feet looked like fire, and His right hand held a sharp, curved blade--the kind farmers used when cutting wheat.

His left hand held a silver trumpet, and His eyes--oh, how can I tell you about His eyes? They seemed to look right through each of us. Suddenly we remembered all the bad things we had done. Our faces turned pale, and we cried out, "Who can stand before You? Are we good enough?"

The angels stopped their singing, and a terrible silence hung in the air.

But we saw nothing but love coming from Jesus' eyes. He smiled and called out, "Those who have clean hands and pure hearts shall be able to stand. My grace is sufficient for you." We knew that although **we** were not good enough, **He** was. And He was giving us **His** goodness to cover us. How thankful we were! Jesus had erased our sins as He had promised, and we were free! We were saved!

The angels burst out singing more joyfully than ever, and the cloud began moving toward earth again. Jesus lifted His silver trumpet and blew it hard. Then He shouted toward the

earth, "Awake! Awake! Awake! Ye that sleep in the dust--arise!"

With that, the earth shook and graves cracked open. Those who had died loving Jesus came out of their coffins. Their bodies were perfect. The blind could see. The crippled could walk. Grandmas and grandpas were young again. Praises to Jesus filled the air!

All God's people were gathered up into the big cloud. We began our trip to heaven. For seven days we traveled, passing various planets that we used to call stars when we were on earth.

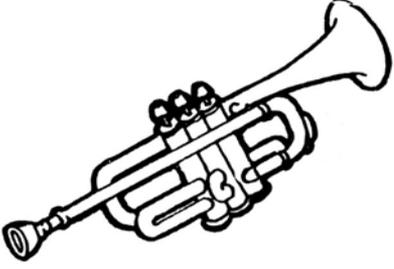
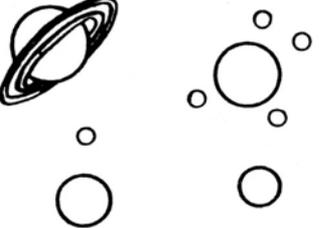
Just outside of heaven we left the cloud and stood on a shining glass sea. Jesus came to each of us. He put a crown on our heads and handed us palm branches and harps.

In our pure white robes we made a beautiful sight marching across the glassy sea to the city gate. Jesus took hold of the huge pearl gate and swung it open, declaring, "You have washed your robes in My blood, and stood bravely for My truth. Enter in!" He meant, of course, that we had accepted His life to cover our own worthless one, and that we had stayed loyal when people tried to make us forget Jesus. As we marched into the city, we realized that we were finally home.

Adapted from Early Writings, pp. 14-20.

Spirit of Prophecy Emphasis Stories

ELLEN'S FIRST VISION

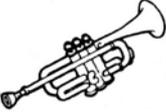
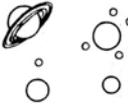
																
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ELLEN'S FIRST VISION

Directions: This page shows a sequence of events beginning with the second coming of Christ and ending with the entry of the saved in the Holy City. The pictures are symbols representing these events. Use the cutouts, match the words with the symbols, and paste them in place. They should learn to tell what the symbols represent, and so tell the story in sequence.

ELLEN'S FIRST VISION

		
1 cloud in east	2 rainbow	3 sickle
		
4 hands, heart	5 trumpet	6 open graves
		
7 white cloud	8 7 days' travel	9 planets
		
10 sea of glass	11 crowns, harps	12 gate of pearl

Cutouts

white cloud

7 days' travel

sickle

gate of pearl

crowns, harps

open graves

planets

rainbow

trumpet

cloud in east

hands, heart

sea of glass

Ellen White

"My First Vision"
Part 2

In our last story Mrs. White told us about her first vision. Today we'll hear more about what she saw in heaven.

After our seven-day trip through space and our happy march across the glass sea, we all wanted to see inside those gates of pearl.

The first thing that we saw was God's throne. It was a magnificent golden throne which had a stream of water pouring right out from under it. The water formed a river. Trees grew along both sides of the river. But one tree was very different from the rest.

It had two trunks, one growing on each side of the river. Yet it was all one tree. For the two trunks stretched out across the river and came together in the center. But the tree trunks were not like anything we have here on earth. They appeared to be gold, but I could see straight through them--like a window. The tree itself was loaded with gold and silver fruit.

I joined some people who sat under the tree. Some of us had been through terrible times, but when we tried to talk about our experiences, they didn't seem worth discussing. Our problems seemed so small and unimportant compared with the beauty of the golden city.

"Heaven is cheap enough!" we agreed. We felt such love and appreciation for Jesus that we played our harps and sang a song of praise that echoed throughout the city.

Next Jesus called us to come with Him. He led us back down to earth. He stood on top of a huge mountain, and it flattened out into an enormous plain.

Suddenly we all saw something in the sky. To our amazement, the Celestial City was coming right down--the whole city with its four walls of many colored precious stones, its 12 pearly gates, and the special angel at each gate. It came straight toward the flat area.

As soon as the city landed, we began to examine the things around the city. We saw silver houses on the plain, each held up by four silver pillars set with pearls. These were to be our homes!

As I watched, some of the redeemed went into their houses, took off their crowns, and laid them on a golden shelf. They then went out to work in the garden. Not digging and weeding as we do here. I can't even explain it, but no one stopped to straighten his back or wipe his forehead. Whatever the work was, it was enjoyable.

Nearby I saw a field of flowers. "They'll never fade!" I laughed. "Oh praise God for that!" The flowers were just perfect, the way God first made them. No bugs, no thorns, no dead petals.

Next I saw a field of tall grass, bright green with silver and gold reflections. It waved softly beside the animals lying in the fields. A lion, a lamb, a leopard, and a wolf were all lying peacefully together. As we passed them, they rose and began to follow us, but I was not at all afraid. What a thrill to have them so tame!

Past the field we entered a woods, not a dark woods as we have on earth, but one full of light. "We are safe here in these woods," we called to each other. "We could even sleep here." But we had no time to stop and rest, for we were on our way to Mt. Zion.

On the way we met a group who were staring at all the things around them just as we were. I noticed that they had bright crowns and a red hem on their robes. I hurried to catch up with Jesus at the front of the line and asked Him who those people were.

"They are people who died for My sake on earth," He answered soberly.

Then I noticed that there were even little children in that group, and they had red hems on their robes, too. How brave they must have been to die rather than give up loving Jesus.

When we finally stood before the temple, Jesus raised His

voice and announced, "Only the 144,000 who lived to see Me come and went through special trials can come into this temple." What an honor!

The temple sparkled in the light. It stood on seven see-through glass pillars decorated with huge pearls. Inside, to our great joy, we found our names written on stone tablets. I wish I could tell you about everything that was in the temple. Our language just doesn't have words to describe the things I saw.

When we finally came out of the temple, Jesus left us and returned to His city. Soon we heard Him calling across the fields, "Come, My people. Come to supper. You've suffered for Me and done My will. Now I Myself will serve you."

Hurrying back to the city, we passed through the gates and stopped to stare at a table which was miles and miles long. Our eyes were so strong now that we could see the other end of it. On the table were fruits from the two-trunked Tree of Life, manna (like the children of Israel ate in the wilderness), almonds, figs, pomegranates, grapes, and many other kinds of fruit.

When I asked Jesus if I could have some of the fruit, He answered kindly, "No, not now, Ellen. Those who eat this fruit will never go back to earth again. You must go back and tell others what you have seen. In a little while, if you are faithful, you shall eat this fruit and drink the water from heaven's fountain."

My angel guide lifted me up and carried me gently back to earth.

The women in Mrs. Haines' living room knew something strange had happened to me. My eyes were open, but I didn't breathe, although I would occasionally gesture or speak a word.

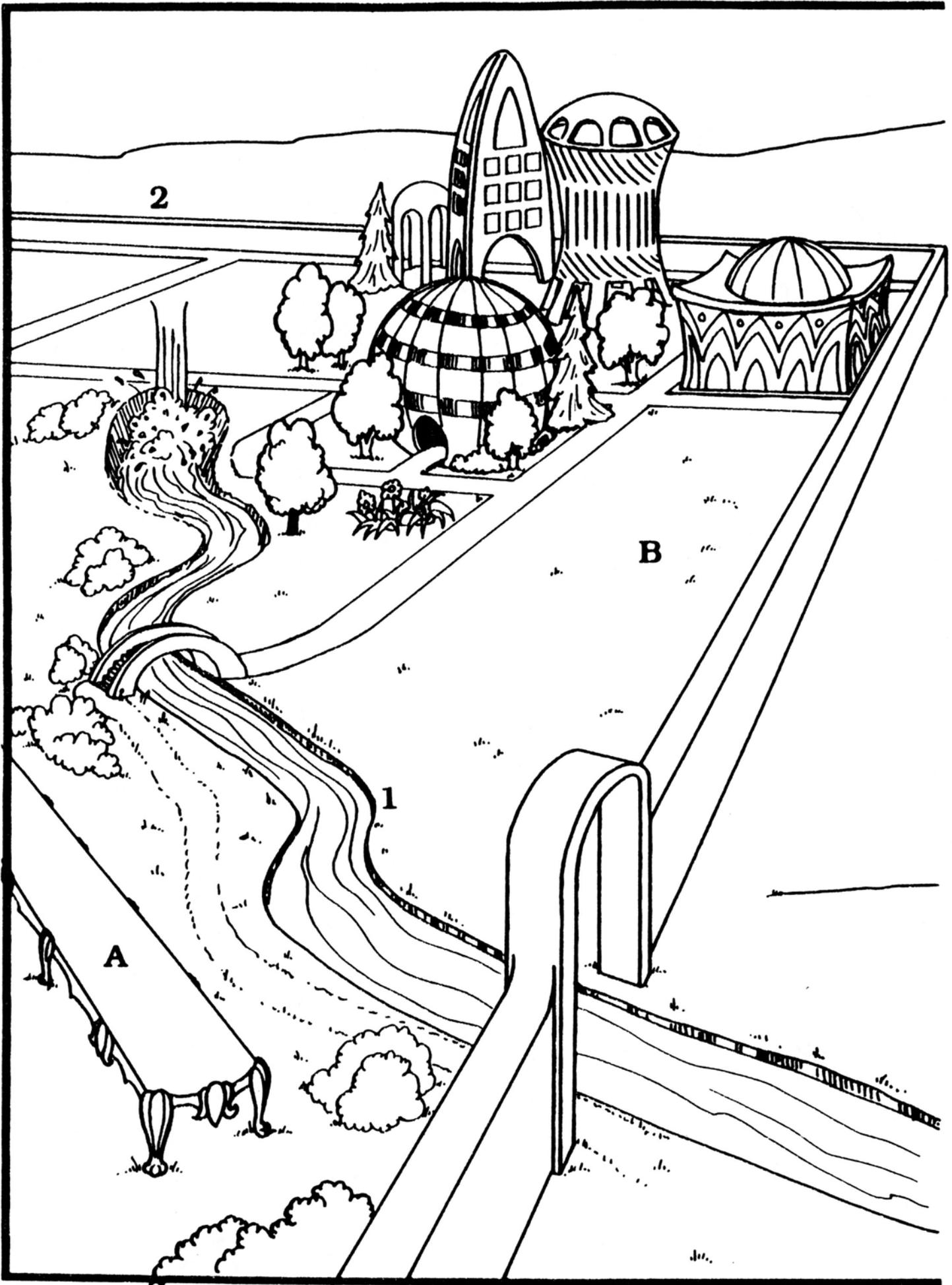
When the angel left, earth's darkness closed in around me. The world seemed so horrible that I started to cry. Heaven had been so lovely, I didn't want to come back to this dark, dark place.

I told the women what I had seen. They were sure the vision had come from God, and urged me to tell others. I didn't want to. Who would want to listen to a teenager? Later when I

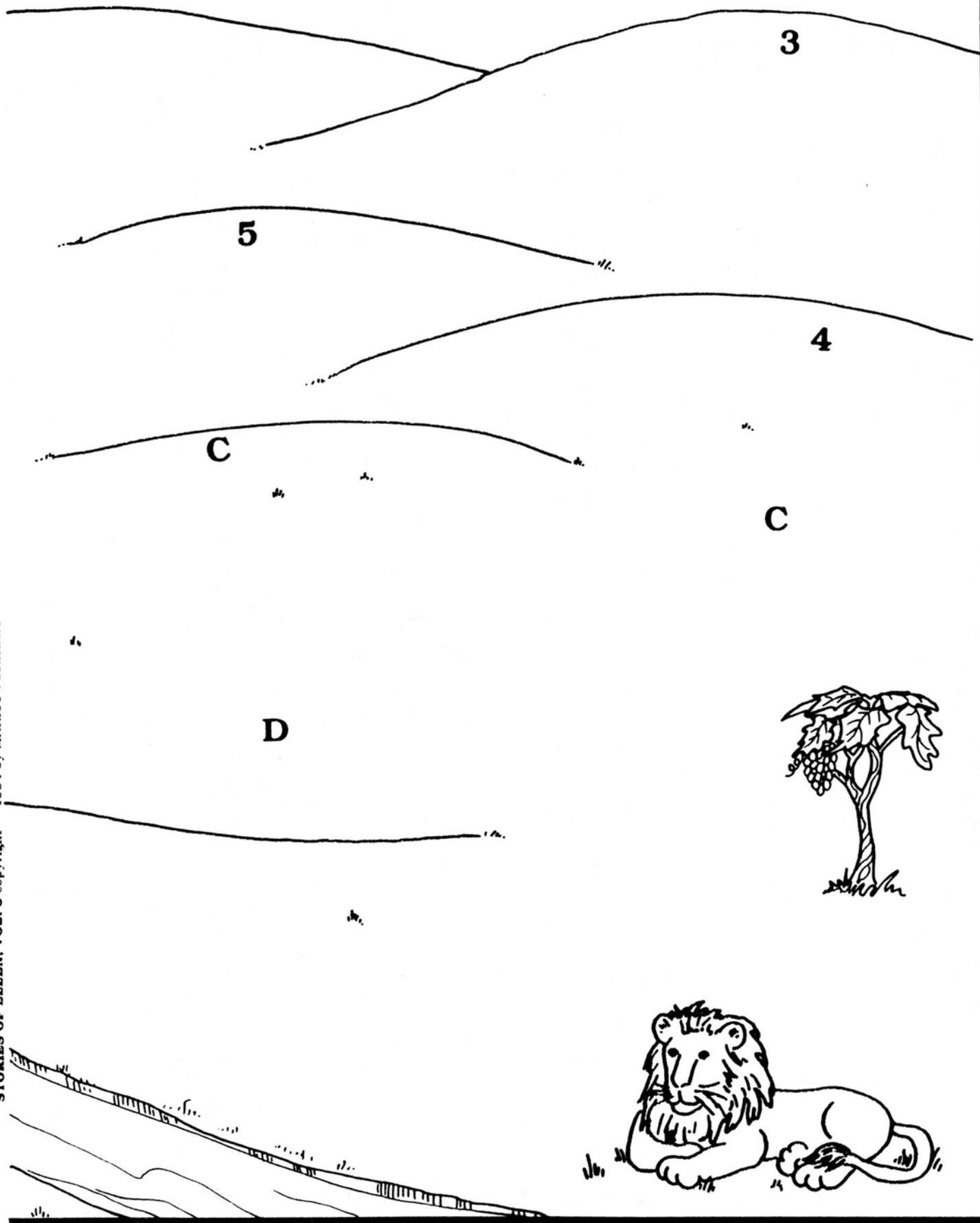
finally did tell my story, some laughed. Others, like the ladies, believed that God had sent the vision to give us encouragement. He wanted us to know that William Miller's ideas were not lies, but were light to help us on the way to heaven.

Sometimes I feel I can't stay here a minute longer. I get so homesick for the Celestial City and the New Earth, that I can hardly wait to be with Jesus at that long silver table. Won't you plan to sit at that table with me? All the sacrifices you make here will be small when you realize what God has waiting for you. Heaven is cheap at any price!

Adapted from Early Writings, pp. 14-20 and Spirit of Prophecy Emphasis Stories.



ELLEN SEES THE NEW EARTH



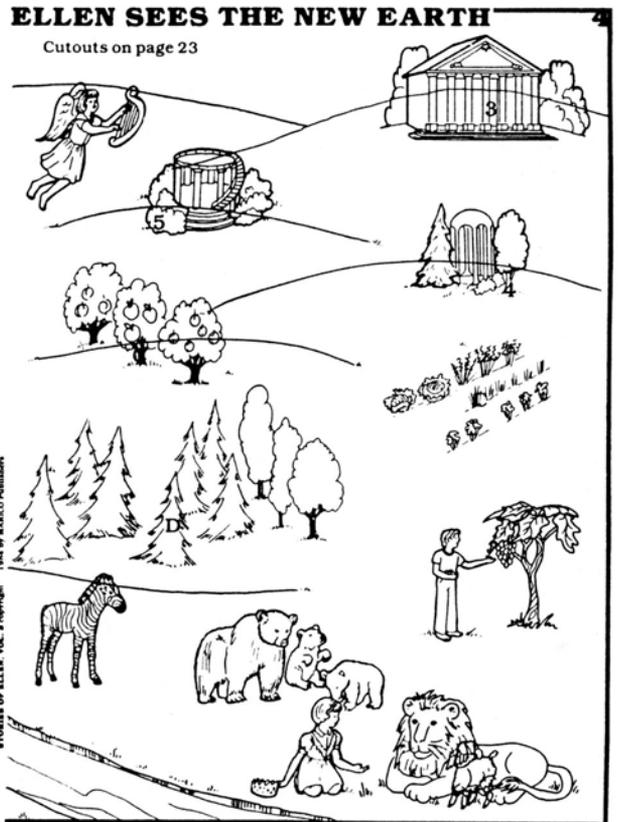
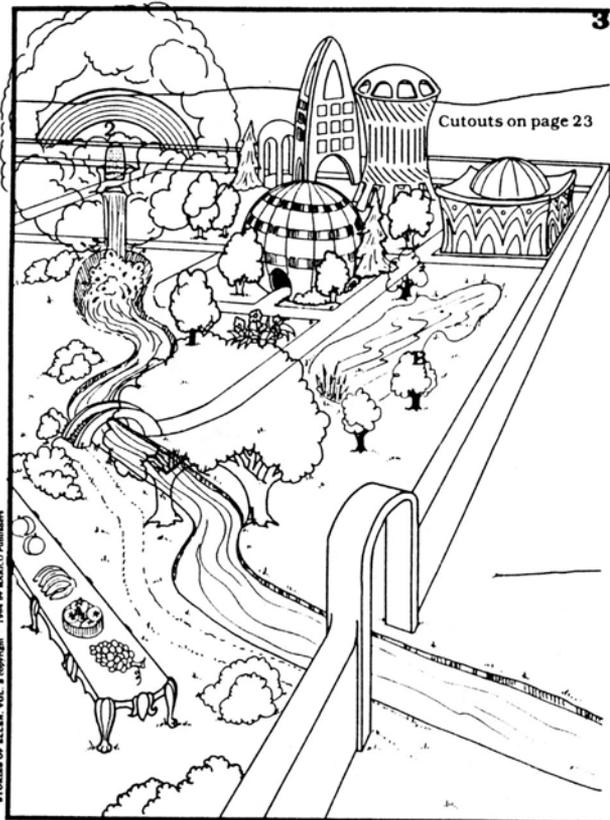
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ELLEN'S FIRST VISION

Part 2

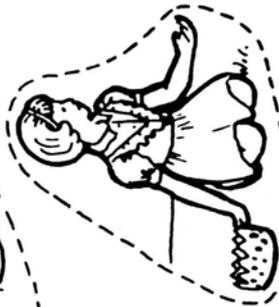
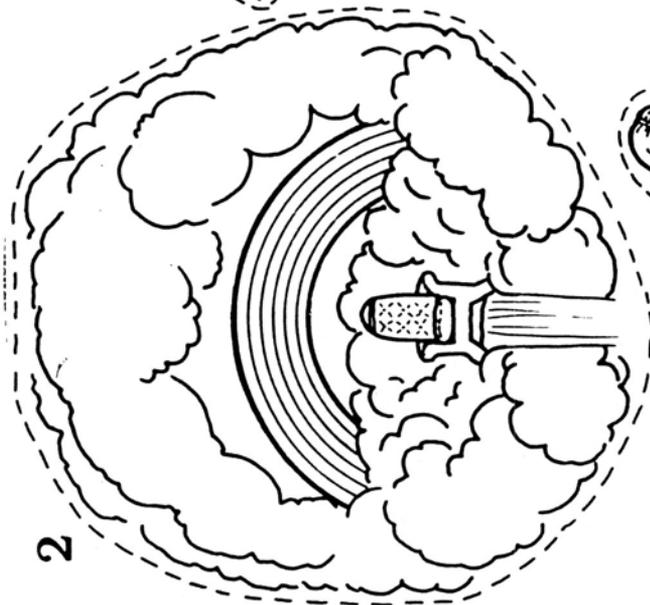
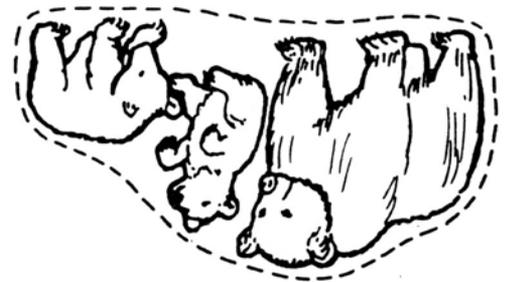
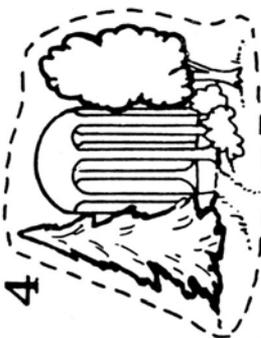
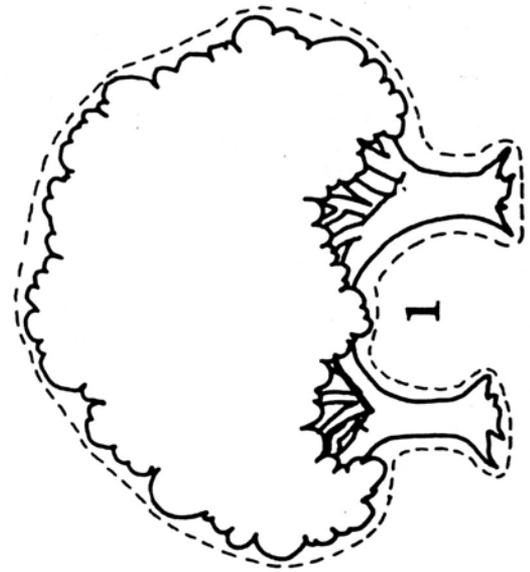
Directions: Prepare the sheets for pupil use by trimming the center margins as indicated. Join the sheets by taping on the back.

Cutouts and directions on the next page.



CUTOUT SHEET

1. Color, cut, and paste cutouts.
2. Draw these pictures:
 - bowls of food at A
 - a park area at B
 - gardens at C
 - a forest at D
3. Finish the picture as you wish.



ELLEN SEES THE NEW EARTH

Part 2

Objective: To understand the reality of heaven as a place to explore and to find fellowship.

For Discussion:

1. Think of ways to complete each sentence:

a. An animal I'd really like to have as a pet in heaven is...

b. Compared to the church I worship in, the Temple in heaven is... (many times bigger; more beautiful; never in need of heat or air conditioning; never in need of repair; graced by a heavenly choir)

c. Ten people I'd like to be seated near at the table in heaven are...

d. Since Jesus will be serving the meal, I expect to say to Him...

When will you come to my house for dinner?

I'm so glad to be here.

This is the nicest thing that's ever happened to me.

2. Read Revelation 21:1-5; 22:1-6.

a. Use the facts from Ellen White's vision and these Bible texts to write directions for making a filmstrip of scenes about heaven. (No night scenes; silver houses on the plains; people wearing re-bordered robes; temple; supper.)

b. Write directions for making a soundtrack to go with

the filmstrip. It should include: sound of many people, but no crying; harp playing, clinking of glasses; animal sounds.

Resource: *Spirit of Prophecy Emphasis Stories*



JAMES WHITE

Birth: August 4, 1821 Palmyra, Maine
Death: August 6, 1881 Battle Creek, Michigan
Family: 5 brothers and 3 sisters
Spouse - Ellen Gould Harmon White
Children - Henry, James, William John
Accomplishments: Founder of Seventh-day Adventist
Church, publisher, pastor,
teacher, farmer

JAMES WHITE

Apostle Paul of the Movement

August 4, 1821 - August 6, 1881

Seventh-day Adventists have never known a more talented and capable executive and missionary leader than James Springer White. He was also a powerful public evangelist. Not only did he participate with William Miller and Joseph Bates and scores of other preachers in announcing the advent of our Lord near in the 1840's, but he outlived the Millerite movement to become the first great apostle of the Seventh-day Adventist cause.

The word "first" applies to James White as to no other minister in the church. He was the publisher of the first periodical issued by Seventh-day Adventists, *Present Truth* (1849). He was the first editor of the *Review and Herald* (1850), the *Youth's Instructor* (1852), also the *Signs of the Times* (1874). He could have been the first president of the General Conference but he declined the honor offered to him by the brethren mostly because he had been the chief advocate of church organization. He did not want people to think that he was making a job for himself. He was president of the General Conference, however, between 1865-1867, 1869-1871, 1874-1880.

James White's contribution to the church was in the field of the publishing work as much as in church leadership and administration. If there was a founder of the Review and Herald Publishing Association it was he and his wife, Ellen White. The same can be said of the Pacific Press Publishing Association. James White was the sponsor and promoter of both great

institutions.

He died August 6, 1881, when he was only sixty. He literally worked himself to death. He towered to such a stature that it was difficult to persuade other men to undertake the work they thought he was qualified to do so much better. His wife counseled him to share his responsibilities. This he tried to do, but James White was an impressive figure, an excellent financier and manager, writer, evangelist, and executive. The brethren leaned on him so heavily that the towering figure fell. His sixty years of life were spent unselfishly and sacrificially. No other Seventh-day Adventist minister did more than he to build high principle and efficiency into the life of our churches and institutions.

See: *Captains of the Host*, pages 45-57; *Footprints of the Pioneers*, pages 117-122; *Pioneer Stories Retold*, pages 59-76.

A Story About James S. White

James S. White was born in Palmyra, Maine, August 4, 1821. The fact that he was brought up on a rocky Maine farm and lived in a humble home only adds interest to the story of his life.

In his youth he was a school teacher. He became a minister of the Christian denomination of Maine. He accepted Miller's views on the second advent and was successful in preaching the doctrine of the soon coming of the Saviour.

"In January, 1843, in the midst of a cold Maine winter, he left on horseback, thinly clad and with no money, for his field among strangers more than one hundred miles away. On one occasion a large mob, incited by non-believers, gathered around the meetinghouse and took out the windows. When the youthful minister began to pray, a snowball whistled through the window and spattered on the ceiling. This was the beginning of a fusillade of snowballs that broke on the ceiling and showered over him and the Bible. Closing his Bible, he began to picture the terrors of the day of God. He was inspired to give such a sermon as he had never been able to give before. Soon, under the spell of his eloquence, the rowdy crowd became quiet. As he talked, he drew a spike out of his pocket, which had been hurled and hit him on the forehead the night before. Holding up the spike, he said:

"Some poor sinner cast this spike at me last evening. God pity him. The worst wish I have for him is, that he is at this moment as happy as I am. Why should I resent this insult when my Master had them driven through His hands?"

"At that moment he raised his arms and placed his hands upon the wall behind him in the position of Christ on the cross. With tears streaming down his cheeks, the youthful minister called on sinners to repent. The effect was powerful. More than a hundred were in tears, and nearly that many rose for prayers.

"Closing the meeting, the young man started out through the subdued crowd. Someone locked arms with him and guided and assisted him through the throng. He did not know this person, and yet he seemed strangely familiar. When Mr. White got through the crowd, he missed his companion and never found out the identity of this heaven-sent protector. His lectures continued in that place three or four evenings without the least opposition, and resulted in a general revival." *Pioneer Stories Retold*, pp. 64,65.

In one place the youthful James White held public meetings and two hundred converts were added to the churches.

Resource: *The Atlantic Union Teacher*

James White

A Frustrated Scholar

Have you ever wished that you didn't have to go to school? Probably all of us have felt that way one time or another. But if you had asked that question to young James White, you may have been surprised by his answer.

You would suspect that fifteen-year-old James who had never attended school a day in his life, didn't value an education. But that was not the case. He would have given anything to be able to go to school, but poor health and bad eyesight kept him from learning.

Fortunately James was able to enroll in school when he was sixteen. But his troubles were far from over. How would you have felt if you had been James? Would you have been embarrassed having to use the same books as the younger students?

James' friends advised him to forget school and become a farmer. But he refused to listen to their advice. He once said that he had to study eighteen hours a day in order to complete his work. But when the 12-week school term was over, James was given a teaching certificate.

Before he had gone to school, James didn't feel very good about himself. At times he even wished he'd never been born. But after finding out that he could learn, he determined to make a difference in the world. Little did he know what God had planned for him!

After his first year of teaching, James took a summer job at a sawmill 40 miles away. He walked the entire distance. While working there he cut his ankle severely. The wound kept him off work for a long time and permanently damaged his foot. During the remainder of his life he was unable to put all his weight on his left heel.

At the close of summer, with \$30 and a small boxful of old, worn out clothes, James traveled to an academy in Maine where he could further his education.

While others wore new clothing and enjoyed the hot meals,

James lived very simply. For three months he had nothing to eat but raw apples and cornmeal mush.

At the end of the term, his formal education ended. He had attended high school less than twenty-nine weeks. But he had learned enough that he could apply for college.

Back when he was 15, James had been baptized into the Christian Church. But by the age of 20, he had become so involved in school, that he seemed to worship an education more than he worshiped God.

When he returned home for the summer, he found that a minister from Boston had come to town and preached about the soon coming of Jesus. Many of his neighbors had accepted Jesus. Until this time James had thought that the Millerites, those who believed Jesus would come in 1844 were religious fanatics.

James' mother invited him to attend the meetings. He became convicted of his spiritual condition and made a new commitment to follow God. He also felt impressed that he should visit the community where his school was located and to tell his students about Jesus. He asked God to excuse him from the task. But he felt no peace in his heart. Finally he rebelled against God, stamped his foot on the ground, and declared he would not go. He then packed up his belongings and went to another community.

He found a room at a boarding house, bought his books, and enrolled in the school there. He put all his energies into learning. But he became confused and distressed. He would study for hours, but then be unable to remember what he had read.

Finally, he decided to follow God's leading. He left his new school and started back to the town where he had taught the previous winter. As soon as he decided to follow his conscience, his mind was filled with a sense of God's approval and he felt happy again.

It was not easy for James to talk to his students and their parents about salvation. But he did what he felt the Lord wanted him to do.

When school got out for summer vacation, James wasn't sure about his future. He wanted to attend school and become a

scholar, yet he felt he should warn people about the soon coming of Jesus.

His struggle was severe, but finally decided to preach. His first few sermons by his own opinion, were not very good. He was shy and unsure of himself. During one sermon he gave, he found out that there were two young ministers in the audience. He tried to speak, but twenty minutes later, he sat down totally embarrassed.

James preached a few times that summer, and in September attended a camp meeting held by William Miller and other Advent preachers. Again he heard the message that Jesus would be returning to earth in just a few years. When he returned home, he spent several weeks studying the Advent literature.

James had purchased one of the charts explaining Bible prophecy. With it, his Bible, and a few other books, he studied the message. In October of the same year (1842) he attended a large Adventist camp meeting held at Exeter, Maine. He returned home with such enthusiasm for the message that he determined immediately go to out and proclaim it.

James had neither money, horse, nor saddle. He had spent all his savings traveling to camp meetings, buying literature, and replacing his old clothes with newer items. Friends helped him out, however. His father loaned him a horse for the winter, and a minister gave him a dilapidated saddle and several pieces of a bridle.

Gathering up his Advent literature, James folded up the prophecy chart and left his father's house on horseback. He began speaking in nearby churches. At first he only had three different sermons, but he added a new sermon at each new town, until he had a series of six.

At one town he substituted a week for a schoolteacher friend of his. And at night he preached at the church. At the close of his meetings, 60 people came forward for prayer. He was shocked. What was he going to do? He had given all six of his sermons and even added another. He had no more to teach them.

In his predicament he sent for his brother who had been

preaching for five years. James' brother came and raised up a large church in that area.

It's hard to believe that only a few years earlier, James saw no reason for living. But in finding Jesus, he had learned that God would multiply his talents and use him to make a difference in the lives of other people.

Isn't it exciting to know that God will do the same for us!

Adapted from Pioneer Stories Retold.

James and Ellen White

Love and Marriage

During the winter of 1843 James ventured further from home. On one occasion, a large mob gathered around the meetinghouse where he was preaching. When James began to pray, snowballs started flying through the air. Soon his Bible and clothes were dripping wet.

Closing his Bible, James began to describe what the earth would be like the day that Jesus returned. The mob quieted down. James kept talking. He pulled a spike out of his pocket. It was the same spike someone had hit him in the head with the night before. Holding up the spike, he said:

"Some poor sinner cast this spike at me last evening. God pity him. The worst wish I have for him is, that he is at this moment as happy as I am. Why should I resent this insult when my Master had them driven through His hands?"

At that moment he raised his arms and placed his hands on the wall behind him in the position of Jesus on the cross. The effect was powerful. Nearly 100 rose for prayer that night.

After the closing prayer, James started down the aisle. Someone locked arms with him and guided him out the door and through the crowd of trouble-makers standing outside. He did not know the person, and yet he seemed strangely familiar. Once James got through the crowd, his companion disappeared. James never found out the identity of this heaven-sent protector.

James was ordained as a minister that spring. For the next year he worked here and there among small towns and country churches in Maine. In the spring of 1844 he, like the other Advent believers looked forward to October 22, the day Jesus was to return.

The believers gathered in their accustomed places to wait for the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God. James White, along with the others, was bitterly disappointed when the Savior did not appear.

That winter James White was in Orrington, Maine. A number

of fanatics were disrupting the church. (Fanatics are people who instead of living a balanced life, go to unhealthy extremes in certain areas such as diet or dress.)

A young 18-year-old, named Ellen Harmon, who received special messages from God, came to Orrington in February. She brought a message for the people who were causing problems in the church.

Ellen and James became acquainted, and occasionally spoke at the same churches. In time their friendship turned into love, and they were married the following year.

Soon after their marriage, James and Ellen White read Joseph Bate's Sabbath booklet. After further study, they became convinced that Saturday, not Sunday, was the true Sabbath.

Then one day Ellen came to her husband James with a message from the Lord: "You must begin to print a little paper and send it out to the people. Let it be small at first; but as the people read, they will send you means with which to print, and it will be a success from the first."

Although the Sabbath keeping Adventists were excited about starting a new paper, they didn't know where they'd get the money to pay the printing costs.

James felt that he must follow God's instructions. So he took the responsibility of financing the project. He decided to earn money by cutting hay. But in a vision, God told Ellen that James should use his time writing. They were to move forward in faith, and God would provide the money.

And that's how our first church paper, Present Truth, came to be. When James finished writing the first copy, he walked eight miles to the printer and eight miles home again. Several times he had to make this trip before he finally brought the finished sheets home. Fortunately, he was able to borrow a friend's horse and buggy for the last journey.

When the first thousand copies of Present Truth were brought from the printing office, the papers were spread before the Lord. The little group of believers prayed that the papers would reach people's hearts. They then addressed each copy to individuals

whom they thought would be open to the message. James carried them back to town and mailed them at the post office.

By 1850 James had become discouraged. At first people had sent in money to help with the publishing costs. But eventually, the financial help dropped to almost nothing. James decided to stop publishing the magazine. But in a vision, Ellen was told that he should start publishing again.

James began a new magazine called the Advent Review. He planned to publish just a few issues to help people understand the importance of the 1844 movement.

Eventually he replaced the Present Truth and the Advent Review with one magazine called Second Advent Review and Sabbath Herald. Its main purpose was to proclaim the seventh-day Sabbath and also review the Advent message. This magazine is still being published today, and your parents may have a subscription. It is now called the Adventist Review.

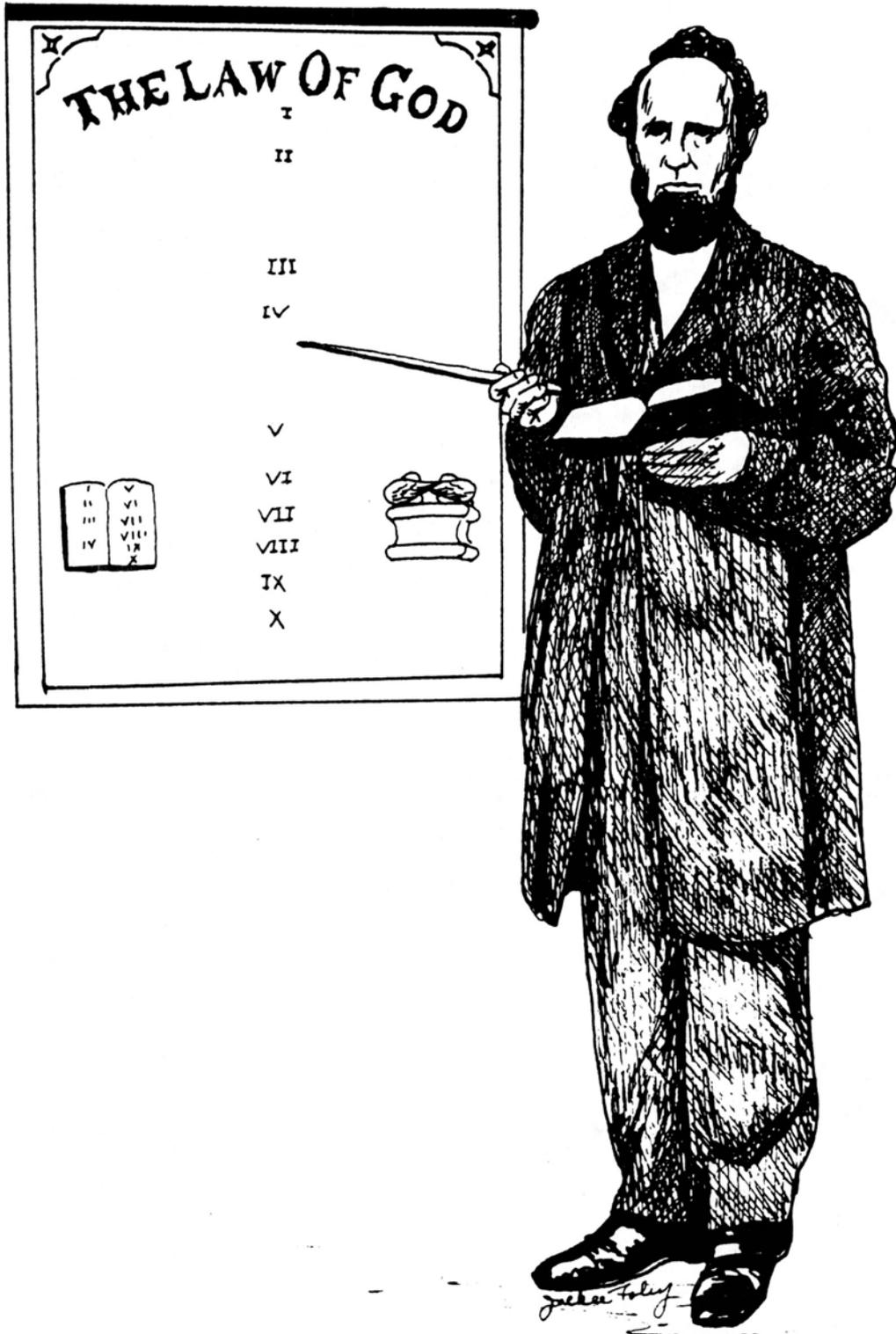
In 1852 James started another magazine called Youth's Instructor. It is now known as Insight. He realized that children of all ages needed to learn more about the Bible. So he began writing for younger children. He would often write during his travels between towns. Stopping at noon, he'd tie up his horse and allow it to graze while he ate his own lunch. He'd use his hat or the lunch basket for a desk, and write out Sabbath school lessons.

In studying our church history, we often forget the contributions that James White made to the Adventist church. We hear so much about his famous wife, Ellen. But James, too, was an outstanding leader.

By the time he died in 1881, he had served God in many ways. He had been a teacher, minister, author, publisher, editor, and General Conference President.

James White, who had once struggled to learn, found out that with God nothing is impossible.

Adapted from Pioneer Stories Retold.



JAMES AND HIS CHART

James White liked to use charts when he was teaching.

TWO MORE DAYS

A Millerite family waits expectantly for the Second Advent.

— ooOOoo —

CHARACTERS

Cyrus Farnsworth
Daniel Farnsworth
John Farnsworth
Patty Farnsworth
Sally Farnsworth
William Farnsworth
Willis Huntley
Mrs. Huntley
Newell Mead
Delight Oakes
Rachel Oakes
John Stowell
Frederick Wheeler

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

The early Advent believers sincerely looked forward to the coming of Christ during their lifetime. The preaching of William Miller and his associates led them to expect the return of Christ in 1843, and then in the spring of 1844. The failure of the Lord to appear at that time caused widespread disappointment, and some believers abandoned the Blessed Hope. Many, however, clung to the certainty of the scriptures and waited through the summer of 1844.

Then suddenly, in mid-August, Samuel Snow appeared at a Millerite camp-meeting at Exeter, New Hampshire, and delivered the message that the Lord was expected on Tuesday, October 22. The excitement at this prospect spread quickly through the towns and villages of New England, as Millerites prepared to meet their Lord. But the final weeks and days of waiting were not easy for them. Their neighbors ridiculed them for selling property, and for failing to harvest their crops. Some believers suffered persecution and violence. Yet it all seemed worthwhile since there would be no sorrow in heaven.

In hundreds of communities throughout New England, Millerite believers prepared for the second coming of Christ on October 22, 1844. It was indeed a bitter disappointment when He did not return.

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TWO MORE DAYS

The scene is the Millerite church in the woods near Washington, New Hampshire, on the morning of October 20, 1844. Cyrus Farnsworth saunters in on the main floor, below the stage, singing to himself and seemingly oblivious of the audience. He stops at the center front, leaning against the stage, but ignores the audience as he reminisces.

Cyrus: *(Singing)* You will see your Lord a'coming,
 You will see your Lord a'coming,
 You will see your Lord a'coming,
 In a few more days.

(Chuckles) Guess it's less than "a few" now. *(Sings again.)*

 You will see your Lord a'coming
 In just two more days.

Two more days! It's hard to believe! Seems like only yesterday we were saying "Only *two months* till the Lord comes!" Then it was "one month to go" . . . "this time next week" . . . five days . . . four . . . three . . . and now just two days.

It's kind of frightening in a way. Wonderful, yet scary. And p'raps even a teeny bit sad. Would be sort of nice to be married before the Lord comes. *(Sighs)*

(Suddenly he appears to become aware of his audience. He moves a step forward to face audience.)

Sorry, guess I haven't introduced myself. I'm Cyrus – Cyrus Farnsworth. I'm the next to the youngest son of Daniel and Patty Farnsworth. They sent me here an hour before church service this morning to light the fires. That way it should be cosy and warm when everyone gets here. I live about two miles from here, on the west wide of Millen Pond. I've lived here in Washington all of my life (all twenty-one years of it!). When my grandparents moved to this area over seventy-five years ago, there wasn't even a village here yet. I guess you could say the Farnsworths were among the pioneers of Washington.

But Washington won't be on the map for very much longer. We're looking for the Lord to return to this earth on October 22 – that's two days from now. It's hard to believe it when you look around at the farm, the lake, the big maple trees, this little white church – all the places we know so well. They're all going to be burned up. But it's real, because the Bible says so: "Unto two thousand and three hundred days, then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." It's all going to happen in just two days from now!

Eighteen forty-four. It's been quite a year! It seems like everything important that has ever happened has taken place this year. Here in Washington the year started with the arrival of Miss Oakes to teach at our school. Delight Oakes – and she's as pretty as her name. *(Sighs)* If it weren't for the Lord coming so soon, I would be asking her to marry me. She boarded at our house for most of the winter. She believes in the Bible too. At first she didn't understand about

Wheeler: Thank you, Cyrus. That's a fine lad you have, Brother Farnsworth. Hello, Delight. *(Sits)* And Mrs. Oakes. I saw you in my congregation last Sunday, and I have wanted to make your acquaintance. We have been happy to have your lovely daughter attend our services from week to week.

Rachel: And I wanted to meet you, Elder Wheeler. You remember that in your communion sermon on Sunday you said that if we confess Jesus Christ we should obey all the commandments of God?

Wheeler: Yes, I did say that, Sister Oakes.

Rachel: Well, I came near getting up in the meeting right then, and saying something.

Wheeler: Yes, I noticed that. But what did you have in mind to say?

Rachel: I wanted to tell you that you had better set that communion table back and put the cloth over it, until you begin to keep *all* the commandments of God.

Wheeler: *(Taken aback.)* Whatever do you mean, Mrs. Oakes?

Rachel: *(To Delight)* Pass me my Bible, dear. *(Opens it.)* Here in Exodus chapter 20 the fourth commandment says, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God," but you keep the first day. You observe the pope's Sunday instead of the Lord's Sabbath.

Daniel: I have never thought of the fourth commandment as being all that important as far as the actual day was concerned.

Wheeler: Well, Sister Oakes, you are right when you say the fourth commandment tells us to keep holy the Sabbath Day. It is also true that Christ Himself kept the seventh-day while He was on earth. But at the cross, the law was changed . . .

Rachel: *(Interrupting)* Show me one text of scripture which proves that Christ changed the Sabbath from the seventh-day to the first day.

Wheeler: *(Fumbles in his Bible for a few moments.)* Well, I'm sure there are several texts . . . *(Decides on a different approach.)* Sister Oakes, I am aware that you are an adherent of the Seventh Day Baptist faith, and I respect the doctrinal viewpoints of the Seventh Day Baptists. But many of us are convicted that the important truth for this hour is the proclamation of the imminent return of Jesus Christ sometime during the spring of this very year. You see, we of the Advent Near have come out of so many of the great churches of our day – William Miller of course was a Baptist, many of our believers are Congregationalists, and I am a circuit preacher of the Methodist Church. We don't expect Adventists to give up any of the particular doctrines of their churches, but neither do we expect them to try to impose their beliefs on all other Adventists. Do you see that?

Rachel: Mr. Wheeler, since when do we ignore a clear command of scripture as an unimportant truth? Christ said, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Do you love Christ, Mr. Wheeler?

(As Wheeler prepares to answer, Cyrus return to his position in front of stage. As he resumes his narrative, the members of Scene 1 move off stage.)

Two More Days

- Sally: The hard thing is not knowing *when* He is coming.
- William: Yes. *(Pause)* If only we could be sure He will come this year – the month even. *(Shakes head, discouraged.)*
- Sally: *(After a pause.)* William, we haven't been to a camp meeting all summer.
- William: No, Sally, we haven't. Seems like we have lost some of our enthusiasm for camp meetings this summer. Willis Huntley wanted us to go along with them to the meetings at Exeter this week, and I guess we should have gone along. Remember how those camp meetings always made us excited about the Lord's coming. Made it seem so *certain*, and so *soon!*
- Sally: I suppose the meetings at Exeter will be over by now. Though I haven't seen any of the Huntleys around, have you?
(Young John Farnsworth, aged ten, comes in from outdoors.)
- John: Pa, Mr. and Mrs. Huntley are here! Mr. Huntley asked me whether you were out in the hay field, but I told him you were inside here. *(William jumps up and goes to the door.)* Is supper ready yet, Ma?
- Sally: No, not for an hour yet, John. You've still got time to do your chores, if you start right away.
- John: Oh it's too hot out there to be chorin'.
- Sally: Yes, it is hot out there.
(John remains in the room, flops down on the floor near his mother, and whittles. William meets Mr. & Mrs. Huntley at the door.)
- William: Why, come in, Willis. And nice you could come too, Mary.
(All four exchange greetings. The two ladies sit together.)
- Willis: This is just a brief visit. We only got back from camp-meeting this morning, and we've got some exciting truth to share with you folk – with all our believers in Washington.
- William: New truth? From scripture?
- Willis: Yes, indeed! William and Sally, the Lord is coming nine weeks from now. On October 22 of this year.
- William & Sally: Is that true? October 22? How do you know?
- Mrs. Willis: Yes, it is true! Brother Snow explained it to us.
- Sally: Who is Brother Snow? How does he know?
- William: Does he know from the Bible?

Two More Days

- Willis: Well, he almost seemed to be expecting it. He just stopped preaching and asked Brother Snow to come forward. So Brother Snow came right up to the front and told us what he had been studying about the Old Testament Day of Atonement, and how it will all end with the coming of Christ on October 22. It was astounding!
- William: Well, praise the Lord!
- Mrs. Willis: That's what everyone was shouting at the meeting. I just wish you could have been there with us. It was like . . . like as if a great wind had suddenly sprung up and rustled the leaves of the maple trees.
- Willis: A wonderful meeting! Thrilling!
- William: So Christ is coming back on October 22! Why, that's only nine weeks from now! Then at last we'll all go home! Sally, you won't have to finish that sweater after all!
- John: Is Jesus *really* coming on October 22, Ma?
- Sally: (*Wiping tears.*) Yes sonny, He's *really* coming. Isn't it wonderful!
(Just then there is the sound off-stage of a rock hitting a tin roof, then of a window breaking, followed by loud laughter.)
- William: What was that? (*All now stand, listening.*)
- Voices Off: When are you going up, Farnsworth? Let's take his horse — he won't be needing it up there. (*Laughter*)
(All exit hurriedly. Cyrus returns to front, below stage, and continues his narrative.)
- Cyrus: The Devil has sure been trying to make our lives miserable during the last few weeks. It's especially hard when people who used to be your friends suddenly change and become your enemies. Several of my old school friends now ridicule and taunt me whenever our paths cross. Some of our believers right here in Washington had rocks thrown at them; one of our neighbors had his barn burned down last week.
- But Jesus said to be happy when men persecute and revile us, because they persecuted Him too. And in two days from now, Christ will come and destroy all the wicked, and there will be no more fear and hate.
- Two more days! Today is Sunday, October 20, the last Sunday meeting in our little white church here in Washington, New Hampshire. It's a crisp fall morning, so they sent me along early to light the stoves so that the church will be warm and cozy when it's time for the service to begin. I see that some of the folks are starting to arrive right now. Why don't you all join us for our last meeting together.
- (Enter John Stowell. He and Cyrus rearrange the stage, placing of pulpit, etc. as Millerites begin to enter the church from the rear doors.)*

These past two years have been very difficult ones for us. Many times I have felt discouraged and weary from the waiting and the hardships we have endured. But I thank God He has given me the strength to carry on. (*Amens*) May we each cling to the Word of God as we wait our these final days and hours. (*Amens*)

Daniel: (*Stands*) Brother Stowell has just reminded us of the trials and hardships we have experienced during these last two years. But how many of us remember the night just three years ago when we met in my son William's house to discuss the idea of forming a Christian Society here on the outskirts of Washington? How many of you remember that night? (*Several hands raised.*) It was that night, my friends, that we signed an agreement to build this little church as our meeting house on Sundays.

As we met together that night at William's house, not one of us could have foreseen that the Lord would be here in three years to take us all home to heaven! I suppose we would not have taken the trouble to build this church had we known it would only serve us for three years. But this morning I praise God that most of the families who met together on that night three years ago are here today, ready and waiting for the Lord's return. (*Amens*) I am especially glad that all the members of my family are with me in this joyous hour. (*Amens*)

Rachel: (*Stands*) As Brother Farnsworth has been speaking, I could not help remembering the day this past spring when I arrived here in Washington. As you all know, I had come to be near my daughter, Delight, who was teaching at the schoolhouse. As I alighted from the coach in Washington Center, I was feeling cold and tired. But there was dear Brother Farnsworth with his buggy, waiting to take me to his home, where Sister Farnsworth had a warm bath and a bed ready for me. So I thank God for the wonderful Farnsworth family.

But more than that, I praise God that He used the Farnsworths to teach me this wonderful truth of the near Advent of Jesus Christ. (*Loud amens.*)

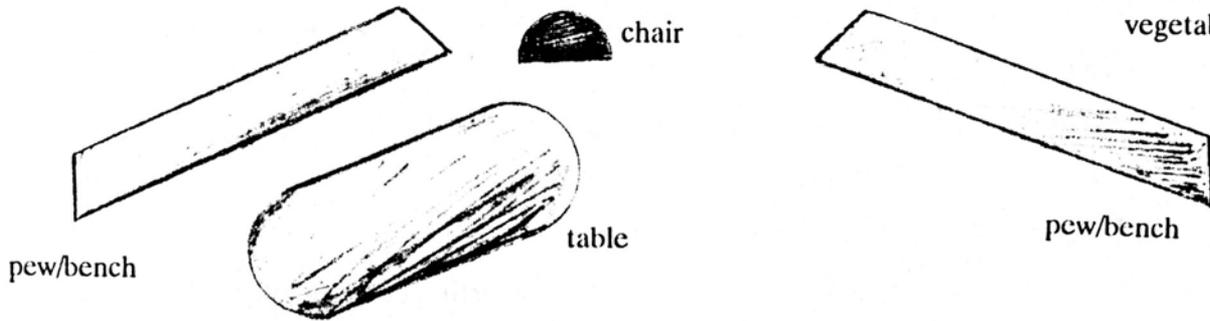
I also want to thank God for the precious knowledge of the true Sabbath, which I accepted when I was baptized into the Seventh Day Baptist faith many years ago. God blesses those who seek to obey all of His commandments. (*Silence, then one solitary amen from Wheeler.*)

Willis: (*Stands*) My friends, there is something that worries me this morning as we worship here. Have you noticed that the members of the Ball family are not present? I believe I know why they are not here with us. A year or two ago, Brother Ball incurred a large debt which he has been unable to repay. When I talked with him a few weeks ago, he was much concerned about the debt, and expressed the wish that he could somehow be free of it before the Lord returns. He has tried to do that by selling everything that he and his family own. They have sold their furniture, all of their horses, and their dray and wagon. I believe that is why they are unable to come here today.

STAGING SUGGESTIONS

Scene 1:

Props:
two Bibles
winter coat
gloves
bowls
knives
vegetables



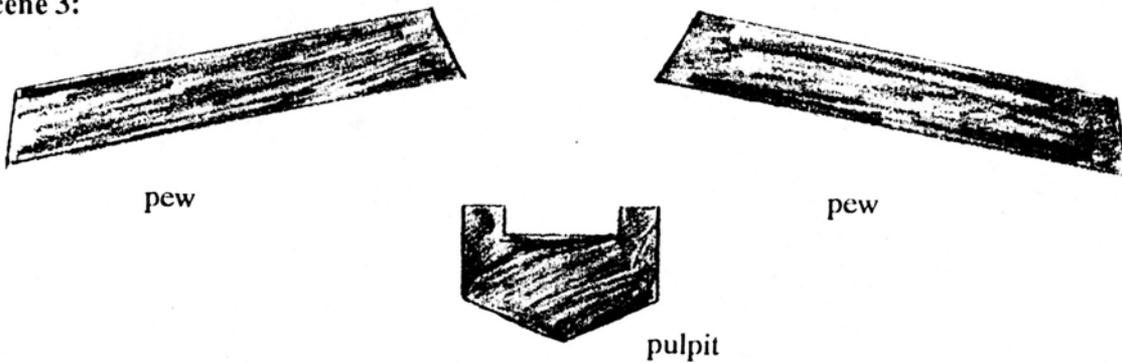
Scene 2:

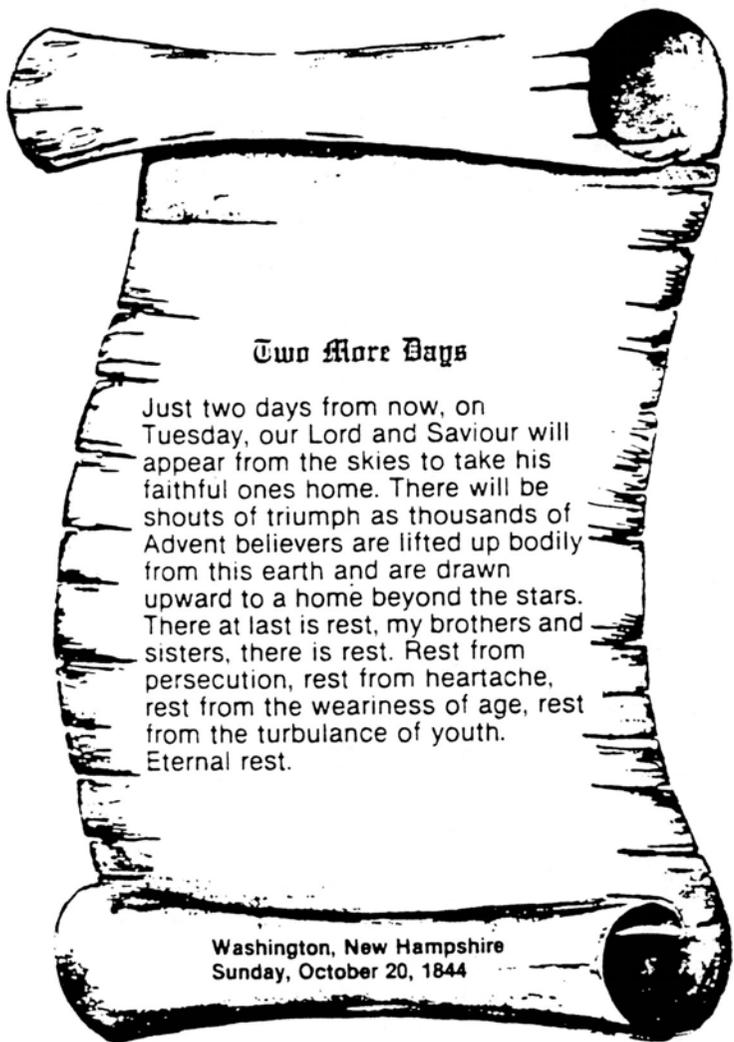
Props:
knitting
knife
wood for whittling



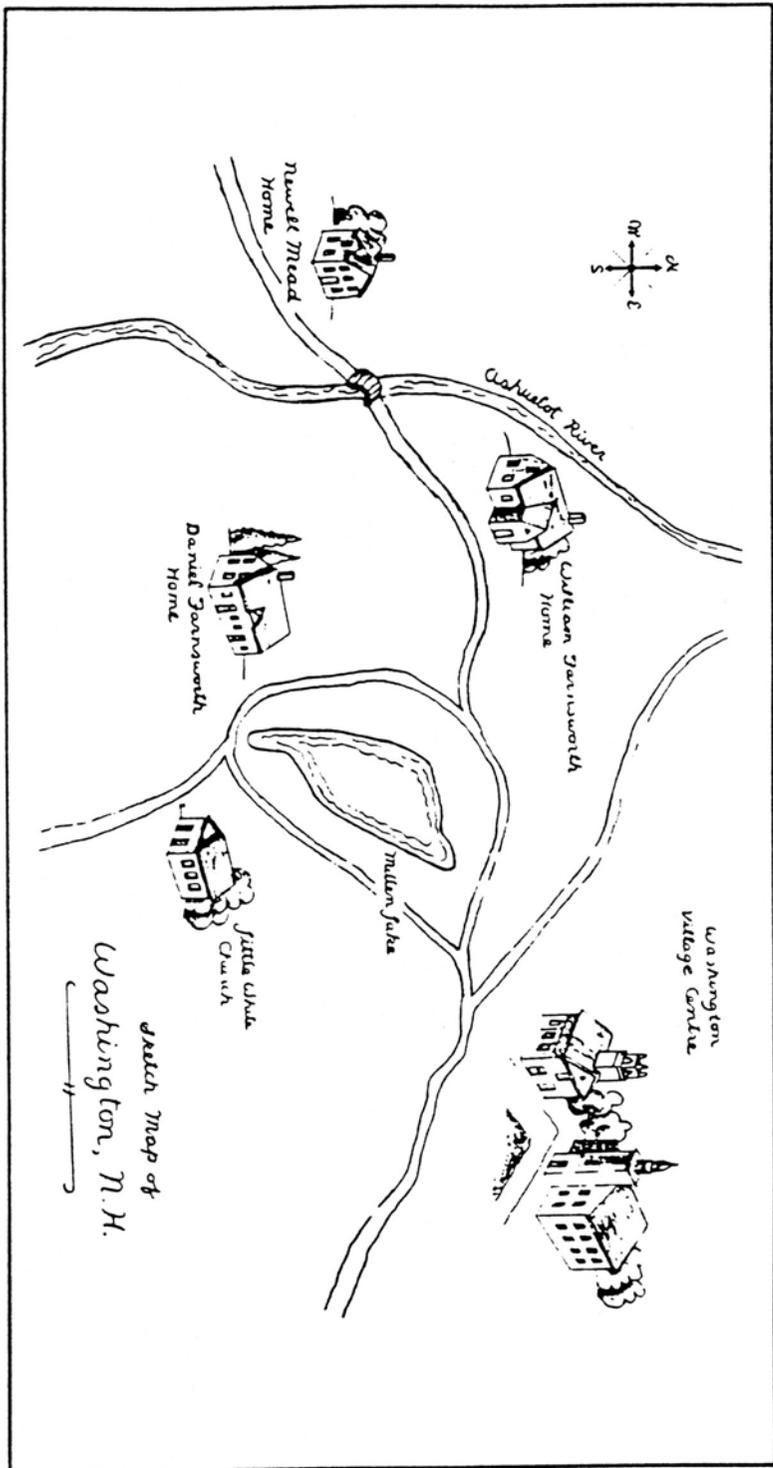
Scene 3:

Props:
Bible





Program Cover



Map

SHORT SKITS

READER When this Advent message began, God chose plain, simple people such as we are, to carry it on. Many of them were very young when they began their work, and almost all of them were poor. It is good for us to know what these pioneers of the Message did, for it can inspire us to carry the torch they passed on, to its final triumph.

The man who God used to start the Second Advent message in America was William Miller. He was living on a farm in Low Hampton, New York, when he began to study the Scriptures. This led him to a study of the prophecies. From this, he came to see that the cleansing of the sanctuary must come in about 1844. He understood that to mean the end of the world. Miller felt he should tell it to others, but he hesitated to start. Let us visit his sister's home in New York.

This is the home of his sister.

Call of William Miller

Scene: Home of Guilfords. Mr. and Mrs. G. and three children

- Mrs. G.** I don't know what we are going to do. The minister is away, and who will preach to us next Sunday?
- Mr. G.** Sylvia, couldn't we get your brother William too come over and talk to us and the neighbors tomorrow about the coming of the Lord? You know he has studied that subject for years now.
- Mrs. G.** Oh. I'm afraid William wouldn't do it. You know he says he is no preacher. Of course he has spoken to us about the prophecies, but he wouldn't speak in public.
- Mr. G.** Well, he needn't preach. We'll gather the neighbors in here, and he can come and sit and talk with us. That's enough. Why, if he believes the Lord is coming about 1843 or 1844, he has to tell it. The world must know.
- Mrs. G.** The prophecies are right, aren't they, Silas?
- Mr. G.** The prophecies are right, and William's figures seem all right. That's why I want him to come to talk to us, so we can get it all straightened out.
- Mrs. G.** You might send Irving over to see if he would come.
- mr. G.** Irving, saddle the brown mare and ride over to Uncle William's. Tell him the Baptist minister is away, and we want him to come over tomorrow and talk to us and the neighbors about the coming of the Lord.
- Irving:** Hadn't I better cut across the Lake, Pa, at Brennan's landing? I can get a boat there.

JOSEPH BATES APOSTLE OF THE SABBATH TRUTH

by Lynne E. Buhler

Characters and Props and Costuming:

Captain Joseph Bates:	Wearing a dark suit, a bowler and hat, round glasses on his nose, holds in his hand a pamphlet with the title "THE HOPE OF ISRAEL" by T. M. Preble and a Bible.
Prudence Bates:	Wearing a long skirt, white blouse and an apron with hair pulled back.
James M. Hall:	A neighbor. Wearing a suit, he uses a cane to walk with.
Mr. Drew:	Postmaster. Wearing a long sleeved white shirt, vest, and visor; carrying envelopes, letter for Captain Bates, General Delivery, New Bedford possibly a scale for weighing the mail, money to make change for \$10.00.
Jack:	Delivery boy. Wearing a cap, shirt sleeves rolled up.
Prop Manager:	A person to arrange stage and place correct sign for each scene.
Narrator:	Either one or two people can do this. It is much more effective to have this memorized.

Play

Narrator: Whatever Captain Joseph Bates did, he did well. He was no half-hearted worker. As a sea captain, he determined to be the most efficient captain on the seas. When he discarded tobacco and alcohol, he gave them up forever; he even established one of the first temperance societies. When he accepted the views of William Miller about Christ's second coming, he put all his money and efforts into preaching this message. When he learned of the importance of the fourth commandment, he observed the very next Sabbath.

Joseph's wife Prudence, thought him impulsive and overly enthusiastic. While more cautious than her energetic husband, she eventually followed his lead.

As our story opens, Joseph has just returned from Washington, New Hampshire where a group of Adventists have begun to observe the seventh day. He is near the bridge between Fairhaven and New Bedford when he encounters his neighbor, Mr. Hall.

Prudence: *(Enters wiping her hands on her apron.)* Joseph! Joseph! I haven't enough flour to finish the baking.

Bates: *(Glances up.)* How much flour do you need?

Prudence: Oh, about four pounds, *(Turns to leave and answers over shoulder.)* I suppose.

Bates: *(Dons hat and moves toward the exit.)* All right, I'll get it for you.
(Bates returns, leaving his hat on the first chair and sits at his desk to write I must continue writing.)

Prudence: *(Enters a bit flustered and confused.)* Joseph, where did this flour come from?

Bates: *(Looks up quickly.)* Why? Isn't there enough? *(Stands and gestures pleadingly.)* You said you wanted four pounds.

Prudence: You! *(Pointing at Joseph incredulously.)* Captain Bates, *(Starts straightening Joseph's hat a little too vigorously.)* a man who has sailed vessels out of New Bedford to all parts of the world, have been out and bought FOUR pounds of FLOUR?

Bates: Wife, *(Pauses and paces anxiously.)* you may as well know I spent the last money I have on that flour.

Prudence: *(Cries out in frustration.)* What are we going to live on?! *(Sits down quickly, pauses and begins to weep quietly into her apron.)* What are we going to do!?!?

Bates: *(Kneels beside her and reaches out to soothe her.)* Prudence, I'm going to write a book. *(Building excitement.)* I'm going to have it published too. *(Confidently and with a sense of well-being.)* The Lord will provide.

Prudence: *(Stands up and moves away quickly in tearful anger.)* That's what you always say! *(Pauses, reproachfully.)* The Lord will provide? *(Exits weeping.)*

Bates: *(Stares after Prudence with little or no understanding, shakes his head as though to clear his mind and turns to return to his writing, after a short while gets restless.)*
I feel impressed there might be a letter for me at the post office. *(Rises, jams on hat and moves to exit.)* I'll go see.

SCENE III

Replace Bates Residence sign with a Post Office sign.

(Drew enters and begins sorting, weighing and stamping mail.)

Bates: *(Removes his hat and eagerly inquires.)* Mr. Drew, Is there a letter for me?

Drew: *(As he searches)* Yes, there is, Captain Bates! *(Surprised as he discovers letter and exclaims)* Postage due, five cents!

Bates: *(Leans forward and stares.)* Mr. Drew, I'm out of money. *(Gestures)* I don't even have five cents to pay the postage. *(With interest)* Can you tell me where the letter is from?

(Bates reaches into his pocket for the letter.)

That's what you always say! *(In exasperation)*

Bates: *(Hands letter to Prudence.)* Read this, and you will learn where it came from.

Prudence: *(Reads letter.)* Oh, Joseph, I'm ashamed of my lack of faith. *(Puts hand on Joseph's arm and looks into his face and says feelingly.)* Truly God does care for us. *(Joseph and Prudence continue to look at letter through narration.)*

Narrator: Joseph Bates was more convinced than ever that he could depend on the promise, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God...and all these things shall be added unto you." He did write his Sabbath tract, "The Seventh Day Sabbath: A Perpetual Sign in 1846. With this tract, Captain Joseph Bates introduced James and Ellen White to the Sabbath.

The respected Captain was the oldest member of our church pioneers and became the first president of the Michigan Conference in 1861.

Captain Bates was a spiritual man with the courage of his convictions. We thank God for this faithful captain who is often called the "Apostle of the Sabbath Truth."

SISTER WHITE'S FIRST VISION

A Choral Reading
Composed by Esther Cummings
Actions by Frances Blahovich

- Girl 1: Glory! (*Hands held extended out chest high.*)
- Girls 1,2: Glory! (*Hands extended out face level.*)
- Girls 1,2,3: Glory! (*Hands held above head.*)
(*Moment of Silence.*)
- Girl 1: I am rising . . . rising from the earth! But where are the Advent people? (*Stand on tiptoes looking around with arms stretched out and up.*)
- Girls 2,3,
Boy 1: Look again! Look a little higher. (*Right hand held just over eyebrows – looking up at a focal point.*)
- Girls 1,2,3: There they are on a straight and narrow path, high above the world. (*Right hands pointing to focal point.*)
- ALL: High above and traveling toward the city. (*Continue to point, keeping eyes all looking at focal point.*)
- Girl 1: A light! (*Hand held cupped beside face as to block out the light.*)
- Girls 1,2: A light! (*Cup hands like girl 1.*)
- Girls 1,2,3: A bright, bright light!
- Boys 1,2,3: This is the midnight cry lighting the path along the way that the people might not stumble. (*Standing erect with right hands making and upward sweep and then back to sides.*)
- Girl 1: Jesus is leading them!
- Girl 1,2: Leading them forward.
- Girls 1,2,3: Leading them upward toward the city. (*Point again with hand toward focal point.*)
- Boys 1,2,3: Keep your eyes fixed on Jesus and you will go safely. (*Shade eyes with right hands and continue looking at focal point.*)
- Girls 2,3;
Boys 2,3: (*Mournful, discouraged.*) Oh, we are grown weary and tired of watching, weary of waiting and walking so far. (*Group shows signs weariness, drooping at waist with hands drooping.*)
- Girls 2,3: It can't be God who has led us this far, the light wasn't really our God. Pay no heed to it. (*Shake heads in discouragement motion in a negative manner with hands.*)
- Boy 2: (*Apprehensively*) Darkness is deepening! (*Step back, fear in voice.*)
- Boy 3: I can't see . . . I'm falling. (*Falls to the floor.*)

ELLEN G. WHITE

1827 - 1915

Ellen wasn't very strong
but God gave her work to do.
Just seventeen, and shy,
given a vision, then two,
afraid to tell, but she must try.

Ellen spent hours in prayer;
God gave her strength and voice,
as to all who would obey.
A loving husband of her choice
added blessing to each day.

Ellen was a gentle messenger,
despite hardship and poverty.
For seventy years God used her pen.
See, there is continuity!
God speaks now as he did then!

By Lynne E. Buhler

Ellen White: Girl in long dark dress, with white collar, and hair pulled back.)

Two favorite hymns of Ellen White's were "What Heavenly Music" #31 and "There Is Sunlight On the Hilltop" #47 *Advent Singing*.

JAMES WHITE

1821-1881

It takes a rough hand to hold a pen
snatching candlelit hours of leisure
after mowing hay with snath and sythe
or working all day chopping a cord of wood.

It takes a tough mind to tell the truth
writing at night of the coming of Christ,
with eight miles to the press, then back
each time the "Sabbath" reached another.

It takes a tough mind, a rough hand to build a church
preaching new truth from coast to coast.

Elected president ten years of fifteen,
It takes a great heart to lead God's church.

By Brent D. Buhler

James White: A boy dressed in long sleeved colored shirt with the sleeves rolled up, long dark pants, boots with laces, carrying a sythe or ax. James could then set down the sythe, unroll his sleeves, put on a coat, picking up a Bible begin to sing "You Will See Your Lord A-coming" (#17 *Advent Singing*) which was one of his favorite songs. He often sang it to gain the people's attention before he began to preach.

VIDEOS:

Keepers of the Flame
Evening with James White
I Knew Ellen White
Attic Stories
Miller Farm/Washington, New Hampshire Church
Elmshaven Years

CASSETTES:

Stories of Early Church
(NOT YET AVAILABLE--being developed by "Your Story Hour")

RESOURCE BIBLIOGRAPHY



CATCH THE VISION

Harvest 90 Education Project

NADOE, General Conference

6840 Eastern Avenue, NW

Washington, DC 20012

(202) 722-6413

June, 1988

Children's Books (ages 0-4)

Gathering Fruit, Tom Kohls.

This illustrated story tells about when Mrs. White took some children out to pick berries. It draws out a useful lesson on witnessing.

The Green Cord, Tom Kohls.

Two of Ellen White's visions that deal with heaven are explored.

The Missing Hairnet, Tom Kohls.

Discover why God told Mrs. White where the hairnet was.

A Trip to Heaven, Tom Kohls.

This is the story of an Ellen White dream about the journey to heaven. It is also about faith.

Children's Books (ages 5-8)

Eight Laws of Health, Joe Maniscalco.

In simple language and effective illustration are presented the eight laws of health spelled out by Ellen G. White in *The Ministry of Healing*.

Joey Finds Out, Miriam Wood.

The story of a small boy who attends the General Conference session in Vienna.

Long Ago Stories, Miriam Hardings.

Here are stories you can read to small children that show them how God led Ellen White and other pioneer Adventists through many exciting experiences. This book will help children appreciate the church they are growing up in, and will strengthen their faith in later life.

Children's Books (ages 9-12)

Burning Hope, Dan Day.

The story of courage and adventure of God's leading the young German, Haans Mayr, who recognized God's call and refused to let circumstances or his father turn him aside.

Determined to Love, Kay Rizzo.

Many people said unkind things about the Indians of South America. But Ferdinand and Ana Stahl didn't believe all that they heard. As you read this book, you will discover thrilling stories of God's love and deliverance, and of triumph over opposition.

Journey to Freedom, Patricia Maxwell.

Tells how Anna Knight overcame every difficulty she met with determination, hard work, and God's help. At 97 years of age she received the church's highest award for educational excellence--the Medallion of Merit. A truly inspiring life.

Jungle Adventurer, Eileen Lantry.

Some people push toward a goal, letting nothing stop them. God uses people like these in powerful ways. Once O. E. Davis accepted God's call to mission service, nothing could stop him. Follow him as he establishes a mission station in western British Guiana.

Mary Andrews, Companion of Sorrows, Carolyn Byers.

Mary Francis was only 13 years old when she arrived in Switzerland. Her father was going to be a missionary. But what was *she* going to do? Teens will enjoy this compelling story about the daughter of the first Adventist foreign missionary.

Over My Shoulder, Ella White Robinson.

Here's an authentic, firsthand account of some of the exciting events of our Adventist past, recalled by a woman who was there.

She Fulfilled the Impossible Dream, Dewitt S. Williams.

Eva Dykes was the first Black American woman to ever complete the requirements for a Ph.D. degree. She went on to devote her life to service.

Spicer: Leader With the Common Touch, Godfrey Anderson.

The affectionate biography of a great Adventist leader, and of his special burden for the overseas work of the church.

The Making of a Missionary, Martha Odom.

Oliver Montgomery was determined to take the gospel along the entire length of the Amazon River. No white man had ever made this journey before. Follow Montgomery on this trek.

The Solusi Story, Virgil Robinson.

A veteran storyteller unfolds the whole tale of the founding of the Solusi Mission.

The Truth Seekers, Myrtle A. Pohle.

This is the saga of the Hispanic churches of the Southwest.

Those Happy Golden Years, Miriam Wood.

A skillful writer shares her collection of stories about evangelism--many of which happened to her and her husband in their early ministry.

Trail of Peril, Yvonne Davy.

The true story of Joseph Wolff, the German rabbi's son who became a Christian and witnessed throughout the world. His adventures and narrow escapes rival those of the most imaginative fiction.

Without Fear or Favor, Virginia Duffy Steinway.

A biography of a spirited, strong-minded Adventist leader--M. L. Andreasen--who was determined that he would not compromise truth as he saw it.

Sanctuary

Christ Our Righteousness, Arthur G. Daniells.

The Cross and Its Shadow, S. N. Haskell.

This is a reprint of an important early Advent book, which explains the sanctuary and its services.

The Sanctuary, 1844, and the Pioneers, Paul A. Gordon.

On what did the early Adventist leaders base the sanctuary doctrine? In this book the author demonstrates that they arrived at a consensus as a result of a long period of serious Bible study.

The Sound of Trumpets, George Reid.

Ellen White and the Adventist lifestyle--this study of our health movement deals particularly with Mrs. White's role in the formulation of Adventist health teachings.

The Story of Our Health Message, Dores Eugene Robinson.

This book is a comprehensive history and includes the story behind the founding of Loma Linda University.

The Story of the SDA Church, Eugene F. Durand.

Seventh-day Adventists appear near the bottom of the list of major denominations. However, their influence is far-reaching. The author examines the history of its activities, structure, and beliefs. He shows that Adventism is a way of life that appeals to men and women of every culture, class, and nationality.

Tell it to the World, (revised) Mervyn Maxwell.

A biographical history of the Advent movement from William Miller through the organization of the church in 1863 and the events following the 1901 General Conference session.

Thirteen Crisis Years--1888-1901, A. V. Olson.

They were perilous times, and the author takes a clear-eyed look at them in this stimulating review of the 13 years following the 1888 General Conference session.

The Vision Bold, Warren Johns and Richard Utt.

The richly illustrated, colorful book combines a pictorial history of the Adventist health message with an analysis of the philosophy behind it.

Unknown Prophet: The Story of William Ellis Foy, Delbert W. Baker.

The first Millerite to see visions before the Great Disappointment was a tall Black preacher named William Foy. What happened to him? This book reveals facts about his ministry and visions that very nearly disappeared in the shadows of time.

We Have Tomorrow, Louis B. Reynolds.

The role played by Black Adventists in our church's history. The illustrations and dust jacket painting are by Harry Anderson.

Winds of Change, Ernest H. J. Steed.

Using the history of temperance work as a backdrop, Dr. Steed enumerates point by point the biblical and Spirit of Prophecy counsel on this important topic.

Witness of the Pioneers.

A compilation. Subtitled *Concerning the Spirit of Prophecy*, this unique commentary on the life and work of Ellen G. White and her times uses facsimile reproductions of articles from various journals of the day. The large 10" by 12" by 14" size matches the *Review and Herald Articles* volumes.

A Word to the Little Flock.

A facsimile reproduction of an Advent classic, this booklet contains articles on prophetic exposition by James White, the early visions of Ellen G. White, and a statement by Joseph Bates. (White Estate)

The Spirit of Prophecy Treasure Chest.

A collection of authors, including pioneers of the Adventist Church, discuss the Spirit of Prophecy. This reference book includes many documented stories of how the Spirit of God acted through Ellen G. White.

Testimony of Jesus, F. M. Wilcox.

A reprinting of an Adventist classic, this review of the work and teachings of Ellen G. White aims to establish confidence in the Advent message.

Witness of the Pioneers, A compilation.

This unique commentary on the life and work of Ellen G. White uses facsimile reproductions of articles from various journals of her time.

The World of Ellen G. White, Gary Land, ed.

Fourteen specialists examine specific areas of nineteenth-century life, such as literature, amusements, and rail travel. Together they have created a readable, accurate resource for anyone who wants to understand the writings of Ellen White better.

GAMES

Waymarks--Adventist Heritage Game.

Discover interesting church history trivia while playing this absorbing card game. Ages 10 to adult.

BOOKS IN SPANISH

Life Sketches, Ellen G. White.

Tell Me About Ellen White, Marye Trim.

MUSIC

Christ in Song

Now you can sing those old favorites from years gone by. This one volume contains many of the best loved songs of the Advent movement from its earliest days.

Companion to the Seventh-day Adventist Hymnal, Wayne Hooper and E. E. White.

PICTURES

"*Adventist Heritage Pictures*," Vernon Nye (PP).

Four ready-to-frame pencil drawings: Elmshaven; Washington, New Hampshire Church; William Miller Chapel; 1881 Pacific Press Publishing House.

Other Books:

Adventism in America, A History, Gary Land, ed.

William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1986. 301 pp.

Hetzel, M. Carol	<i>The Undaunted</i>	1967	PPPA	181pp
Johnson, H. M. & Dinsmere, E. Roose	<i>Stories of Little Ellen and the Message</i>	1950		95pp
Joiner, James	<i>These Were the Courageous</i>	1968	SPA	100pp
Knight, Anna	<i>Mississippi Girl</i>	1952	SPA	224pp
Lantry, Eileen	<i>Dark Night, Brilliant Star</i>	1981	PPPA	112pp
Lantry, Eileen	<i>Miss Marian's Gold</i>	1981	PPPA	80pp
McComber, Harold	<i>The Advent Message in The Golden West</i>	1968	PPPA	184pp
Miller, Mabel	<i>William & His Twenty Two</i>	1959	R&H	158pp
Nelson, Kathryn	<i>Kate Lindsey, M.D.</i>	1963	SPA	192pp
Ochs, Don & Grace	<i>The Past & the Presidents</i>	1974	SPA	231pp
Robinson, Ella M.	<i>Lighter of Gospel Fires</i>	1954	PPPA	169pp
Robinson, Ella M.	<i>S. N. Haskell, Man of Action</i>	1967	R&H	256pp
Robinson, Ella M.	<i>Stories of My Grandmother</i>	1967	SPA	200pp
Robinson, Virgil	<i>Cabin Boy to Advent Crusader</i>	1960	SPA	190pp
Robinson, Virgil	<i>Flame for the Lord</i>	1975	R&H	122pp
Spalding, Arthur W.	<i>Origin & History of Seventh-day Adventists, V. 1-4</i>	1961		
Spalding, Arthur W.	<i>Pioneer Stories of the Second Advent Movement</i>	1922	SPA	384pp
Spicer, W. A.	<i>Pioneer Days of the Advent Movement</i>	1941	R&H	256pp
Thiele, M. Rossiter	<i>By Saddle and Sleigh</i>	1965	R&H	128pp
Thomsen, Russel J.	<i>Baptists--Their Legacy to Seventh-day Adventists</i>	1971	PPPA	95pp
Trustees of the EGW Estate	<i>I'd Like to Ask Sister White</i>	1965	R&H	160pp
Trim Marye	<i>Tell Me About Ellen White</i>	1975	R&H	
VandeVere, Emmett	<i>Rugged Heart</i>	1979	SPA	138pp
Wall, Ava C.	<i>They Also Served</i>	1940	R&H	191pp
Westphal, Barbara	<i>Ana Stahl of the Andes and Amazon</i>	1960	PPPA	127pp
Wheeler, Ruth	<i>His Messenger</i>	1939	R&H	192pp
(no author)	<i>Pioneer Stories Retold</i>	1956	R&H	192pp
	<i>Facsimiles of the Two Earliest SDA Periodicals</i>	1946	R&H	231pp

ARTS AND CRAFTS ACTIVITIES

BUTTER

Making butter in the classroom is a simple process. Teachers often provide this experience for children in kindergarten and primary grades. The materials are easy to procure, the time element is short, and the finished product is consumed in the classroom.

The simplest method is to place some heavy cream in a quart jar, secure the lid with a rubber ring, and pass the jar around to the children. Each child should take a turn shaking the jar for a few moments. Remind the children to watch for the appearance of fat globules because they collect together and will readily be visible to the eye. This is one advantage of using the glass jar for making butter. An alternate method is to use a baby food jar so each student may have one.

A more authentic facsimile of a churn can be made from the glass jar by adding a plunger, or a button mold on the end of a dowel rod, with a carefully measured hole in the top so the children can plunge the paddle and thus observe the massing of the fat into butter.

After the butter has been formulated in the churn, pour off the buttermilk and remove the butter to a dish or wooden bowl. With a paddle, mix in some salt, and work the butter to remove more moisture and buttermilk.

Authentic churns will do a fine job and help children understand the early method of producing butter. Pioneer mothers stored their butter in crocks in root cellars to keep the butter cool and sweet.

You might be interested in making butter from sweet cream and sour cream. Compare the color, texture, taste of the butter, and the buttermilk.

ICE CREAM

When ice cream is prepared in a home freezer by using a dasher and crank for turning, the temperature is controlled by the amount of ice and salt. Ice cream is frozen simply by taking the heat out of the cream. When ice melts, it absorbs heat from the substance which is in direct contact with or near it. The heat-absorbing action of the ice must be aided by a substance that can reduce the temperature below the melting point. Salt serves this purpose. Salt dissolves the film of water on the ice which lowers the freezing point of the brine. The brine becomes colder, the temperature of the ice pack is lowered, and the material in contact with the ice loses most of its heat until it becomes colder. The amount of salt added to the ice, within limits, determines the temperature. One part of salt to eight parts of ice is the recommended proportion. The salt must be evenly distributed throughout the ice. Rock salt is more effective than granulated salt since the granulated salt tends to lump or coagulate. The use of smaller pieces of ice which melt faster will lower the temperature more quickly.

As the ice cream freezes it expands, and as the dasher of the freezer beats the air into the mixture more volume is developed. For this reason, in filling the freezer, fill it only 2/3 full. When the cream is frozen, the dasher is usually removed and the cream is packed

dough
rises
punch
down

mold
into
loaves

dough
rises

bake

Prepare the "Starter."

Cook 1 medium-size potato in a small pan with enough water to cover it. After it is soft, mash it thoroughly in the water in which it was cooked. Add 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 tablespoon sugar, and 1/2 cup flour. Mix thoroughly, adding more water if necessary, until the consistency is that of thin buttermilk. Set in a warm place until the mixture begins to bubble. Be careful of the temperature - if the starter gets too hot or cold the yeasts will be killed and no reaction will take place.

Set the "sponge."

On the evening preceding the baking day, set aside a small portion of the starter, and mix the remainder with enough flour to make a batter that will hold together but light enough to drop from a spoon. Set this batter in a fairly warm place overnight so it will become bubbly and spongy. In the morning, take out a small amount of the sponge, and add it to the starter that was saved. This will be the starter for the next breadmaking.

Mix and bake the bread.

Scald 1 cup of milk, and 1 tablespoon shortening, and let cool. Add 1 cup flour, stirring

well, Add the sponge and mix. Mix with flour until a dough is made that can be kneaded. Turn out on a floured board and knead until smooth, about 5 to 10 minutes. Place in a greased bowl, and set in a warm place to rise. When it has doubled in size, punch down and let rise again until almost double in size. Mold into a loaf, place in a greased pan, and let rise again until double in size. Bake moderately in a hot oven 45 to 50 minutes.

Now purchase a package of hot roll mix. Follow the directions on the box, and then compare the taste and texture of each recipe to make bread. (**Compare the TIME!!**)

APPLE BUTTER

A favorite jam-like preserve was apple butter. A "Butter" was made from wild plum, wild grape, and crab apple in the same manner.

Wash carefully selected apples, and cut them in quarters, leaving the skins on.

Put the apples in a pan, and add enough water to cover half the apples. Cook the apples until they are soft and the skins fall off.

Drain the cooked apples through a colander to separate the fruit from the skins and seeds. Measure the strained apples.

Add 1 cup of brown sugar to each 1 1/2 cups apples. (Pioneers usually used sorghum or honey to sweeten the apple butter.) Then cook the sugar and apples thick, and add some cinnamon and ginger for flavoring.

DRIED APPLES.

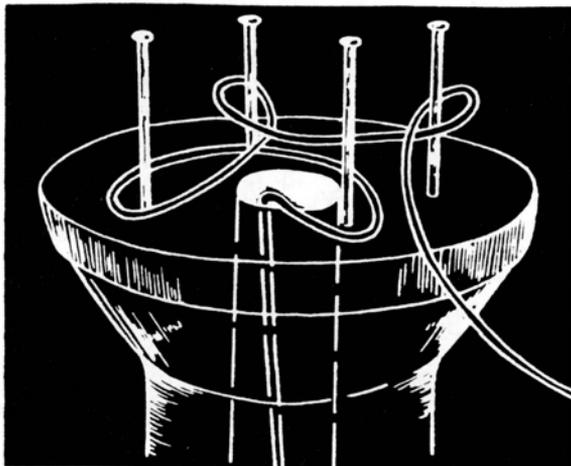
Pioneers dried many of their apples for later use.

SPOOL KNITTING

One of the simplest tools for helping very young children understand that threads can be woven together to form stronger materials is the ordinary spool prepared for spool knitting. Its use is simple and children will enjoy making the long "cattail" which can be sewn together later to make hot pads or mats.

On a large wooden spool that had been used for thread, insert at the top four 3/4 " brads (nails) to form a square around the hole of the spool. This is the loom.

Pull one end of the yarn through the hole of spool letting it extend a couple of inches at the bottom. Draw the yarn around the nails at the top of the spool in a counterclockwise fashion. See diagram. Loop the yarn the first time around; then place a second layer of yarn above the loops. With a row of loops and a thread above them, pick up the loop at the bottom and pull it over the thread and the top of the brad. Continue to place the thread above the loops and turn the loops over the thread and the tip of the brad. Pull the resulting cord down through the hole of the spool. A crochet hook, a large hairpin, or bobby pin will help in picking the loop from the bottom.



BOOKMARKS

Materials:

- stencil
- push pins
- textured 70 weight paper (regular paper is 20 weight)
- styrofoam or thick felt
- hole punch
- colored ribbon (18 inches)

Directions:

Cut paper to desired bookmark size (suggest 2 1/4 x 5 1/2; size will vary according to stencil design)

Punch a hole 1/2 inch from the top

Center stencil design over bookmark and "pierce" with a push pin through each dot. Do it over styrofoam or thick felt.

Fold ribbon in half. Push looped-end through the hole, from the back. Pull the ends through the loop over the top of the bookmark.

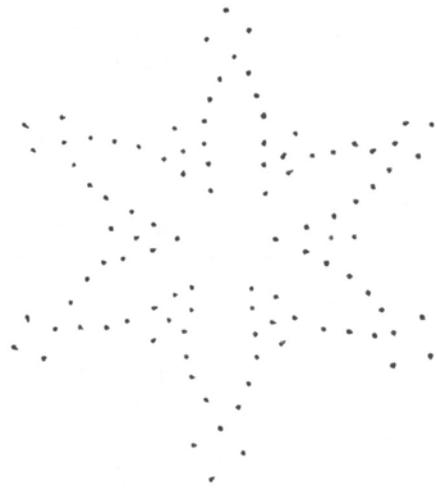
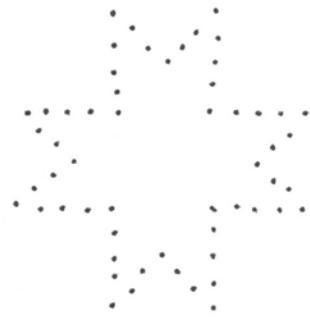
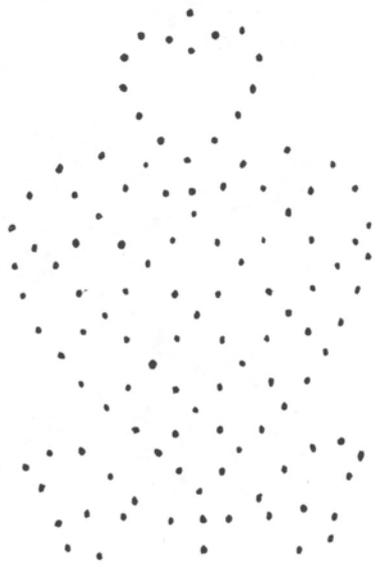
Pull tight.

A few country designs are given in this packet. Students should be encouraged to come up with their own heritage themes: Miller farm, three angels, three crosses, lamb, shepherd's staff etc.

METAL PIERCING

Materials:

- stencil
- nail
- hammer



Auntie Apple

Nature does most of the sculpturing of these easy-to-make old people and there are never any exact duplicates.

MATERIALS NEEDED :

1 large, firm, unblemished apple
1 roll 18-gauge wire
Nylon tricot, flesh color
1/2" bias strips of percale, flesh color
1 roll cotton batting, 4 oz.
Small piece dress material for skirt
Small piece of material for shawl
Scraps of black or brown felt for shoes
1 ball 2-ply darning cotton
Pins, needle and thread
Plastic wood or wood dough



DIRECTIONS : (Read General Directions on pages 3-5 before starting.)

1. Exact measurements cannot be given, for each apple shrinks to a different size. Peel the apple carefully so the surface will be smooth. Remove stem.

2. Bend a piece of wire about 24" long into a hairpin shape. Push ends of the wire into stem end of apple and down through the blossom end, forcing it snugly into the depression which held the stem.

3. Carve the face, using a small paring knife. This is done much as a jack-o'-lantern is made --- not in detail. Carve out ovals for the eyes, a narrow slit for the mouth, and make a few cuts on forehead, at corners of eyes, and down from nose. These will form wrinkles and contours as the apple dries. See Fig. A.

4. Soak the apple in lemon juice for about 1/2 hour, then hang upside down by the wire, to dry. This will take about a month. Do not try to hurry the drying by using artificial heat. As it dries, the color will darken slightly, but the lemon juice will prevent it from becoming too brown. Rub a tiny touch of rouge on each cheek. Pinch the apple occasionally to test its dryness. When it feels pithy and will not respond to slight pressure it is ready to use.

5. Fill in depression in top of head with a little plastic wood or wood dough. This dries to about the same color as the apple. Fill in depression at blossom end and also build up the neck a trifle with the plastic wood. Make eyes by gluing two black beads or two pepper corns in eye sockets. No other indications need to be made of features.

6. Measure height of head, which is now about 1/2 the size of the fresh apple. Multiply this measurement by 6 to get correct proportions for finished doll. This means that if head is 1-1/2" high, the doll's height will be 9 inches, completed. Wire hairpin should then be cut to 10". Bend the ends to form 1" loops for feet. Cut wires for the arms in proportional or about 8" long, and bend ends into loops for hands. Fasten arm wires securely to body wires just under neck, with strong thread or fine wire. See Fig. B.

Maiza

These distinctly American dolls have been made for generations in the mountains of the South, methods varying with the region and the maker.

MATERIALS NEEDED :

1 fresh corn cob
Silk from 1 ear of corn
18 gauge wire
Wax crayons
Glue, pins, pinking shears
Several clean corn husks.

(These may be taken from fresh corn and dried, or purchased in packages of dried husks for making tamales.)

DIRECTIONS :

1. Cut off stem end of stalk close to the cob. Cut cob to 4-1/2" long. Make a hole through cob with an ice pick, 2" from stem end. Cut a double length of wire about 8-1/2" long when doubled and insert through hole, so it will extend 2-1/2" on each side of cob. Spread

ends slightly to form hands. For legs, cut 2 double lengths of wire, each one 4-1/2" long when doubled. Twist them together at one end for 1" and push into bottom of cob for 1". Spread ends slightly to form feet. Make a spur of wire about 3/4" on each heel to enable doll to stand when completed. Cob will shrink slightly as it dries and will hold wires firmly, but reinforce joints by letting a little glue run down into cob where wires enter. Fig. A.

2. Select a smooth piece of husk double the length of cob and more than twice as wide. Trim off thick end. Soak in water for about 1 hour. Place cob in center of husk and fold over the sides to cover cob, then fold crosswise at top of cob. Glue edges and ends and hold in place with rubber band until dry.

3. Tear strips of husk about 1/2" wide and soak in water until pliable. Beginning with the hands, wrap strips smoothly over arm wires up to body. In wrapping, fasten each new strip in place with a dab of glue and hold down with a pin until glue dries.

4. Cover foot spurs same way, then cover feet and legs. Fig. B.

5. Take several smooth, flat husks and trim off one edge. Cut the other edge in points with pinking shears so pieces will be 1" longer than finished skirt, or about 4". Draw small design near pinked edge with colored crayon. Fig. C. Stand these skirt pieces, upper edges down, in 1" of water. Soak until pliable. If entire strip is soaked, husks will curl.



MEMORABLE DATES

Following is a list of dates that may be of interest and help to you as you present this unit. They are taken from the book Memorable Dates From Our Adventist Past by James R. Nix.

May 19, 1780	Dark Day, p. 61
August 14, 1831	William Miller's first sermon, p. 99-102
November 13, 1833	Stars fell, p. 151-153
December 8, 1839	William Miller began a series of lectures in Boston, p. 162-164
March 20, 1840	First issue of Millerite <u>Signs of the Times</u> published, p. 33
October 14, 1840	First Millerite general conference, p. 140-144
January 18, 1842	William Foy had first vision, p. 13
June 21, 1842	First Millerite campmeeting--Quebec, p. 80
June 28, 1842	First official Millerite adventist campmeeting, p. 82-83
March 21, 1843	First predicted ending of 2300 year prophecy, p. 34-36
July 26, 1843	Charles Fitch's "Come Out of Her..." sermons published, p. 94-96
January 25, 1844	Charles Fitch accepted conditional immortality, p. 15
March 21, 1844	First disappointment for Millerites, p. 36-39
August 22, 1844	S. S. Snow's article regarding October 22, 1844, p. 103-105
October 22, 1844	The Great Disappointment, p. 142-144

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TEACHER EVALUATION OF HERITAGE NOTEBOOK

Circle "Y" for yes and "N" for no.

Were you able to use most of the material?	Y	N
Was there too much material?	Y	N
Was there too little material?	Y	N
Were the directions clear?	Y	N
Was the organization of the material satisfactory?	Y	N
Did students find the material interesting?	Y	N
Would you like to see S.D.A. Heritage units developed to be used at worships?	Y	N

Which material did you find to be most useful?

Which was least useful?

Please send us your creative ideas and suggestions for improving Heritage Week.

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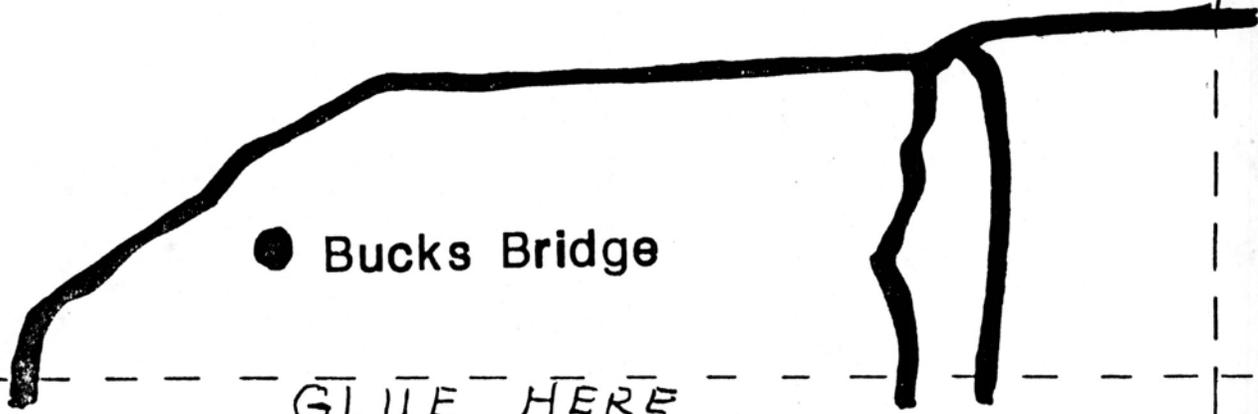
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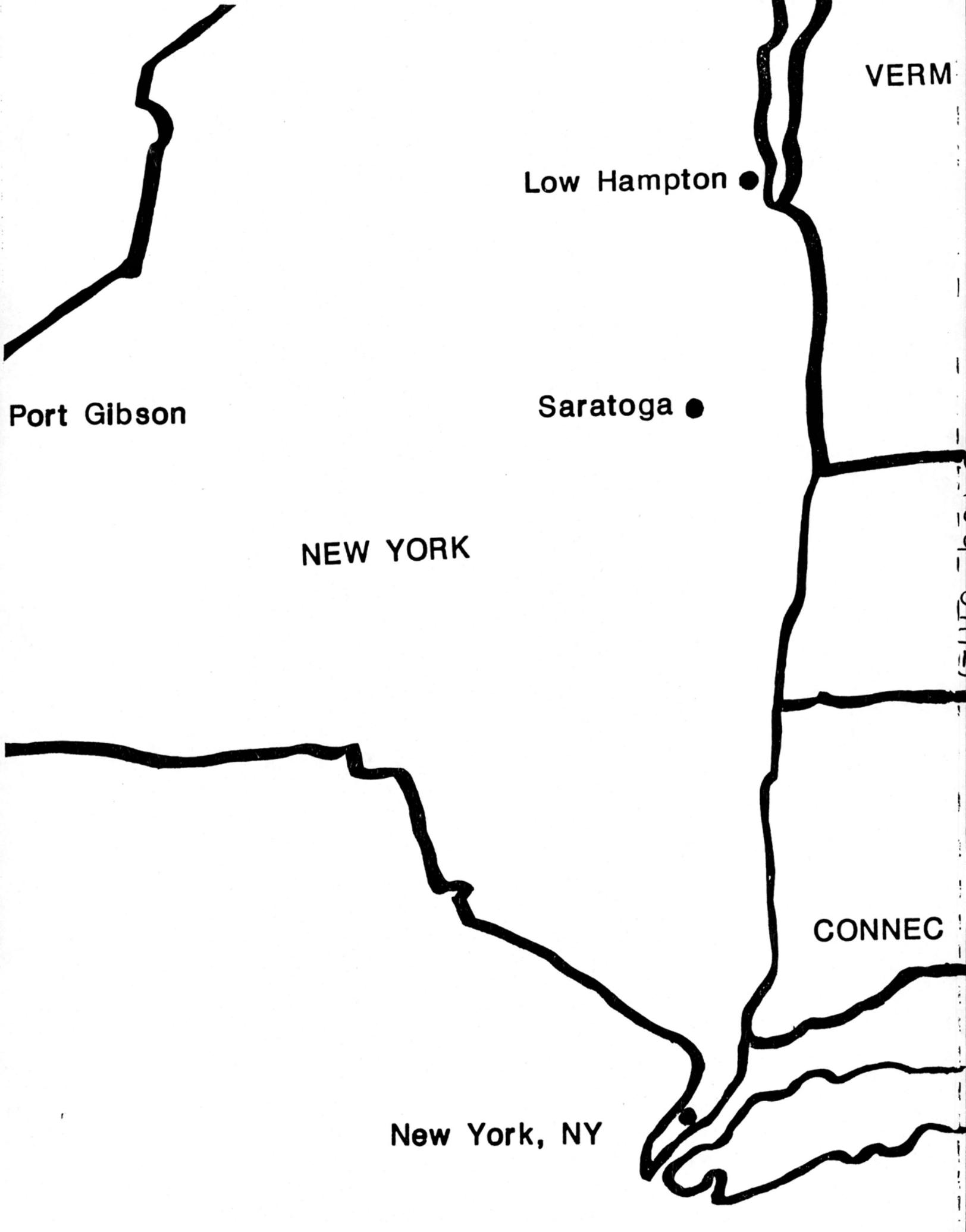
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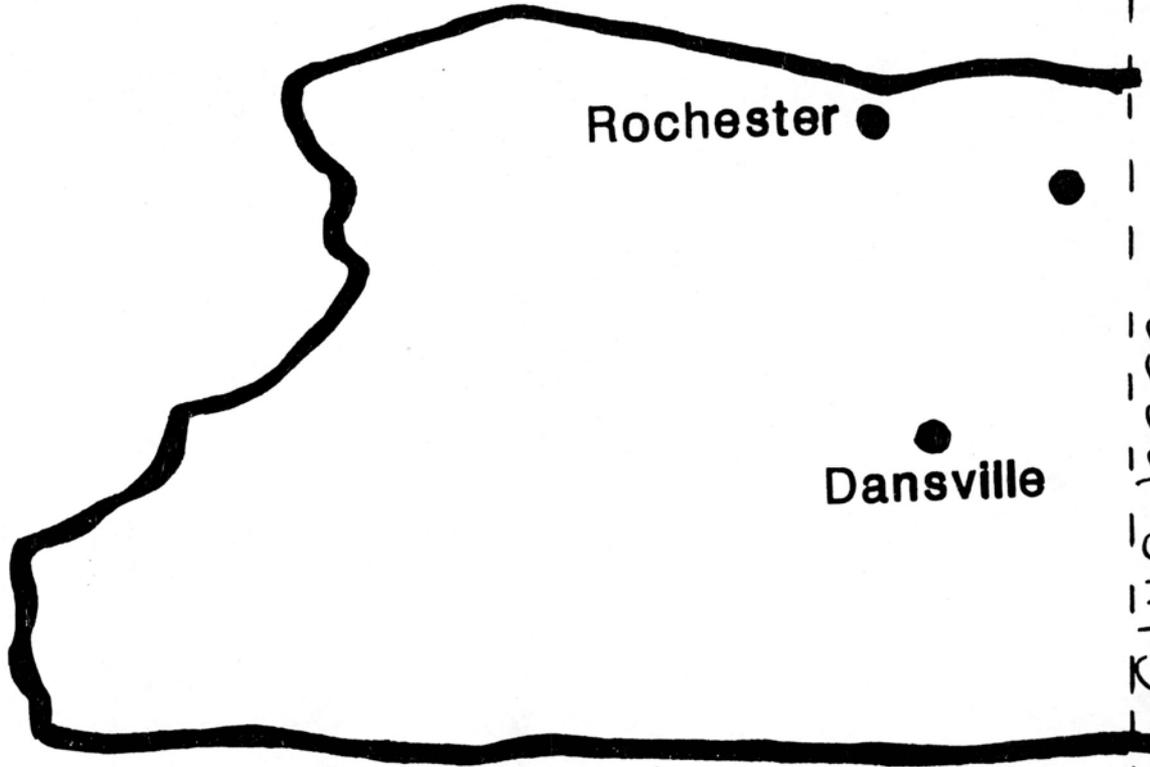
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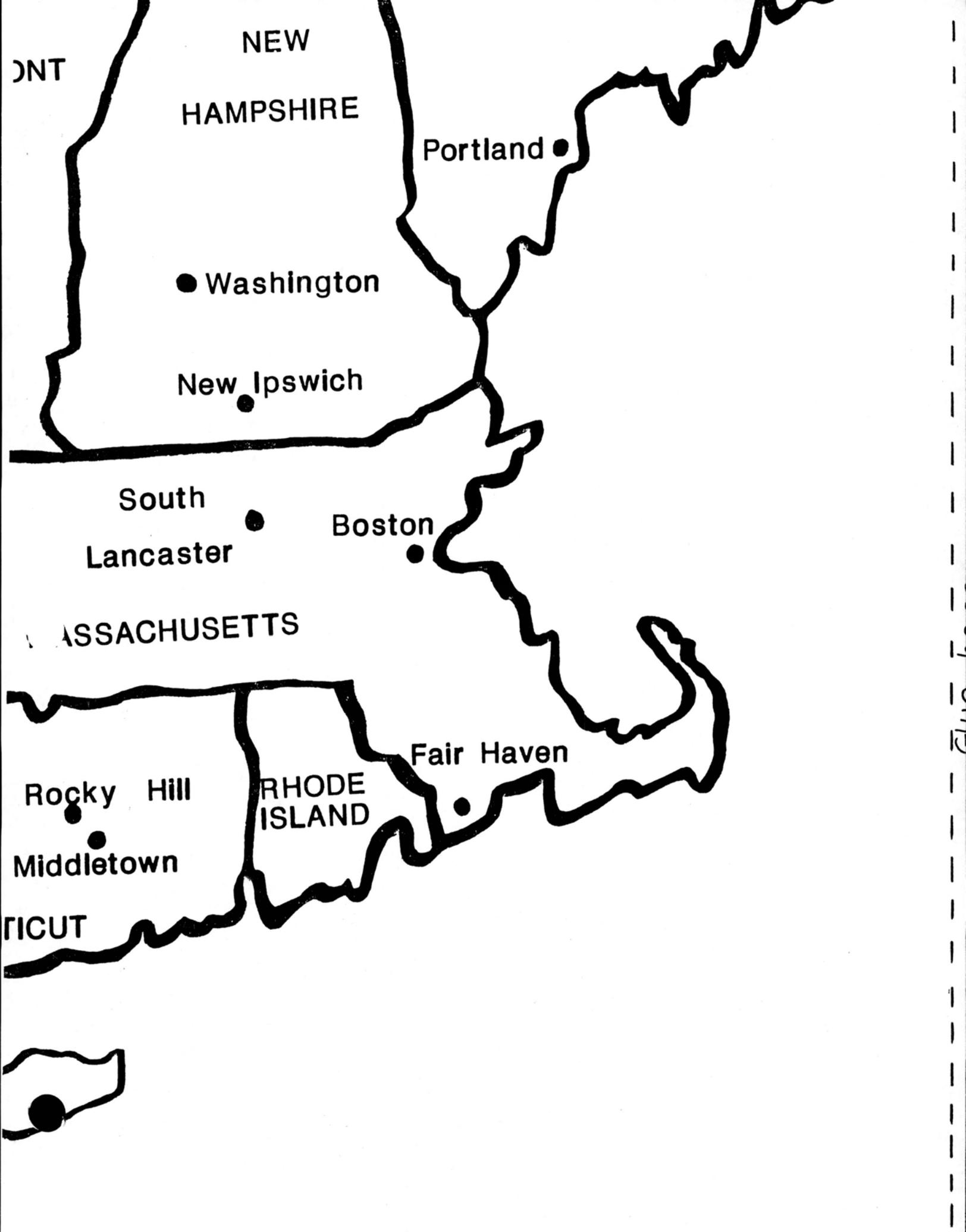
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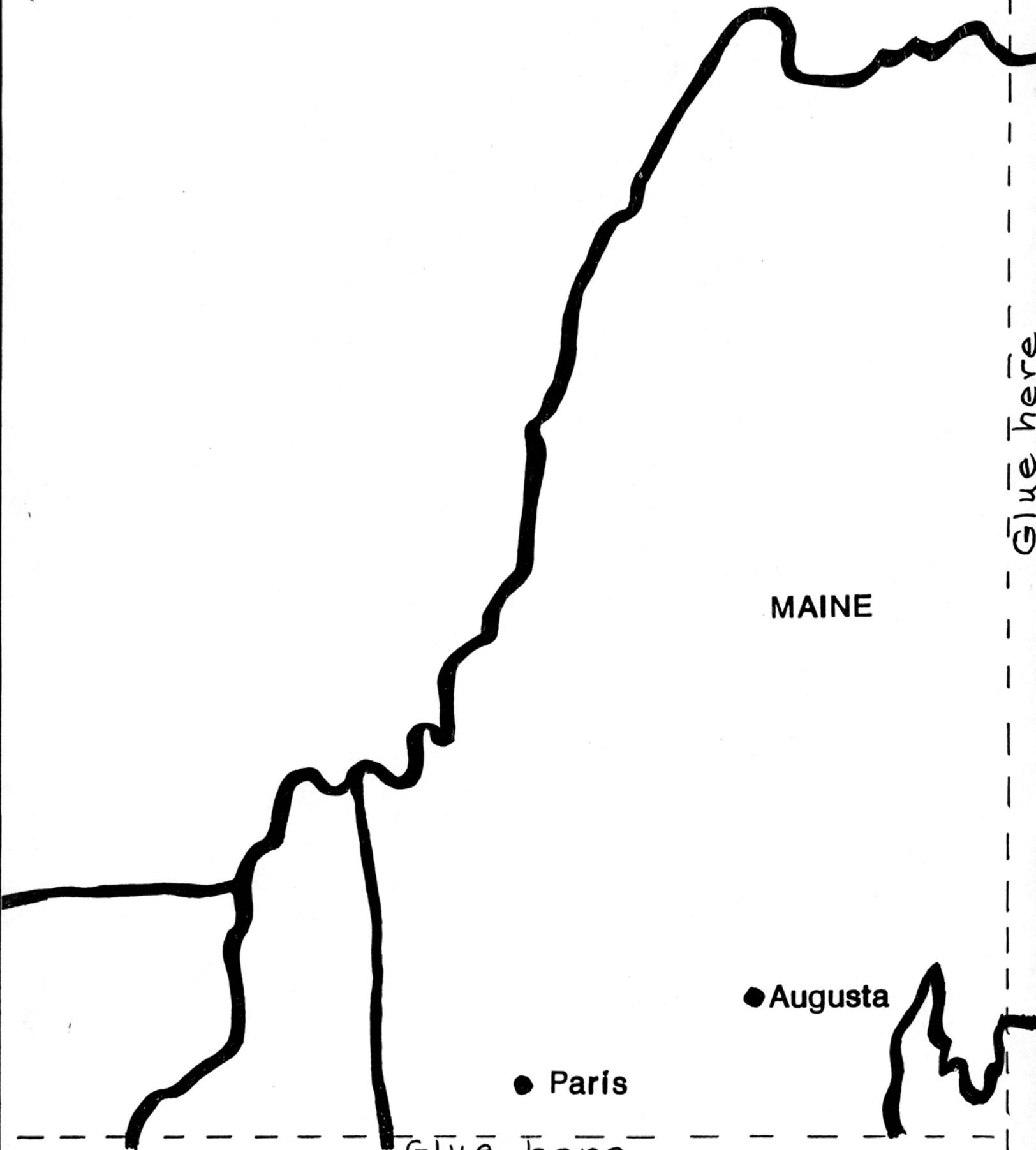
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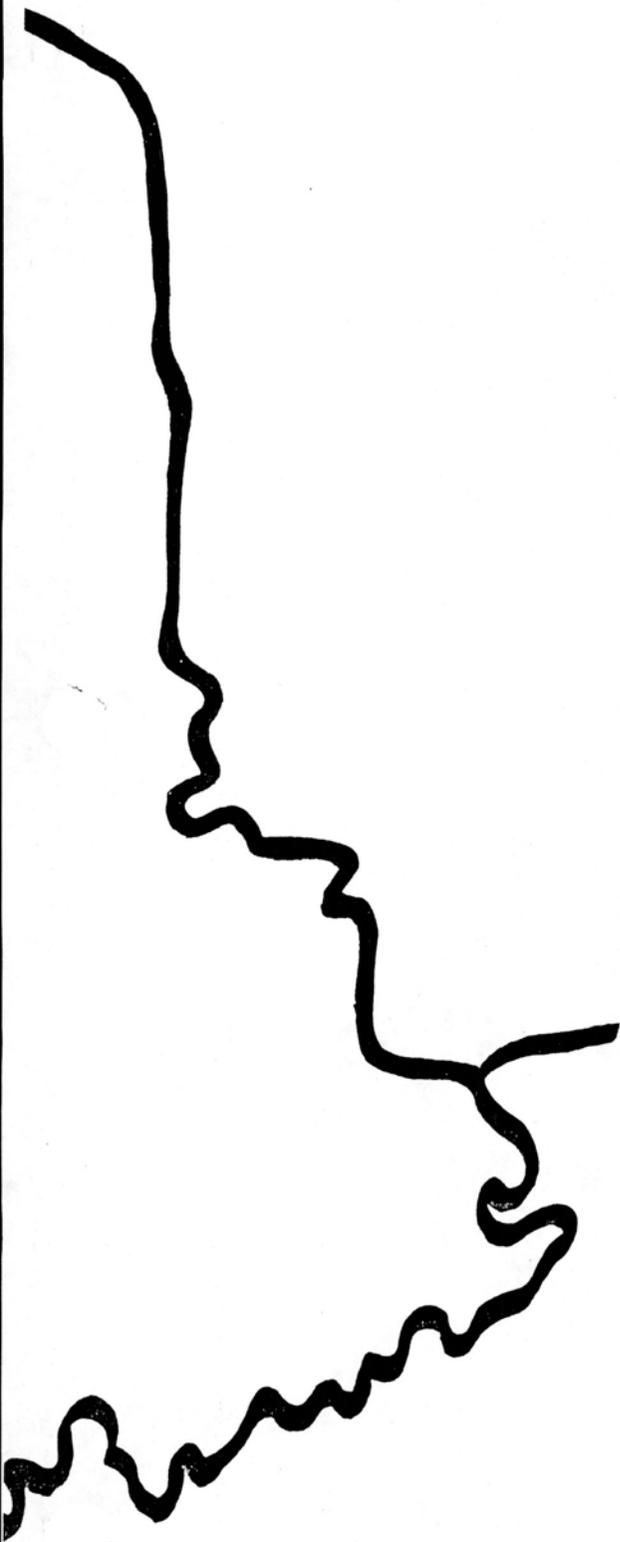
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