

Leah
and the
Benevolent Work

by
Leah Schmitke

Pilgrims Books

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Introduction

We would not publish the biography of Leah Schmitke, except for the fact that it so remarkably correlates with the *Benevolent Message* given to our people by Ellen White over a century ago. We are somewhat aware of the *Sanctuary Message*, and even less of the *Health Reform Message* and *Natural Healing Message*. But few of us today know much about the *Benevolent Message*. Yet it too came from God to His people in these last days.

In two companion books, *The Forgotten Message* and *The Benevolent Work: A Documentary*, we provide you with the story of that benevolent ministry.

However, in this present volume, you will learn the story of two women who tried to bring that special message to our people: Leah Schmitke (born 1907) and Lillian (Swanson) Carpenter (born 1891).

There are remarkable parallels in their lives. Both women were raised by godly parents. Both tried to share the benevolent message and were persecuted for their efforts. In the case of both, Satan tried to harass and stop their work through unconverted husbands and others.

Yet, through all their experiences, we find remarkable instances in which God was leading them to learn and share the benevolent work, which, itself, is so closely connected with both the medical work and the evangelistic work.

For several days, Leah Schmitke dictated her autobiography onto 13 cassette tapes. These were carefully typed. You will find her speaking style to be direct and homespun. In addition, there remains a touch of her German language accent.

Many Bible references and Spirit of Prophecy passages are given, all of which Leah dictated from memory. We have tried to check them, for the sake of accuracy.

Unfortunately, because of a scheduled airline appointment, Leah was not able to complete the biography. But she provided us with telephoned details of later events. Near the end of her story, we will mention that the taped autobiography has ended, and we will fill in the subsequent years from sketches she shared with us afterward.

There are astonishing things in this account. It is the story of Leah, but it is also the story of Lillian. —And it is all full of lessons from real life, which you and I need to consider.

All around us are those in need, whom we need to help. May we be true to our trust.

Chapter 1

I was born on February 15, 1907, in Emery, South Dakota. My family had three fatherless children, six motherless children, two orphans, plus three more children. I am in the fourth set of children in our home—fourteen children in our family. Three, according to their birthdays, could have been triplets. Our family could have been called an orphanage.

I heard stories about the orphans from every direction—from both my father and mother's sides of the family, as well as from people in the old country. My parents both came from Europe. We had a wonderful family. I do not remember any quarrels that any of us ever had. The children from my mother's first marriage and the children from my father's first marriage were chums. They got along like two peas in a pod.

Then when I went to school, the children would ask me, "Leah, which children do you like the best? your father's children or your mother's children?"

Flabbergasted and not knowing what to say, I did not know there was any difference between my brothers and sisters. So I went home and asked my mother, "How many children did you have? Who belongs to Dad?" Even though I was confused and people liked to talk, our family related beautifully with each other.

When I was a year old, we moved from Emery to another state, North Dakota. My folks were poor people, and we had to economize. We lived in a sod house and were very crowded. My grandmother in Portland, Oregon, told my father: "Joe, you have such a big family. It will never do for you to live in a sod house in North Dakota!"

By hard work, and help of the older boys in the family, my father was able to build a house. It had four bedrooms upstairs, a bedroom downstairs, a big living room, and a big kitchen. Our family was very proud to have a big house to live in. We were all very happy.

The youngest boy from my father's first marriage was deaf, and went to the deaf- and-dumb school. So all of us children had to learn sign language for the deaf, which was quite an experience for all of us.

We had many farm animals—such as cattle, horses, and sheep. One evening we children went out to the corral, where the older girls and Mother were milking the cows. The rest of the children were out in the field, cutting hay. My dad and the older boys brought about two hundred tons of beautiful prairie hay home for the winter. We thought we had enough hay to feed the cattle for the whole year.

That evening, 8-year-old Herbert (home from the deaf school) and the younger girls, including myself, were playing around the haystack with their much-loved little puppy. Dad had previously put a hole in the haystack to dry out the hay so it would not foment, and Anna put the little puppy through the hole. Herbert was so anxious because he thought the puppy was lost in that hole. He looked through the hole, but could not see the puppy. Running into the house, he got a match to light in order to find the puppy in that haystack. When he lit that match with his little hands, the whole haystack burned to the ground. We were all scared. All the neighbors came when they saw the smoke. Since we had no fire departments in those days, Father and the neighbors came with barrels and barrels of water to put out the fire.

Mother said, "Children, you run along to the house. Do not stay around here. This is a bad fire."

Mother went into the house with us and scolded Herbert for getting the matches. Then she sent all four of us to bed. This was worse because this was Friday night; the next day was Sabbath. The adults battled all night to get out the fire. Going downstairs to breakfast the next morning, I hardly recognized my father sitting at the table. I was shocked! He was so close to the fire that his face was almost as red as a beet. Afraid, I asked him if they got the fire out during the night.

He replied, "Finally, with the help of all the neighbors. That was two hundred tons of hay gone up into smoke. Now we have no feed for the cattle for the coming year. What are we going to do?"

The 16-year-old boy, Thiephal, said to Father, "You will not have enough to eat this coming winter. I know what I would like to do to help you."

Dad asked, "How can you help us? You are just a young boy, and I have a big family now. We are going to have a hard time."

So the boy spoke up and said, "I could go to

the neighbors and earn money by threshing fields. I will give you half of the wages that I earn for a year, and I will keep the other half for myself. You will have bread and butter for your family to eat, so you will not have to starve.”

With tears in his eyes, Father said, “Son, that is very, very kind of you to offer to do this.”

At that time, the hailstorm ruined our many acres of land with the crop for the coming year.

“So,” complained Dad, “here goes the crop—the food—for our family and farm animals. God will have to provide for us.”

So my brother, Thiephah, asked Dad if he could cut the grain down with the binder on the piece of land that was not hailed out, and maybe some of the grain could be saved for the coming year. This he did. One of the rods on the binder hit his leg and cut the jugular vein.

Jumping off the binder, he called, “Hurry up Dad; come quick. The blood is running everywhere.”

Dad rushed him to the doctor—seven miles to town in horse and buggy. The doctor put a tourniquet on his leg, to keep it from bleeding.

When he came home, Father told him that he could not work on that binder anymore. Father finished the job. After the leg healed some, Father took the boy, at his request, to Bowden, North Dakota, which was fifty miles away. Mr. Reising was so happy to have him come and help on his farm. As for us, we were looking forward to having food on the table for the coming year, after the loss of all our hay and most of our crops.

At the end of the year, Mr. Reising called Dad to let him know that Thiephah, my brother, was on his way home with his personal check and the check to feed the family. He was very happy. Father wished Mr. Reising God’s blessings, and went down to the train station to pick up my brother. But, when he got to the depot, the train had already come through and the boy was not there. Father wondered what happened and phoned Mr. Reising.

“Didn’t you tell me that you put that boy on the train, that he is on his way home?”

“Why yes, yes. I took him to town. He was at the bank, and said the train was due anytime. And I went home. He did not come home?”

“No. Well, what could have happened to him?” So they waited another day, but he did not come. Father waited two days; nobody came. He waited a week, and got so uneasy about it.

He said, “I have got to go and try to locate my son. He is such a good boy.”

So he got on the train and went to the Reising home. Nobody there had seen him.

We wondered what in the world happened to him.

And someone said, “Maybe someone found out that he had some money.” Maybe they robbed him. Maybe something else happened. And Dad could not locate him anywhere. So he went to Jamestown, which was quite a ways. But he found no trace of him. He inquired everywhere. Finally, he went to Minneapolis. But he could not find him there. Finally, he gave up and headed home.

By this time, my brothers, sisters, and I were going to a country school. So, my mother’s boy, from her first marriage, came over to the schoolhouse with a bobsled, and said he was going to town to pick up Father and bring him home. Father had sent ahead the sad news that he could not locate the boy. So my brother told us, “Mother wants me to ask all of you children to go home and be there to greet Father, when he comes. He is very heartbroken.”

It was wintertime and snow was on the ground; so we all got in the bobsled and went home. Then my brother left and went to the depot in Goodrich; got my father and brought him home. When he arrived, he was so broken up with tears that Mother thought he would die. He grieved terribly. We all gathered around Father and had prayer for him.

I was so young at the time, yet I still remember the day Thiephah left. Before he went to Reising’s home, I took a good look at him (just before he got into the buggy to leave home) while I was standing on the porch. He was tall, and had red hair and freckles. That is the only thing that I could remember of him, even to this day. To make a long story short: In all the years which followed, we never found a trace of our oldest brother.

It is true that we had a hard time the year the haystack caught on fire, and we lost our crops. But crop losses actually happened year after year, especially through hailstorms, and this was a very, very hard experience.

But we enjoyed our new home very much.

Then, when I was five years old, my dad became interested in the Adventist message.

He said, “Brethren, we have false prophets

walking around. And I believe that we have got to get some good Adventist preachers around here to put them in their place.”

There were two fellows traveling around the country, claiming to be Seventh-day Adventists. One of them said he was God; and the other said, “I am Jesus Christ.” They caused so much trouble in that area; hundreds of people were deceived by them. It was indescribable what those fellows did.

My father was determined to bring Seventh-day Adventist preachers to our house. It was said there were no Seventh-day Adventist churches in that area; so they wondered how to get them there to preach to the people and get rid of these false prophets. But Father had an idea.

He said, “I have a big house now, and you know what I am going to do? I am going out in the barn, bring some small barrels into the house, and put planks on those barrels. With this, we will have room for about fifty people in our kitchen. We also have a long table in the kitchen. I know who we are going to call—Elder Valentine Leer and his son, Elder Carl Leer.”

They were German Seventh-day Adventist ministers whom he had heard about.

“Let’s call them, and we will have church services here in our kitchen.”

Pretty soon, Elder Valentine Leer and his son, Elder Carl Leer, came to our farm and talked with Father.

Dad told them, “We can have evangelistic meetings right here in my big house. I am going to invite all the neighbors to come here and listen to you two ministers.”

So he did just that. The Kaylors, the Vietzes, the Myers. They all came. They came from every direction, and sat on those planks. Horses and buggies were all over the yard. The preachers used our kitchen table for a pulpit and gave the third angel’s message. Out of that kitchen evangelism, four churches were started.

At last Dad said, “I am sorry Mother. We are going to have to give our home up. We can not keep up the payments. We have to leave.”

So we lost our beautiful home. We went to a very small little farm, in Denhoff. It was a small town. We settled down into a large shed to begin with.

Dad said, “For now, we are going to have to live in this big shed. I am going to have to build another home.”

So he started building. And this home was a very, very small home, compared to the beautiful home that we had left. We children cried because we hated to leave our home. It was beautiful! Beautiful! When we got to the new property, there were a couple of old buildings and that big shed on it.

Chapter 2

I was about 10 years old when, in 1918, the second house was built for us to live in. At that time, World War I started, and we were all scared because we thought the war was going to be around us. Some of our neighbors had to send their boys to join the army in France and the rest of Europe. And now, trouble began. Father would come home at noon and talk about the war and the things that were happening in Europe. We children were very scared. My little sister Anna was so frightened. She was scared that they were going to kill her; so she was going to commit suicide. This frightened all of us, and Mother thought it was dangerous for us to hear anymore about wartime. So Father quit talking about the war.

At this time, we started going to a church out in the country—one that was organized from our kitchen evangelism, in Goodrich. Father Vietz, who had come from Denhoff to Goodrich to attend this kitchen evangelism, was our neighbor now. He had twelve children—a big family like we had. He lived just a little ways down the street from where we bought our new property and started building another home. He and the church members built a country Seventh-day Adventist church up the hill from our place. The church grew, and we were all so happy to have our own church that we could worship God in.

One day, the church members were working together, cleaning and painting the church; they wanted to have a real nice church. But while they were cleaning at the church, a tornado came along. At that time, I was home with my mother and John. My deaf brother was out in the field, raking the hay with two horses, and the rest of the family were up at the church.

Looking at the top of the hill, I said, “Mother, there is a terrible storm coming. Let’s chase all these chickens into the chicken barn. We have

to run into the house; the storm is right upon us.”

I saw that big black cloud coming over the hill, and it seemed like it was just rolling on the ground. It was just as black as coal. I just barely got started chasing the chickens in, and the storm was right in front of us. My brother was working in the field, saw the storm coming, and started home. I saw him coming over the hill. He did not get into the house, but got into the barn and unhitched the horses. That storm came so fast that Mother, John, and I went into the cellar. Mother was afraid that our house would be taken.

Then we heard the tumbling of other buildings nearby as they came rolling past our house. Down in the basement, it was so pitch dark that we could not see one thing. Afraid, we soon noticed that the house was moving. What if the water and rain got down in the cellar where we were? We could drown, we thought. But the Lord protected us. That tornado lasted two full hours. After the storm subsided, we went upstairs and looked out the windows.

Mother said, “Where’s Herbert (the deaf boy)? He was coming home; I saw him. Where is he?” And she looked over toward the barn. “Well, what happened to Herbert?”

The foundation of the barn was high enough that it protected the horses and my brother, but the roof flew away. The storm was so bad that he had to unhitch the horses. And he had to hold onto the horses’ tails, so he would not be flying away. Finally, we saw Herbert coming out of that barn; he came toward the house. We also looked all over the neighborhood, trying to see where the church was. But the church was gone. We did not have a church building, it seemed. What could have happened to it? Then we found out the truth. Fresh dirt on a new grave in the cemetery kept the church from being destroyed, when it was thrown over there.

North Dakota had a lot of flat land where we lived, so we could see far and wide. But we could not see any barn anywhere. Every barn, except ours, was taken down, no matter how big. For two hundred miles, every single barn was down. I will never forget that tornado as long as I live.

We had a telephone call, but did not have a telephone in our home. Some of the neighbors came to our house, and asked us if we knew that the barn fell on top of Carl Fonderage’s wife, as she was trying to chase the chickens in, be-

fore the storm got closer. Men were needed to lift that barn off of her body, so Dad went down to help rescue this woman. The men lifted the barn after Dad got there, but they found that she was already dead. Dad was asked to watch her body and keep the pigs from eating it while help was being sought from the funeral home. Disaster was everywhere.

Warren Heins’ grandfather, a member of our church on top of the hill, had his house lifted up, like an airplane by this tornado, and moved into the pasture. When this happened, the family had six or seven children, and the mother had a tiny baby in her arms. The mother protected herself and the baby by bracing herself between two doors in the house. And they were not hurt.

Times were hard from then on. We got the church building back, and cleaned it up to use. With the good talent in our church, our young people’s meetings in the neighborhood were well-attended every Saturday evening. I wish we had young people’s meetings today like we had then. It makes me sick when I think about it. Our organist, a deacon in our church, was a real leader with the young people. We also had choirs, and enjoyed going to those meetings so much.

One Sabbath evening, I was disappointed because I did not feel good and needed to stay at home. Nevertheless, I heard about the wonderful meeting. A family, the Bigalows that lived in the town of Denhoff, was there with all their children that evening. Some of those children could recite poetry and Scripture just beautifully. The people really remarked about the part of the program that the Bigalow children participated in.

The next morning my dad came home all out of breath, wondering what happened to the Bigalow family. Their house burned down, with three of the children in it, on the second floor. The father had rushed into the house, trying to rescue the other children on the first floor. He succumbed to the smoke and died. The mother, her baby being nursed in the bedroom at the time, and the little 2-year-old boy survived. The mother sustained a severe burn on her body. It was the biggest funeral we ever had in that place—about everybody in the area came. Of the three children that burned to death, the oldest girl was my age. I was about thirteen or fourteen at this time, and felt so bad about losing my little

friend.

We were so poor at the time that we had to herd the cows out in the hills because we did not have enough hay in our pasture to feed them. I had to herd the cows with my little white pony. So, Sabbaths, my brother and I took turns going out with the pony and three dogs to herd the cows while the rest of our family went to church.

Chapter 3

I loved that old pedal organ that my family owned, and, from the time I was 6 years old, wanted to learn to play so much. But I never, never played on it whenever any of my family was around. I was the only one in my family that would ever touch the organ, and would sneak to play whenever they were outside or doing something else. Very soon, I was playing three fingers and four fingers. And I found chords. I was only 6 years old, and none of my people knew that I had learned to play every song by ear that was sung in the church, with one or two fingers.

Taking the pony, three dogs, and usually his lunch, Emmanuel would go out and herd the cows. One day when he was out with the cows, I was playing the organ. All the rest of the family were in church. I pretended that I was sick that day, and stayed at home. While Emmanuel and the three dogs were out taking care of the cows, I enjoyed myself. But Emmanuel forgot his lunch and came back. Not realizing that he had entered the house, I was having the happiest time playing. He listened and listened, and could not believe his ears.

Why, he thought to himself, I did not know Leah could play the organ; I am surprised.

Saying nothing, he went ahead and took his lunch out to the hills, where he took care of the cows for the rest of the day.

But, when he came home, he told my folks, "Did you know that Leah could play the organ?"

"No. She does not know anything."

"Yes," Emmanuel told Dad, "she played the organ. You should hear her."

That puzzled Dad, so he asked the organist at the church to come to our house and examine my musical abilities.

"Come and see if she knows something. Emmanuel told me that she played the organ the other day. I cannot believe it, and she never plays when we are home. We never knew she played anything. We are going to have ice cream tonight, and you come to our house."

August Heightsman, the organ teacher and the choir director, came to our home that night. We had ice cream, cake, and also a little butchered heifer as part of our meal. Not knowing more about the health message, we still ate meat.

We had a good time together. In the front room, Dad sat in his rocking chair, near the old organ. Then August Heightsman started to play and sing, and I was intrigued. I would not play for anybody, even if they gave me a hundred dollars. He kept asking me if I liked this song and that one. By using his psychology, he got me on the chair. He asked me to play what he had played, and I just played it. When I saw him winking at my father, I felt uneasy. If I knew that my father was in the room, I never would have played. Then I got up and was not going to play anymore—No, no, no.

And he said to my father, "She has got the stuff in her; you had better give her some music lessons."

So Dad listened but did not say anything yet.

A week later he said, "I am going to town. Leah would you like to go along? The judge's wife is a music teacher."

"Yeah, I would like to go along."

Denholm was a little "one horse" town. When we got there, my father stopped at George Tom's private home, the judge in that county, in order to talk to his wife.

Dad said to her, "I think my daughter would like to take music. Could you give her some lessons?"

"Why, of course," she said. "Come in. I will give her lessons, but she needs a book to learn how to manipulate the keys."

Dad paid her a dollar for a lesson and a dollar for the book. So she gave me my first lesson.

When Dad was through shopping and came to pick me up after my lesson, he said, "Leah, did you enjoy it?"

"Yes, I sure did. I loved it."

I went back home with Dad. The next week he asked me again if I wanted to go back and take another lesson.

"Why, sure, I would like that."

So I went along. But, the third week, Dad

said, "Now you have got to go by yourself. Would you like to ride our little pony?" (We called her Fly. She was a small white pony.)

I said, "Sure, I would love to go."

"Well," he said, "you have got to ride little Fly."

"That is okay."

I knew the road quite well. It was about four miles to town. So I took the little horse and went up to George Tom's place. I tied up the pony by the tree outside the house. When I was finished with the lesson I would untie the pony and go home. When I did finish that lesson and went out in the yard, the pony was not there. She got loose and ran home. I had a pair of shoes on that were very hard on my feet, but there was nothing else I could do but start walking home. When the horse got home and my parents saw the bridle hanging down, they thought that I must have fallen off of the horse. And that I must be lying on the roadside.

"We better go back and locate where Leah is."

And they were terribly worried.

"What in the world has happened to Leah?"

They got in the horse and buggy, went looking, and saw me halfway home, walking over the hill. Were they glad to see me!

"What happened with the horse?"

"I guess I did not tie her up very good. And she got loose."

"She knew her way home, so there was no trouble there. But are we glad to find you alive, and to know that nothing has happened to you."

So they took me home.

After I had ten lessons, going back and forth with the grain wagon or the little pony, Dad said, "Well, I think this will complete your musical career."

Ten lessons. I just had a good start. I felt bad. I thought that Dad was going to help me; and now this is the end?

So I said, "Dad, I want to learn how to play a violin."

Well that was still worse.

He said, "Not one of the children (of the fourteen of us) had a musical education. And, if we would give you a musical education, the rest of the children would want it too. And we are too poor. We cannot do it." So that was the end of my musical career for the time—ten lessons. I had just enough to get me going, even though ten lessons did not amount to very much.

When I was ten, I was baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Chapter 4

The principal from the Sheyenne River Academy said, "You have a lot of good young people in your church here. They ought to be going to Sheyenne River Academy. We are trying to get our school filled with students this coming year."

I asked Dad if I could go to the academy. By this time I was 14. It was autumn at that time. Since most of the people were poor, only a few could afford to send their children there. But I told Dad that I knew how I was going to earn money to go to school there.

Two of my oldest sisters were already married by this time. And one of them married a rich farmer. Every year, he had to hire at least two or three hired men to help him plant his big crop. I suggested that maybe my sister and brother-in-law would hire me. Then I could earn some money to go to the academy. I knew that way I might take more music lessons.

Dad thought awhile, but it still was too early to go and put the grain out. It was fall then.

So he said, "Maybe in the spring."

I knew what I was going to do. I was going to get that violin; an ad in the paper offered a free violin. But you had to sell garden seeds in order to get that. Answering the ad, I told the people that my two sisters had married good farmers who needed garden seeds. Very soon, I got the great big bag of garden seeds that I had ordered in the mail. I sold garden seeds to our neighbors, and visited both my sisters. At this time, I felt sure that I was going to get that violin.

Spring was coming, and my brother-in-law had not hired his man to help him. I wrote a letter to my sister and brother-in-law, about two hundred miles from us near Valley City, in North Dakota, and asked them if they would mind if I would be their hired man the coming year. When my brother-in-law read that, he laughed so hard because I would ask. I was only 15 years old at this time.

"Ha-ha. Think of it," he laughed to my sister. "Ha-ha. She wants to be a hired man." And he just had the biggest kick out it.

But a couple of days later, in a joking way, he said, "Louisa (my sister), Leah wants to plow. She wants to be a hired man. Maybe we should hire her; it will save us expense. We have to pay a big price for hired help."

Louisa said, "We can hire her for \$10.00 a week."

In a joking way he said, "Maybe, we will hire her. Tell her to come down. She can help you in the house—washing dishes, scrubbing floors, and everything."

So I traveled to their home on the train.

The first thing he said was "What do you want to do? Do you want to work in the house or do you want to try working in the field?"

I said, "I want to work with the horses and the plow." Winking at my sister, he said, "Let's give her a try, can't hurt. We have big horses; they are huge. Do you think you can handle those horses?"

"I will try anything. But, if you will take your plow and go ahead of me, I will follow you. You have six horses and two rows of ground that you are turning over; I will follow you with my six horses." When he took me to the barn, the sight of those huge horses intimidated me; I could not believe it when I saw them.

Then I told him, "I thought you had little horses like my little Fly. I never saw such big horses in my life."

He said, "Well, we are going to try you out."

He hitched both our horses up to the two plows that he had, and went two miles to the field to get started. I followed him with my horses on out to the field where we would work. Then he explained that I must be sure and follow his tracks as he went ahead of me.

"Always watch ahead, keeping your eyes right on me. If you get into trouble, you holler and I will stop; I will come back to help you."

Sure enough, we got started. I said to the horses, "Get up. Let's go."

He kept looking back to see if I was coming; I was. When we got to the end of the row, he said, "Well, Leah. You made it. Now we have got to turn around and go on the other side."

On the other side, he started the row and waited till I got there. And I did not have any trouble as I continued to follow him until I hit a big stone and fell off the seat the third time I went around. However, I did not give up. Holding onto the horses' reins, I ran along the side of the plow. The horses stopped when I wanted to.

I got going again, but my hand hurt so bad that I could hardly sit. We worked all day long except for lunch at noon, and got home late at night—after 6 o'clock.

After we unhitched the horses and went into the house, Louisa said to Herman, "Leah is my hired girl in the house. You are taking her away from me."

I said, "Louisa, what do you want me to do in the house?"

So I got the dinner on the table, washed the dishes, and worked around the house. I was a maid and a farm girl at the same time. I could fill the place of two workers instead of only one.

And the next morning, I went out with Herman; we plowed together for one solid week. I thought that, if I could handle six horses, I could do anything. Why, it seemed like I could move the world. I was determined to work for my brother-in-law all summer long so that I could go to school and buy a violin. I was in the height of my glory because I could plow with six horses—those big horses.

At the end of the week, my brother-in-law said to Louisa, "I want to tell you something: Leah is the best hired man I ever had. And I am going to keep her. You will have to get somebody else to work for you in the kitchen."

I worked all summer long—from the spring on through the summer weather. Louisa told her husband that he better give me \$10.00 a week. He did, and I thought that I was the richest woman that ever lived. Oh, was I happy! I was earning my own money. And I was going to the academy; but, by fall, I did not have enough money to go to school. So I decided that I was going to work straight through to November, and it got cold.

But, one day, the hail was hitting the horses so bad that they got very unruly. It hit them on the face and on the rest of their bodies. It was real hail, just like little nuts. It also hit me in the face. At the end of the row, I unhitched the horses, hitched them up to the wagon, and started for home. The horses were so wild because of that hail that I could not handle them. I tried to hold back. But the more I did that, it felt like I was holding a thread in my hands. And they ran over the plowed field, the stones, and all of it. The wagon was rocking back and forth so much that I was afraid that I was going to be thrown out. Putting my feet on the dashboard that laid in the bottom of the wagon, I was hoping to better hold

the horses and stop them from running so fast. The more I pulled, the worse they ran. They ran two miles on that field that we had plowed, on toward home and into the yard.

My sister saw us coming, and ran out into the yard, held up her hands and yelled, “Ho, ho, ho.”

When Louisa stopped the horses, she could not see me. I was lying at the bottom of the wagon pulling the horses’ lines as hard as I could and bracing myself against the dashboard. But, hearing my cry, she found me and helped me out of the wagon.

My hands were so swollen, I could not lift them. That ended my plowing for the rest of the year. My hands were so sore I could not use them for a whole week. After that, I went home to my folks in Denhoff.

One arm, to this day, is lame. This always affected me, especially when I later took shorthand. My handwriting was not too good because of this right hand.

My mother’s orphan daughter, Katie, and her husband had recently joined the SDA church, so they were anxious to visit my mother who had been her foster mother for so many years. (As a child, she had been adopted out to some relative for awhile. Later, when grown, she had married Adam Bauer. By this time, they had two children, Emma and Raymond.)

One Friday afternoon, they arrived at my parents’ home. Our family was in the midst of cleaning the house for Sabbath, and I was scrubbing the floor and helping clean up the house while mother visited with Katie.

But, as they talked, Katie watched me closely, and then she said to Mother: “My, Leah is a real worker. I wish she could come with us; we could surely use her on our farm. We are right in the midst of working out in the field, and we need help so badly.”

Mother answered, “Leah loves to work out in the field.” Then she told my experiences of the year before, and how I plowed the field to earn money to go to academy, but had not earned enough to begin.

Immediately, Katie said, “This would be her opportunity—right now—to come and work for us. She might still earn enough money to go to school this year!”

Katie did not let up with mother. As for me, I was just as anxious to go with Katie. I thought

that, if I could get to academy, it would be a new world for me—and I would be in a Christian school where they all must be like angels.

So, when the Bauers were ready to go back to South Dakota, I packed up my clothes and put them in a suitcase. Mother cried because I was going so far away. Soon we were all crying.

Arriving at Katie’s home, everything seemed different and strange. I got homesick; but, after I started working out in the field shucking grain, hauling bundles, and handling horses, I soon forgot about loneliness. I was so happy that soon I would go to a Christian school.

Katie’s family lived about a mile from church, and every Sabbath they would take us to church. I met a few young people there. One family had seven boys. These people belonged to the Church of God. They were not Seventh-day Adventists. They were Sabbathkeepers, but were very bitter enemies of Ellen G. White. Three of those boys who came to those meetings decided to keep the Sabbath and wanted to be baptized. Quite a few people were baptized that year.

Those three boys, the Kiesz boys, came home and announced to their mother and father their desire to join the Adventist Church.

“What? Under no circumstances are you going to join that church.”

They still kept on going to the meetings, convicted to keep Sabbath. But the parents would not allow them to be baptized. No way!

The boys were old enough to understand Elder Schmit’s excellent presentation of the whole third angel’s message. The boys wanted to go to the Adventist academy, so they could learn more about the Adventist message. But the oldest boy of that family, not at home at the time, stayed in the Church of God, and would not leave it. He would not join the younger boys—Fred, Arthur, and Philip Kiesz who wanted to be Adventists.

One day the parents of these boys went to Aberdeen to do some shopping—quite a distance from their home. They were gone most of the day. Their mother usually brought a lot of groceries and other things in Aberdeen, a big town with good bargains.

When they were gone all day long, one of the boys called Elder Schmidt and told him, “My folks have gone to Aberdeen. Come over to our house and baptize us.”

Elder Schmidt baptized them in a nice lake

close to their house. When the parents came home, the boys confessed their sin of being baptized without their permission. The father became furious, and the mother still worse. She wanted to tell the minister what a terrible thing he did to her sons without their permission. It was a big battle.

She came to church and raved, almost tearing some of the church members apart. People finally decided to avoid that woman coming to church. She raised Cain all the time. So they decided not to pay any more attention to her. They did not want her around there. If she did not like the Adventist people, she should stay home. But they liked the boys, and thought that she should leave them alone. The boys would come to church—each one of them was talented with musical ability. Even the little 8-year-old boy played the piano like a master. They were very talented in the church, and one of them was appointed Sabbath School superintendent.

The older Kiesz boys were getting ready to go to Plainview Academy, in Redfield, South Dakota. Dr. Belts and others came from Plainview Academy, and gave a talk in the church in order to recruit students for another year. They came and talked to me! They wanted me to go to Plainview instead of going back to North Dakota. I let them know that we had Sheyenne River Academy in North Dakota. Plainview Academy was a long way from North Dakota and from my people. And I should have gone back to North Dakota. My folks would not like it, I knew, if I did not go to Sheyenne River Academy. But how much money did I have when fall came? Not much. I had bought my violin, and had some lessons; that was about it.

By this time, the other students had already started school; they started the first part of September. I figured up the money that I had all together from my earnings of \$10.00 a week. And I did not have enough.

After I had figured out all my expenses—my train fare, books, trunks, clothes, and everything else—I had only \$80.00 left. And I had worked so hard. For one month at the academy, it cost \$7.00 for tuition, \$5.00 for room, and \$12.00 for food. Altogether it was \$24.00. Back then, that was a lot of money. At that time, it cost over \$288.00 a year to go to school. How in the world was I going to get the \$288.00? I did not have it.

Since I was living with Katie Bauer during

this time, I decided to stay a whole month longer in order to earn more money. I, at least, would have enough money for my tuition when I arrived at school. I bought a few good clothes and cheap shoes that hurt my feet so bad that I could hardly walk in them.

So I left for school one month late, and that was the beginning of a real tragedy.

When I arrived, the principal of the school picked me up at the bus station late at night. It was a big school, about 5 or 6 stories high. I saw the students. One of the girls was partly related to me—maybe second cousin. She and the other girls, from where I lived, had talked me into going to Plainview instead of North Dakota. It was 1925, and I was 16.

Chapter 5

When I got to school, I did not have a place to work for my room and board, since I only had enough money for tuition. So I could not stay in the dormitory. I was told that none of the students in the school worked for their room and board, and they did not have a place for me to work for that. But they would see what they could do, I was told. Maybe they would find a place for me to live and work. So I stayed overnight in the dormitory with my second cousin until something was found. The dean of women and the girls had beautiful clothes of velvet, silk, and everything nice that I admired.

They looked at me and said to my second cousin, “Who is that new girl that came in?”

“Well, she wants to go to school. She does not have much money, but she wants to get a place to work for her room and board.”

“Oh, she is one of tho-o-o-se . . . she must be an orphan.”

“Yeah, I think she is an orphan.”

“Do you think she will find a place to work for her room and board?”

They began to call me an orphan girl. And I felt very humiliated about that. I wondered what was wrong with an orphan girl, and why they called me that.

They said, “Well, her parents are too poor to pay her tuition. They cannot pay her dormitory fees, so she has to go up to Redfield and find a

home where she can work.”

Actually, I felt so bad about having to sleep with my second cousin in the same bed—in a double bed that all the dormitory rooms, at that time, had. I felt that I had come to the wrong place. I did not belong there. All the students who lived in the dormitory had a good time—laughing, joking, singing hilariously, and doing lots of other things they thought were fun. I felt like crying. That night I was so homesick that I thought I had made a terrible mistake, and should have gone to North Dakota. There I had a lot of friends; here I was a stranger.

Yes, the Kiesz boys were popular, for they were musicians. Everybody was having a good time. Even my second cousin was having a good time with the kids. When we went to bed, I could not keep the tears back. I put my face into the pillow because I did not want to wake her up or shake the bed. I swallowed my tears and cried softly because I did not want her to know that I was weeping. The greatest grief you can go through is when you try to suppress your tears, not wanting anyone to know that you are crying. I finally fell asleep.

In the morning when I got up, I went into the office and asked if they had a place for me to work for my room and board.

The professor said, “I am sorry, we do not have anything right now. But we will help you all we can. We understand your situation.”

A couple of days later they told me they had a place for me, in Redfield. “We have no bus to go back and forth to school, so you have to walk.”

“Well, how far is that,” I asked.

“That is at least two miles or more.”

I said, “It is getting cold; the snow is beginning to fall.” At this time it was the first part of October. “That is a long way for me to walk every morning. January and February gets too cold. I do not think I can stand the cold; it is freezing. I have to walk? You do not have a bus?”

“No.”

They took me up there to this home. And it happened to be an Adventist family with at least ten or twelve children. An old grandmother was living with them. The father of this family was an invalid. He had a crooked, sideways head. I almost had cold feet when I saw the family. The school wanted me to work there. I wondered if that was the best family they could find. So my luggage was left there. And I was told that was where I was to stay. I had to be at the school, for

the first class, at 7:30 in the morning. And they let us out at 12:30.

Then I could go home—walk home. In order to get back to school at 7:30 in the morning, I had to start at least an hour or more ahead of time, to get there on time by foot. I had to walk a long way on the railroad track, which was very uncomfortable wearing those cheap shoes that I bought. They hurt so bad that I had to stop half-way to school and rub my feet. So I had a very hard time walking over those two miles, every day, to school. My feet hurt me so bad, when I got to school, that I had to go in the lavatory and cry. I went into class with my schoolbooks. Everybody sitting there had been there one month before I got to school. I had to work one month late to earn more money, so I could at least have enough for my tuition and clothes.

I noticed my second cousin who was supposed to be a good friend to me and introduce me to the other students; she was not doing so. Because I was an outcast, I was not part of the family at the academy. So I had to work in Redfield for my room and board. Everybody shunned me because I was a pauper—the poor girl, an orphan.

And I heard them whispering to each other. “I wonder who that girl is? She must be an orphan. She must come from the poorhouse. Look, she has not got very nice clothes. Look at her shoes.”

I would go into the bathroom, while they were in class, and have a good cry. And I would pray, beside the wash basin, that God would give me strength.

I told myself, *I know I am in the wrong place; I am not wanted here. And I do not want to stay here.*

I got so homesick for my own people in North Dakota that I thought I could not stand it. When I returned to this family’s home, in Redfield, it was around 1:30 that afternoon. And the grandmother had a big pile of clothes—washing, ironing, and other things she wanted me to do when I got home. I had to take off my shoes and wear my bedroom slippers, since my feet hurt me so bad. I worked hard. All those kids were screaming and crying.

She said, “Well, I suppose we should give you a private room to live in, but we do not have any. You can sleep on the cot in the front room.”

I kept my clothes in the suitcase because I did not have a closet or anyplace to keep them.

We did not get through eating till 9 at night. And I worked all through that time for my room and board. Even though the old grandmother was there, the kids were crying, screaming, and had runny noses. They were finally all in bed by 9:30.

I started to study at 9:30, and needed to make up my assignments because I got to school a month late. We were having our six weeks' exams in another week. I wondered how I was suppose to catch up all that. I tried to study, but would just sit there and cry. At 10:00, I just barely started my lessons. I studied hard. The next day, when I came to school, Professor Nesmeth asked the students, of his algebra class, different questions. Then he asked me about algebra! I had never before seen an algebra book in my life, and I could not answer the question because I did not know algebra. You should have seen how the students in the school were sneering and laughing about that.

One said, "I do not want to sit beside her. She is a dummy."

I left that class and cried in the lavatory until my heart would break. I went back to the next class, and the students noticed that I had been crying. My eyes were swollen. They poked each other.

"She's an orphan. We must help her get better clothes."

They were just ridiculing me. Very soon, I was the laughingstock of the school; I grieved my heart out. I went back and forth to that school for a whole week. I was relieved that the family that I was staying with decided to live a mile closer to the school. So, on Sunday, they hauled all their furniture, beds, stove, and everything in the truck to their new place. The lady of the place asked me to go upstairs and pick up all the bedding off the boys' beds. Bring it down and put it on the truck. So I went upstairs, picked up all the bedding off of the beds, and just rolled it up. Just as I rolled it up, I saw something. The bedbugs were running all over the bed. I stopped and cried and cried. I knew my family was poor, but we never had bedbugs. I did not want to stay there. I picked up the clothes, took them downstairs, and put them on in the truck. Then I put my suitcases, full of clothes, on the truck.

And when we got to the new place and saw the academy in the distance, I said to the lady of the house, "I am sorry, but I cannot stay here. I do not have time to study my lessons. I have to work until 9:30 at night, and the children are

making a lot of noise. Furthermore, it is too cold to go back and forth such a long way to school."

I picked up my suitcases and left, but they did not even offer to take me back to the school. I started down the road to the academy with those heavy suitcases. I had to stop every twenty feet or more to rest. Finally, I hid my suitcases in the cornfield. I was going to walk over to the school, and have them come back in a truck and pick up my suitcases. I made a pile of stones by the highway to identify the row where my suitcases were. When I got to the academy, I told them that I could not stay any longer at this place. Oh, they were shocked, they told me. They didn't know!

"We are sorry we found a place like that for you. We will see if we can find a better place for you to stay. But you better stay over the weekend at the academy. You stay right here."

So I stayed at the academy—Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

The students looked at me so funny, when I went to class.

One Friday night, the students gave testimonies and prayer. I was asked to pray, but could not pray; I was crushed. I did not know what to say. I sat in my seat while they all got up and gave beautiful testimonies. They acted like they were angels. When I wanted to go to the academy, I thought all the kids at school were angels. Here I was; they were looking down at me. I grieved; I cried nearly all that Friday night.

I wished that I could go home; fly home with wings. In schools I attended before, I loved all the students, and they always loved me. I had so many friends in grade school; I was never used to this kind of thing. Here, I was an outcast. I was nobody. I longed for their companionship. If I could only get acquainted with them. They had beautiful clothes. I looked at my own clothes, and realized that I only had one good dress.

On Sabbath, they had beautiful music in Sabbath School. Everybody was having a good time laughing and joking with each other. But no one ever said one word to me.

During the evening social in the main auditorium, the students played games. One night they chose sides for a spelling bee, in order to find out who was the best speller. Every name was chosen, but no one called me. I sat alone in my seat. I left and went to the lavatory, and had another good cry. I told myself that I did not

belong here. I wanted to go home. I was sorry I had come here. I could not swallow my tears; so I went into my cousin's room and went to bed. That experience sealed my decision for me.

The next morning, Professor Hahn, the principal, told me that he had found a new place for me.

I said, "Oh?"

I was not very happy. I thought it was just another one. I was not interested. He told me that she was the wife of the man who owned the J.C. Penny's store, and she was a very nice woman. She wanted them to bring me to her home to work for her. When I got there, she was the sweetest woman. She wanted me to take care of her two small children while she worked in the J.C. Penny's store every afternoon. She gave me instructions about giving the children naps and fixing supper for them at night. I did all of that.

After she left for work, I went into the nice bedroom that they gave me—so beautiful. I got on my knees; I never knew what prayer was until that time.

Pouring out my heart to the Lord, "If this woman is going to be mean to me, I want to go home."

She was so sweet when she came home in the evening. She was very pleased with the way I did my work—especially how I cooked the meal for the children and put them to bed. She was an encouragement to me.

One evening after the dishes were washed, she said, "I understand that you have a hard time making your expenses going to school, and you have to work hard. How are you getting along at school?"

I told her I was taking algebra, but I never had it before. Also I took English, physiology, and Bible (New Testament). She wanted me to sit down with her, and show her my books, which I did. Each night she helped me get all my lessons in English and physiology up to date for the first four weeks I missed of school. She did not know much about New Testament. I made that up myself; her help on that was not needed.

I thought that I was almost ready for the six weeks' exams, if we were going to get them the next week. I was caught up quite well.

I thought of my home. Why not go home? Herman was my brother-in-law, for whom I worked one summer. His sister was a stenogra-

pher at the conference office in Jamestown, North Dakota. I always admired her for being a stenographer. Then I thought, *What is the use if I did go to school the whole year, walking back and forth to school in the cold and freeze my feet? What good will it do me to have one year of high school (the ninth grade)?* I could not have done it again the next year; I had no way of making any money to go any further than that. *I am going to quit; I am going to be a stenographer. I am getting out of here. People here do not love me or want anything to do with me. I am leaving.*

I wondered where I could find a school that taught shorthand, typing, commercial business, and English. Where? Someone said that they had one at Watertown, where they had the conference office. They had a big school there, a business college. So I got busy and wrote a card to the stenographer at the conference office. I did not even know her name.

"Could you tell me how you became a stenographer? Where can I go to school so I can be a stenographer?"

She immediately answered my letter, and sent me a bulletin from the business college. I got it over the weekend, opened it up, saw the pictures of the business college, and read everything in the package. I knew that was where I was going.

I am going over to Watertown. I am going to be a stenographer. I am leaving.

I gave no chance for anybody at the academy to know where I was going or how I was going. I was going, and they would not even miss me. So I washed my clothes on a Sunday. My trunk was packed. On Monday, at 5:00 in the evening, I was on the train to go to Watertown. Our train passed the school, and every light in that five-story school was on. I looked over there, and thought of that school. I waved good-bye.

Good-bye for ever and ever and ever. I will never, never see you again. Good-bye.

Chapter 6

We went on to Watertown, but I did not know anybody there. Very soon, the conductor called out the name of the next town, which was

Watertown. I knew that I had to get off there, but they stopped right in the middle of town. They had the biggest lights that I ever saw; as I looked, I gasped. I had never been in a big town before.

When I got off the train and went into the depot, I remembered Oswald's name because I heard him speak, at the North Dakota camp meeting, about how his wife had to lose her home when she chose to become a Seventh-day Adventist. *He is here in Watertown, at the conference office. Maybe I can phone him, and someone can come and pick me up from this depot.* I found his name in the telephone book, and called. Mrs. Helen K. Oswald was a big woman, but she squeaked her hello with her little tiny voice. I told her that I had just come from Plainview Academy, and that I was going to the business college.

And I said, "Is the secretary, the stenographer from the conference office, someplace where I could reach her?"

"Why, yes," she said.

"She lives next door at Elder Evans' place, who is one of the ministers at the conference office."

Then I told her that I had just gotten into the depot, and was looking for a place to stay that night. Maybe I would stay with the stenographer.

So she said, "Well, it is a long way down where you are—about ten blocks. It is cold, freezing weather tonight. Our car is frozen up; we cannot come after you tonight. But I will tell my husband, and he will walk down and pick you up. He can carry the suitcases for you, and you can walk back here with him." He greeted me when he got there, and asked who I was; I told him, and why I came. Then he walked with me the ten blocks. On the way to his home, he asked me how much education I had and why I wanted to go to business college.

"Do you have a high school education?"

I said, "No, I just finished the eighth grade."

"My dear girl," he said, "you are making a big mistake to come here. They do not take eighth-grade students. You must have high school or junior college. They will never accept you."

Well, my heart sank. Yet, I did not say anything. When we arrived at the house, Mrs. Oswald came to the door. She greeted me—so kind, so sweet.

"You must be hungry; I will give you some soup or something warm. If you want to see Ida Rizloft, the secretary at the conference office, she

is next door. We will take you over there after you eat a little supper."

But I was not hungry, and did not want to eat; so she took me over there to see her. Then Ida told me that she would take me to the business college the next morning. I had to sleep in a double bed with Ida that night. She had to get up early to go to work at the conference office.

"Leah, you do not have to get up this early. You stay in bed a little longer. I have to be at the office by 8 o'clock, at least."

She dressed herself in a navy blue dress with beautiful white cuffs and collar. Still resting in bed, I watched her dress herself by looking through my fingers. I thought to myself, One day, when I am a stenographer, I am going to wear a navy blue dress with white cuffs and collar.

That morning she did take me to the business college, and I was so surprised when I saw it. A great big assembly room with 150 students. President Drews called me into the office to have a talk with me. He needed to know something about my background.

"Do you want to go to school?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to be a stenographer?"

"Yes."

"How much education do you have?"

"Eighth grade."

Then he stopped and asked me some more questions.

"So you want to go to school to be a stenographer?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am sorry to tell you. We do not take eighth-grade students here."

He said, "Do you know something? I worked my way through school by shining shoes." He was thinking.

And then he asked me more questions.

Later he told me that, after he got through talking with me at that time, something told him, inside, that this girl is going to make good. He told the teachers, "You give that girl a chance, but do not let anyone in the school know that she is an eighth-grade student. So," he said to me, "if you do not tell any of the students here that you are an eighth-grade student, you can join the classes."

"Oh, no. I will not tell them anything."

He asked how much money I had to pay my tuition. Tuition was very high—\$40.00 a month. I told him that I only had a total of \$80.00.

Looking up at the ceiling, he asked me, "Can you get a place for room and board?"

"Yes."

"Have you had any experience boarding?"

"Yes."

I controlled my chuckles to myself, knowing that I had enough experience with the bedbugs in one home.

He let me go to school, and I paid for my books—about thirty dollars. I only had 50 dollars left for my tuition. That was not even enough for two months, but he let me in. Then I had to get a place to live and work for my room and board, but most of them were taken that late in the year. It was almost Thanksgiving time. I found one place, and went to have an interview with them. No one answered my knock at either the front or the back doors, and it was cold. But the door that went down to the basement was opened, so I just stepped inside to warm up.

Closing the door, I got on my knees and prayed: "If this is not the place for me to be, then please send me to another place." Since no one came home, I left.

I met some girls, on Sabbath, in church; Mrs. Oswald told them that I was looking for a place to work for room and board.

So that evening I went to see a lady that I was told about. I heard later that she had a bad reputation in Watertown, because she wanted every woman's husband that she could get, even though her own husband was a good man. Other students from the business college had stayed there, but none wanted to stay longer than a week. However, I did not know all that when I came to interview this woman. She had a big beautiful home with her husband and 14-year-old son.

"You got experience? I have a lot of parties here. You have to know how to cook."

I said, "I will try."

So she hired me and gave me a room. I had to work for nine hours a day for room and board. And, I had to sit out on the porch, like a dog, to eat my meals. I also had to work like a dog, in the house, to serve all her parties. It was terrible. I lived with her for ten weeks. Sometimes I would be so lonesome working in the home when she would go away for the day. Playing their lovely piano, I would sing beautiful songs from the *Christ in Song* book.

And I sang: "*Does Jesus care when my heart is grieved? . . . Oh, yes, He cares. I know He*

cares."

The tears just flowed from my face as I sang. I was also homesick, and did not have a penny to my name. Even though I wished I could go home, I was stuck. I did not know anybody in town—only the girls from school; and I did not know them very well.

I would make breakfast and clean from 6 to 9 a.m., go to school, come home at 3 p.m., and work till 9 p.m. at night. I had to study up to 12 midnight in order to complete my lessons in English, business, bookkeeping, shorthand, typing, and business law.

That lady treated me like her slave, and would not let me go to visit any of my friends—the stenographer at the conference office, the Oswalds, or even to Sabbath School and church.

She gruffly told me, "You stay here and wash the clothes."

I was firm with her when I said, "If I have to give up my Sabbath, I am leaving."

Then she calmed down; she knew that she had a work horse. She needed someone to help her with her many parties. Finally, Christmas came. All the students went home for a two-weeks holiday. And I was in the clutches of this terrible wicked woman.

She said, "You do not have to go home; you can stay here. I will give you a dollar a day, if you work sixteen hours a day."

I was glad to get that. I had not had five cents for weeks. I thought I could buy paper, pencils, and ink so I could go to school. I had nothing. She gave me a bottle of ink.

"That is your Christmas present."

She had parties nearly every day. I cooked for the pack of people that came, including lawyers and doctors. Everybody from town that you could mention was there. I had to cook and wash, waking up in the wee hours of the morning and getting to bed as late as possible at night—for a dollar a day.

One day she said to me, "You do not know how lucky you are. I will give you another pencil. You are lucky to get that."

On the second Sabbath of the month, I wanted to go to the conference office for a Christmas dinner that they had invited me to. But this lady would not let me go.

She yelled, "No. You are not going over there. You are here. If you leave here, I will get the police after you."

The conference people were waiting for me;

the tables were set, and everything was ready. But I could not go. I did not dare go.

I went out the backdoor, around the front of the house, and ten blocks to get to the conference office. There the Sabbath School worker from the conference met me.

She said, "Leah, we have waited all day for you to come here and have dinner with us. I am so sorry that you did not get here. We wanted you to be here. What happened? Why didn't you come in time?"

I told her the story about why not.

She said, "Leah, you are not going back to that place. That woman is a very, very wicked woman."

The Sabbath before, she wanted me to stay home and wash all the clothes. She got mad at me anyway for going to church. Since I stayed there another week, I was there two weeks during Christmas holidays. I was expecting at least \$14.00 to buy pencils, paper, and other school supplies.

Mrs. Stuart told me, "Do not go back to that place again. We are not going to allow it. You are one of our church people. We cannot allow you to go back and be treated like this."

I told her about the night that I came home from church when she was trying to force me to stay home. After sunset, I was to sprinkle the clothes and get them ready for the ironing that I was going to do at 4 o'clock in the morning. I went into my room, changed my clothes, and went downstairs to sprinkle the clothes for the next morning.

When I got down there, she said, "I went and washed your clothes for you. You did not do it, so I washed them. I got them out of your room."

I asked her why she had done that. I said, "Well, I was down there awhile ago and I sprinkled all the clothes. I did not see any of my clothes. Where are they?"

"Well, they are there. You are so blind, you cannot see."

So I thought maybe I missed them. I went through everything, and told her they were not there.

"There is a bucketful of scrub rags here, but it is not my clothes. My clothes are not here."

"Leah, you are a blind dummy."

So I went back to look the second time.

"Leah, maybe it is those clothes in the scrub rags."

I lifted the stuff up, and noticed it was my

clothes. I could see the form.

"What happened to my clothes? That is all I have got to wear. My underwear, nightgowns, and the clean rags. What happened?"

She finally told me. Her husband always washed the clothes.

She would stand at the top of the stairs and instruct her husband, "Now put this in next; now put the dog's clothes in, now put the scrub rags in; now put the rugs in there. Now you take Leah's clothes and put them in there."

When I saw those clothes in the dirty scrub water, I cried.

I had no clothes, except what I was wearing. What was I going to do? It was late that night. I decided to go up to the conference office and tell them this experience of mine. When I got there and told them, they sat and cried.

"We cannot let you go back there anymore."

"I have to go back. She says that she is going to put me in prison because I had no right to get out of her house."

They said, "You stay here. We are going to protect you."

The next morning, they ordered a pickup truck to go out and get my belongings, bring them to the conference office, and store it in the basement until I found another place.

But, I had to go back that very night. I knew she was gone. I could not get into the backdoor, but her son was at home and would answer the front door. I knew that, if I rang the doorbell, this 14-year-old boy would come and open the door. As soon as he opened the door, I was going to make a beeline for that stairway which led directly up into my room. He would not chase me out; he was a nice boy. She did not know that I got in and slept there that night. I got up early the next morning, and she was still in bed. But I had to get breakfast for her husband and the boy who went to high school. When we were sitting at the table, I asked the husband if he would pay me that \$14.00 (\$1 a day) that his wife had promised me for my help during Christmas vacation.

"You will have to talk to my wife," he said.

I knew that the folk from the conference office who were coming to get my trunk and my suitcases would be there the next morning, and that any noise we made would wake that woman up; she sometimes slept till 12:00 noon. When they came to the door, I told them to tiptoe up

the stairs to my room at the top of the stairway. Her room was directly on the other side. So they tiptoed, and successfully got all my belongings in the truck without the lady waking up. With my things outside, I still needed to let her know that I was leaving.

Knocking at her bedroom door, I said, "Mrs. Geisz, I am leaving. I am going home." She jumped out of bed; I thought she was going to kill me. She was violent like she was demon possessed.

She said, "I am going to report you to all the police in this city. We are going to lock you up. I will tell all my lawyers. And you will never make a success at your school over there. Never. And I will see to it that you are going to jail."

I just ran for the door, jumped into the vehicle, and left with my friends.

Because I could not leave those suitcases at the conference office at that time, I took those two suitcases outside, hid them behind a shed, and covered them with snow so no one would know those suitcases were there. In the dark, the next night, I tiptoed to get my suitcases. I had no typewriting paper, no pencils. I did not get my \$14.00. I had nothing. I stayed at a friend's house until I could find another place. I was so crushed at what had happened. I was homeless, in a strange town, and no money to finish my education. Hundreds of miles away from my parents, I did not even have five cents to give the Lord my offerings. No money for a train fare. *I was stuck*, I thought.

Chapter 7

It was such a blessing to be able to play the piano at the home of a friend, where I was staying.

I opened the book, *Christ in Song*, and sang from it, "*Does Jesus care when my heart is grieved?*"

At that moment, I answered the ringing telephone.

"Hello, is this Leah?"

"Yes."

"I am Helen Oswald. I have the most beautiful place for you, just one block from where I live. I want you to come to my place; I will take

you over. She is a wonderful old lady. She is very kind, and you will love her. So come."

I dried my tears, and went up to see her. This lady had a large family; most of her children had all grown. The youngest girl, very attractive, was about 13 or 14 years old. This mother was rather heavysset, but a very sweet woman.

She said, "Mrs. Oswald told me something about your experiences. Now you will not have a beautiful home like you had there. We are very simple people. We want to make you happy. You can work for us; we will not treat you mean. We will let you eat at our table with us."

I could not do that at the other place. So I accepted the job, and went back to school.

Professor Drews met me and said, Leah, "What has happened to you? We have not seen you in school for a whole week. I thought that you left town. What happened?"

Then I told him what happened to me.

He said, "You mean to tell me that you lived with that devil? Why, everyone in town knows who she is. I am shocked. We are glad that you have a better place. And I will try and help you all I can."

He watched me after that, but I never knew it at the time. He saw me pick the pencil stubs and typewriting paper out of the wastebasket, just below his elevated office. A lot of students would throw paper away, with only two or three lines on it that was unsatisfactory to them. I went six months without a penny. I had no pencils and no paper for typing—nothing. I took the scissors that I had in my desk and cut off the printed part on the typing paper; I did that to a whole pile of typing paper, and stored it in my desk for future use. Dr. Drew's heart was touched.

He told other people, "Here is a girl who is trying to get a good education. She worked for that wicked woman for ten weeks! We had no idea she was working for her."

He felt condemned that he did not find out what kind of a place I was in. He called me into his office.

"I am glad that you have a good place to live, but I want to know this woman that you are now living with." He was so kind.

I took shorthand, but one hand was always weak because of that accident earlier in the wagon, when the horses bolted and ran home. So I could not write very well. However I compensated for that in typing because I was fast.

After five months of education at that school, every student there had to take a state test in typing. Of course, I had to take it too. We had to rotate the typewriters because there were not enough for all of us. In the afternoon after the test, we students received our reports and information about who had the highest and lowest grades. With the reports to present, Professor Drews went to his elevated desk, hit the gong, and each student was in his place. I sat right below Professor Drews.

He said, "I am sure every one of you students want to find out how each of you did on the state typing test."

Then he mentioned the one young lady in the school—that was only an eighth-grade student—and she won the prize!

"Not one single error in her 15-minute test. We have never had a record like that in our institution. She has speed and accuracy."

When he mentioned my name, I cried. I was sorry he said that in front of those students. I thought that persecution was sure to come upon me. But it had just broken his heart that I had worked under such a strain, with such a demon—at \$1.00 a day. But, somehow, my nerves were calm enough that I took a full 15-minute typing test with not one error, and had the speed on top of it.

Now Mr. Drews lived close to the conference office, and always passed it when he came to work. He had never been in it before, but this time he went into the conference office and started talking to the treasurer, J.H. Niece.

"Professor Drews said, 'I understand that you are one of the workers here. You are a Seventh-day Adventist?'"

"Yes."

"We have a student at our school that once went to one of your schools in Redfield, South Dakota."

"Well, she is at our college now. We are amazed at the talent this girl has. She is only an eighth-grade student. She is German, and needs more English. She needs to go to your school and finish her high school."

And J.H. Niece said, "Oh, well, I am glad to hear that she is a good student."

So he called Plainview Academy, where I had left the year before, and asked the principal there, "Do you have an opening for a good typist, someone to work in the office?"

"Why yes," he said. "The girl who has been working in the office graduated this year. And we have nobody for the coming year. Well, of course, we would like to have her come."

Elder Niece said, "Professor Drews was here about an hour ago, and told me that we Seventh-day Adventist people are doing wrong to that girl. You should take an interest in her. She needs to finish her high school. She can do your office work. Nobody should take that good lady's place."

They did not have a single typist at the academy, so the principal mailed a handwritten letter to me. He remembered my name.

He said, "We are happy to give you a chance. Are you the girl who was here a year ago, and we had a hard time finding a place for you to live?"

I wrote back, "I sure am, and I do not like the way I was treated. I am not very happy about coming back."

Apologizing, he told me, "You come back. We will see to it that you are treated like all the rest."

So I showed the letter to Professor Drews. His heart was warmed.

He said, "Let me answer this letter to the principal, and you can copy it and sign your name."

I did that, and got the job. My school year was closing, and I was suppose to get ready to go back to Plainview. The academy wanted me to work for them all that coming summer, so I could help them close their books for the previous year, ready for school to start again. It was important that I get there early.

In the mean time, the church got me some clothes. I needed some decent clothes to work in. They even cut my hair at the beauty shop, so I did not have braids anymore.

I arrived a long time before students came, which was in August. So I closed all the books for the summer and did all the typing for the principal. When September came, one by one, the students began arriving at the school. They had to come to the office to enroll and get papers from me to sign. The students looked at me, and then at each other. How could it be that I was sitting in that office, doing what I did.

"Isn't she that orphan that was here a year ago? How come she is here? What is she doing here? She does not belong here."

It was not long before the students were all there. Most of the students recognized me sitting in the office, working with Professor Hahn.

They could not believe their eyes. In addition, I now had pretty good clothes, and my hair was prettier.

Mrs. Hartman, the music teacher took me into her office and asked me about my background in music training. I told her about my experience riding Fly to my lessons for awhile.

So she said, "Sit down, I want to talk to you. Then you had some piano lessons?"

"Yeah. Well, ten lessons."

"Play for me. I am putting you in the third-grade music. That is what you need. Do you sing?"

"After a fashion."

So she had me sing a song while she sang different parts along with me.

Turning to me, she said, "Leah, you sing three and a half octaves. You should take voice and piano, both."

I said, "I was only promised room, board, and tuition. I have no money. I cannot . . ."

"I will give it to you free. Do not tell anybody."

So I took both voice and piano from her.

The time came for a musical recital. Some students got stuck in the middle of their pieces, and forgot where they were. Finally, it was my turn, toward the end of the program. So, I got up and sang my song.

I wondered why Mrs. Hartman let me take music lessons, and why she asked me to sing that type of song. It seemed inappropriate to me. The name of the song was, "*Oh, Dry Those Tears and Calm Those Fears. Life Is Not Made for Sorrow.*"

But when I got up to sing, I forgot all about the audience in front of me. I thought I was in that room where that wicked woman was, and remembered that I used to play the piano in the front room and sing "*Does Jesus care when my heart is grieved? . . .*" And I sang that song with such feeling as I looked up at the ceiling. When I was finished, many of the students were crying. They said they could not keep their tears from flowing. My roommate told me the same thing.

The principal's wife came to me, "Leah, are you going to be an opera singer someday?"

I said, "No."

Soon Ray Hills came along.

He said, "You sang from your heart and from your soul."

Working in the office the next morning, Professor Hahn said, "Leah, I never, never heard

anyone sing from their heart and soul like you did. It gripped my heart when I remembered what you went through a year ago. It grieves me to know you were misjudged when you came here."

I finished a very good year at the school. Then the professor at the business college reminded me that I did not finish my two years of the business course.

Talking to me over the phone from Watertown, he said, "You come back. We have school summer and winter. So you can finish your two-year business course during the summer months. And we are going to give you a lifetime certificate; you can come here anytime you want to study. You will have free tuition; it will not cost you a dime. I took it upon myself and got a very, very nice place for you to stay when you come back to Watertown."

I was relieved, and I got on the train and went back to Watertown for the summer months. The professor met me at the station.

He said, "Leah, how did you get along?"

"Fine."

He continued. "I am so glad. I knew you would. And I thought of you the whole time that you were gone." At the college he said, "I want you to look out the window."

The business college was on the third floor, way up high.

He said, "Can you see that First State Bank at the corner from here?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said. "You are going to work for someone there. The wife of the cashier of that bank has gone out of town. She will be back in a few days. Maybe you have a place to stay until she comes back home. But, first, I want to introduce you to the cashier of that bank. His name is Mr. Lockhart. Will you go over there and talk to him?"

I went over there, and saw him sitting in the corner. I was so afraid to go in. He was a big shot and I thought I was nobody. I could not go in there and talk to that man. They might be mean to me like that other lady was. So I passed on, and went around the block. I still did not want to go in, so passed again when I came around the block. And he was still sitting there waiting for me. But I could not make myself go in and talk to that man. I had such an inferiority complex, I just could not go in. So I walked around

the block again. Then I thought to myself, *I wonder if Dr. Drews is watching me out the window.* I knew that I was making a fool out of myself. I told Dr. Drews that I would do it, so I forced myself to talk to him.

But Mr. Lockhart saw me coming and said, "Are you the lady that Professor Drews was talking about?"

"I must be because he wanted me to talk to the cashier of the bank over here."

He said, "Sit down young lady."

Then we started talking.

"I am sorry, my wife has gone to Minneapolis, but she will be back in a few days. Now, if you have a place to stay until she gets back, we will pick you up and take you home."

"That is very kind of you, and I do have a place where I can stay."

The day finally arrived when his wife came back. They came to pick me up, and we went to their home. When I opened the door, it was like velvet on the floor; it was so beautiful. My heart went down in my shoes. How can these people be nice to me—a country girl, Miss Nobody! They took me into the room where I was to sleep, my room. It was a doll's room; it was so beautiful.

I wondered if they had made a mistake.

"That is not for me."

Mrs. Lockhart said, "Yes. This is your room."

At suppertime, they wanted me to sit at the dinner table and eat with them. I was flabbergasted. I could not believe it. I was so nervous that my hands were shaking. She noticed this, and began to ask me questions about the cats and dogs and other animals on our farm, in North Dakota, in order to calm me. I was answering their many questions, and forgot all about myself. They treated me like their own, and I felt at home.

Chapter 8

Sunday morning Mrs. Lockhart, who was the daughter of a millionaire family, said, "Leah, I want you to come and have dinner with my parents."

I said, "Oh, who are your parents?"

"They live about a block from here."

"Well, I would be glad to go over there. But I

do not have very good clothes to wear, to go to your parents' home." I understand that they are wealthy people."

She told me that she would give me some good clothes. "You be sure and go with us. My mother wants to meet you."

"Your mother, who is she?"

"She knows some things about Seventh-day Adventist people, and she wants to meet you."

I was surprised that a rich woman, like her, would know our Seventh-day Adventist people. That relaxed me a little, and she bought me a beautiful dress to put on. Then I followed behind them and their young boy, probably about 8-years-old. As we went up the road and turned into the place, I said to her, "Why are we going into that museum? I thought you were going to see your parents."

She said, "No. That is not a museum. That is my parents' home. My parents live here."

Oh, I was surprised. We walked up the steps to the house, and the lady of the house was standing at the door. She was waiting for me, and I did not know it. I hid myself behind them as they were walking up, and she did not see me.

In excitement, she said, "Where's that Adventist girl?"

Her daughter responded, "She is here, right in back of me."

"Oh, I am so glad to see you."

Then, she said, "I was a patient at the hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan, some years ago when Dr. Kellogg and a beautiful old lady by the name of Ellen G. White was there. I was so impressed with the wonderful work that they were doing. I was supposed to be operated on. And Dr. Kellogg was so nice, so kind. He prayed the most beautiful prayer that I ever heard. I was healed on that table before he even laid the knife on me. I will never forget the beautiful songs they sang in the chapel. I thought the angels of heaven were there. There were many nurses; they came into my room and talked to us about the Bible and about God.

Those nurses knew the Bible by heart. I never heard anything like it. And now I am so glad because I thought I would never again see another Seventh-day Adventist person in my life. I am now old and gray. I am going blind. I know that I will not live long. And I long to see at least one Seventh-day Adventist girl before I die."

The tears were running down her cheeks.

And she said, "We have a nice dinner pre-

pared for you today. You are our special guest.”

I had to sit at the end of the table. They had finger bowls that the maid put out on the table. Since I did not know how to use them, I watched how the others did it so that I could do it.

She began to talk at the table. Her husband was directly across from her.

She talked to him with her finger, “Herman I want to tell you right now that the Seventh-day Adventist people are the closest to God of any human beings on this earth.”

They talked a long time about that. After the meal, I asked her if she would like to hear some of those songs. And I asked her what kind of songs they sung. All the songs that she mentioned were in the *Christ in Song* book, and I was very familiar with them.

So I said, “I am going to ask a good friend of mine if we could sing those wonderful songs together.”

And she said, “Oh, yes, ple-e-ase come and sing some of those beautiful songs.”

We were familiar with all the songs that she said she knew; they were common songs. I made an appointment with her to do this on a Sabbath afternoon, so Mrs. Oswald and I would come back and sing for her. The arrangements were made for us to come back the next Sabbath afternoon.

We sang seven songs, for them, *a cappella*; they had no piano. That lady broke down and cried. Her husband was sitting on the other side of the davenport. And he had the tears rolling down his cheeks too. The maid came in from the kitchen and sat on the chair and listened. She also cried. They were all crying. We excused ourselves for another appointment because we did not want to tire them. We sang one last song that we were sure she would love—“*When I Look in my Dear Saviour’s Face*.” She just loved that song, and said, “I want to be there to see my dear Saviour’s face. Then Mrs. Lockhart’s father said, “Wait a minute until I get back; I have got to go upstairs.”

When he came downstairs, we were ready to leave. He took my hand, and put a big roll of money in it. I was afraid to even open my hand before we got out, but I thanked him. And as we were walking out, going through the gate to get out on the street, I opened my hand. I showed it to Mrs. Oswald, and we both cried.

When we returned home, Mrs. Lockhart’s father had already phoned and told her to go to

the biggest department store in Watertown, and buy all the clothes Leah needed to go back to her academy the following year, so she would not have to go back and borrow dresses.

“Fill up my English trunk to the brim with clothes, underwear, 144 pencils, and ink. Give her all the blankets she needs on her bed and a new dresser scarf, rugs for her floor, drapes, everything she needs to be in the dormitory with the rest of the kids. Do not spare anything.”

So she told me about her father’s phone call and what he wanted her to do. “Now,” she said, “you are my size and my clothing fits you perfectly.” And she brought out such beautiful clothes. The next day, she filled both my trunks with what she bought at the department stores—stockings, shoes, and everything that I needed for the next year. When I left to go back to Plainview the following year, I had so many clothes.

They even wanted to send me (when they found out that I had talent) to McFail’s School of Music, in Minneapolis.

But I replied, “No, I do not want to go to that school of music; I am going back to Plainview Academy; I want to be a missionary—a servant of the Lord.”

Another thing that Mrs. Lockhart’s mother said to me before I left her home, “Leah, I forgot to tell you that the Seventh-day Adventist people, in Battle Creek, had the most outstanding orphanage that I have ever seen in my whole life. Leah, please wait just a moment before you leave. I need a secretary to come and write letters to all of my friends. When you come back next Sunday, will you do all my writing for me?”

So the next Sunday, I came back and typed letters to all her friends.

She told her friends, “I am so happy that I have a Seventh-day Adventist girl. She is my stenographer; she is doing all of my letter writing.”

Having finished my summer school in Watertown, I was on my way back to Plainview Academy. Arriving there, I quickly purchased my books and paid for my tuition before the rest of the students arrived.

This time the students especially noticed the fact that I no longer had to borrow clothes when I needed to sing a special song in different places. That year, I came to the school like a queen. I had more beautiful clothes than any of the rest of the students in the school; even Professor

Hahn remarked about it. And so the students took an entirely different attitude toward me that year. I was not the little orphan girl that they used to talk about when I first came to Plainview Academy. Both my parents were living. I remembered the many tears I shed then.

Recalling those incidents to mind reminds me what Sister White said concerning the specific sins of Jerusalem, before its destruction—were “partiality to the wealthy and the neglect of the poor” (*8 Testimonies*, p. 133). Could this reason have had anything to do with their treatment of me during my years there? Once I was poor as a pauper; now, I was rich. So I pray that we all can learn a lesson from these types of experiences.

Time passed. And so my years at Plainview came to an end. I had finished academy.

Chapter 9

My fiancé, Philip Kiesz [one of the three Kiesz boys; pronounced “Keys”], frequently wrote me letters from Union College. We decided to get married in June, so I went ahead and made my wedding dress. When he got home from Union College, we prepared for the wedding and went back to South Dakota. There Elder Conrad Hein performed our wedding ceremony on June 19, 1929.

After that, Elder Hein requested the conference office to ask us to help him in his tent effort that summer. So we agreed to join Elder and Mrs. Hein in this tent effort.

During that year, Elder Schuster, from Broadview College, came to our tent and talked to us, especially my husband. Elder Schuster felt that Philip should finish his ministerial course at Broadview. We agreed to go. In the fall, in September of 1929, we attended Broadview College. One day we were sitting in the chapel when Professor Stein, the president of the college, made a strange announcement. He said that something very strange had happened at Union College. They had just lost their president—in the middle of the year. We all wondered what could have happened, but never did find out exactly what had taken place until a long time

afterward. It was not until we both moved there in 1940, that my husband and I learned what had happened at that time.

That Christmas we were blessed with a little daughter. I named her Violet. She was born on December 27, 1931.

She was a beautiful child born in the Hinsdale Sanitarium, but none of us realized that something was wrong with her physical condition. She was a very small child the third day after her birth, only four pounds and two and a half ounces. We noticed that she could not digest her food. She would immediately vomit after she had taken food. When I was told about it, I was not too concerned because I knew a lot of babies vomit.

But the doctors were distressed because she continued to throw up for three days in succession. Our family doctor said that there might be something wrong in the upper portion of her body. Evidently, the upper portion of her body had failed to develop. Other doctors had already examined her, but could not find why she had the problem. So our family doctor asked a specialist, from Chicago, to examine her. Three other doctors went, with him, into the X-ray room—our family doctor, Dr. Frank, and Dr. Burkanstock.

As soon as the child specialist looked at her X-rays, he shook his head. “Aha, I see something wrong. The child’s intestine is abnormally doubled up and laying in the lower part of her body. The abdomen, in the middle part of her body, is hollow. I notice something else wrong. The child has a large tumor the size of her liver.”

In addition, little Violet had a temperature of 106.5 degrees. She was just burning up with fever.

So the specialist said to the other doctors, “I am sorry. I am afraid that there is nothing that any of us doctors can do for that child. She only weighed a little over four pounds at birth, and now she is only three pounds and some ounces. Even if we tried to operate on her, she would be dead before we were half through. The only thing we can do is to ask the nurse in the nursery to put wet blankets around this child, to bring the fever down until she has passed away. I am sure that there is nothing in medical science that can save this child.”

After the nurse in the nursery had done what they prescribed, the doctors never expected to

find her alive the next morning. Our family doctor brought the death certificate to the nursery with him, and the nurse kept him from signing it when she told him that the baby was still alive.

He told her, "If she is not dead yet, it will not be long. I will come back later in the afternoon and see how she is getting along."

When he left there, he came into my room and told me what I could expect. He thought it was better to tell me before she was dead instead of afterward. He broke the news to me that there was no hope of any kind for my daughter to live. Of course, it was a terrible shock to me because I did not even realize that little Violet was that sick.

Our family doctor was Jewish, and did not profess to have any kind of religion. I knew that he would not believe it if I told him that the Lord could heal her, but I prayed in my heart. I prayed that the Adventist doctors and the chaplain would return to my room and have prayer with me. I never realized until later; I was surprised when I heard that the doctor went to the nursery to ask the nurse where the Seventh-day Adventist chaplain of the Hinsdale Sanitarium was, and she told him. In five minutes he found Elder Prenier, and told him to go to my room and "comfort that mother that was losing her child." He immediately came up to my room. I was praying when the door to my ward opened.

He held out his hand and said, "Sister, the doctor just came and told me the sad news about your daughter. I know what a sorrow this must be to you. I have come to pray and study the Bible with you at this hour. I am here to do all I can, if there is anything I can do to help you. Does your husband know anything about this?"

"No. I did not even know about it myself until just a little while ago."

"So," he said, "we better call him over the phone."

They called him at Broadview, but no one could find him. But I still asked for prayer for my daughter's healing.

I said to Elder Prenier, "Christ healed the sick and the children in His time. He is the same today as He was when He was on earth; He can still heal."

He replied, "If you have faith that the Lord can heal this child, *are you willing to dedicate this child to God for a special cause?*"

"Of course."

He continued, "What is the burden of your

heart for this child?"

"I was born into a home with four sets of children, most whom were motherless or fatherless. We had fourteen children in our family. So I heard stories about widows and orphans from the time I was born. That left a big impression upon me, and I have a great burden for orphanages. I heard from a lady (a very wealthy woman in Watertown, South Dakota, whom I worked for when I went to business college) about how she went to Battle Creek because she heard wonderful things done through Dr. Kellogg and the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and decided to go for surgery. She herself was healed on the operating table when Dr. Kellogg prayed for her, before the doctor started the operation. How impressed she was with the Haskell orphan home that they had in Battle Creek! Please tell me what happened to the orphan home in Battle Creek? I have never heard anyone talk about it since. Why can't we have orphanages today?"

Elder Prenier said, "*Well, the orphanage was closed, and our church has never had any since then.*"

"Do you want to pray for my daughter, so she can be healed? We will dedicate her life to the Lord—to be a blessing to the orphans and all the unfortunate people in the world, all part of the missionary work done in Battle Creek."

So, he said, "I would like to call three other ministers to have prayer with me."

Elder Prenier called Broadview College and got a hold of Professor Stein, "We have two of your students, Philip Kiesz and his wife, who had a little child born here at the Hinsdale Sanitarium. The baby is very sick, and the doctors have given up hope that she will live. The mother has requested that we have prayer for her healing. I would like to have Elder Oaks (who used to be the vice president of the General Conference—he lived there at Broadview at the time) and Elder August Anderson (a Bible teacher at the college). Would you mind calling those two men in your office, and have prayer with us here at the Hinsdale Sanitarium? And I am calling two Adventist doctors, Dr. Frank and Dr. Burkangstock, to come and have prayer with us. Her burden is in regard to the work for the orphans that the Adventists started one time in Battle Creek. You know that it has all been closed since then. She wants the dean of women to pray with you also."

Dr. Frank and Dr. Burkanstock were in the

X-ray room, looking at her X-rays; so they had prayer right there while Elder Premier prayed with me. The prayers of four ministers and two doctors went to heaven. They read portions of *2 Testimonies*, in the chapter, "Prayer for the Sick," starting on page 145, about the work of Isaiah 58 and the conditions of healing the sick through prayer. Elder Premier read part of that passage from Isaiah about the conditions the Lord expects of us in order to answer our prayers, and we had prayer beside my bed. Just before he had prayer, he mentioned one thing: if we had enough money to bury her. He suggested, since my husband was going to school and we were short on money, a particular cemetery would give us a free burial.

"But," I said to him, "do not talk about burial. Please have prayer first."

At the time that we were praying, the nurse was in the nursery with my little baby in her arms. She thought that would be the last time she would feed the baby the formula, in her mouth, with the medicine dropper. But to her surprise, she swallowed two full ounces, then fell asleep.

So, when Elder Premier finished praying, he said, "First I am going to my room, and then I am going to see how the child is getting along."

But when he went into the nursery after he stepped out of my room, he stopped and talked with the nurse. She told him that the child never vomited the two ounces she fed her while we were praying, but had fallen asleep. Rather surprised, Elder Premier went to his office.

When he got back, the nurse said, "She is still asleep."

Her physician came by that afternoon. "How is the baby today?"

"She is better."

"How do you know?"

"She fell asleep, and did not vomit anymore. At 12:00, it was time to give her another feeding. I gave her two ounces. And she fell asleep again. Also, her body temperature had gone down." So he felt her body, and found her temperature to be absolutely normal.

Shocked, he said, "Something has happened; I can't understand it. No child has ever lived with an obstruction as bad as she had."

He came into my room, and said, "Well, the child is still alive, and it seems like she is much better."

He came back in the morning, but he did not have faith in prayer. He was more like an atheist.

He saw that she did not gain or loose weight. The next day, on Saturday morning, he again came back with the death certificate. The nurse had a big smile on her face when he came into the room.

She said, "Doctor, I have some good news for you."

She showed the diaper to him. The first few days her bowels were perfectly black, but then her bowels were yellow. This proved that the food had gone through her body and had been properly digested. So he came into my room to have a talk with me, the mother.

He said, "There is something strange that I cannot explain to you. I cannot understand how anyone in this condition could recover like she has. I am shocked to see that this child has actually gained three ounces in one day. The food had gone through her body. Her tumor has decreased, and her temperature has gone down. So there seems to be hope, but I want to tell you one thing: If this child pulls through, do not give the doctors the credit. It must belong to the Almighty." And he pointed above.

And that was the first time that this doctor made the confession that there was a God. This Jewish doctor and the child specialist became converted through her healing.

They said, because the child was so small (she was a full term baby), they would have to keep her there at the hospital and treat her like an incubator baby for awhile. Also, they needed to take her temperature twenty-four hours a day, because of her condition.

I went home from the hospital. The next time I called them to see how my daughter was getting along, they informed me that she was still vomiting. That surprised me. I thought that she was healed.

"Well, sorry to tell you, but I think that we are going to have to put her in the largest children's home in Chicago, to have the doctors observe her."

That is what they did. They sent her to Chicago, and the medical people there did the same thing that was done at Hinsdale Sanitarium.

Then Medical science gave up and sent Violet home to us. They had kept her there seven weeks in the children's hospital, hoping to find

something that would cure her of vomiting. Since they supposed that the child was going to die anyway, it was decided to send her home to die there, instead of in the hospital. So my husband and a registered nurse went to pick up the baby and bring her to our house. I stayed home since I had a very high fever.

When they arrived at the hospital, the registered nurse went into the ward where the little child was. She said to herself, as she looked at the child, *I am afraid this child will never live.* She weighed just a little over five pounds at the end of six or seven weeks. As she dressed her, she noticed the skin hanging down from her fingers on her little hands like an old grandmother's. She felt that poor child would never make it. But she was glad to dress her, and bring her home.

When little Violet arrived, we put her in the crib and fed the formula to her. The same thing happened. She still vomited. I was so disappointed that I wept. I thought that she was healed after we all had that season of special prayer for her. Everything seemed fine then. *What in the world has happened now?* I got on my knees, by the side of the crib, and asked the Lord to give us some instruction as to what could be done, unless the Lord would heal her instantly and show His power—that He was in this and wanted the child to live. *Peace came over me while I was having prayer, and I was very calm.*

As I got up from my knees, it seemed like the voice of heaven was there. *At the moment, I had such a strong impression:* I wondered if the formula that they gave this child had been too strong. So I added another ounce of water to her formula, at her next feeding. I was very careful to keep my distance from her. Given three ounces instead of two she might throw up so fast, like a squirting water hose. When she took the three ounces and was fast asleep, she woke up three hours later. Since she did not vomit, I tried it again at her next feeding with the same success. This went on for a week with no trouble. She had gained 11 ounces in one week. I thought to myself, "The doctors have erred. I am going to keep this up."

Before I knew it, she had gained over a pound, so my husband and I decided to take her back to the child specialist who said she was waiting for the angels and knocking at the pearly gates. He was so stunned when he saw how she had blossomed out like a rose. She was no longer that little delicate child. Her eyes sparkled, and

she smiled and cooed.

"Is it possible that we doctors can make mistakes too?"

I did not say that he had made a mistake.

I just said, "I am going to continue to feed her three ounces instead of two."

So he said, "Good luck to you."

We brought Violet back to him again, three months later.

He said, "I have checked her whole body. Everything. She is one of the most healthy children in this country."

That was a miracle of God. She had been healed immediately after we all prayed. Even though the doctors made a mistake, they recognized that God had healed this child.

"Why, we would not have had to send this child to Chicago at all. We could have sent her home to begin with." They felt bad that doctors could make mistakes too.

Violet continued to blossom out like a rose. We took her to church. She was the happiest little child, and never cried in those early years. Never. And when she was two and three years old she never had a tantrum like some children do—kicking and screaming.

Violet was healed and dedicated to the orphanage work in 1932.

Chapter 10

My husband went back to school. He had another year to finish at Broadview, but decided to complete those scholastic requirements in Berrien Springs at Emmanuel Missionary College (which today is Andrews University). My daughter was about 2½ years old when we went to Emmanuel Missionary.

Mrs. Ella King Sanders, living across the street from us, then, was the oldest normal (elementary school) teacher in Berrien Springs, in fact in the denomination. She was still teaching there, and must have been in her seventies then. One day she came to our house:

"I have been watching your child in the backyard, and I came over to talk to you about her. I have seen many children in my life since I have taught school and written all the Bible story books for all the elementary schools in the de-

nomination. I have observed something different about this child than any child I have ever seen before or had in any of my classes.”

I thought, *What could it be?*

Mrs. Sanders continued, “I have also observed the other children in the married-student housing fighting, playing outside, and making a lot of noise.”

“But,” she said, “I noticed your child from my house, just across the street from where you live. There is only one thing that I ever heard from your daughter—and that is shouts of joy. I never heard her fuss and stew like the other children did. There is something different about this child.”

I mentioned her miraculous healing, and she listened thoughtfully.

Then Mrs. Sanders said, “I have something to tell you also. Since you told me the story about the orphanage at Battle Creek and the wonderful work they did in that place, at the time that Dr. Kellogg was connected with it, I want to tell you a story now, too. I happen to be one of the four people who were on the rostrum at Battle Creek when Sister White was delivering a very powerful sermon to the audience. But before she came to the Battle Creek Tabernacle, she was very, very ill. And she did not know how to walk by herself. Willie White’s wife, Mrs. Roseburger, and myself were on the rostrum that morning.

“The time came for Mrs. White to speak, but she was too weak. She held her hands up and said, “God has healed me.” Just as she said that, both Mrs. Roseburger and I saw two angels flying past the window. We could see their wings. We all knew that the Lord had healed her, so she could give that message to that big congregation. She spoke so clear all the way through. She gave a very powerful sermon that day—about Dr. Kellogg’s work with the orphans and the method of using natural remedies. When she was through, her strength failed her again. She would have dropped to the floor, but the brethren helped her. She, indeed, was healed through prayer to deliver the sermon that morning.”

Throughout that school year, Philip, Violet, and I were at Berrien Springs. Then my husband and I accepted a call to go to North Carolina, to teach a church school down there. It had nine grades. We prayed about it and accepted, but I had not taken the normal (grade school) course.

That summer, I took the normal course and got my certificate to teach the lower grades. We taught in Raleigh, North Carolina, a whole year for \$60.00 a month (\$30.00 for each of us). They were just starting their church there, with meager facilities in the church school. We had quite a hard time. Another lady took care of my daughter while we were teaching. But the strain was very heavy on me, and my health broke in the middle of the year. Another teacher substituted for me. We taught in North Carolina the school year of 1934-1935.

My husband still had one summer left at Berrien Springs, before he would graduate with a bachelor’s degree. So I went on to North Dakota with my daughter, and stayed with my parents the rest of the summer. At the end of the summer, he came to North Dakota, got us, and we moved to California, where my husband’s parents had just moved.

Before we left North Dakota, my husband and I were asked to give a musical program together. The next day, we got in the car and left for California. We were disappointed on our arrival, because my husband thought he already had a school there. But something happened when we arrived, and our plans for taking that school were changed.

So we went to Oakland, California. My husband did not have a job there, so we stayed with some friends. My daughter’s hands were infected with the San Francisco fleas so bad that we had to put her in the hospital, where she was kept in isolation because her condition was contagious. She laid in bed with her hands and her feet tied, so she could not scratch herself. We could not even go into the room to visit her. When we came in to see her everyday, we had to look through the window and talk to her in the hole in the door. We could hardly recognize her. She had some kind of infection on her face, but we could not see clearly what it was. She had big blisters right in the middle of her hands that were pussy and infected. She was in such a terrible condition, and was in the hospital for ten days.

Coming to California with a sick child and not having a job was a very difficult experience for us. We had to ask for help from the county, and they paid all our expenses. After awhile, my husband got a job with some Adventist people who had a bakery. Since he had a job driving a truck, delivering pies and bread, we were able

to rent a house to live in.

Before long, we had a call from Lodi, California. They needed a teacher in the academy to teach German and be a part-time farm manager. We decided to take that job the following year, but we did not immediately. In the meantime, we moved to Berkeley, California, where I took a teaching job, with grades 3-6. It was rather hard for me because of the situation that we were living in. Also my daughter was sick. I continued the job until school was out, the last part of May. They wanted us to teach in Lodi the following year—in September.

Chapter 11

Since I used to sing in my younger days (doing the cantatas at Plainview Academy and taking voice lessons at Broadview), now, in Berkeley, I began taking voice lessons once a week from a good teacher. She had arranged to put me over the radio station in San Francisco. I was getting along very well, but something happened. She gave me some breathing exercises, and I lost my voice after three days of exercises. While I was directing the choir at the Berkeley Church, something snapped in my voice, and I did not regain the strength of my voice for many months.

But something else happened at the same time—I lost the use of both of my legs. We lost our second child, and I had blood clots in both legs. I was given up to die. I remembered what happened to two of the ladies in the neighborhood who had blood clots in their legs. They both died because of this. One morning, the blood clots were so painful in both of my legs, I was fainting. I felt like someone took hold of my legs, and swung me around. I was so dizzy that I could not see. My little daughter came running into my room.

Violet said, “Mommy, are you sick?” I said, “Yes, I am very sick.”

And I could hardly talk. We were all alone in the house.

We could not telephone anyone because we did not have a telephone at the time.

Finally, she said to me, “Mama, I am going to sing for you. I am going to make you well.”

Suddenly, a German lady, Mrs. Snyder, came

in the front door of our house, and also found me to be very, very sick. My legs were so painful, they could not put the weight of a handkerchief on them.

I said, “It is too late to call a doctor. Pray.”

And she said, “I will run down the next block to where the ministers are having a committee meeting, and I will ask them to pray for you.”

So she ran over as fast as she could.

She said, “Leah is very sick, and the little girl is all by herself by her mother’s bedside. I cannot stay here. You must have prayer right here where you are. You will not have time to go to her bedside.”

So Mrs. Snyder ran back to our home. She came into the bedroom and told me that the ministers were praying for me right then.

“Leah, are you willing to give your life to the Lord for a special purpose?”

I said, “Yes, indeed. I want to fully dedicate my life to God. If the Lord sees fit to heal me so I can walk, talk, and sing once more, I want to dedicate my talents to His glory. I want to read each of the Spirit of Prophecy books through. I have always wanted to read them, but it was always neglected because there was not time. I want to find out what is the most needy and neglected work that most people shun because I want to dedicate my life to that work.”

She and my daughter, Violet, knelt down by my bed, and this lady prayed a most earnest prayer. Then I prayed to God, and asked Him if He would see fit to heal me once more. I wanted to know what the Lord wanted me to do. I remembered how my daughter was healed through prayer back in 1932, after she was born. She had been healed with a prayer of dedication to the homeless and destitute children—the work for the orphans. That work had been neglected since the days of the Haskell orphan home, in Battle Creek, Michigan.

“God have mercy upon me. I am willing to be Your servant—to do whatever You want me to do. But I want to know, through Your written Word, what is the neediest work.”

Little Violet, only 4 years old then, said, “I want to pray. I want to sing for my mother. And I am going to make her well.”

And she sang eight little songs that she had memorized. After she sang the first little song, she said, “Mother, aren’t you healed yet? I will sing another one for you.”

She also sang another one. After each little

song, she stopped. “Mother, aren’t you well yet? I will sing another one.”

After the last little song, she sang, “Open all the doors and windows, and let the merry sunshine in.” Again, she looked at me. “Mother, aren’t you well yet?” And the tears flowed down her cheeks. Then she said, “Aren’t you glad you have a little girl? I am going to pray for you, Mommy. ‘Dear Jesus, I need my Mommy so bad. And all the orphans need her so bad. Please send an angel to heal her.’ ”

Just as she said, “Please send an angel to heal her,” my whole bed shook. And I was healed. Sister Snyder, the German lady beside my bed, rose from her knees.

She said, “Sister Leah, You look so happy. How do you feel?”

And I said, “Fine. The pain is gone.”

And she said, “The Lord must have healed you.”

I told her, “An electric current went through my body, and my bed shook.”

And she said, “I think the Lord healed you. Can you get out of bed right now?” I tried to get out of bed. But something strange had happened. Although I had no pain at all, I could not lift my feet. So Mrs. Snyder spoke up and said, “Do you know what I believe? I believe the Lord is going to keep you in this bed until you have read every book that Sister White has written. If you get out of bed right now, you will have so much work to do; there will be so many things that need to be done that you will never, never be able to read those books.”

It was like my legs were petrified; I could not move them. It was time to move to Lodi. The call finally came that my husband had accepted over a year before, to teach two German classes and be part-time farm manger at the Lodi Academy. So he was happy. And I was happy. Now, we were going to Lodi. At last my husband was going to do the work that he had prepared to do. My husband got everything ready. We had already moved some things to Lodi before this. And now we were finishing everything. We got into the car, and I laid in back of the car, and stretched out my legs. We finally arrived in Lodi. It was the summer of 1935.

Chapter 12

Because I could not walk, I was placed in the home of my husband’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kiesz, in the large bedroom in the front of the house. My mother-in-law brought my food to the bed.

One day she came in and saw me reading the *Desire of Ages*. And she was not a bit pleased about it. She and her husband belonged to the Church of God. They were not Adventists.

You will recall that she was the woman who was furious when her three sons were baptized into the Adventist Church without her knowing it, many years before back in South Dakota.

She had not changed her mind in regard to the Spirit of Prophecy. She disliked those books intensely. Mrs. Kiesz thought that Ellen White was a false prophet, and that anybody who read her books was being deceived and on their way to perdition.

When she saw me reading that book, she said, “Don’t you realize that these books are only witchcraft? They are not from God.”

She made a beeline to the German minister, Elder Benjamin Reile, and told him that I was ruining her son’s life by reading those witchcraft books. The German minister’s beliefs were in harmony with Elder Conradi’s.

Elder Conradi used to be the president of the German Conference, in Germany. At the time (1932) when he left the Seventh-day Adventist Church and joined the Baptist Sabbathkeepers, he had written against Sister White, trying to prove she was a false prophet. Hundreds and thousands of people all through Germany were affected by this book, causing a lot of grief with his castigation of Ellen White.

When my mother-in-law told the minister in the German church in Lodi, the largest German SDA church in the United States, that I was trying to get more light from my reading of the Spirit of Prophecy books, his attitude was, “Leah should not be reading those books.”

When she came home, I knew I could not remain in the home of my husband’s parents—if I wanted to read all of Sister White’s books, as I had promised the Lord, in Berkeley, before going there. I pleaded with my husband to let me go home to my parents in North Dakota. Maybe he could find someone, in Lodi, who was going to North Dakota, that I could ride with. I was sure that my parents would be very happy to take care of me while I read all of Sister White’s books, even though I had no more pain. He

agreed, and found the family that took Violet, my daughter, and me to North Dakota.

When I arrived in North Dakota, my parents had already heard about my experience with my legs.

Mother told me, "Of course, my daughter, I will be so glad to take care of you. I will give you the food; you stay right in bed."

My father was very happy when I told him that I had intended to read all of Sister White's books.

He said, "What a blessing! The Lord is in this. Surely."

And they gave me and my daughter their bed to sleep in.

I told them, "No, I want to sleep in the front room. You should not give up your bed."

I had taken all of our Spirit of Prophecy books to my parents' house to read. Day after day, from morning until evening, I read with good eyesight and no glasses. As I read along, very important items were jotted down in a notebook with its reference identified. When I felt better, I sat up and typed what was in that notebook on the little portable typewriter, we had bought for three dollars from Elder William Oaks, one of those who prayed for my daughter after her birth.

I concentrated my study on two specific subjects: The first was the orphanage work and homeless and destitute children. The second was on music. I was scheduled to give a recital over the radio station in San Francisco when I lost my voice at the time that I was studying a teacher's training course, and wondered if Sister White ever wrote anything on the subject of the voice. It took me five months to read all the books that I had, from cover to cover, including all the nine *Testimonies* and the *Conflict Series*. I knew that I had to purchase more books that I did not have, after I got home.

After I had every book read and everything typed that I was doing at that time, I called my mother to my bedside.

"Mother, I want to get up today."

"Why," she said, "Child, you cannot walk. How can you get up?"

"Well, you bring my clothes in from the other room. Just put them at the bottom of my bed."

After she did that, she went into the kitchen, and Father said, "Mother, let's have morning worship." While they were having morning worship, I was getting dressed. They were just fin-

ishing closing prayer when I walked out into the kitchen. Both of my parents were surprised to see me walking. And I have been walking ever since. I had accomplished my work—all that reading.

I said to my Father, "I am so happy because I have found lots of things in these writings. I am amazed. It is so wonderful. I just cannot stop reading. Do you know what I found?"

"What is it?"

"Sister White told us, in the Spirit of Prophecy, how to use our voices so we can be heard over whole acres; people can hear you way off in the distance as if they were right in front of you, and you do not need a microphone. Now I know why I lost my voice. And Mrs. White talked about so many things, including the music of the angels in heaven and the music of the redeemed as they walk from the sea of glass to the holy city. Now that I have learned how to use my voice, I am going to type out all those important things I have found with my little typewriter—about the music of the angels and how we, the remnant church, are suppose to direct our choirs. I am so tickled that I can hardly wait; I have got to hurry and get this all typed.

"I also found, in the *Testimonies*, about making homes for the homeless. I read about the poor little crippled and blind children. *8 Testimonies* says that God wanted the Adventist people to have orphan homes in Battle Creek. Now I know what that woman in Watertown told me about the Haskell home. I am so tickled that I found all those things; now I am going to type them all out. Then I am going to write a letter to my husband, Philip, in Lodi."

"I want to come home, but please rent a house so we can live alone, since your mother does not like the Spirit of Prophecy. That way I will not have any interference."

He wrote back, such a happy man.

He said, "I have rented a house close to the school, and I am looking forward to having you home."

I got ready. I packed my books and my little three-dollar typewriter, and went home—to Lodi, to my husband—on the train.

Was he ever glad to see me! Then I told him what I found in the Spirit of Prophecy on music, and he was so interested in it because his whole family were musicians too.

All the boys—seven in his family—were mu-

sicians. They had performed as an orchestra, with instruments, and as vocal groups. I used to love to hear them sing. They would give concerts, in their yard, to the people in the neighborhood. And people came from everywhere to hear them sing.

At my return, the house we rented was quite large and had three bedrooms. We did the painting and needed repairs. I went up and down on the ladder, working on the house. I had no trouble with my legs anymore. Sure enough, the Lord kept me in bed until I had all those Spirit of Prophecy books read. I went up the ladder to the ceiling, and painted it. My husband was so surprised to see me going up and down the ladder.

He said, "Don't you have any pain in your legs?"

"No, no. I have no pain."

So everything went fine for us. It was the happiest time of our whole marriage of fourteen years.

Now that I was back at home, I typed on a big, heavy typewriter instead of the little portable one. Working up quite a speed, I typed out all those things.

This was at the close of the school year (spring 1936). At that time, my husband wrote a beautiful tribute to "my beloved sweetheart"—that is me. He wrote a big page about how happy he was and what a wonderful wife he had; how glad he was that I helped him through college.

With tears in his eyes, he said, "If it had not been for Leah, I never, never could have made it."

And so he thanked me. He could not find enough adjectives to describe what I had meant to him.

"She is the admiration of my soul. I pray that the Lord will keep her for years to come. She is an ideal wife and companion, an ideal mother." Then he signed his name—Philip Kiesz.

One day he came home and said, "Leah, I want you to train nine of my girls in my German class. I want them to sing at least two songs for this program that I am going to put on in the chapel at the academy. I want you to use the method that Sister White advocated in her books. Give us a demonstration of what can be done—the way Sister White told us how to use the voice, so that ten thousand people can hear it the same as ten people in front of you. Can you do that?"

"I'll try."

Practice with the girls took several weeks, but I used the simple methods that Sister White had spoken about in the use of the voice, including the breathing exercises. They sang such pretty songs, including one we used to sing, in the choir at Broadview: "*Lift Thine Eyes, Oh Lift Thine Eyes.*"

Finally, I told my husband that we were ready to sing for him, if he had the rest of his program ready. I told him that I thought the students would enjoy the humorous little German reading that I had about a German couple. The chapel was full for the program. The students and faculty members were all there. The boys gave their part. Then he announced, "We will now turn over this part of the program to my wife and the girls, and they will sing for you."

We all got up there, and sang both songs *a cappella* because we did not have a piano. After that I gave my little German reading. You should have heard that big roomful of people laughing so hard!

Just as we were leaving the chapel at the end of the program, two of the music teachers came up and said, "Mrs. Kiesz, how in the world could those girls sing like they did? Most of those girls have never taken any voice training. We have never heard such music in the chapel for years."

My husband was very pleased with the way they sang their songs. And the rest of the students talked about it. They had never heard such music in that auditorium, and it was beautiful.

My husband said, "I am young people's leader at the German church. And I am sure that they will enjoy the music of these girls there as we enjoyed it at the chapel."

Since it was near Mother's Day that next Sabbath, we presented the same program at the young people's meeting.

When we got home from the program at the school that night, he said, "Leah, you have marvelous material on the music of the angels, the music of voices in concert; you found a lot of information in the writings of Sister White that many of us never realized were even there. You need to tell these things to everybody, and even write a book on it. And I want you to give a talk at my young people's meeting on music."

"What do you want me to talk about?"

At that time, there was no boogie-woogie or rock and roll heard. Later, when it was in vogue, my husband's youngest brother became inter-

ested in boogie-woogie. But we did not have to worry about that then.

When Mrs. White was taken back to earth after hearing the angels sing, she could hear the music in different homes all through the ranks of Sabbathkeepers during her vision. There she would hear music that was fit for the dance hall. Then, as part of her vision, she heard music in the churches. Some sang with such worldly attitudes about their singing and the way they dressed. She said that she felt like closing her ears and walking away after listening to the angels sing.

So he said, "Why don't you talk about the contrast between the music of the schools of the prophets and the remnant church, as well as the music of the world?"

Even though worldly music did not yet include rock and roll, it was coming soon.

"Okay," I said, "I will get ready."

Chapter 13

When we got to church, every seat was full. They were anxious to hear. They had heard that I was going to speak on this subject. Even the woman who later became Elder McElhaney's wife was in that audience. The little choir of nine German girls sat in the front seat with me that morning. My husband introduced the program, and we were ready to start it.

After the secretary's report, he said, "We have a special program for you today. My wife is directing the music part. And they are going to sing some songs for you. I am giving Leah a chance to talk to you about music. She has studied a lot about the music spoken about in the Spirit of Prophecy, and she is going to present some of this outstanding material today."

I got up to the rostrum with my notes, and started my talk. I told them that my voice had returned as a result of following God's instruction, and that I sung as good as ever. So I shared those methods and illustrated them in the songs that the little girls sang. Some of the people were ready to hear what it was all about.

All of a sudden, I spotted the German pastor, Benjamin Reile. At that moment, memories

flooded my mind about my mother-in-law informing him that I was reading Sister White's books. And she thought the minister should stop my husband from reading the Spirit of Prophecy. I was just getting started when he came up on the rostrum. At first I thought that maybe he had a special announcement to make, and wondered what it was all about. But I saw that his face was red; maybe he was angry. He put up his hands and waved, "All right Sister, you stop now! Sing your songs and quit."

I was so shocked. My husband had made the arrangements, since he was the young people's leader. He asked me to sing and to give this program. *Now what has happened? What did I do wrong?* And I had to quit. I went down off the rostrum, and asked the girls to come up to sing. We sang two songs, and then we sat down. My husband dismissed the meeting, and the girls all followed me going home.

They also were shocked. "Why? Why did the minister do that to us? What did Mrs. Kiesz do? What in the world happened to that preacher today? Why didn't he let us finish our program?"

So they all came to my home with me. Since I had not been feeling good all that week, I laid down on the bed and cried, and the girls cried with me. My husband came home too. But he was really angry.

"Why did the preacher do that? All right," he said, "I do not want to be young people's leader anymore. I am through. I am going to resign from my job."

My husband's written resignation was read at the committee meeting that night, and Elder Reile was there.

Some committee members said, "Elder Reile, what came over you? Why did you do this? Why didn't you let them finish the program? This was a terrible thing you did. It was humiliating in front of all those people. A lot of people came out because they wanted to hear it. Why did you do that?"

He did not say much, but "I have my reasons."

I found out later the reasons he had.

My husband's mother found out that he had written this beautiful tribute to me and signed his name. She was afraid that he would love me more than he would love her because I was his wife. "I am going to put a stop to it because she is reading Mrs. White's books; they are absolutely witchcraft."

And she told the German minister that I was reading witchcraft.

Nothing more was said that night, at the committee meeting, concerning the abrupt behavior of the pastor, that day, to stop our meeting. Everyone went home stunned.

The next day, Sunday, my husband worked on the farm, since he was part-time farm manager. He was out on the campus about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and Elder Reile went over to talk to him.

He said, "I received your resignation. You are not going to be young people's leader anymore?"

My husband said, "Yes, that is right. You did an awful thing yesterday to my wife. It was very humiliating. You did very wrong to my German students at the school. There were a lot of people who came to this meeting only because they had heard about the work that Leah had done on music from Ellen G. White's writings."

Then the pastor braced up in his rough voice, "What do you mean, Ellen G. White's writings? Haven't you known about Conradi and the book he wrote against Sister White, in Germany? I am one of the German ministers who agrees with everything that Conradi wrote. And you say that Leah had something special from the Spirit of Prophecy on music? Mrs. White never had a message. I have been a minister for twenty-five years, and I have never had Mrs. White's books in my library. No, not until just recently. I bought a few books. Now, Brother Phil, I want to tell you that we love you and you have a nice family. You have a wonderful mother. You boys are all musical. But we do not need Ellen G. White's music! She is not inspired of God, and I want you to get that out of your head."

And he talked with him for two solid hours on the campus grounds. And this is my interpretation: He must have brainwashed him. He must have said something to him to change his mind so drastically. After all, he had gone to Union College one full year. He went to the Plainview Academy, to Broadview College, and graduated in Berrien Springs. We had the Spirit of Prophecy during all those years that he went to school, and I worked hard to help him. My daughter and I did not dress or live expensively at all. I cannot think of anything that I neglected to do to help him. *Now, in two hours, something happened to my husband.* All these years, I thought that he was very happy with the Spirit of Prophecy.

So that Sunday afternoon, after those two hours, he was convinced that Sister White was a false prophet. I was not feeling good and was laying on the bed when he came home. When he came into the bedroom, he was furious that I had dedicated my life to the study of Sister White's writings.

He thundered, "Don't you know that she is a false prophet? Elder Reile told me all about it. And he also instructed me. If I will allow you to go on and study Sister White's writings, like you have been, *I am going to lose my job at the academy.* If they do fire me, they will never hire me back. Here I thought that you were the most wonderful woman. I thought that you were the ideal mother and companion. Now I see that you are a disgrace to me. I want all the Spirit of Prophecy out of this house. Do you hear that? I want you to know that I want no more to do with the Spirit of Prophecy. And I am going to burn every book that she has written."

And he was ready to do just that. I was so shocked when he came into the room. I thought ten demons had possessed him. Never did I see him so angry. I thought that he was going to take a broomstick and hit me over the head. He was ready to do anything. I tried to talk, but I was not able to. I was in shock, and thought that I was having a nightmare. Only one week before that terrible incident in the bedroom, he had written that tribute to "my beloved sweetheart." Now he comes like the devil himself to just crush me.

My daughter, Violet, was in the other room, and she heard him say that he was going to burn all the Spirit of Prophecy books. She rushed into the front room, took all the Spirit of Prophecy books out of there, and threw them in the closet in her bedroom with her clothes on top of them. As she listened, she knew that her father was determined to do what he said he would.

Finally I heard a knock at the door; it was Philip's mother, Mrs. Kiesz.

She said, "Philip, now it is time that you and I get together and put a stop to this. Leah claims that she has learned a lot from Ellen G. White. Philip, her writings are all from the devil. We have to do something because Leah is going to disgrace the whole family, and we cannot afford to let her do that. Now, Elder Reile has told you that Mrs. White is not a true prophet. And that is right."

She continued to talk to him in the front

room. I was in the bedroom, with the door part-way open, and heard every word that was spoken.

She said to him, "Philip, I have seen this thing coming on with her reading the Spirit of Prophecy. And I want to tell you right now that you and I will have to take steps to stop this. If there is no other way, we will have to take your daughter away from her, and put Leah in an insane asylum. You come over to my house, so we can lay plans about what we are going to do with Leah. Now, remember what the preacher did to her at the church? He stopped her, and he really put her down, in the place she ought to be. And she is to never again speak anything about Ellen G. White. I can tell you that. He did the right thing to stop her."

He then went with his mother, to her house. That was about 6 o'clock, and he didn't come back until 10 or 10:30 that night. Violet had gone to sleep in her room, and I was in my room. Sleep had left me forever, it seemed. I could not sleep; I was in a terrible shock. Now everything was all over between Philip and I.

Chapter 14

And I prayed to God, "What shall I do now? I am in terrible trouble. I can never read the Spirit of Prophecy again in my home. God, I love you. I promised that I would be faithful, and I want to be faithful. What shall I do? Shall I listen to this minister? Shall I listen to my mother-in-law? And now they have gotten my husband away from me. They brainwashed him. He is gone. He will never read the Spirit of Prophecy again. And he will not allow me to either. What shall I do?"

Pretty soon, he came through the door, and I closed my eyes. I did not want to see his angry face. So I pretended that I was asleep and did not see him. But I could see through the corner of my eye how angry he was toward me. He went to bed, and turned his back on me.

Since I could not sleep, I tossed and turned. I heard the clock strike 11 o'clock, 12 o'clock, 1 o'clock. I was still wide awake. But very suddenly I fell asleep. And I had a dream. And God must have seen my sorrow, the agony of what I was going through. I had been praying most earnestly,

asking God what I should do.

Should I leave home and go back to my parents once more? My father and mother would be so glad when I got back to their home.

I realized that I was totally exhausted, and fell asleep. God knew that I was at the end of my rope. There was nothing else for me to do.

In this dream, I saw Elder Reile on the rostrum, in the German church. And that church, which had close to one thousand members, was full.

He said, "I have an announcement to make. I want every single member of this church to be here, without fail, at a meeting on Monday night at 7 o'clock."

In this dream, my husband said, "Leah, did you hear that? We are suppose to go to the German church on Monday night at 7 o'clock."

I said, "Yes, I heard it."

"Well, you get ready Monday night, and we will go to the church."

Monday evening came.

And Philip said, "Leah, you better get ready. It will be 7 o'clock very soon. We have got to be at the church at 7 o'clock. Help Violet to get ready also, and we will get in the car and go."

So I dressed. I do not know why I ever wore a white dress to church that night. And I fixed Violet up, and she was ready to go. We got into the car. And when we got over to the church, there were so many cars that we could not find a place to park our car. So we had to park it off a long way and walk to the church. We walked to the two doors at the back of the church that went inside. When we got in, we saw that there was not one vacant seat in the whole church.

I said to my husband, "There is no place for us to sit down."

Looking on the side and way in the back, I noticed that there was an empty bench right next to the wall. So we went to sit on that bench. I took my daughter's hand and let her sit on one side of me and my husband sat on the other side. As we sat there, the preacher got up and talked to that big audience in the church. We were so far in the back, but there also was a lot of confusion there too. I could not hear everything that the preacher said. I could only catch a word once in awhile.

I asked my husband, "What is the preacher saying? What is he talking about?"

Just as I looked up at the preacher, it looked

like he had a hellish torch in his hand. Pretty soon, one third of the people in the whole congregation all looked toward the back—directly at me.

Again I said, “What is the preacher talking about? He must be talking about me.”

And he kept on talking. And another group, about a third, looked back at me too. They all looked at me square in the eye, but this group had a different look in their eye. They looked as though they questioned what the preacher said. But the preacher went right on, and preached some more. And another group looked back at me with tears running down their faces. That last group was from North Dakota, where my folks lived, and moved into Lodi. They knew my parents. And they cried. I folded my hands and prayed.

Just as I prayed, my husband yelled out, “Leah, what is in your hands? The blood is dripping all over your white garment. Your hands are full of blood. What happened?”

So I looked at him out of the corner of my eye, and said “Philip, this is innocent blood. I have been crucified, and you could have avoided all of this.”

Just then a woman stood right in front of me, and she said “Get out of here. This is my place.”

Then I turned to my daughter, in my dream, and said, “Violet, you and I are homeless. Now another lady is going to take your mother’s place. We have to leave. Do you know where the outcasts sit?”

And I saw another bench right underneath the window by the side of the church, and that window was sideways as compared to the other windows in the church.

And she began to cry, “Mother, where are we going?” I said, “There is a seat over there where the outcasts sit.”

I took her hand, and we sat on the bench. And then I looked up at the rostrum as we were sitting there, and saw Elder Reile still preaching. My friend, from North Dakota, sat close to us on that bench, where we were sitting. She was my best friend in Lodi, and she cried as though her heart would break. She loved Violet, and was such a close friend to me. And she hated to see us so forsaken, cast out from everybody. I looked up to the front, and suddenly, between me and rostrum, I saw a ladder. It reached way up into heaven. I looked up as far as I could see. There

I saw all the glories of heaven behind that ladder. And suddenly I saw Christ bending down from above the ladder.

He looked down at me and said with a very sweet smile on his face, “*Be faithful onto death, and I will give you a crown of life. I will contend with them that contendeth with thee. And I will save your children.*”

I was just so happy that I raised my hands and began to sing, “*I will follow thee my Saviour, and though all men should forsake thee . . .*”

Then, in my dream, I looked for Violet. But she had disappeared.

I sang so loud that I woke up, and heard myself singing. As I was waking up, it seemed like I was singing out of a tube. It was not my natural voice. For my body had seemed stiff and rigid. But I felt more normal as I woke up. And I looked around.

“Where was I?”

Then I woke up and found myself in my own bed. My pillow was wet with tears. I knew that God had given me this dream. I got out of bed, went to Violet’s room, and found her in her bed, fast asleep. I bent down to hug and kiss her. I did not realized the significance of my daughter’s disappearance at the end of the dream. Not yet.

I want to explain the part of the dream that the Lord had given me about the woman who stood before me and told me to get out, that this was her place. The Lord permitted me to be prepared. She was the one that my husband later married, after he had divorced me. When it actually came to pass, the Lord brought this dream back to me. And I was prepared for it. How thankful I was that the Lord had given me this dream.

Chapter 15

Then My mother-in-law made up a story and spread it all over the church, and I heard it.

“Do you know that Leah wants to be a prophet?” she said.

That is the last thing that I ever thought of—being a prophet. I wanted to read what Ellen White, a real prophet, had to tell us about getting ready for the coming of Jesus. Mrs. Kiesz misinterpreted all my aims and purposes in life,

and got the whole church stirred up with the false idea that I wanted to be a prophet and lead everybody astray.

Talking about me, she said, "She is false, and the church should have nothing to do with her."

And so the Lord prepared me to be patient, and to have peace in my heart.

I had sung that song, "*I will follow thee my Saviour, and though all men should forsake me . . .*"

Then I decided that I would be faithful to God in spite of what man said or did. Why was this such a hard experience for me? These were my German people, the very people that I loved the most. I would have given my life for them. And here they scoffed at me. They looked at me with a strange eye. And I remember how they looked at me with cruel faces in this dream.

I was not a bit surprised when I came to church the following Sabbath and I saw these different groups of people gaze at me as if to say Who are you? Who do you think you are? There were three classes of people. Yet there were some that were very kind to me, very sympathetic. This was the beginning of the greatest trial that was before me.

I told the Lord, "I am sorry that I dedicated my life to what I did. I would rather die than to go through what I am going through at this time."

How my closest friends looked at me, and said mean things about me! They would not have anything to do with me. They would run off, and would not even sit beside me in church.

We were there in Lodi the rest of the summer (1936). I got so sick that I was a skeleton. I lost a lot of weight. I thought that I lost every friend on earth. I wanted to go to the doctor because I could hardly walk anymore. But I knew that if I went to the doctor, certain people would try to convince the doctor to sign me into the crazy house. So I did not even want to go to the doctor. And, I knew that if someone would see me going to the doctor, they would report me. I put a veil over my face, so no one would see me going to the doctor's office. But this doctor and his wife were good friends of mine—Dr. and Mrs. Dan Beltz. I had known them for years. I took my veil off when I came into the doctor's office.

And the doctor said to me, "Why do you wear that veil? What's the idea?"

Then I told him. I was afraid I would be betrayed.

So he said, "Sit down. I want to examine you."

And he took a lab test in my mouth, and sent it to the laboratory. So I returned to the doctor when the test came back, with my veil over my face again. When I came into the office, Dr. Dan Beltz and his wife were standing together. And he said, "Leah, I have something to show you. The lab test came back."

I said, "Oh, what was it all about? How is it?"

He said, "I will show you. Here I have it on this glass—the result of the test that I gave you. Do you see that on this glass?"

It was green.

He said, "Do you know that you are rotting away with grief? This is mold. Now, I have something to tell you. I will not tell this to ordinary people, but I am going to tell it to you. You have one lesson to learn. And I am going to tell you how you can correct the problem. What I am telling you now is from the Lord. You should tell these people, who are harassing you, to go to hell! I realize that you do not use that kind of language, but you need to be firm with those people."

I had to laugh. And I never forgot that advice. I never told any of these people to go to hell, but I think some of them will get there if they do not change. Anyway, that was the end of that experience.

In the fall, my husband wanted to go to school some more. But he did not have a job. And he did not want to go to an Adventist college.

He said, "Let's go to San Jose State College. I do not want anything to do with the Adventists anymore. I am through! And I am going to get my degree from the state college. I do not need it anymore from the Adventist colleges. Leah, you have to help me; you did in the past. You are to blame that I lost my job here, so you have to work."

Violet and I went with him to the college, since that is what he wanted us to do. I had no idea what was ahead. How was he going to college? He had no money. *Did he want me to go to work again, scrubbing floors?* Sure enough, we got to San Jose State College. Philip enrolled in school. And the question was, Where were we going to live? Where was the money going to come from? Who is going to bring in the money? So he had little jobs all around, like washing windows. But it was not enough to even pay for the rent, the food, and the necessary things that we

needed. There was only one thing left for me to do—go out and get a job. But what kind of a job? I was used to doing nursing in private homes. And I had experience in boarding-care homes, taking care of the elderly.

So I got acquainted with a lady doctor, Dr. Lenore. She was very nice. I went to her office and got acquainted with both her and her assistant.

They happened to get jobs in private homes taking care of the patients that she had. And she got me one job after another. Dr. Lenore was very pleased with my work. But the bad part of it was that I had to leave my daughter home, and her father was home part of the time. He did go to school, even though he did not have enough money to pay his tuition. But I had to keep on working, and it was very, very difficult because of my daughter; somebody had to take care of her. So we rented the basement of a house for \$15.00 a month, and lived there for a while. But he still did not have enough money to go to school. My nursing barely kept us alive with food on the table, while his little odd jobs paid for his tuition.

Dr. Lenore finally said, “If you rent a house, I will help you get patients in it. So you can be at home with your daughter.”

Sure enough, I found a house that had four big rooms on the main floor. So I could have one or two patients in each one of the rooms, and there were three rooms upstairs with outside entrances. I could use those for students, and earn rent from them. It was a good setup for us, and my husband moved in with us. But he was not a bit kind to the patients that I was taking care of. He did not like to be around them.

I had a hard time taking care of four or five patients. Two of them were totally bedfast. Two Jewish patients were very hard to take care of. Three patients were ambulatory, so I needed help to care for them.

One Sabbath, in church, I accidentally met Alice Fleck who married one of the North Dakota boys. We introduced ourselves, and found out that we were neighbors in North Dakota for many years. We were delighted to meet again. I told her where I lived, and I wanted her to come and see me. When we got together, I found out that she was doing nursing. And she came and worked for me. She was a big help to me, a jewel. I was glad that she came to help me.

But finally things got worse and worse with my husband. He went to school, and did not care much for religious things. It seemed that he had lost all interest in the things that he once believed in. He was altogether different. He showed great animosity against the Spirit of Prophecy. So I was actually afraid to have the Spirit of Prophecy books laying around in any part of the house because I feared that he would destroy them. And I was constantly in fear of what he might do. He never appreciated anything that I did, although in earlier years he had. He now disliked anything that he liked before. And he was very unfriendly. We did not seem to have much in common between us. He got rebellious with the patients, so things went from bad to worse.

Chapter 16

Finally, it got to the place that I said, “It has come to the limit, and I do not think we can go on much further. We are going to have to separate.” So I looked for a job among Adventist people, work to support my daughter. And, in order to do that, she had to be taken care of while I was working.

My good friend, in San Jose, told me, “I understand the situation here. I want you to go away and have a rest. You have worked so hard. You had two very hard patients to take care of. Go to Portland, Oregon, and visit your relatives. If there is an opening, you can stay with them. See how it works out.”

So, I left. And my friend took care of the place. I had two ladies there that looked after my home in the San Jose College area while I was away. School had closed at the college by the time I left. By this time, it was June of 1938, and my husband was looking for a job.

When I left with Violet on a train for Oregon, I wondered where I might find employment where I could take my daughter with me. That seemed to be an impossibility. Fortunately, I had Baptist relatives in Portland. One of my aunts owned a convalescent home, and took in patients. She was a registered nurse herself. I thought maybe we could have a little house where I could live. I could make a living, and my daugh-

ter could be with me.

Arriving, we found that they had just one room in the back of their property where my daughter and I could be. So I started working there, and my aunt went on a vacation. I was left alone to take care of the patients. She soon came back, and was very happy that things had gone so smoothly while she was away.

But then I discovered that the biggest day of the week was on Sabbath. It was almost impossible for me to take off on Sabbath and go to church. There was a lot of different kinds of work going on this particular Sabbath, and it seemed like it was not a Sabbath for us to be around. And I grieved over it. How could I remain a Sabbathkeeper and be under these conditions all day long during Sabbath? It was a bad environment. And poor little Violet had to stay in the room all by herself while I was taking care of the patients. We were unhappy with that situation. So I was there about a month. And I knew something had to happen.

I kept in contact with the friends who were taking care of my home in San Jose. One day I received a letter from Alice.

She wrote, "Philip has gone to work in Livermore, and he is going to be gone all week long. This is the time for you to come home."

At this time, my nephew, Herbert, who was in Portland, told me he was going to Washington, D.C., and get a job, working in the government.

Then I said to him, "Maybe this is a way out for me. I want to go with you to Washington, D.C."

Both of Herbert's parents had died. And he was a good boy. He said, "There is a group of us boys from McClusky, North Dakota. We are all going to D.C. to get a job from the government. Why don't you go with us and keep house for us four boys? We will have to rent a house, and you can stay with us. And then you can get a job on the side, and we can make out okay."

"Well," I said, I think that is a good deal."

When he left, he said, "We are expecting you in Washington, D.C."

Because of the Sabbath problems at the nursing home in Portland, I went back to San Jose with Violet. I had been thinking about going to North Dakota to be with my folks; but, at this time, my husband was so melancholy. He threatened at different times to commit suicide. Several times he took me and Violet up to the high-

est mountain that he could find. When we were up on an eight-thousand-foot mountain, he talked about tipping the car over the cliff and ending it all.

So I said, "Let me drive the car."

I did not dare drive very fast on those winding mountain roads. As I took the wheel, he put his foot on the gas and made me drive so fast that I was scared to death of going down the cliff.

I put the brakes on and said, "No. I am not going to drive in these mountains like a wild person."

I did not know what he had on his mind. Maybe he thought that, since he was sitting on the passenger's side, he would jump out of the car while it was rolling down the cliff with Violet and I in it, to our deaths. I was very suspicious of what he was trying to do.

I stopped the car, and said, "No more of this."

He took the binoculars out of the glove compartment of the car, got out, and went right over the edge of the cliff with his binoculars and looked over the whole area. I do not know why he did it. Violet was standing beside the car. I was determined not to get in the car anymore. Little Violet was very, very shocked. She had heard his conversation and surmised what he was trying to do.

When she saw him with those binoculars looking over those mountains, she turned to me and said, "Mother, look at Daddy. He is over there by the cliff."

She was so frightened, she said, "Would you care if he fell down that cliff and got killed? I would not."

I was so stunned to hear her say that. She was a child. And to have her say that about her father! She was really frightened. She never thought that we would ever get down that mountain alive. We finally persuaded him to get into the car. Then I took the wheel. I watched my feet so that he would not get his feet on the gas. And we finally got to the bottom of that mountain.

The next week, Philip wanted to go to San Francisco, and do something there. As he was driving over the Golden Gate Bridge, he made a remark that gave us a clue.

He said, "This is a nice place to tip the car into the ocean."

Violet also heard him say those words. She cried, "Mother, let's go back home."

We had a terrible time getting home that day. After we were home, he took some of the medi-

cations that belonged to the patients that I was taking care of. One night, he took a drug by mouth; I do not know what it was. I had to give him a shot because he was a very sick man.

He tumbled into the bedroom and said, "I took poison, and I am going to die."

And the poison came out of his mouth. I had hoped that he could stay up for a few hours, so I could have a little rest after a tiring day.

When he came into the bedroom, he said, "I want to die in your arms."

I said, "Philip, what do you mean? You want to die in my arms? You said that you took poison. Do you want my arms to be close to you, so it can be said that I killed you?"

That frightened me more than ever. I knew that I had to make a change. There were no ifs, ands, or buts about it.

The next day I was sick in bed with streptococcus. The doctor said that I was suppose to stay in bed. Violet had the measles, and she almost became blind as a result. Violet laid beside me.

Philip came home that day from college and wanted to know what happened to his pencil; he had to have it. But I did not know anything about his pencil or where he left it. He became so violent, just screaming at me. He used such cruel language that I will not repeat it, why I could not find his pencil. When I heard him screaming so loud and brutal, the tears came down my cheeks. I could not keep from crying. I asked myself if it was possible that the man had lost his reason.

He tried to hush me up from crying by hitting me in the nose with his fist and telling me to shut up. He hit so hard that he almost broke my nose. And the blood squirted all over the bed. Violet was there, right beside my bed with the measles.

Alice had just taken a few hours off, and went home to rest. When she entered the house, she came into the bedroom and saw that blood. She said, "Leah, You better take action. He is a dangerous man."

She called the pastor of the church. So both he and his wife came out. Then he called Philip into the room with the rest of us.

He told him, "I believe, Philip, that you ought to leave your family. Leave them at peace. Violet and her mother have a home here now. Leah's business is going well; she can take care of herself. You can always find a place to work. It is best if you are separated for some time, at least."

The minister and his wife left. But Philip went into the bedroom and refused to leave. He did not have a job and was satisfied that he had a good home. He was getting his meals. What more did he want?

But why did he act so cruelly? Because the spirit of the Lord had left him. *When he had rejected the Spirit of Prophecy, another spirit took over.* But he did not realize that happened to him.

Alice and the church pastor came to me and said, "Well, if your husband is not leaving, your life is in danger. And you better make up your mind what you are going to do."

This time, I went to Portland, Oregon, to see my relatives. As it was when I last worked there, I could not keep the Sabbath day and be honest with myself.

On Sabbath, I received a letter from Alice: "Philip will be leaving either Sunday or Monday night, and he will be gone another week. Now is your chance to leave." The year was 1939.

Chapter 17

Now I knew that was the time to take that trip to Washington, D.C. It was better that I went a long distance away. If I went to North Dakota, it is hard telling what he would do to my parents even. Because he had lost his mind, he did not know what he was doing. He had sinned against God.

So Violet and I returned home on Monday to pack for that trip. Alice was there to take care of the patients.

I wondered what I would do when I moved. I would not have a home or a job—and how was I to care for Violet? I did not want to send her to North Dakota. She would be alone, far away from the church school. So I wrote a letter to a lady in North Carolina, and asked her to keep Violet for a time while I went on to Washington, D.C., until I got another home and job.

At that point, I thought about what a pity it was that Adventists did not have any shelters at all. When the widows are driven out of their home, they may not have a place to go. They will have no safety any place.

Later when I had an opportunity, I wrote a

letter to every state capital in the United States to find out if there were any Adventist children's homes, shelters, or orphanages anywhere in this country. In return, they sent me thick books. Texas alone had 400 children's shelters and orphanages. All denominations were mentioned in every state. Jewish, Lutheran, Catholic. I counted them.

Then I looked at Michigan, but only found a few child-care facilities mentioned. And I thought of the Haskell home, that we had in Battle Creek for orphans. I found out that, in Michigan, they had more juvenile delinquent homes than child-care facilities.

When I finished looking through 48 states to try and find any Adventist child-care facilities in the United States, I intended to go to the Adventist child-care facility, no matter where it was. I was not going to let my daughter go into a Catholic home or any other Sundaykeepers' home. But I did not find one single Seventh-day Adventist children's home even mentioned by name. Yet all the other denominations were listed. I was so shocked that the other denominations had so many child-care facilities, including the Jewish people, Salvation Army, and the Good Will. Yet not one Seventh-day Adventist home!

Then I thought to myself, *Now, if I would go to be with my nephew in Washington, D.C., I am sure that the headquarters of the Seventh-day Adventist Church would have some kind of facility. Surely, in Takoma Park, I would find something there.* So I decided to go there.

When I packed to go, I did not care what I left behind me. I would let Philip have everything we had. Violet and I would just go away with our clothes in our suitcases. But I only took one extra thing along—my little portable sewing machine.

We came back to San Jose, and Alice said, "Leah, I know that you have to do this, and yet you do not know where you are going. But the Lord will direct you to the right place. I will take you to the depot. But what will be your address?"

I did not have an address, for I did not know where my nephew had settled back there. So I told her I would go to the General Conference in Washington, D.C., and look up my nephew, and send her the address.

I had just enough money to buy tickets to go to Takoma Park. On my way to Washington, D.C., I stopped in North Carolina, stayed there a week, and left Violet with Mrs. Markem. She said that

she would take care of Violet, that the family dearly loved her. They had taken care of her when my husband and I were teaching in Raleigh, North Carolina.

When I got into Washington, D.C., I came to Takoma Park in the middle of the day. And I went to the General Conference and asked them if they had any child facilities in Washington, D.C., or Takoma Park.

And they said, "Really, we do not."

I said, "Do you have anything at the sanitarium? Can anyone tell me anything? Don't they have any Adventists here at all that take in children, a child-care facility, a day nursery, or anything?"

"I am sorry, we just cannot tell you."

Finally I went down to the sanitarium and asked them the same questions. They said, "We are sorry, we cannot tell you of anybody."

By this time it was late afternoon. I had been so concerned about the children that I had forgotten myself. It was October, and it was already beginning to get dark. I wondered where I should go that night, maybe to a motel or hotel. I did not know the people in Takoma Park, nobody. I did not know where I could go to get a job. I left everything behind in the San Jose State College area. I knew that my nephew was in Takoma Park somewhere, but I did not know his address.

There was nothing else for me to do at that time of night, but to go to the woods. So I started to walk down Sligo Creek, near the sanitarium. And I walked up the hill into the forest. It was getting very cool then. Finally I decided to sit on a big stone that I saw. I was so hungry because I had not eaten anything since I left North Carolina. I looked in my purse to be sure how much money I had left over. I only had a \$5 bill in my purse. So I knew that I could not dare spend that. There was only one thing for me to do—sleep in the forest that night. There was a little stream of water coming down from the hill there. As I sat on that stone, suddenly a great big snake slithered in front of me. I looked on the other side of the stone that I was sitting on, and maybe there were one hundred different kind of worms crawling.

I looked into the heavens, and said, "God, I am alone. I am homeless. For Your sake, I will try to be faithful to Your cause. Dear God, what shall I do?"

And I stared up into the heavens, and it

seemed like a voice said to me, “Christ left all of heaven to come down to this earth, so the pilgrims here can once more come back to heaven—to their lost Eden home.”

A new thought came to me: *The same Christ who is returning the second time in the clouds of heaven was homeless while He was on earth. And it is up to us, if we will cooperate with Him in the plan of Redemption—to help Him. We Seventh-day Adventists are His agents to cooperate with Him in making homes for the homeless on this earth. By our cooperation with Him, we are helping in the plan of salvation for humanity. And if we are not willing to do this, then we will not have a home in heaven when we need it.* This was impressed so strong on me that I remembered having read it in the *2 Testimonies*, p. 30. It is just as plain as day: “If you are not willing to this, when you feel that you need a habitation in the heavens, none will be awarded you.”

That is God’s plan of salvation. It was so clear to me, sitting on that stone with all the worms and snakes around me.

Then I cried out loud, “Oh, You came to this earth, and they did not even give You a home. You slept in a barn. You did not even have a home. You came here homeless. Oh, if I can even find a barn tonight, so I would not have to be in this damp weather.”

Chapter 18

It was getting so cold, and beginning to rain. Just then like a thought from heaven, I remembered that, before I left Broadview College a long time ago, Mrs. Julia Whitsky had been one of the women that prayed for my daughter’s healing, after her birth at Hinsdale Hospital, Illinois. Somebody told me just before I left for Washington, D.C., that Mrs. Whitsky lived somewhere on Carroll Avenue. Now, Carroll Avenue was very close to Sligo Creek. So I said to myself, *I am going to look up Mrs. Whitsky; she will give me a barn or a bed so I do not have to be out here with the snakes and the worms.* I felt weak and tired, for it had been so long since I had eaten.

From the creek, I went up to Carroll Avenue. I thought *If there is no other way, I am going to*

stop at every house and knock at the door, and see if anyone knows where she lives. But no one on either side of the first block knew that lady. Then I did the second block with no success.

But, then I went to the first house on the third block and said, “Do you happen to know anybody by the name of Mrs. Julia Whitsky?”

“Why yes, she is my best friend.”

“Well, where is she? Where does she live?”

“Just across the street.”

I walked over there so fast, and went up to the door of the house. While I knocked on the door, I looked around at the porch swing. I thought that, if I could not find anything else, I could sleep in that out of the rain that night. Soon, she came to the door. She told me that I looked so desperate, that, at first, she did not recognize me. Then she called Clara, her daughter, to the door. She told Clara, “Here is Leah. And she is homeless. What can we do?”

Mrs. Whitsky told me that her husband was the first professor of a Seventh-day Adventist school, but he died. And she was left as a widow after she had been the dean of women at Broadview. So she moved to Washington, D.C., and took in patients—old people—to make her living.

So she said, “I am sorry Leah. Since my husband’s death, we have been taking in patients, and we have every bed filled. Clara and I have to sleep in the basement. We have two beds in the basement. Henry is sleeping on the davenport. I am sorry that we do not have a place for you to stay.”

So I asked if she would let me sleep on that porch swing. Then she had tears in her eyes. She told Clara that they had to do something.

“Come in.”

I sat down on the front room davenport and tried to talk, but was so emotional that I could not talk for a whole hour. So I just sat there.

Mrs. Whitsky returned and said “Leah, I think I have a solution for you. But I would not want any human being to know that I am giving you this offer. We have had such hard times here making our living. We have a large two car garage with large windows. Now Clara and I have fixed up two beds in that garage. So when we get special company, Henry, Clara, or I go back there and sleep ourselves. I would be glad to let you sleep in the garage.”

I said, “This is heaven. Jesus slept in a barn.

Why can't I?"

And she had tears in her eyes, "If you will not tell anybody that I am putting you in that garage, I will let you stay there. But I know that you must be very hungry. I am going to give you some soup. And you can go to sleep."

I could hardly eat, but ate a little. She took me back to that garage. When she opened the door, I saw two nice beds, beautifully fixed up. Nice pillows; nice blankets; nice bedspreads; nice rugs in front of the bed. Everything fixed up. And I burst out in tears.

I said, "The Lord has fixed these beds for me. Now I can send for my daughter. She can be here too. We could be together."

She said, "This place is yours. You stay here as long as you want to, until you can find yourself a job and resettle. I will give you food to eat. Here is your place; you go to sleep."

So I thanked her over and over again. I went to bed after she left and went into the house. It was so nice to sleep in that soft bed. God provided me with that instead of sleeping with the snakes and the worms. I thanked God and tried to sleep, but I tossed and tossed. I was so homesick for my daughter. She was in North Carolina—two hundred miles from where I was then. How I hated to leave her. *Shall I bring her up here to sleep with me in that other bed?* I did not have a job yet. *What am I going to do?* Finally I fell asleep. That night, something unusual happened. There were no lights in that garage. No electricity. I had not slept long, and it was close to 1 o'clock. All at once a big light, as it was during the middle of the day, came into that garage. It startled me. I thought that there must be a fire. And I sat up, scared. I looked around.

A voice said, "Do not be afraid."

Who was talking?

"Do not be afraid. You are to go to the General Conference and do research work on homes for the homeless and Isaiah 58."

I was petrified. And the light went out. That is all I saw. But I had peace in my heart, and I fell asleep. I was so tired. The sun came up in the morning. I had to get up and look for a job. Before I left, I went into see Mrs. Whitsky and told her my experience.

She said, "Leah, an angel must have talked to you. You go to the General Conference and do as you are told."

Chapter 19

After breakfast, I walked quite a distance from our place to the General Conference. I walked because I did not want to break my \$5.00 bill to pay for my 5 cents bus ticket to go up there. When I got there, I went in the main entrance and asked the receptionist about homes for the homeless, orphanages, and Isaiah 58 in Ellen G. White's writings. Maybe she could help me.

She said, "Actually, I do not know. But I will tell you what you can do. Go over to the Review and Herald building, and I think you will find the information in their books."

So I went over there and asked them. They had quite a few books of various kinds and Ellen G. White books. They directed me to a special vault in back of the seminary library. They were sure that I could find what I was looking for, if I went back there. So I made a beeline for the seminary library. I asked those people, in the vault, if they had any Spirit of Prophecy material on making homes for the homeless.

I was told, "Well, I do not know. I would have to look, and I do not know where to look." I asked if they had some very old periodicals about orphan homes. "Well, I will go to the back vault, where the students do research work, and see what I can find."

So she went back there, and pulled out a lot of very old periodicals—*Review and Herald*s, *General Conference Bulletins*, and other historical documents. On the table she spread out everything she could find. "Now," she said, "we have no index here; you will have to go through all these books, page by page. But you cannot take any of these materials out of the library. You have to do your research work right here."

So I went ahead and looked through those papers that she brought out, and paged through it. Probably some of the pages had not been turned for years. They were so musty in the vault. I could tell, by the checkout dates on the magazines, that a lot of them had not been taken out for fifteen years. I looked until I got hold of a *General Conference Bulletin* and found an article in it. The title of the article was, "Our orphans," by Doctor Kellogg. The article went on page after page, and I knew that I must have a

Chapter 20

copy of that. It would have taken me over a week to copy it by hand. How could I get a copy, since I could not take it out?

So I went back to the librarian and asked her how I could get a copy. She said, "You cannot." But you can use our typewriters that our students use for copying them. That was a long time ago, before copiers existed. She told me that it cost \$5 to rent a typewriter for a month, and that I could type all I wanted. So I looked at my \$5 bill. How could I give up my last penny with no job. I had no money to bring my daughter up to be with me. How can I give up my last \$5 bill. I decided to go back to Mrs. Whitsky and tell her that I found material that I needed very much.

So she said, "Leah, you do as that angel told you to do. You take that \$5 bill and rent that typewriter. You can stay here as long as you want to. I will give you all the food that you need. But you go back and spend everything that you have for that typewriter."

I turned around and walked up that hill again, about a mile to the library, and handed the librarian the \$5 to rent one of those typewriters. I told her I was going to use the typewriter at 8 o'clock the next morning. I was there at 8 sharp the next morning, and she gave it to me.

I recall that Elder J.E. Neal was typing away on some material on another typewriter in front of me. I was typing as fast as I could go. All at once J.E. Neal turned around and looked at me. And he said, "Young lady, are you putting that typewriter on fire?" I had to laugh.

Not so long ago, I was in the Loma Linda supermarket. And who do you supposed marched in? It was J.E. Neal. I had not seen him for years, but I recognized him. He said, "Who are you? I do not remember you. What is your name?"

"Well, I was the lady in the Takoma Park library, in back of the General Conference, sitting behind you typing in 1939. You turned around and asked me if I was putting that typewriter on fire."

"Oh, was that you? I remember that."

He is now an old man in his 80s, and I found out that I was older than he was. Ever since then, he occasionally comes to visit me. So one day I said, "I want to tell you what I was typing on, that day." And I told him.

I was put out of my home as a consequence of believing the truth. In *2 Testimonies*, p. 27, there is a message that God sent to the Adventist Church through Ellen G. White. That was 123 years ago. It is a shame that we did not believe her message at the time she gave it.

She says, "Years ago, I was shown that God's people would be tested upon this point of making homes for the homeless; that there would be many without homes in consequence of their believing the truth. Opposition and persecution would deprive believers of their homes, and it was the duty of those who had homes to open a wide door to those who had not."

And she gave an example of Hannah More, who was left homeless. She had accepted the truth in Africa, and was employed by another denomination. But she was dropped from her employment when she accepted the Adventist message. You can read about Hannah in *1 Testimonies*, pp. 632, 668-680; *2 Testimonies*, pp. 140-145, 332; *3 Testimonies*, pp. 407-408.

Poor Hannah More was destitute. At this time, she was 58 or 59 years of age. She was a marvelous woman, a great missionary woman. And our church needed her as a counselor very badly. She was a wonderful worker for the young people. And she could speak several different languages. Oh, how much we needed her.

James and Ellen White met her, and thought our people would help her. They explained all about her need for a home among our people in Battle Creek. Our ministers should have taken a great interest in her, and given her employment at the publishing house. She was a very efficient woman.

But she had lost her home and her livelihood as a consequence of believing the truth. So they pleaded with the church members in Battle Creek to help this poor lady find a home. Then James and Ellen left for a very urgent call to New York. While they were in the East, neither the ministers nor the church members in Battle Creek took any interest in Hannah More. The poor woman was practically in rags. She had hardly any clothes left to wear. When the White family left for the East, they thought that anybody and everybody, in Battle Creek, would have

been willing to give that woman a home. The woman only had a few dollars left.

Finally, Hannah remembered a minister that she knew in Africa that had come to America, and he was living in Northern Michigan. So she decided to go up to Northern Michigan to see this non-Adventist minister, and maybe they could take her in. She just barely had enough money for the boat ride to get up to the northern part of the state, where this minister lived. Arriving there, she found them living way out in the country. It was so cold they only received mail once a week from the postmaster. They gave her a job for \$1.50 a week and a room to live in upstairs. They had an old stinking stove up there, with the smoke coming out into the room. It almost choked her. But that is the only place she had to sleep.

Finally she wrote a letter to the Whites back in Battle Creek, and said that "I am going to die."

And she did die. The outside minister preached her funeral service, and sent the obituary to the *Review and Herald*.

When the Whites came back, they were so grieved over the situation, that no one in Battle Creek even offered to give her a home. She said that Hannah More died as a martyr to the cause of the homeless of the Adventist Church. And because of the way that she was treated by the entire church, the Lord sent Mrs. White a special message, that the Adventist Church would be tested on making homes for the homeless. And many would be left without a home, as a consequence of believing the truth. Sister White also mentioned that there would be thousands of believers in the Adventist message that would be homeless like Hannah More.

Mrs. White was deeply grieved. So she wrote another message, in *2 Testimonies*, pp. 24-37, about this work for the homeless and needy. If Jesus had been on this earth, He would not be treated any better. The Lord brought Hannah More into Battle Creek to test His people. In this message, she wrote that if the church is not going to be faithful and perform their duty in making homes for the homeless, as given in Isaiah 58, then God will withdraw His presence from them, and they would go into darkness. She made that very clear. He would not answer their prayers.

These are very serious statements, but the people did not take heed. The Lord told Sister White to repeat those statements in the *Review*,

from time to time. And she did. She said the main reason they were not doing this work of Isaiah 58 was because of selfishness. She mentioned selfishness 33 times in that chapter of *2 Testimonies*.

So if you have never read *2 Testimonies*, pp. 24-37, it is time that you did. You better do it because our eternal destiny depends on it. It tells us, in this very chapter, that this message of Isaiah 58 is written especially for Seventh-day Adventists—not unbelievers, not the agnostics, not the outsiders.

At that time, in 1868, Elder James White decided that it was time that we organize a benevolent association to help the homeless. So they organized the Seventh-day Adventist benevolent Association that year, and Elder James White was the president. A rumor was going around that Seventh-day Adventists are not required to make homes for the homeless. "That was only Dr. Kellogg's idea," they said. Well, this is a very erroneous statement. It is high time that we get corrected on this very point. The Lord instructed Ellen G. White how she and her husband, James, should give the church, as a whole, an example—to take in the homeless and give them a home in their own home. It is all written out in *Testimonies*, Volumes 1, 2, 3, and 4.

But the sad part of it is that many people think that making homes for the homeless was all Kellogg's idea. That is incorrect. Kellogg was still a youth in 1868.

The Whites took such a great interest in Kellogg and J.O. Corliss, and took them into their own home. Both of these boys witnessed with their own eyes how the Whites took the homeless into their own home. They never had a vacant chair or bed. There was always enough food for the homeless. Dr. Kellogg was greatly impressed with the example of the Whites. They had done so much for him. They even helped with a thousand dollars to get his medical course started. The sad part of it all is, that from 1868, after the message was given, it was put on a shelf and completely forgotten for years. Sister White said that there should be at least fifty people at the head of the conference who should do as they did in taking in the homeless. But they forgot all about it until 1888. That message was repeated in the *Review and Herald*. But still nothing was done about it.

You do not read anything, in the *Review*, about any of our people providing a home for

the homeless until 1888. In the 1888 message, she warned the brethren that, if they were not going to do this work, they would go into darkness. They would not recognize the third angel's message and the loud cry when it comes. But so much was rejected in 1888! Jones and Waggoner came with a message. And in *Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 95, she said that, at this time, there was little love left for God or for man.

Many of our people are now wondering why the brethren, in 1888, could not comprehend the message brought to the church in Minneapolis. It has been a great mystery to many people. If the church had taken up the work of Isaiah 58, that was given way back in 1868, and carried it out according to God's appointment, the brethren would have been able to understand the message of Isaiah 58. But they did not. They do not understand the work that Christ did while He was on earth.

Reread this chapter. Read *3 Testimonies*, pp. 521-544. A long chapter was written on our love to our fellow men. It also tells us that this message is also connected with the message of Luke, the Supper Call Message. Many are making excuses. One bought land and another married a wife, etc. That is what is happening to the message of Isaiah 58. By our selfish living, we are pushing it away from us.

If you read *2 Testimonies*, pp. 24-37, be sure and take your pencil and underline important points as you go through that chapter. Sister White told us why the church is not doing this work, in making homes for the homeless. Never, in the history of the world have Seventh-day Adventists neglected to do this work as we have done today.

Many of our people that I have talked with say they never even knew that chapter was written. And, to tell you the truth, I have been an Adventist since I was ten years old; and today I am 89 years old. I have been an Adventist for 79 years, and I have never heard the message of Isaiah 58 preached from a pulpit in all these years. I am sorry to say so. The Seventh-day Adventist people have made excuses. So now, God calls for a special message for our Adventist people to take a hold of, in connection with the third angel's message. And that is to make homes for the homeless.

First of all, she said, we should take them into our homes. When the church was small, with only about five thousand members in the whole

world, it was a simple matter to take the homeless children into private homes. And Sister White said our first obligation is to find homes for the believers. After we find homes for the believers, we can still take others in who are not of our faith, if we still have room and if they are willing to obey our rules of lifestyle as Seventh-day Adventists. This is an opportunity for many to accept the third angel's message; it will give power to the third angel. The medical missionaries are to go forward with this work.

After 1888, Mrs. White wrote ten chapters in *6 Testimonies*, giving a full description of the medical missionary work, as described in Isaiah 58. "True medical missionary work" includes both the benevolent work as well as the health message. The benevolent work, the work of healing ministry, and the teaching of our special beliefs by ministers and laymen—all are to work together! It is valueless for any of these to work separately. Now, we must study the message as we come to the end of time. Read *6 Testimonies*, pp. 265-268.

Open your *Testimonies*, blow off the dust, and read. There it tells you that all who believe the third angel's message are to do this work. The medical missionary workers have to go first, ahead of the ministry, to open the doors—clothe the naked, feed the poor, make homes for the homeless, and minister to their physical needs. That is the work that Christ did when He was here on earth.

Now, read *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 415-419; she tells us what work Jesus did when He was on this earth (Luke 4:18-19). It also says this is the work Christ gave the disciples just before His ascension and before He poured out the Holy Ghost in the early rain. *Review and Herald*, August 11, 1991, says this is the work that the Lord gave to the church—the remnant church. On this condition, we should remain God's chosen people. In *Evangelism*, pp. 515-517, she said that the medical missionary work and the Gospel ministry are to be combined. They are sealed together with the seal of God!

In another place, she said that no one will receive the seal of God, or enter the city of God, unless they do the work of Isaiah 58. The reason that we are not doing this work is because we are afflicted with a terrible disease—the leprosy of selfishness. Will the Seventh-day Adventist Church make a reformation and take up this work before Jesus comes, and do the work He

did while He was on earth? In Battle Creek, they started the Haskell orphan home.

In *Ministry of Healing*, pp. 203-204, she also mentioned that the members of the church should take these homeless children into their homes and care for them. This work that God has committed to us should not be turned over to some outside benevolent association of the world. But, even though we take the children into our homes, there are many children left over that cannot be taken into the private homes. These children will have to be taken into orphan asylums. On this very point, God is testing His people. In *8 Testimonies*, p. 133, she said that she had a conversation with Dr. Kellogg about how we need to have an orphanage established in Battle Creek because other denominations are far ahead of us.

Chapter 21

Dr. Kellogg complained to Mrs. White that there were many sick patients in the sanitarium, who were widows and orphans without a home.

He told her: "I have tried my best to find a home for these homeless children. Do you know what I had to do? I had to take these children into my own home. Now there is something wrong with our people. We are suppose to take the people into our homes. We had the message way back in 1868—twenty-five years ago. Can you tell me of any people, in our denomination, who are taking these children into their homes?"

Mrs. White had to hang her head.

She said, "I am sorry, but I am afraid that you are right." Then, as well as now, there are very few who have offered to take a child into their home.

Then he went on to give a long list of widows that had died and left children—with no home to put them in. Dr. Kellogg became very alarmed, and he told her about some of the children he had taken into his home. One widow was dying in the hospital, and she wanted to go home to see her children once more.

And he said, "No. I cannot let you go home because you will die on the way home. You are too sick."

She had tuberculosis. And she broke down

in tears. She replied, "I have four children at home; my husband is dead."

So he promised the woman that he, himself, would take the children into his own home and take care of them. Then he related a story about 16 or 17 children in the hospital which they could not find a home for.

Then Sister White said that God showed her that we were behind other denominations, and that we should start a children's home. So one was started in the sanitarium annex. But the work went slowly. That was in 1890. It seemed like there was not enough money to get things started. But there was a Presbyterian woman, from Chicago, that came to the Battle Creek Sanitarium. She was about 72 years of age. Her husband, when he died, had left her a large amount of money. And she said to Dr. Kellogg, "I want to do something good for your hospital here; you are doing a good work."

He thought awhile about different things they would need. Finally, he said, "I know. The greatest need that we have today is making a home for orphan children."

"Oh," she said, "that is what my husband always wanted to do. And he did a lot of work along this line. At his death, he left me with a large amount of money that I will never use the rest of my life. I am willing to give you money for this kind of work."

And she offered \$30,000 to establish an orphans' home. That was a lot of money at that time. So Dr. Kellogg used it for the orphans. In 1892, they started building an orphans' home.

It was clear that the next step was to take a survey—and find out how many orphaned children were in the Adventist Church. Sister White had said that we should first provide homes for our homeless Adventist children. We were told that we should search for these homeless ones, rather than expecting them to search us out. She said that in *2 Testimonies*, p. 34.

So Dr. Kellogg wrote letters to the conference presidents, to see how many children were homeless and needy in each of the conferences. Replies from the conference presidents revealed that about 200 children were homeless.

"But," Dr. Kellogg said, "I am sure that there are a lot more than that."

At that time, there were only about 50,000 Seventh-day Adventists in the whole world. So he checked the obituaries, the many parents who had died and how many children were left home-

less. He found another 1,000 who were homeless.

Dr. Kellogg brought the subject before the General Conference. Elder Olsen, who was president at the time, was very much taken up with it. Elder Loughborough, Uriah Smith, and a number of others got together and formed a corporation. They wrote letters. And that woman, from Chicago, came and gave the \$30,000 to build that orphanage. Dr. Kellogg was very pleased when Sister White came to him and told him how this work should be organized. The benevolent association was organized more efficiently, and they had a big board of directors. They considered it a denominational duty to take care of orphans, widows, and the homeless aged. Historical documents, which I found, gave much information and details about this.

Ellen White wrote, "This work was to be done by the Seventh-day Adventists, God's professed people."

That message was not written for unbelievers, but to Seventh-day Adventists in particular. And we should not expect to go to the world to have them take care of our own people. Now, if there are Seventh-day Adventist needy people, it is the duty of the church to take care of them. Not to do so brings a reproach upon the cause of God.

Taking children in from unbelievers is a second obligation. If they do that, they should have solicitors that go collect money from outside churches and secular organizations. If these children are willing to abide by the rules of the Adventist people, we should be willing to take them in. And we should not ignore them. But, for several reasons, these cases should be screened: Do not take in those homeless people who are lazy and do not want to work—who just want to make a good living off people.

So a relief association was formed, with a committee for screening the homeless children and writing letters to find them. Each child needed an application with all the necessary information written in, telling about themselves, what church they belong to, etc. If the elderly have children who are able to care for them, they should be taken care of by them; they are not to be classed with the homeless ones. But there are some parents with children who are not able to take care of them. Some of these parents have children who are blind or handicapped in another way, and consideration must be taken of

the fact that these people are unable to take care of their own parents.

So, in Battle Creek, three homes were started: for the children, the old people, and the widows.

She said the widows and the orphans have a special claim upon the church. It is the duty of the church to step in when the children's parents have died, when only one parent has died, or maybe the father is in an insane asylum or blind. We are not to expect the world to come and feed, house, and teach Seventh-day Adventist children! That is the obligation of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. An entire chapter about the care of orphans and the widows is to be found in *6 Testimonies*. Friends, there are at least ten chapters right in a row in section 4 of *6 Testimonies*.

In view of all this Inspired counsel, there is no excuse for any Adventist person to be in ignorance as to what God is requiring of His people. If we only read those ten chapters, which give us counsel on the whole benevolent medical plan for the sick and needy and how we should conduct our sanitariums—how much better it would be for us. If we would just obey those ten chapters written after 1888—how many of God's blessings we would receive.

How can anyone today—minister or layman—say that God does not require the Seventh-day Adventist people to take care of our own orphans, widows, or old people? How can anyone possibly make such a statement!

I plead with our people to read *6 Testimonies*, p. 228. It plainly outlines the duty of the medical association, in connection with the third angel's message. She told us very definitely that the ministers and the doctors must work in unison with each other. The benevolent work, which is part of true medical missionary work, opens the door for the gospel to come in and finish the work that needs to be done on earth.

Chapter 22

The medical/benevolent work is the hand and the arm to the third angel's message; the body is the gospel ministry. What use are the hands and the arms without a body? No use at all. What

good is a body without hands and arms?

She said that only when the two are combined do we have the *true message of the last call to the supper*.

What do we mean by the last call to the supper? It is the benevolent work that He wants the church to do before He can pour out the latter rain. Did you get that? That is the work that the church must do—the work of Isaiah 58. Isaiah 58 is sealed with the seal of God. The first part is our duty to our fellow men and the last part brings in the Sabbath. Isaiah 58 is like a golden chain from Genesis to Revelation. It touches every promise of the Bible. And it is connected with the Ten Commandments. It shows whether you love God the most or yourself. It is all outlined beautifully.

There are people in the church who shun the work of the first five verses of Isaiah 58. They are the hypocrites in the church. They do not want anything to do with it—the selfish class of people. The other type is like the priests and Levites. Verses 6 and 7 show them feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and making homes for the homeless. They are the ones with the acceptable fast of the Lord. When they do this work, the glory of the Lord will be their reward. This brings the loud cry. But the first class, verses 1-5, are the selfish people in the church, making excuses about *the supper call*. Now, if you read the supper call message in Luke, the guests are making excuses. And that is the trouble with the first class; they are the commandment breakers. You read that in *3 Testimonies*, p. 512.

The supper call is also explained in *8 Testimonies*, pp. 70-75.

Be sure that you read the whole chapter, because it tells you whether you are a commandment breaker or a commandment keeper. Judas was a selfish person. He wanted money. Money was his main object in life. The class in the first five verses of chapter 58 are a type of the rich young ruler. He took advantage of the widows and the orphans and made sharp bargains. He bought all kinds of things with as little money as he could get away with giving in order to rip off the people. He would turn around and sell it for a big price and rob the widows of their wages. He practiced fraud, thinking that he was a commandment keeper.

He asked the Lord, “What shall I do to inherit eternal life?”

Then Christ said, “Sell all the things that you

have and give to the poor.”

He had a lot more money than he ever needed, and he should have shared it with the poor. But he had great possessions. Oh, no, he could not do that.

Then there is the rich farmer. One night, he decided to build a big barn and fill it up.

And he told himself, “I am going to be well off.”

That very night the Lord came to him.

He said, “Thou fool.”

And he lost both worlds. Did you know that Ellen G. White said there are millions in our world today, in our time, who are making the same choice as the rich young ruler? She went on to say that all of us who claim to be God’s professed people are going to be tested exactly like the rich young ruler. And this is where most of us in our day are falling. We think that, because we do not have this money, we just cannot do this work; we have to take care of our own.

And Satan gives them advice, “Just take care of yourself. Do not bother about those fellows.”

This is one reason why the Lord is delaying His coming, because of the selfishness in the Seventh-day Adventist Church. And God cannot, and will not, come until this work, of Isaiah 58, is done. Read *6 Testimonies*, p. 438, and it tells you all about it—why the Lord has delayed His coming! So it is up to us.

In another statement, Sister White says, “that if we wait for the whole church to do it, it will never come.”

She explained that there is the church militant. And the church triumphant are the faithful ones. She said that the faithful ones in the church are going to do it. And that is the work of the 144,000 that she especially mentioned. The faithful will all be doing the work of Isaiah 58. I was thrilled when I read that statement. The 144,000 will be the true reformers who are going to do the work.

This benevolent work really began in 1892. They started building the orphanage at that time. And Dr. Kellogg was the servant that God chose to lead out in this work.

God told Sister White, “Dr. Kellogg is my servant.” The ministers were to work together with the medical missionary workers; unless they worked together, neither would accomplish what they ought. In *6 Testimonies*, p. 289, it tells us plainly that the two cannot be divorced; the ministers and the medical missionaries must work

together. If they do not, each is incomplete without the other.

On the bottom of the same page, she wrote, "The work of the ministers and the medical missionary workers is all outlined in Isaiah 58."

There is another question to this. Some folks in the church have said, "Well, I am not a minister and I am not a doctor, so that leaves me out. I do not need to do the work of Isaiah 58. Why should I? That is not my job. God does not require that of me."

In fact, God requires it of every single member of the church.

In Sister White's writings, she repeatedly says, "every member of the church." Read *Adventist Review, December 12, 1906*, and *Counsels on Diet and Foods, p. 455*.

Every man, woman, and child. Each has a certain talent. No matter what talents we have, we must each use what God has given us. The next thing to consider is how we are going to do this work.

A very sad situation arose in 1898. The orphanage work was being carried on so nicely. A mother's training school had been organized. I have collected the material on this work, and it took me years to locate it. The greatest opposition that I ever met in my life was at the time that I really dedicated my life to do this work, of Isaiah 58.

I have discovered one reason we do not understand more about Isaiah 58—the work that God really wants us to do—is because we have failed to search for the hidden treasure to find out just exactly the work that Christ expects us, as His people, to do. We are suppose to imitate His pattern. Now, if you will read the message that Sister White wrote in 1898 in the *Review and Herald*, entitled, "Hidden Treasure," she gives a very beautiful description of the work that Christ did while He was on earth.

And, in the same chapter, she said, "Had the church studied these messages and had lived up to the pattern of Jesus Christ when He was on earth, they would have realized that they had neglected to carry out the work that Jesus did while He was on earth."

They go far enough to catch a glimmer of the truth; but, when they really come to the part of it that calls for more dedication, they reject it. That is why the church members of 1888 and 1898 had failed to recognize the real message of the loud cry. This is very, very serious. The work

that Christ did while He was on earth is recorded in Luke 4:18-19 and Isaiah 61:1-2. It is actually the work of benevolence. And she quoted Isaiah 58:6-11. "Feed the hungry, cloth the naked, make homes for the homeless." Further in the chapter it reads, "This is the work that church must do before they can expect the latter rain."

This is where we, as a church, have been selfish and have disregarded the message of Isaiah 58. Those who are doing this work are the true reformers.

God said to Sister White, "My servant, Dr. Kellogg, and his associates are doing the work that God wants them to do, and the church as a whole should cooperate with them."

They organized Christian Help Bands. I wish you could read the wonderful work they did in this way. They formed a relief association and went out to look for the homeless ones. God guided them with His Spirit. Ellen White said that these believers, who were ministering to the needs of those around them, were doing the ABC of the work of Isaiah 58.

Every Seventh-day Adventist person who believes in the third angel's message should do this work, and carry it out with the full endorsement of our denomination. But, in 1898, the church leaders refused to continue this message which they had started. It was at that time that the angel of Revelation, who intended to finish the loud cry message, was chased back into heaven, and he has not been back since. I believe that it is high time that we begin to find out what that message is—the last call to the supper. It is found in *8 Testimonies, pp. 70-75*.

It says that the medical missionaries are giving the last call to the supper. They are opening the doors for the loud cry to come in. But the church, in 1898, after they had a very good start in doing this work, rejected it. Now read that chapter and see for yourself how the conference presidents, the influential brethren, and the church as a whole rejected that message. It was at that very time, in 1898, that the whole benevolent program was rejected and that Dr. Kellogg ran off in the opposite direction. He began believing in pantheistic theories. The success of the benevolent society that he was carrying on crashed because he got so discouraged. That was the turning point of the loud cry message of warning and instruction to Elder Olsen, as a result of that terrible incident. At this time, he and others thought that Dr. Kellogg was going

to the extreme.

“We are not going to give him our cooperation or support. He is just doing his own work, his own way,” they said. But that was false.

Dr. Kellogg did the work that God wanted him to do, but the ministry opposed him. The next year, Dr. Kellogg went to the lawyers and had the whole medical association put under his control. That crisis did not fully mature until 1904. The church was in a crisis back then; that was a significant cause of the crisis. We are still in it. We have rejected the supper call. We have rejected the work of ministering to the practical needs of others.

Study, for yourself, the message of the loud cry and the last call to the supper. Unless we leave our selfishness and minister to others in need, we will be left behind.

In 1892, Dr. Kellogg said that “the church was twenty-five years behind in doing the work of Isaiah 58.” He said, “It is a disgrace to the denomination.”

Yes, the supper call message had come, but in 1898 our leaders rejected that message. They turned the work of caring for the homeless over to Dr. Kellogg.

So it is up to us, today, to find out what the message of the last call to the supper is. That is the preparation. Christ is preparing a supper for us—the marriage supper of the Lamb (Revelation 19). But we must now go out and share the good news with others. We must go into the highways and hedges and bring in the poor and the needy. Sister White told us that we have not even touched this work with the tips of our fingers. In *8 Testimonies*, pp. 70-75, she tells us exactly the nature of the work that God requires of us.

We are to work for the outcasts. Did you know that? Sister White told us that we have failed to even notice many of these outcasts. This class will be part of the group next to the throne of God, as His very elect. We will also find here the work for the neglected children. And God loves the children. He said that He hears the cries of the weakest human being in the midst of the celestial choir. Our work with the children is as important as the work of the angels. Many parents are going to stand before the judgment bar. God will hold them accountable for how they have cared for their own children. This chapter tells us about our neglect of those who are so much in need.

But, and this is important, the warning has also been given us about going the opposite direction in doing this work. Because the leaders in our hospitals thought they were not required to do this important work,—Dr. Kellogg did the opposite. Sister White has warned that we should carry out this work in a balanced way. Unless we study the Spirit of Prophecy, we will never understand the true message of how we are to take care of those in the highways and the hedges.

We have to be very careful not to leave the health message and our sanitarium work altogether, and put all our attention to this work. Many of these depraved souls have dwarfed, deformed minds and bodies, and do not have the health to fill responsibility in Lord’s work that requires good judgment and keen perception. So we must work according to God’s principles in carrying out this work.

There are many people who are too prejudiced to work for the poor children in the large cities. They feel that God does not require it of us. If you read that chapter in *6 Testimonies*, pp. 294-304, she said that those children living in the large cities have been neglected. When I read that chapter, I think of the children in Honduras (where I later started an orphanage). It gives a perfect description of the poor children there. Thinking of such things, my heart is deeply touched. It is obvious that we as a people, many times, are more interested in feeding the birds instead of giving the attention needed to suffering humanity. Our church should awaken, arise, and do this work that God is requiring of us. By doing it, we are effectively reaching hearts with the message of our crucified and risen Saviour.

Chapter 23

While in Washington, D.C. in 1939, I was very much interested in tracing down this neglected medical missionary work of Isaiah 58, as the angel had instructed me. I found a lot of enlightening material, and gathered as much together as possible.

By that time, my daughter, after her temporary stay in North Carolina, had come to be with me. She started school in Takoma Park.

Then I received a telegram from my parents in North Dakota. They were very much grieved about the separation of my husband and I, and pleaded with me to come home to North Dakota. I decided that maybe this was the proper thing for me to do. So I talked to Mrs. Whitsky, and she thought maybe that was the proper thing for me to do—to go back to North Dakota to be with my folks. My health was not good. So I got on the train with my daughter and returned to North Dakota.

My parents did not realize what had taken place in California at the time of our separation. And they erroneously thought that, if I could get my husband away from California, that we could make a go of our marriage; so they asked my husband to come out to North Dakota. He could even teach in a school there, so we could be together and get away from the influence that was causing so much damage to our marriage. When I arrived, I was surprised to see my husband there. So my husband and I got together again. We tried to mend our problems and make our marriage work. He taught school that whole year, then went back to California. During that time, he got another vaccination of the trouble in California that had such a strong negative influence on him. We were hindered again, and another year passed.

In 1940, we decided to go to Lincoln, Nebraska for several reasons. My father thought that, since my husband was so bitter against the Spirit of Prophecy, Professor Hartman, who was at Plainview Academy and knew both of us very well, would be an instrument in healing the deep wounds that had been caused between my husband and I. So I phoned Professor Hartman, and told him that we would like to come to Lincoln, Nebraska, and talk things over with him. I thought that was the proper thing to do, to go to Lincoln.

We drove the approximate 2,000 miles in our car, and tried to find an apartment to live in when we arrived. Finally, we found a house just across the street from a sweet little lady that I learned to love later on. The next morning after we settled in our upstairs apartment, this lady came over to get acquainted with us. She brought the nicest fruits and vegetables that she had raised in her own garden. She was so sweet about it. I thanked her most kindly because we really appreciated it after our long trip to Lincoln. Two

days later, she returned with a big smile on her face. Her name was Lillian (Swanson) Carpenter. She was 49 years old; I was 33.

She said, “We have more vegetables than we can possibly use. So I thought that I would bring some of these to you folks to use.”

As I got acquainted with her, I noticed that she had a foreign accent; maybe she was European. I asked her about her nationality. She said, “I am a Swedish woman.”

So I continued, “Well, maybe you know something about those children preachers in Sweden, who preached the third angel’s message when the older people could not preach anymore. The Lord used the little children to preach. I read the story in the *Great Controversy* [366-367] about how God used children to preach and was thrilled by it. Do you know anything about those child preachers?”

Laughing, she said, “Of course I do. My father was one of them.”

“Your father?”

“Yes, my father was one of those child preachers!”

“Well, I said, “I would like to know more about those child preachers.”

Then she went on and told the most interesting story that I have ever heard about those child preachers.

Lillian said, “My father would preach the third angel’s message and the judgment hour message in his parents’ home by the hour, and the people came from everywhere to hear him preach. People went home and repented of their sins; they gave their hearts to the Lord.”

I replied, “Well, that is very, very interesting. Could you tell me more about these child preachers?”

Then she said, “You come over to my place, and I will introduce you to my father; he is now almost 90 years of age. And he has a real story to tell. Someday, when you have time, come over and I will introduce you to my father.”

When I had extra time on my hands, I went over and met that man who had once been a child preacher in Sweden. When I met him, he recently had surgery on his right eye to remove a cancer. I enjoyed our good visit together very, very much.

So Lillian Carpenter’s grandparents both died very shortly after the time that her father was a child preacher. This left him an orphan, and he had many difficult experiences. He had

lost track of the Advent message for awhile, and a very godly man took a deep interest in him.

He took him in his arms and said, "Son, I would like to be of help to you. As a sea captain, I can teach you many things."

So he took him along to sail the seven seas. When he grew to be a young man in his 20s, he had a great burden to come to America. He had heard some rumors about the Advent message in America and the 1888 Minneapolis meeting. And he was anxious to learn more about it. His name was August Swanson.

August had heard about Dr. Kellogg and his work at the sanitarium, so he went over to see the work of the Adventist people. He still had some of the Adventist message in his system, for he had never forgotten it. So he was very anxious to meet the Adventist people.

Of course, everything was strange to him when he came to America. But over here he met a young lady, also from Sweden. They were attracted to each other, got acquainted, fell in love, and got married. She was also anxious to hear more about the Adventist people. They set up housekeeping and had three children—two girls and a boy. A very strange thing happened: All three of those children died. The two girls died within one year apart. This broke the heart of the mother, and she wept bitterly for many months over the loss of her children. Her grief was similar to Hannah's, in the Bible. She prayed to the Lord to give her a child, and she dedicated that child to the Lord. So this was the experience of August Swanson's wife.

Sure enough! This child was born, and dedicated to be a used by God to help others. The mother was now so happy. She named her Lillian. The year was 1891.

As their child grew, the family learned more about the Adventist message. They decided to move to Nebraska, and make their home out on the farm. The family often studied the Bible together in their own home, since they were rather isolated and did not have privileges, such as a Seventh-day Adventist church and church school, as many other Adventist people had.

So Lillian Swanson, as a young child, learned a great deal about the third angel's message under the direction of her own mother. During the Sabbath hours, Father, Mother, and the little daughter studied, together, *Bible Readings for the Home Circle* and many other books. As she grew up, other children were born into the home.

The children all attended public schools out in the country, and the parents were very faithful to teach their children the third angel's message.

When Lillian was about 14 or 15 (about 1905 or 1906), she heard about Union College and wanted to go to the academy to prepare herself for the Lord's work. So her parents moved closer to Lincoln, and she attended the academy. She was very much interested in music. But, after a while, she was convicted that she should be a colporteur, and spread the Advent message. She asked her mother, "How can I prepare for that type of work?"

Well, she would have to get a horse and buggy to do it in those days. They did not have cars back then, as they do today.

A neighbor offered her a horse and buggy so she could colporteur. Lillian set to work and met many people in the area around Fullerton, Nebraska. Many became interested in the Advent message. She worked under the Adventist minister, who gave her instruction about how to canvass books. She had a wonderful summer that year, and won several souls. But one of the outside ministers became very upset. She was winning some of his church members to the Advent message, and he was angry about that.

He said, "I have got to go over there, find that woman, and hush her up. She is destroying my church."

At this time, she was living with the Andrews family, who had also loaned her a horse and buggy. So she carried on the canvassing work in Fullerton. Finding out where Lillian Swanson was living, he went to visit her.

He said, "I'm going over there, and I am really going to put that woman in her place. She has got to get out of my territory. She is ruining my work. She is making Adventists out of the people."

So he made a beeline to the Andrews' home to have a debate with Lillian. Mrs. Andrews, had, by this time, become a Seventh-day Adventist, but Mr. Andrews was not quite convinced. When that minister came over there and started having a debate with Lillian, he made up his mind who was right and wrong. The minister asked her all kinds of questions, and Lillian just put him right in his place, and told him all about the Adventist message. The minister got so upset about it, but he soon found out he could not get any place with her. And he left. But, because of this meeting, Mr. Andrews came completely con-

vinced that the Adventist message was correct.

Chapter 24

Being a big business man in that town, selling various appliances, Mr. Andrews promised the Lord that, if He blessed him in his work, that he would give a big donation to His cause in the health work, since Lillian had spoken about the health work in a very prominent way.

He wanted something done similar to the work which had been carried on in Battle Creek years before. Convinced that the Seventh-day Adventist people are from God, Mr. Andrews had taken his stand with them. Previous to this, while he was walking on the street, one day, on the way to town to his business, he heard a voice speaking.

“Mr. Andrews.”

He turned around, but did not see anyone. He wondered who could be calling him. So he kept on walking.

But the voice said the second time, “Mr. Andrews.”

Again he turned around, but still could not see anybody. By the third time, he heard the voice very distinctly and turned around and looked up in the sky. He thought that he heard the voice above him. It said, “Mr. Andrews, you keep the Sabbath. Make things right with the people that you have wronged. *Go back home, pay your tithe, and join the Adventist Church.*”

This startled Mr. Andrews. He just could not understand who could be speaking to him out of the sky, and telling him everything that the voice did. He turned around and went back home. With tears in his eyes, he told his wife the experience that he had.

He said, “I wonder if it could have been an angel talking to me. That voice came from the sky. I am supposed to keep the Sabbath, pay my tithe, and join the Adventist Church.”

He and his wife prayed together. Andrews did join the church, and did all that the angel had told him to do. He went back to his office, and sold more equipment than he had ever sold before.

When he saw Lillian, he told her the experience that he had.

She told him, “I believe that God is speaking to you. You must join the Adventist Church.”

He did.

One day, he and his fellow businessmen, at the Lion’s club he was a member of, had a special dinner together. But something strange happened: The speaker of that meeting failed to show up. The group there that day was asked if anyone would be willing to take the place of the speaker that did not show up. So Andrews took advantage of the opportunity.

“I think I have a message.”

“All right. You tell us about your message.”

So he got up and told all the people in this group that he felt that there was a great need to have a hospital that would give the health message—how to eat and heal the sick in a good sanitarium work like they used to do in Battle Creek, Michigan.

One of the physicians in the group spoke up: “Amen! That is what we ought to do, and I am in favor of it. And I want to tell you, right now, that we need to have a sanitarium, and I will donate it for this cause.”

Andrews said, “I dedicated my life to help this kind of work—in the health work and the benevolent work. That is the kind of work that we ought to be doing. I have some instruments and equipment for the health work like they used to have in Battle Creek, when Dr. Kellogg was there. This work has been greatly neglected, and I am in favor of us doing something to start this work again in the Lincoln, Nebraska, area.”

After he heard Andrews speaking about it, the doctor was very much in favor of the badly needed sanitarium in the nearby Lincoln, Nebraska, area. After the meeting, they got together and made more plans. When Andrews got home that night, he told Lillian all about that meeting concerning their plans for the health work and the doctor that was willing to donate the sanitarium for this work. Lillian was so thrilled about it.

She said, “God must be in this. I had a dream that we are supposed get the work started in this area—the work that was neglected in Battle Creek.” So they decided that this was a wonderful opportunity to get the work started.

But Lillian said, “The message that the Lord gave me was that we are suppose to go to Lincoln, Nebraska. The church is supposed to do this work. I am going to contact the conference president about this.” They wanted the Adven-

tists to manage the work.

Years before they had a very nice sanitarium in Lincoln, Nebraska, near Union College. It was a huge success. But, for some reason or another, this work had been neglected. And the sanitarium was finally closed.

When Lillian told the conference president about it, he was rather surprised to hear the story.

He said, "Maybe we better look into this, and see what will come out of it."

He promised Lillian that he would come over to Fullerton and see about this sanitarium. The whole group, at Fullerton, decided they would dedicate this sanitarium project, and have the conference president come to preside over the dedication.

So they made an appointment, and they asked the conference president to meet with them, and give the dedicatory address for that building. The date of the dedication was set, and the conference president promised to be there.

It was on a Sunday, and the whole group was there for the dedication. The auditorium was full of people for the occasion. They were all waiting for the president of the conference to arrive. But the people waited so long, over an hour, that they began to get very uneasy. And they wondered if he ever would come. Finally the physician who donated the sanitarium became very impatient.

He said, "What is the matter with that conference president? He must only be interested in himself." So the meeting was dismissed.

Lillian was so sorry that the president never showed up. Because of her young age (she was only about 15 or 16 during 1928), she did not feel that it was up to her to say anything to the people about it. She thought that she better go see the conference president first, and find out why he was delayed in coming. But, shortly after, D.M. Canright came and caused trouble. The people listened to him, because the conference president never showed up.

Chapter 25

The very next Sabbath, in Lincoln, Nebraska, Elder Howse, the pastor of the Union College Church, made an announcement:

"We are calling for a special meeting on Monday night at 7 o'clock. And we want all the members of the church to be here without fail. During this meeting, we have a special thing to present to the congregation."

Monday night every member of the church was at that meeting. They had no idea what was going to be presented.

The pastor got up and said, "We have an unusual experience right here in our neighborhood. We have a lady here that tells us that there are two men who feel that we should have a sanitarium here, and they are donating the equipment, as well as the sanitarium. They wanted our people to go over there and have the dedication of this sanitarium. But we were not clear on the subject, so the conference president came over and talked to us and got our views. The Bible teacher (Elder Stevens), the pastor of the Union College Church (Elder House), and the president of Union College (P.L. Thompson) had been called together to consider this proposition which had been presented.

"We used to have a sanitarium here in Lincoln, Nebraska, near Union College. Even though it was closed up, these people think that we should get it organized again. That we should start up the sanitarium work again, similar to what they did in Battle Creek years ago. But, after we discussed it together (the three of us and a group of others), we decided that we have Ellen G. White to tell us what we are to do. And we have no business listening to other people coming to give us any information about the health work."

They were trying to excuse why they had rejected this opportunity.

But they had forgotten the experience they had in 1898, when the Lord gave a message to Sister White with instructions to work with Dr. Kellogg; and, that we, as a people, are to do this work. And most of the people there, at that time, did not realize what was meant about the medical missionary workers doing the long neglected work at Battle Creek.

When Dr. Kellogg and Mrs. White gave that message to the leading ministers and the General Conference president, O.A. Olsen, they could not see the light in it. As a result, the church, as a whole, did not see the light in it either. So, they rejected that message. You will read this story in *8 Testimonies*, pp. 70-75.

That left a very bad effect on Dr. Kellogg because he felt that he was doing the Lord's work, but that he had been completely rejected. Then he went into pantheism after that. He felt that the whole General Conference had rejected the message that he tried so hard to emphasize. And a great crisis took place then.

At this time, Dr. Kellogg and Mrs. White were both disappointed. Mrs. White was in Australia, and she heard what had happened at this meeting. But the worst thing that happened did not occur when this meeting took place, but afterward. The leaders of the conference decided that it was best to have the medical missionary work entirely turned over to Kellogg. They did not want to have a part in it, and felt that Kellogg was going too far with the medical missionary work.

For many years, Kellogg had been correct. Sister White said, that if there ever was a converted man, it was Kellogg after 1888. Up to this time, he had been very, very faithful. He would read the Spirit of Prophecy to his medical students and nurses by the hour, with tears—for three decades. There were times when Sister White had to correct him; but, later he was beginning to get shaky about the opposition to himself that had been increasing from the very start of his work. After the church completely rejected this message, Dr. Kellogg really went the opposite direction of his previous behavior. He started to work with lawyers to gain the medical department under his own control.

After this meeting, the General Conference decided, "Well, we might as well let Dr. Kellogg have his own way. And we'll let him take over the medical association." The General Conference president and the leaders were all in favor of it. And they called it the *International Medical Missionary Benevolent Association*. Sister White was in Australia at this time, and the Lord showed her what was going on. She wrote a very strong letter to O.A. Olsen and the brethren, and described what happened as terrible. This was the turning point in Dr. Kellogg's life. He lost his bearing, went into the fog, and did not know what he was doing. He lost his balance because it seemed to him that the brethren were all against him. So, after this experience during 1898, he felt completely rejected.

And he said, "I am through. I have to do this work all alone."

So he went overboard, and did exactly what the Lord forbade the medical work to do. The

medical work was not to become the head any more than the body was to be the head. And the last call to the supper could never be completed until they worked together as a complete whole. One without the other was completely valueless. To a great extent, the separation of the benevolent work and the medical ministry took place then.

That other angel of Revelation 18 took his flight back to heaven. The Seventh-day Adventist people would have to wander in the wilderness of sin like the children of Israel many more years because of their rejection of this important message. So Mrs. White told them that another messenger would come with the last call message to the supper.

Chapter 26

You will recall that Lillian had been dedicated to God as an infant. But Satan next tried to destroy her ability to be used for the work. A man named Carpenter told Lillian he wanted to marry her. She declined, and he threatened to kill her if she did not do so. Lillian, 18 or 19 at the time, erred: She agreed to marry him. She told me later she was afraid of him, and that is why she did it.

Her name now was Lillian Carpenter, and the next two years were simply terrible. During this time, he did try to kill her, but God protected her.

Shortly after the birth of her child, Hazel, Lillian obtained a divorce.

When her daughter was 10 years old, Lillian had an opportunity to go to Broadview College. A minister who had earlier put money into the building of the college told Lillian that she could use the \$1,000, he had invested in the college, for her and her daughter's tuition.

During the two or three years she was there, Lillian went with other students to help Dr. David Paulson at his Hinsdale Sanitarium, which was only about 6 miles away. He practiced natural healing, helped unwed mothers, and carried on several other lines of benevolent work. This opportunity provided Lillian with a rich education in natural healing and benevolent work.

While at Broadview, Lillian worked at scrub-

bing floors and laundry work to help meet her room and board expenses.

One day, in late 1927 (Lillian was 36 by then), while scrubbing a floor all alone, *she heard a voice telling her to go to Lincoln and give the Supper Call Message of 8 Testimonies, p. 133, to the ministers.*

It is significant that the next year, 1928, would be 40 years after 1888. It was time for that good benevolent work be again taken up and carried by our people everywhere.

It is also of interest that others recognized that 1928 might somehow be important. Could the 40 years in the wilderness, since 1888, be nearing its end? At about that time, Elder Arthur Daniells, former General Conference president, and Elder Mead McGuire wrote articles in the *Review* about this.

With the same theme in mind, Elder Taylor G. Bunch, wrote *The Exodus in Type and Antitype*, on the same subject, predicting that 1928 was the year to start doing things right.

Lillian believed that the call she received was a true message from God, and I believe it too. Her life and work attested to the genuineness of her message.

It was not an easy thing to go to Lincoln and tell the leaders of our work there what they were supposed to do. But Lillian did it. When she did, they told her, they would think about it.

But, after she left, they decided to tell the people she must be crazy.

Lillian claimed that this was the message the Lord brought to her at this time. The people in Lincoln, Nebraska, were to take hold of it.

The sanitarium in Battle Creek had been seven times too large. And they were supposed to have the work distributed in many small places instead of a few large Jerusalem centers. Too much pride, selfishness, and self-exaltation would result from such large groups together in one place.

Our people, in Lincoln, Nebraska, were supposed to take hold of this message when they were given opportunity to re-establish the sanitarium once more. Mrs. White told us, in *8 Testimonies, pp. 134-135*, that Lincoln, Nebraska, was supposed to be one of those centers, to do the neglected work in different places.

It was decided that the best way to stop all

thoughts about such an idea as starting a medical-benevolent work in the area, would be to call a big meeting at the church. When the people learned what the leaders thought about it, they would give it no more attention.

So at this 7 o'clock meeting, they said there was a lady in the neighborhood who claimed the church was supposed to start a medical, health, benevolent work in the area. But, they said, the leaders saw no light in it. It was intimated that the woman must be crazy. Then the meeting was dismissed. The people did not know what to think.

The leaders next decided that the best solution to the problem—was to put the troublemaker out of the way.

It was decided to have a family member and a medical doctor sign to have her committed to an insane asylum. Several ministers went down to see Lillian's mother—to have her sign this statement to have her daughter put into an insane asylum. When they got there, they gave her a misconstrued story.

"We heard that your daughter has been ill with kidney trouble, and she has suffered a lot of pain."

And she did have a lot of pain at the time. So they told the mother that the church was willing to have Lillian given treatments in the hospital. And she would have to sign her name to give them permission to put her in the hospital to get treatments for her kidney trouble that she had been having. So, of course, the mother believed their story.

And she said, "Well, I am so glad that you are taking an interest in my daughter. We are so poor, and we have no funds to put her in a hospital or sanitarium for treatments. It is so kind of you brethren to come here and get permission to put her in the hospital and pay her expenses." So she signed her name, thinking that she was signing her name for her daughter to be hospitalized for that purpose.

But they also had to have a doctor's signature to have her committed. So they went to Dr. Lovill, and asked him to sign the papers to have Lillian put into the insane asylum.

He replied, "I am sorry, brethren, but I cannot do that. I have known Lillian since she was a young girl, and I cannot sign those papers to have her put into the insane asylum. She is not insane, and I will not sign the papers for this."

So the brethren were very upset about this.

They went back and called the General Conference concerning this. And the General Conference men were of the same opinion as the conference leaders in Lincoln, Nebraska. It was agreed that Lillian must be a false prophet having hallucinations. This must not continue.

So another group of men went back to talk to Dr. Lovill again.

And he said, "Over my dead body will I sign this paper."

And they stayed long enough, until he was ready to tell them to get out of the office. He got tired of talking to them.

Finally Dr. Lovill said, "Seeing that you brethren are not going to leave, I am going to sign this paper, but the blood is on you. I do not agree with this thing that you are trying to do to Lillian."

So they had his signature, and they agreed to take her to the insane asylum.

That night, the Lord gave Lillian a dream that three policemen were coming in a police car to pick her up, and that the Lord would release her in 40 days. And God would be with her. This was a test to the church. She woke up, and was very much alarmed about this dream that she had. Her parents were very, very shook-up. Her mother began to cry, and her father had tears running down his cheeks.

Lillian looked out of the big window in the front room, and said, "Here is the car and the three policemen. They are here, right in front of the house."

And she saw them getting out of the car, walking one behind another, coming toward the front steps.

She said, "Sure enough! The front man has a straight jacket. I was told that one of them would have a straight jacket to tie me, and he is the first one in the row."

They came up to the porch and knocked at the door, and Lillian answered it.

They said, "We are looking for Lillian Carpenter."

She said, "I am Lillian."

The man who was carrying the straight jacket looked at the others and said, "I do not think we need a straight jacket."

The police said, "We have come to take you away to the hospital, and you are to come with us."

She said, "Well, if you give me a few minutes time, I will go get my coat and hat, and I will go with you."

And they watched her very closely to be sure that she would come back. Then she told her parents good-bye. They were shook-up and distressed over the situation.

Lillian rode in the front seat of the police car, and her father followed them down the street, crying, "My Lilly, my Lilly, my Lilly."

Very soon, they were far in the distance. He could not keep up with them, and went back in the house and to bed. The elderly man never got out of bed all the time Lillian was gone.

Arriving at the state hospital, they took her into the room where the judge was. The judge was suppose to give her a hearing. Some of those people who had reported her to the authorities, to take her into the state hospital, were also in this meeting. After he had asked Lillian several questions, she answered them rationally. So he turned to the other men who were influential in bringing her in, and asked them a question.

He said, "We have talked to Lillian, just now. And she has answered the questions very rationally. We cannot see that she has any problem of being insane. Now could you tell us anything about this lady? Has she been violent? Has she done strange things?"

They said, "Well, she has hallucinations. And she has done things that were not right, and we feel that we had to take matters in our own hands. We had to report her to the insane asylum, and we want you to observe her to see what can be done with her."

He turned to Lillian, "Is there anything you can tell us about these men that are here?"

So Lillian spoke up, and quoted a statement from the Bible about the Pharisees and the hypocrites. And then the judge threw back his head and roared with laughter.

He turned to the men, "Well since you brought her here and the doctor and the mother signed those papers, there must have been something that she has done. We will keep her here for observation, and we will let you know what we find."

The year was 1928, in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Chapter 27

She was taken into one of the worst treatment places they could take her—a place where

there were insane people. She spent a whole night with them in a big ward, with the most violent insane people in the place. She did not get a wink of sleep all night. The patients actually hit each other over the head. She said it was a madhouse. In the morning, she sat in her chair and read her *Desire of Ages* that she had brought along with her from home. That morning, she was reading about the crucifixion of Christ.

Soon one of the inmates came over and said, "What are you reading about? Are you reading a book?"

"I am reading about Jesus."

"Well, we want to hear about Jesus too. Please read to us, and tell all about Jesus."

And she called over to the other insane people, "Please come over here. Here is a person. She reads about Jesus. Let's all come over here, and she can tell us about Jesus. We need Jesus so bad."

Lillian read to them about Jesus. And the whole ward became so quiet that you could hear a pin drop. And Lillian said that she actually had a prayer service with these most violent people that had acted up all night long. You would not believe how quiet they all became. Everyone expressed their appreciation and prayed.

One of them spoke up and said, "How come they brought you in here? We know why some of us are crazy. We are as crazy as bats. But why did they bring you in here? You are not crazy."

Then the nurse came in, and said, "Lillian, we got orders that you have to take exercise. And everybody that comes in here has to take orders from the doctor. We have got orders from the doctor that you are to roll these heavy rollers."

They were big balls, filled with water and handles on the side.

"You are suppose to push these rollers for at least an hour or more for exercise."

Lillian spoke up and said, "I cannot do that. I have a very bad kidney. If I would do that, I would suffer intense pain, agony. Please excuse me from this."

The nurse said, "You have to take orders from the doctor. You have to do this."

And they forced her to do it. The nurse came again the next morning for exercise.

And Lillian said, "Please, do not force me to do this again. The pain is so severe when I push this ball. It is like a knife cutting me in my abdomen."

She was told, "I am sorry. This is orders, and

you have got to do this." And they forced her again.

Poor Lillian. The pain got worse every day. She counted the days, reminding herself that in 40 days she would be delivered. The end of the 40 days was getting closer.

Then Dr. King, the head doctor of the institution, came in to visit her.

He said, "Are you Lillian Carpenter?"

And she said, "Yes. Please, Doctor, release me from this terrible pain that I have had to go through by pushing these balls that are full of water."

So the doctor examined her.

Then he said to the nurse, "Please get this woman ready for surgery. She is at the point of death." And he yelled at the nurses. "Get her ready, now. Hurry and get her into surgery."

And the nurses rushed like mad to get her ready, and took her in to the surgery room. The doctor came in with his instruments to operate on her.

Then he said, "Would you bring those people who brought Lillian into the institution in here? I want them to witness this operation."

I cannot remember what happened at that moment, whether they could reach those church leaders or not. But they did operate on her.

When he opened her up, the nurses were all around him.

And he said, "Do you see? The right kidney has completely dropped off. She has no kidney there anymore."

When he turned over to the left kidney, he said that one was just floating. In a few days, that kidney would have also dropped off. And she would have been dead. "Do you see what happened here? This woman should have been taken to a hospital and taken care of. Why was she brought to a madhouse with the craziest of the crazies, and then made to push these heavy rollers? She is at the point of death, and I do not expect this woman to come out of this. Now nurses, please take her to the intensive care. Let me know as soon as she wakes up. As soon as there is a change, call me immediately."

So she was taken to the intensive care. She was still under ether, and was listening. But she opened her eyes an hour and a half later. The nurses were all around her.

And they said, "Do you have any pain?"

"No."

"How do you feel?"

“Fine.”

“You have no pain at all?”

“No. I do not have any pain.”

And he told the nurses to keep her in the intensive care for ten days. So the nurses kept her for ten days. And she got better, sat up, and had a good appetite.

She said, “When can I go home?”

She was told, “You have to stay here ten more days.”

Chapter 28

Then Mr. Andrews came to the mental institution, right into the doctor’s office, and he said, “I am Mr. R.C. Andrews. And I have come here to get Lillian Carpenter.”

And the doctor spoke up and said, “I am so glad that you came. With great pleasure, I am going to release her to you. I am so sorry that she was taken to the wrong place. She should have never been here in the first place. She should have been in the hospital. She needed medical care, not mental care. There is nothing wrong with her head. I am sorry. With great pleasure, we are giving her back to you.”

He went into the room, and found Lillian sleeping on the bed.

He said, “Lilly, Mr. R.C. Andrews has come to take you home.”

And she said, “Oh, thank God.”

She got up, dressed herself, put her coat on, and walked out. He took her to her parents’ home; they knew that she was on her way home, and were preparing for her arrival. What great joy was in their hearts as they looked out the window, waiting for their daughter!

When she got inside the house, Father said, “My Lilly, my Lilly. Thank God, you are home. We wish that you would stay home forever.”

Then Mother spoke up, “I have been praying every day for you Lillian. The day is coming that I will be taken away; I will not be with you much longer. My prayer is that God will be with you every day.”

It was a happy reunion. They were home together for two days.

Some time later Lillian said, “The Lord gave me a dream during the night. He asked me to

write a letter to each of the three main people at Union College: the pastor of the Union College Church, Elder Howse; the Bible teacher of Union College, Elder Stevens; and the president of Union College, P.L. Thompson.

In this letter, she wrote:

“Dear Pastor Howse, Elder Stevens, and President Thompson,

“The Lord has instructed me during the night that you need to come to the state hospital and clear my record. They have found me innocent. It is up to you now to clear my record. If you do not clear my record, the wrath of God will be upon you.” (*Signed*) Lillian Carpenter.

Each man received his letter, and read the message. Two of the men—Howse and Stevens—answered her letter.

This is what they said:

“If you will not keep quiet, we are going to put you back in the same insane asylum.”

In a few days, she learned that Elder Howse had committed suicide. Elder Stevens completely lost his mind, was taken to the insane asylum, and died in three days. P.L. Thompson resigned from his position as president of Union College and left, nevermore to return. He went to an outside theological school, and became president there. But he mentioned, in a letter, that he was not guilty of placing Lillian in the insane asylum.

Lillian was very sad. They could have cleared her record. The Lord could have saved them at the latest hour, but they were too proud. And worse, the rumor was that Elder Howse was having an affair with a woman that ran a beer parlor at the time of his suicide. That left a terrible impression on everyone.

At about that time, my husband and I had gone to Broadview College. I cannot remember the exact month or day that the following happened, but Professor Stein, of Broadview College, spoke to all the students in the chapel.

He said, “I have a sad announcement to make. President P.L. Thompson has resigned from his position and left Union College. Union College is left without a president.”

Just at that time, Lillian was with her parents, recuperating at home.

Then, one day, Mrs. Andrews came to visit Lillian. She was very excited.

“Lillian, please come to my home. My 17-year-old daughter is very, very sick. We want you

to come and pray for her.”

“I am very glad to go over and see her,” she said. She got her coat, went out to the car, and drove over with them to the Andrews’ home. When she went into the room of Mrs. Andrews’ daughter, she realized that she was a very sick girl.

Immediately, she said to Mrs. Andrews, “You need to get a doctor right away, without fail. She is dying.”

Mrs. Andrews immediately called Dr. Lovill. He came to the house as quickly as he could. As he opened the door to the room, they saw that he was the same doctor who had signed the papers to put Lillian in the insane asylum some time before. Seeing Lillian in the room, Dr. Lovill became very flustered.

After seeing the sick girl, he asked Mrs. Andrews to boil a teakettle of water on the stove. He told them that the girl’s appendix was in bad shape; she had appendicitis. Usually ice packs were part of the treatment that was to be used on the abdomen for this condition. But Lovill did just the opposite!

Dr. Lovill was startled, for he did not know that Lillian was no longer a patient in the insane asylum. When he asked Mrs. Andrews to boil a teakettle on the stove and give it to him, she did not realize what he wanted it for.

Evidently, he was too nervous to realize, at that moment, what he was doing. Instead of adding ice, he gave that girl an enema with that boiling water that Mrs. Andrews gave him.

That girl screamed at the top of her voice; they could hear her way down the street. And she died very shortly afterward. Of course, the family felt very, very sad.

The day of the funeral, the preacher gave a good sermon and tried to comfort her parents. They also had a service by her grave, in the cemetery. When the people dispersed after the gravesite service, Lillian and the Andrews left too. Just as they were ready to get into the car to go home, two policemen came along.

They grabbed the arm of Lillian and said, “We have orders to take you with us.”

Then Andrews spoke up and said, “What is going on here? What are you trying to do with Lillian?”

“Well, we are just obeying orders from the authorities, to pick her up. So we have to take her.”

“Where are you taking her to?”

“We are taking her to the hospital.”

Andrews looked at his wife, and said “We have got to know where they are taking her to. And we will follow the police, and find out what in the world is happening.”

They followed the police, and sure enough they turned in at the state hospital.

Andrews said, “Just look at that. The doctors released her, and said that they could not find anything wrong with her. And here, they want to take her back again? What in the world has happened?”

So he followed them into the insane asylum. He approached the nurses and the other people that took care of her.

They said, “Will you please tell us, in no uncertain words, why are you bringing Lillian back here again?”

The authorities said, “Well, we have received information from certain reliable people at Union College, in Lincoln, Nebraska, that she killed a girl out there. And that girl was buried this afternoon.”

Andrews spoke up and said, “Why that was my wife’s and my daughter that we buried. And Lillian did not kill her! It was Dr. Lovill who killed her.”

“Well, we better investigate what this is all about.”

They kept talking, and R.C. Andrews said, “You go and speak to Dr. Lovill, and ask him why he killed her.”

So they said, “Well, if that is the case, you better take Lillian home. We will dismiss her, and investigate this case.”

The Andrews family took her home, and that is the last they heard, from the hospital, of Lillian being a man slaughterer.

But, within just a few weeks, the word had spread all over Lincoln, Nebraska, that the people should stay away from Lillian, and have nothing to do with her—because she was a man slaughterer.

The president of the conference warned all the people in the Nebraska Conference, about this dangerous woman who was a man slaughterer.

Chapter 29

In 1940 my husband and I arrived in Lincoln, Nebraska.

When my landlady saw that Lillian and I were quite friendly, she tried to warn me to have nothing to do with her.

I said, "What did she do?"

My landlady told me that she killed a lady. So I went back to Lillian and told her what this lady had said to me about her.

Lillian told me, "This rumor is deeply ingrained in the area of Union College, and I want you to get the story straight from R.C. Andrews, his wife, and the lawyer."

Andrews came over to visit her, and I had an interview with them. They told me the whole story. So I found out through their family that what Lillian had told me was true. I was across the street from Lillian's house, and she would often come over when I was not feeling well.

She said, "You need some of these treatments that the doctors originated in Battle Creek. And I happen to have some of those instruments that were offered to us at the time when the doctor in Fullerton offered the sanitarium and R.C. Andrews donated the steam cabinets for the work. I have one of those steam cabinets in my basement."

I had been sick for some time. The next day, I felt very badly. I remember fainting, so Lillian came over. She gave me those treatments in the Battle Creek steam cabinet in the basement of her home. It was almost like a casket. You sat in it, with the cover closed and your head sticking out at the top. There were electric bulbs inside. The steam comes up to bring out all the poisons out of your body. I also had a wash cloth on my forehead.

It seemed to me that I was a new person when she was through with the treatment. Then she told me how they gave this treatment to the smokers, when they put them in these cabinets. That nicotine would just come right out of their body in green, yellowish stuff running down their arms.

Then she said, "These kinds of treatments that were given in Battle Creek were supposed to be started in six or seven different small places, not big places. And they were to be located outside the cities. One was supposed to be erected near Lincoln, Nebraska. Battle Creek had been too large, and its first sanitarium had burned down."

I got the story from her firsthand, and was

very much impressed with what she was doing. I watched every move she made, very closely. I wanted to know what kind of a character she had. I was very concerned, after I met Lillian, as to the story that I heard from different ones—a different story from each. I was not able to relate all the pieces of the story. So I decided to see for myself. I did not want to accept any false message from any messenger, no matter who it was. I realized that we have to be very careful in the day that we are living in because Sister White has warned us over and over again about false prophets. But she warned us, in many ways, that we must be careful how we treat a messenger who may be sent of God. We may make the mistake of rejecting the very message that God wants us to have. So it is up to us to investigate. We will know the people by their fruits.

Lillian told me how she went house to house, helping the sick and giving fomentations. A very wealthy but stingy man, living with his sister near Union College, buried his money in cans in the ground and even kept it in his closet. He also had guns in his closet. Lillian heard about the sister who very ill. No one went to see this lady or did anything for her, but Lillian was concerned about her. One day, she went to see her; maybe she could help her in some way.

This wealthy man answered the door, and said, "How do you do? Is there anything that you want to see us about?"

So she said, "I heard that your sister was very sick. I thought I would come here and give her a good meal and see how she is getting along in the bed. Maybe she needs a bath or the linens on her bed changed."

He said, "Well, you are the first person that ever came around and tried to help my sister. And she surely does need help. I call this religion. Come in."

He took her to his sister, in bed. Her bad shape in bed indicated that she probably had not used the toilet for a whole week.

Lillian said to the man, "Do you have a wash basin with warm water? Do you have clean linen? Does your sister have clean nightgowns and clothes?"

"Why, of course."

So he went to the closet and brought her clean linen, clean towels, and a wash basin. She cleaned her up from top to bottom, cleaned up her bed and gave her a good bath.

Then she came out and said, "I believe that

your sister needs a good bowl of soup. Will you help me make it, along with good drinks such as soy milk and grape juice?"

The woman felt so much better after Lillian fixed a nice meal for her. She looked so refreshed in bed.

"Now why have not the students at Union College come here before and tried to help my sister?"

The health of this lady improved after that. Lillian would often go over there, bring her extra food, and help her as much as she could. But there was a big turning point in this lady's life. She had a certain illness that changed for the worst. So she had to be taken to the hospital.

When she got to the hospital, her brother said, "I am not going to allow anyone to care of my sister. The only one that I will allow to go in there and take care of her is Lillian Carpenter."

He promised to give her good money, but she was not concerned at all about that. Lillian went over to the hospital and took care of this lady. The doctor predicted that she would not live very many more days. But Lillian stayed there till the very last. And when she died, her brother became very sick after that. He was at home.

Then he wanted to send for Lillian to come there and take care of him. But Lillian would not go over there; instead, she asked a male nurse to go over there and take care of him. This male nurse told him about the steam cabinet that Lillian had in her basement, and that was exactly what he needed.

"How can I go over there?"

The male nurse said, "I will go with you, and take care of you over there. You need those treatments."

So he went over to Lillian's house and got the treatments. He perked up and got well.

One morning, he came to Lillian and told her, "This machine is a miracle of God. Why haven't they got more things like that in the other sanitariums? Why don't they use these kinds of treatments?"

Lillian said, "Well, Sister Kenny, a nurse in Australia, accepted this kind of a treatment and used it for the polio patients. She became famous all over the world through this kind of treatment that she gave to the people. I cannot tell you why the Seventh-day Adventists have ever dropped this kind of work. When Dr. Kellogg was with us, he became world famous. Now you cannot find these kinds of treatments anymore."

He was very happy.

One day he came and said, "I had a dream last night. It bothers me. An angel came to my bed, and told me I should use the money that I had buried under my trees and kept in my closet. I am a very wealthy man. And that angel told me that I should give that money for a sanitarium for the sick people, the poor, and the needy. I am suppose to give it to you, and have a group of people get together and start a hospital that will do the kind of work that we have right here. I am going to do that. I am going to give you the money. You get a group of church people together, and you get this work started. We need that work. It could have save my sister's life. She would not have to be buried in that graveyard over there, if she had treatments like this."

He was all excited about it. But, all his life, he had been a very stingy man. After awhile, he got well.

"But," he said, "Lillian, if my niece ever comes to your door, do not ever let her come in. She knows something about my money. If she finds out where I am, do not ever let her in the door because she will come in, steal my money, and take it away from me."

When he woke up another morning, he was sorry that he made that promise to give that money.

He said, "Well, I think I will go home. I will use the money for myself."

The very next day, his niece came to the door. And Lillian had been told not to let her in. But somebody had told her that her uncle was there, and she just opened the door and walked in. She did not wait for Lillian to push her out and tell her not to come in.

She said, "Where is my uncle?"

And she went down in the basement and found him. Was he scared when he saw his niece!

He said to Lillian, "How come she got in the house?"

The very next morning, three policemen walked into her house. They got a hold of him, bound his hands and his feet, carried him out into the police car, and drove off with him.

They took him to the insane asylum, and he screamed and screamed, "Do not take me in there."

He died shortly after they took him there. So Lillian compared that man to the rich young ruler in the Bible. He was a miser, very stingy. And he regretted his decision for the poor and the needy.

God could not bless that man. The Lord speaks to the stingy people who do not want to give up their money. He wants them to give it up. If they do not, they can experience the wrath of God. This happened during November.

Do you know what happened when the church people and the ministers found out that I was friendly with Lillian? They came to my husband, and talked to him. And they did everything they could to turn him against me. They were afraid that I was going to learn information about them that they did not want people to know about. They threatened him. If his wife was going to continue her friendship with Lillian, then my husband should take things in his own hands and put me in an insane asylum. They were going to help him, and I found out what was happening. It was in August when this happened. I knew that it was time for me to make a move.

Mrs. Hartman, my music teacher from Plainview Academy, and her husband, Professor Hartman, were at Union College as faculty members. One Sabbath, Mrs. Hartman asked me to sing for the 11 o'clock church service. I sang the song that the angels sang when Christ went back to heaven—at the ascension. That was the same song sung when King David and the people took the ark to Jerusalem. The redeemed will sing that song again when Christ returns at His second coming, to take us to heaven. It was Psalm 24. Mrs. Hartman played that song to accompany me as I sang. It was one of my favorite songs, and I am very sorry that I never had it on record.

By this time, we moved into an upstairs apartment about two blocks from the church. As we passed Elder Lickey and his wife's home, on our walk back to our home after church, she was out on the porch.

When she saw us pass her house, she called out, "Oh, Leah, I want to talk to you. I cannot tell you, in words, how much I enjoyed that song that you sang. I have never heard anyone sing that song before you sang it. It was the most beautiful song that I have ever heard. Please tell me where I can get that song."

I stopped to tell her that it was sheet music that she would have to get at the music store, since it was not found in any songbook. Frank Lynes was the composer. I gave her the address of the music store where she could get it. But, in the meantime, my husband got very impatient. He did not like it when people were nice to me

or complemented me on the song that I sang. Ever since we lived in Lodi, he never wanted me to sing at anytime. From then on, he wanted me to always be quiet.

So he took hold of my daughter's hand and said, "Let's go home."

I had to stay longer with Mrs. Licky, and I came home late. As I made my way up the outside stairway to our upstairs apartment and came in, my husband was behind the door. He doubled up his fist, hit me on my jaw, almost breaking it. I almost went tumbling down the stairs. That could have broken my neck. I thought my whole jaw was broken when he hit me. I tried to doctor my jaw, but it was so bad that I could not eat, sleep, or do anything for two weeks.

Then I said to my husband, "This is it."

And he knew what I meant. But I had no money to go to my parents or to any of my friends to get away. I did not know where to go. It was 1942. I was 35 and Violet was 11.

Chapter 30

I wrote a letter to my father. They had just sold their little house, and gone to the old peoples' home. Mother had been very sick for sometime, and they could not take care of themselves. All that they had left after they sold the little house was just enough to pay for their funeral expenses. They were getting \$100.00 state pension and \$10.00 payments to take care of their needs for a month. I had not been notified of these changes in their lives at this time. They had been talking about it, but I had not heard that they finally did this.

I said to my father in the letter, "Will you please send me a ticket to come home? And be sure to send another ticket for my daughter. I need to come home."

I did not hear anything for several weeks, and I was disappointed. But my father did get the letter. He said to Mother, "Now what shall we do? Leah is in trouble."

I did not tell them why, nothing.

He said, "We have got to help her, but we have no money except our funeral expenses. Shall I send my funeral expense to her to come home?"

And they both cried.

“What shall we do?”

I waited three weeks, four weeks, five weeks; I did not hear anything. And I wondered if my father got my letter. I told him not to send the tickets to me personally or to our address, but send it to a neighbor woman that I knew very well. She was a good friend to me. One day, that neighbor woman came over and told me that she had a letter from my father to give to me. I had been waiting so long. I had everything ready to go home. I packed one suitcase with my clothes and one suitcase for my daughter’s. And we were waiting. I opened the letter, when I got it.

Sure enough! There were two tickets—for Violet and for me to come home. Philip was away that morning, but he came home at noon. The bus was ready to leave to go to Lincoln, where we had to change there and take the train to North Dakota. When my husband came home to get his dinner, I was packed and ready to go. I took almost nothing along, only Violet’s and my clothes. I did not even take a sewing machine along this time. We just walked out.

When he came home, he surmised that, if I went to my folks, that I would never come back. He had felt guilty about what he had done, but he never apologized. He got his dinner ready, but he did not eat. We did not eat either. I decided that I must take a blanket along that we might need on the trip.

My husband went away again. And we went to the bus station with our tickets. We had to go through Lincoln. I was very sick at the time, and had a bad cold. But I had waited so long that I decided that I was going home no matter how sick I was or whether I died on the train. When I passed Prospect Street where we used to live, where Lillian was, I stopped in to see Lillian.

I was so sick with such a bad cold, I said, “Lillian, can I stay a few days here and get a treatment with your steam cabinet? I am afraid that I cannot make the trip home. And I fear that my husband may try to come by here or even see you.”

So she said, “You go upstairs and sleep up there. Then I will take you in the basement to get treatments.”

If I had not stopped there for those treatments, I never would have made the trip home. I had sent a letter on ahead to my folks, telling them of the delay in my trip. But when I was on my way home, they were waiting and waiting for

me. I had a relapse. Before we reached my parents in Goodrich, North Dakota, we got off the train in Bowden, North Dakota, where one of my sisters lived. She was two miles out of town. When we stopped at the station, it was snowing so bad that we could hardly see two feet ahead of us. They did not have a telephone, and I did not know anybody in town who could take us out to my sister’s house.

So we started to walk to her house. We had to stop every twenty minutes. We had one suitcase with us and the blanket; I left the other suitcase at the depot. We would take twenty steps at a time. The snowstorm was so bad that we had to sit on the suitcase while I wrapped the blanket around my daughter and myself in order to keep going another twenty steps or more. It took us several hours to get out to my sister’s house in that terrible storm. Finally, we arrived there.

Chapter 31

We barely got to the door, when we saw that my father was there. I wondered why he was there. When I got into the door, I was so out of breath that I fell right on the davenport, and coughed until there was no breath left in me. My father saw me laying there. He thought that I was going to die, and he cried bitterly.

He said, “Do you know why I am here in Anna’s house? I am getting ready to go to Minneapolis, where my oldest daughter is. She is dying. I had a telegram that I should go and see her, and you are here.

“Now, your husband wrote us a letter, sent by registered mail, and said that you were coming home to us. We have been waiting and waiting for you. I could not go to Minneapolis until you got here. Do you know what your husband wrote to my wife and me, at the old peoples’ home? He tells us that the preachers tell him that you have been associating with a woman that has hallucinations. She is a lunatic; she’s a hoot owl. She is a dangerous woman, a man slaughterer. And the preachers told him that he needed to put you in the insane asylum.”

The letter continued, “I am sending her to you to take care of her. You keep her; I do not want her anymore. I am going to be a good friend

to all the preachers here in Lincoln, Nebraska. She has brought a disgrace on me by talking to this woman. I want you to straighten her out. I know that you are a good man, a good father. You can take good care of her.”

My father continued, “We had three big fires. We had crop failures for years. And we lost our home. I lost my oldest son; we never found him again. And now Emma is on her deathbed. But all these sorrows put together are nothing compared to what I suffered through your husband. I thought that we had a minister in our home, and we were so happy. What has happened?”

There I was choking, and he did not think that I was going to make it. He cried, and I thought that his heart would break. It was not until morning that my cough had let up. Going through that storm almost took my life. I was laid up almost a week at my sister’s home.

He said “I want you to go to McClusky. My wife is over there in the old peoples’ home. She is so broken up because of what has happened to you. The suffering that we have gone through with you and Philip has been so great that it has almost taken our lives. If it was not for God sustaining us, we could not have lived through it. Tomorrow morning, I am leaving on the train to see Emma for the last time. But you go on to McClusky, and see your mother.”

The next morning, he left on the train. In the evening, I took the train in the opposite direction, to McClusky. I went there to see my mother. Poor little thing. She was so frail. She was shaking; she cried so bitterly.

She said, “What in the world is happening in Lincoln, Nebraska?”

“Why are the ministers putting up Philip to do such a cruel thing to you, to talk about putting you in the insane asylum?”

I stayed with Mother several days. Pretty soon, my father came back from Minneapolis. He had seen Emma.

He said, “She is dying. She did not know me anymore. But they left word that they were going to cremate her after she dies. I told them, ‘No, no. Do not cremate; send her body to McClusky. I want her buried beside myself. So when she dies, please send her casket, so we can bury her in our cemetery.’”

He left and went home. In the meantime, I went back to Goodrich, where my best friends were. I stayed with them. Their sister, Alice Fleck, had been my nurse; she had taken care of my

home for the elderly in California. She had seen everything that happened there, how Philip had persecuted me. After I went to Washington, D.C., I got the message that she had died of cancer. Just before she died, she told her two sisters who were our neighbors, “My greatest concern is for Leah.”

She had told them the story of what happened in San Jose, California, when we separated; they were prepared.

One of the sisters said, “While Alice was on her deathbed, she told us the cross that you had to bear.”

She told both of her sisters, “Someday you will have to stand by Leah, to help her. She needs help. You both take care of Leah.”

One of the girls, named Otilia, said, “Our other sister lives in California. She wants to take care of you, and make a home for you and your daughter. And now I am giving you the money for the train fare to go out to my sister’s. We have promised God that we are going to stand by you.”

Otilia happened to be in North Dakota to visit her sister, where I was then. It was just like it was planned. I went back to see my mother once more, and told her Good-bye.

My father went with me to the depot, for my trip to California. I had my ticket. Then I told my father the story about Lillian and about what my husband had written to them. My father shook his head, and said, “I thank God that I have a daughter who will stand for truth and righteousness though the heavens fall. That is the stand that I had to take with my first wife, when I became a Sabbathkeeper. And she put me out of my home. I am thankful that I have a daughter who would stand true through all the hardships that you have been through. And to think that you would be a friend to Lillian, who was persecuted, a true saint of God. God is going to reward you. It may take a long time. This has been going on for a long time. God will stand by you to the end.”

My mother watched me out of a window on the second floor, from where she lived. She watched me walk toward the depot. I kept looking back, and she waved and cried, as long as I could see her.

When I arrived in California, I received the news that my mother was taken to the hospital; she could not live much longer. She died on her 74th birthday. She was still a young woman. I am now 89, fifteen years older than she was. That

experience killed my mother. It almost killed my father.

So the last thing my father told me before I left, "Leah, do not ever use his name again. My name is good enough. You take your maiden name back. Do not ever use his name again."

But I did not change my name until later, after Philip had kidnapped my daughter.

Chapter 32

My trip to Valley Springs, California, took quite awhile on the train. When I arrived there, Alice's sister took me in, and gave my daughter and I a home. The next thing that I had to do was get a job to support myself and my daughter. I first began my job of working for the government while I was in Washington, D.C. I continued my job for the government, here in California. I had a ride, every morning, 40 miles to Stockton, and 40 miles back to Valley Springs. I had to get up real early in the morning. The trip every day was quite hard on me. After awhile, I had another job offered to me with low pay. It was with the Federal Housing Administration. They sold me a beautiful FHA home, a three bedroom home for \$500.00 down payment. I was very, very fortunate to have such a beautiful home, after being homeless.

My daughter said, "Mamma, I am glad that we have such a nice home. We could have never had a home like this, if we had stayed with Daddy."

While I was in Stockton at this time, my husband then came from Lincoln, Nebraska. He was determined that he was going to take my daughter away from me. It was so hard. He would come into our house, and try to make trouble. But, when he threatened those things, I felt like somebody had poured a bottle of poison right into my system. It was so hard on me. The time came when my health completely broke down. I was sick in bed with an infection in both ears, and was almost deaf. My daughter was 10 years old at this time, and was taking care of me. I had to give up my job because of my illness.

What was I going to do? I could not even make the monthly payments on my house anymore. I had to give up our home. I still had a very high

temperature. I had to get up out of bed, and pack up all my things in the house. I had to rent my house, so I would not lose it. I was afraid that I would lose my life if my condition became much worse, and I could not do anything more. I took everything out of my house, and put it in the garage.

Just before I went to my cousin's house, Philip went to Oklahoma and got married. He sent a wedding announcement, with a letter, to my daughter.

In his letter he wrote, "I hope that you and Mother are having as nice a time together as my wife and I are having on our honeymoon." Then he sent her a present: a dress.

I went to my cousin's house, John Muller, in Lodi. He had come from North Dakota. Even he was reluctant to take me into his home. He was affected, like the rest of them in Lodi, because I was a student of the Spirit of Prophecy. I was persecuted. My cousin was the only one in the whole area that was a relative to me. Since we did not have a car, a neighbor came and took us to my cousin's place in Lodi. I thought for sure he would have mercy on me and take me into his home because it is a very hard thing to be homeless under these conditions, at least until I had another job and was on my feet again. I had no place to go. My cousin had always been very proud of me in my younger days.

When I knocked at the backdoor of his house, they had just gotten home from church. When he came to answer the door, I had an ice pack on my ear because I had this terrible infection. I was standing there with my daughter, close to 10 that night.

Instead of welcoming me and asking me to come into the house, he said "What do you want here?"

He knew that I had been sick.

I said, "I am homeless. We have no place to go."

"Well," he said, "Come in and sit down. We are just eating a little snack. We just had word that your mother is very sick. She is going to die, and I know that you will never see her again. We are going to North Dakota, only a few miles from your folks. But we cannot take you along."

I said, "Why?"

"Well, you have not got enough money to pay us."

I said, "How much money do you want?"

He said, "I am going to town to get my crop off from the farm. And I will have more money from my crop than you will have the rest of your life."

He would not give me or my child a home.

Who is willing to give a home to the homeless? The Lord has allowed me to go through these things so that I can tell others what is happening in our church about making homes for the homeless. My heart was heavy. Violet was sitting there, her heart very sad. She was ready to break into tears.

She cried, "Mother, we have no home. Where are we going to stay tonight? Where are we going to live?"

John stood there and said, "You know your trouble is that you are studying the Spirit of Prophecy. If you would just drop that foolishness, you would not have all the trouble that you have. That is the whole thing."

He showed no mercy. It was getting late, and they were going to bed.

He said, "Where are you going to sleep? I have two empty rooms. And, tomorrow morning, we are going to North Dakota. We will see your mother. She is on her death bed."

My daughter and I received a telegram stating that, if we wanted to see Mother once more, we should come.

I said to him, "Aren't you willing to take me and Violet up to see my mother for the last time?"

He said "No, why should I? You are poor right now. Why should I help you? It is not my business to support you."

That experience showed me how unmerciful many people are toward those who have to suffer as a consequence of their faithfulness to the Lord. I tried my best to portray that message to such people, by making homes for the homeless. But everywhere I ran into such coldness, like icebergs, from people who seemed to have enough in life. These people had no love for anybody who needed them. This happened in Lodi, California—with one of the richest Seventh-day Adventist churches in the United States.

We finally went to sleep. He did not offer us a bed in a nice bedroom though. I slept on the front porch on a cot. I could not help but shed tears when I was on that front porch.

Soon John came to the door. He heard me sobbing: I was feeling pretty bad.

He said, "Leah, what are you bawling about?" I could not speak.

But he continued, "You know what you need? A good whipping. If you would only drop reading the Spirit of Prophecy, you would not have this trouble."

We had a little breakfast that morning. They were getting ready to leave.

I asked him, "Would you let Violet and I sleep on the front porch until I get a job?"

He said, "No!"

His wife spoke up, "If we let you stay here and the house burns up, we would not get fire insurance. We cannot let you stay here."

They left the house empty of other people, and went out to the car to leave. And Violet and I stood on the street. No place to go. No home. They would not allow us to stay in the house.

He said, "Well, we have to say good-bye to you. I am sorry that we cannot take you along. We cannot do anything to help you."

As they drove off, I waved good-bye. Here was my ride to go and visit my mother for the last time. Now how am I going to get a job? Where are we going from here? We were on the street. Finally, a lady came along, Mrs. Sarah Beets. She saw us standing on the street.

She said, "Leah, what are you doing here?"

"I have mastoiditis on my ear. I had to give up my job and my home. I came here to see my cousin, John, and his wife. I thought they would let me stay here. Since they were leaving, maybe they would let me stay in their home until I got better and found a job elsewhere."

So she said, "What are you going to do then?"

I said, "Well, I want to go into town and find a job at the employment agency."

"How are you going to find a job, since you are too sick to work? Jump in my car, and I will take you to the employment agency."

Chapter 33

At the employment agency, I was asked different questions. But I told them that I wanted a job where I could take my own little daughter along with me. The man who interviewed me thought he had a good job that would interest me.

An elderly lady would need someone to take care of her at home when she came home from

the hospital in a week or so. She wanted someone to clean up her house, and get everything ready for her to come home. She would pay me \$100.00 a month, and would not mind if I took my daughter along with me. I went to see the lady in the hospital. She seemed to be happy. So I took the job; it was a way out.

A week later, I was phoned, saying that the lady was not ready to come home yet. But she wanted me to stay right there in her home. I would be paid expenses to cover my food and everything I needed—\$100.00 a month.

Another week passed, and we got another telephone call saying that she had died. But her family wanted me to clean up that big house and get it ready for the funeral that they were going to have there, in her own home. Many of her friends came the day of her funeral. The casket was put in the front room. After the nice little funeral, they took her to the cemetery.

A day or two afterward, I had another phone call. This time it was from the courthouse. And I was asked to stay another month to keep the house in order until a settlement was made to sell it and get rid of it. Staying there was a great blessing to me, a haven of rest that I needed very much. We had a home, food, everything we needed.

While we were there at this home, a neighbor lady came, and said, "Have you ever heard of the children's home in Stockton. They have 60 homeless children that they care for there. Why don't you go over there? I think this is a job you can take and keep your daughter with you. You can have a home there, and you will get some experience in operating a children's home."

I went over there, and asked for a job and if I could take my daughter with me.

"Well," the lady said, "we can give you a job with \$50.00 a month. You can keep your daughter here."

I still was not strong enough to hold a good job; I had just gotten over my deafness. My ears rang like a teakettle for weeks and weeks. But I was very, very glad to have the experience of this job at the children's home. I worked there in every single department as a relief person. Finally, I started a children's choir; the children were so happy. All 60 children who were there in the home wanted to be in the choir. I took them out in the yard, and gave them breathing exercises. The next thing that the children wanted to do was to go to my church, the Seventh-day

Adventist Church. The superintendent got mad at me.

She said, "You are winning our children away from us, and you had better leave."

I told her that I had not told the children anything; they just wanted to come on their own accord. The lady of the children's home was very hard on the children. She did not have much mercy on them.

"Leah, why don't you start a children's home? We will all come over there and work for you."

That strengthened my thoughts about my having a children's home. I thought, someday I want to have a children's home. My heart almost broke as I witnessed those children coming into that home, with sad experiences. Many of them were homeless and their parents did not want them. I was deeply touched; I wished that I could help everyone of them. I learned a lot of things by working there which gave me ideas about running my own children's home.

From the children's home, I went to Glendale where I had a good job offered to me. While I was there, I was offered another job at the Modesto Union Academy—to teach music, take charge of the choir, and to work in the office. But I should not have done that. I should have stayed in Glendale, where I was happy. We had just moved down there.

But I worked in Modesto Union Academy a year. We had 45 voices in the choir at the academy. By the end of the year, I was very tired and so homesick for my parents. It was 1943.

Chapter 34

I wanted to go back to North Dakota and start a children's home there. My father was still alive. While there, I just made temporary stops here and there because I was homeless. I mainly went East to get away from everybody because I was threatened all the time, about having my daughter taken away from me. I went to help my father; he was homeless after my mother's death. There were quite a few homeless Adventists there. While I was there, I had a telegram from Battle Creek, Michigan.

"We heard that you were trying to do something for the homeless children, and you are in-

terested in the Haskell orphan home that they had at one time. We will help you with your fare coming here.”

So I went on the train to Battle Creek, and met some of the doctors there. They took me around, especially to the spot where the old Haskell home had burned down. They showed me the school that was practically destroyed, the college that they used to have there, the big sanitarium, and the Kellogg orphanage home. I was very much intrigued with everything that I saw.

On the way out there, I had a little boy that was turned over to me, to take to Battle Creek. His mother died when he was young, and his grandmother took care of him. But she could not handle him. I was told to take him to Battle Creek and find a home for him; surely, most anyone there would be willing to give this little boy a home. I asked the minister if someone there would take him in and give this homeless lad a home. And he said that he did not know of anybody.

“Well,” he said, “they used to have lots of homeless children here, and they found lots of homes for them.”

I found out that no one—in all of Battle Creek—was interested in giving this little boy a home. Was I disappointed! Finally, I gave a program with the little children in a certain church not too far from Battle Creek.

When I told the assembled people about the Haskell orphanage, they were so surprised. They seemed not to know anything about Battle Creek ever having had an orphanage. They gave me \$40.00 for the musical program, that we gave, with the children participating.

I had been looking for a home for this little boy for weeks; I could not leave Battle Creek until I found a home for him. After the program, I asked an elderly couple with three empty bedrooms if they could take care of the boy for three weeks while my daughter and I were taking a tour, giving concerts. I gave them \$30.00 for taking care of him. The other little boy who had part in the program wore poor clothes, but he had such wonderful talent. He was only 8 years old, and he could speak and sing so well. So I bought some clothing for him—a nice pair of pants and a shirt. I again went back to the Battle Creek Church to see if there was anyone that would give a home to this homeless child. They said, “We are sorry, but we do not know of anybody.”

Elder Bunch was there, and he was going to

warn everybody in the church, “Mrs. Schmitke is here, and she is looking for a home for this homeless boy. We had an orphanage here one time in Battle Creek. They closed everything up. We are not going to have any more orphanages. And the Lord does not expect us to have any.”

So he turned people against me because I was trying to find a home for this child. I finally decided that there was no use trying to find a home in Battle Creek. You might find a home for a cat or a dog. But I do not think that you would find a home for a homeless child there. There were other children that needed homes, and they did not have any homes. We had been at Battle Creek two months.

So I thought we would go to Hinsdale. That is where my daughter was born, and where she was dedicated to the Lord for the orphans’ work. We put on a musical program, and my daughter sang with me. That lady who held my daughter in her arms when she was healed through prayer was in the audience. My daughter, at this time, was about 15 years of age. We had two other little boys in the program. And I asked the audience if any of them would be willing to adopt that one little boy or give him a home. Not one person held up his hand.

I went to Broadview College; they had a big auditorium there. The children and I put on a program, and the people in the audience had tears in their eyes. Yes, the little boy was homeless,—but I could not find one single person who offered to give a home to that child. Not one!

Finally, I went to the conference president and said, “You ought to know if there are any children’s homes here to place children. I have a little boy from Minneapolis. Surely there ought to be someone in one of the churches from Illinois that would give a home to this child.”

He said, “My wife is the president of the Dorcas society. We are having a big meeting with all the Dorcas societies in the whole state of Illinois in a week from now. And I will tell my wife to announce to the Dorcas federation that there is a little boy that needs a home very badly. He is 8 years old. His mother died, and the grandmother can no longer take care of him. Every church in Illinois is going to be represented there.”

She made that important announcement at the meeting. About two weeks later, I came back to Elder Carcich’s office. He was president of the conference at the time.

I said, "What has your wife found out about making a home for this homeless child from Minneapolis?"

"Well," he said, "I will tell you. She announced it to the people of all the different churches that were there. We have 40 Seventh-day Adventist churches in Chicago alone. I thought for sure that someone in the state of Illinois would be glad to take this child into their home. My wife came back and said that she did not find one person in this whole Dorcas federation that offered to give that child a home."

I was dumbfounded. But I had some more concerts to give in Chicago before school started. I spoke in different churches, asking for a home for this little boy. I was desperate to get him placed before school started.

I was told "We do not know of anyone in the Chicago churches."

Do you know what the people tell me every place I go looking for a home for homeless children?

"Oh, we are putting those children in the private homes."

I said, "Oh, where are the private homes? I have not found one yet. You can write to every state in the United States, and there is not one Adventist children's home listed in the United States. And you are telling me that you do not need orphanages, that these children are taken into private homes? You show me the private homes."

This is the situation all over America, all over Europe. They had 50 million homeless, destitute children all over Europe after World War II. I was in Europe in 1951 for four months, studying the conditions of the homeless children in Europe. I can write a book as large as the Sears Robuck catalog about the conditions they had there. *I could not even find one single Seventh-day Adventist home for children in all Europe, and nothing in the United States. What has happened?*

The best thing that we can do is get Ellen G. White's writings out. Blow the dust off the books, open them up, and start reading all of it. Find out what Mrs. White has written about the subject. This is exactly what I have tried to do. Every case where I have sought to place homeless children nobody—no minister, no doctor, no laymen—knows where to go to find a home for homeless children. You cannot even find these Adventist children's homes in Australia. This

work of the benevolent association has been divorced since the Haskell home in Battle Creek has been destroyed by fire. Since then, the Seventh-day Adventist denomination has decided that they will never take this work up again. "It is only Dr. Kellogg's idea."

According to some people, the reason the Haskell orphan home existed in Battle Creek is because "Dr. Kellogg came to Mrs. White and said, "We ought to have an orphan's home." He maneuvered the preachers and Mrs. White to help him. That is not true.

Chapter 35

We were ready to put Violet into school that fall, for the 1947-1948 school year. Violet knew Professor Stone, the new president that had come in. She met him in North Dakota during the year that we were there, and she had gone to school at Sheyenne River Academy. Professor Stone was called to Cedar Lake Academy to be the new principal there.

Since Violet knew the Stones, although she wanted to go to Broadview, she decided to go to Cedar Lake. So I let her go to school in Cedar Lake, Michigan. I hated to have her in Michigan because it would have been much more convenient for me to have her in Broadview. I had to stay in Broadview to get a job. It was not too terribly far in Michigan. Letting her go to Cedar Lake was the biggest mistake of my life. She thought she would be happier there, and I wanted her to be happy. Even though I was at Broadview, I came up occasionally to visit Violet at Cedar Lake. The school term went fast while I was working in Broadview.

I took some music at the Chicago Musical College that year. But it was only one lesson a week, which was not very much. During that time, I was asked to put on a program on the life of Christ, in art and song. I had beautiful paintings. Around Easter time, I thought my daughter could help me, in this program, with some small children who each needed a home. So we put on the program there for the benefit of the needy children at the opera house.

Dr. Welford and Dr. Burkanstock were still in the Chicago area, and they remembered when

my daughter was healed in the Hinsdale Sanitarium, way back in 1932. When they heard about the program that my daughter and I were suppose to give, a benefit program for needy children, they recalled how my daughter was dedicated to the work of children's homes at the time when she was given up to die. They were anxious to see what progress we had made in promoting this work.

I invited them to come to the Civic Opera House in Chicago, to listen to our benefit program for needy children. They were very happy to see how my daughter had blossomed out through the years. And they were anxious to help us get a children's home started in Hinsdale, where the last Seventh-day Adventist children's home was closed in 1932, when my daughter was born.

Many people were anxious to see what could be done because there were multitudes of children everywhere that were in great need in this big city. In that spring program, one child prodigy, 8 years of age, played his violin like a professional. And the little boy, from Battle Creek, came down and spoke on juvenile delinquency and sang. These doctors were so anxious to see something done in Hinsdale, to promote welfare work for the children. They offered their services to participate in our program, and help us get it started.

Dr. Burkanstock came up to Violet and said, "This is my girl." He was so proud.

We had quite an experience giving this program at the Civic Opera House. There was one young lady that came to the opera house to hear our program, and no preacher in all Chicago could get her out to any church. But that evening she came. She was in the fourth balcony in the opera house. She listened to that program. Those little children came up and sang, gave their speeches on juvenile delinquency, and told the parents the terrible temptations that the poor children have. They told the older folks how to take care of their children.

The little 8-year-old boy got up and said, "Warden Laws, of Sing Sing Penitentiary, says if you pay more attention to the high chair, there will be less need for the electric chair."

The program made a real impression on the people at the opera house, and they gave us quite a donation to help get this work started. But a very sad thing happened: I went to the back room and rested awhile during the intermission. When

I got into the room, I saw this man, one of the ushers who was not a Christian, sitting with his back toward me. He took that full plate of all the money that had come in there, and stuffed his pockets until he could not get anymore in. His wife and children had just recently become members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

I knew that if I had a big scene put on with the police there, it would have been terrible. And I knew that those people who had just joined the church would leave. And they would never become members of the church again. They called me back to continue the program. So that man was left in the room with all that money.

After the program, I went back to see how much money we had left to pay the opera house. There was not enough money there to even pay for the opera house. So I was robbed of most of our money that we had gotten that night at the opera house. I had promised my daughter that I would buy her a dress for graduation, since it was a long way for her to come from Cedar Lake down to Chicago to see me. I was so poor that I could not even buy her a dress.

When she got back to Cedar Lake, I could not even tell her what happened. I knew that if I had told her what happened, how I was robbed at the opera house and she knew who the man was, that news would be spread back to the family if gossip got around the school. I tried to save the family. So I did not even tell my daughter about the tragedy.

Chapter 36

The students in the school said, "Aha, your mother did not even give you a dress. She does not love you. Why did you sing with her? You better go home to your dad."

Then Elder Bunch came, and he told the principal of the Cedar Lake Academy all about Lillian in Lincoln, Nebraska, that it would be a good thing if they would ship my daughter back to her father, in Lodi, California. So, at the end of school, I came down to Cedar Lake to bring my daughter back with me to Broadview. I told her how Dr. Welford and Dr. Burkanstock were anxious to help us get a children's home started in Hinsdale, where the last Seventh-day Adven-

tist children's home was closed at the time of her birth and healing through prayer.

I was so happy when I came back to Cedar Lake Academy at the close of school. But I found out that there was a very, very cold reception when I got there. Arrangements had been made; A ticket had been purchased, to send Violet by plane to her father. Everything had been planned for her to leave. I was heartbroken. President Stone refused to let me take her home with me. I did not know what was wrong, and I had to go home without her.

As soon as I was at home, she was shipped to Lodi, California, to her father's home. They sent me a telegram from Cedar Lake, saying that she had disappeared from the school. And they did not know her whereabouts. So she was gone. I did not know for two weeks where she was. And I nearly lost my mind.

At this time of discouragement of not knowing where my daughter was, I decided to go to the paupers' graveyard where my husband and I would have buried her, if we needed to when she was born, because we had no money to bury her; the chaplain of the Hinsdale Sanitarium, in Illinois, tried to comfort me with this information because my husband was a college student at the time. So I went out to that graveyard to find out where it was. It was a Lutheran cemetery. I walked into the part of the cemetery by the fenced-in little chapel. They had many graves in that place, with grave markers identifying the people buried in each grave. There was nobody there; everything was quiet. And I walked back to the graveyard. I looked around, wondering where we would have buried my daughter, had she died at that time. I was thinking about how much better it would have been if she had died because I feared that the hoodlums in Chicago might have kidnapped her. She was a very beautiful girl.

Finally, I looked around in the graveyard, and I found a little grave with a little flowerbed of violets on the grave. Since my daughter was named Violet, would she have been buried here? How much better it would have been, if she had been laid to rest at the time when she was born! I grieved so terribly; I had been weeping for two weeks without any trace of knowledge of where my daughter was. Since I had hardly eaten or really slept for two weeks, I was looking like a skeleton, crying and pleading with God to show me where my daughter disappeared to.

After I had been looking for her night and day for two weeks, I contacted the chief of police in Chicago. We found no trace of her.

Because it was Dr. Stone who sent me a telegram from Cedar Lake, and told me that she had disappeared from the school, I phoned him and said, "Professor Stone, why did you not let me take my daughter home with me on the day that I was there, after school was out? And you said that she had a bill to pay."

My husband had failed to pay anything for three months. The lawyer told him he had to pay at least \$23.00 a month. It cost a lot of money to keep his daughter in school. And he had quit paying altogether. So, I never knew at the time, that he had made arrangements to take Violet to his home, back to Lodi.

I never dreamed that my Violet was sent over to her father. It seemed that all hope was gone for me, as I lingered in the graveyard. There was nothing for me to live for anymore. My husband was turned away from me; my child was gone. Everything was gone. I saw a bench in the graveyard, and sat on it. I wondered how God would help me in this terrible sorrow of losing my daughter. I could not comprehend why the Lord would allow this terrible thing to happen to me. As I was sitting on that bench, I was sending up prayers, brokenheartedly. My whole heart and soul were in it.

Then I heard music. I thought that it was in that chapel, but it was not. I listened again, and it seemed to be from above. And I listened and looked up toward heaven, and I heard the music. It seemed like the angels were singing. Sweet celestial music came floating, softly, earthward.

Just as I heard the angels closing their song, I heard a voice, "Not only the angels in heaven but Jesus and God the Father are weeping with you while human eyes are dry. I will contend with them that contend with thee, and I will save your children."

It seemed as though it was the angels in heaven that had come to comfort me in my latest sorrow. And I wiped my tears.

I thought, *Is it possible that the angels in heaven had mercy, but the human beings on this earth are totally merciless, heartless, inhumane?* Why did my daughter have to be taken away from me? I loved her so much. We had a great mission to perform. Why? These people are suppose to be Christians. What did I do? What happened? And then the angels disap-

peared, and I did not hear them again.

But I picked up courage. I walked back to the depot in Hinsdale to go back home. I was relieved, and had peace in my heart. When I got home, I went upstairs to the apartment where I stayed. I had a package on the table from the Civic Opera House. I made phonographic records of the only things that I saved at the opera house—one record. I opened it up, and there was that one record of the songs that I had sung. And I had never heard myself sing on a record before. I turned that record on in the room, and listened to it. And it was the very same song that I heard in the graveyard. The sweet celestial music, the song of heaven and homeland. I played that record over and over. I did not recognize who was singing those songs to me. I think that I played them over 50 times. It was those songs that saved my life from being consumed altogether at this time.

I made one more trip to Chicago to telephone Mrs. Oswald, my good friend. She sponsored my program at the Civic Opera House. At that time, she was in Canada. I phoned her, in Canada, and told her that my daughter had disappeared. It was the summer of 1948. Then I phoned my father and my sisters in North Dakota, and told them the story. Then I wrote a letter to Lillian, and told her about the disappearance of my daughter.

Chapter 37

We had been offered a big auditorium and a nice dormitory in Tennessee, to get an orphanage going with free rent. But now, with Violet gone, I could not face anything. Without her, I could not start the project.

I was now on my way to Chicago to see if I could find police that would give me some leads as to where my daughter could be. I remembered that there was another sweet Seventh-day Adventist young lady who had disappeared in Chicago. I thought that, possibly, my daughter could have been kidnapped, and she is somewhere in Chicago. I could not bear the thought. I contacted the police. After I had made a telephone call, I had left the telephone booth to see what I could do to get the police to help me.

In the emotional state that I was in, I forgot my purse, with all my money in the telephone booth. I was going to take the streetcar to find the police, which was quite a distance from where I was at this time. I ran back to the telephone booth as fast as I could go. When I got there, the purse was gone. So I went to the lost and found department.

They said “Yes, a purse was brought here.”
“This is my purse.”

But when I looked inside the purse, everything in there was gone. Not one penny was in the purse. *That is all the money that I had. How am I going to get home to Brookfield?* I needed to go on the streetcar; it was a long way. I did not know anyone around the union station or who I could even phone to help me out. Then I thought of the opera house. I had to walk way out to get to the opera house. And I told them what had happened, and how I needed to get home. And they gave me enough money to get home. It was late that night when I started home. I got on the elevator train, and was too nervous to know what train to take. I took the wrong train, and went way out of Chicago. I did not know where I was. It was close to midnight. I leaned against a telephone post, crying bitterly. All at once, I saw two policemen stop. They saw me.

They said “Young lady, are you in trouble?”
I said, “I am in great trouble.”

I told them about my experience of looking for my daughter, and could not find her. And I lost my way going home. They asked me where I lived. I told them Brookfield, Illinois.

“Jump in our car, we will take you home.”

So they drove me all the way home to Brookfield, Illinois. They were very, very kind and sympathetic.

They asked me, “Do you suppose that your daughter may have gone to her father’s home?”

I said, “No, I do not think so because he is way in California. I do not believe that would be possible.”

“Will you give us your ex-husband’s name and address in California?”

They took his name and address, and contacted the chief of police in Chicago. Then the chief of police sent a telegram to the chief of police in Lodi, and asked him to go and check Violet’s father’s home, and try to find out if his daughter happened to be at his house. The very next morning, I had a telegram from the chief of police in Lodi.

He said, "We have found your daughter living at her father's home."

Chapter 38

I wiped my tears. The next day or two, I got a big, fat letter from a lawyer in Lodi. My husband had filed to get custody of Violet. My husband was the plaintiff in the suit, in this letter.

"You have been considered an unfit mother because you neglected her, and now we are taking away all your rights as a mother. Her father will raise her and pay for her schooling."

Mrs. Oswald said, "My husband and I are moving to Lodi. We will do all we can, and see what we can do to try to find your daughter."

I had earlier written Lillian a short letter, and told her of the disappearance of my daughter. She said that it was as if the Lord pushed her to go and see Leah. She got on the bus, and arrived to see me at the very time that I got this letter from the lawyer. The Lord brought her to me at the very time when I needed her the most. Repeatedly, she had been a great comfort to me through the years. God upheld me in my sorrow.

I did not know when I would see my daughter again. I had no money to go and get her.

I decided to return to Washington, D.C. I met a missionary family, home on furlough from India, who offered to take me with them, at no charge. They were driving to Takoma Park, and I wanted to talk with the General Conference leaders.

So I went to Washington, D.C., to tell my sad story to the General Conference leaders. I met Elder Prenier, who, years before, had prayer for my daughter's healing. I expected to have great sympathy from him. Do you know what he told me?

"Sister, I am sorry to tell you this. The Seventh-day Adventist denomination has taken a stand that there will never be another orphanage or benevolent association after the Haskell home was destroyed in Battle Creek. And I am sure that you are wasting your time to even try to build an orphanage because our church has divorced it from the work."

I was deeply saddened when I was told that.

But that is what I had already found out in Illinois. I could not find one single person who was willing to care for a homeless child in their home. Go where I will, I could find no one: the Dorcas societies, the 40 large Adventist churches in Chicago, those at Hinsdale and Broadview. It was impossible to find a home for one little one.

Battle Creek was still worse in trying to place a homeless child in a home. Yet, when I came again to Washington, D.C., it was just as bad. The General Conference leader told me he did not know of any way the church could help.

"We have no children's homes in Washington, D.C., anywhere," he said. The only children's homes they had access to was what the government had. I guess that is where they send all the homeless Adventist children.

I had a book on government-owned children's homes and orphanages in Washington, D.C., available to anybody who wanted to see it.

But, immediately, I had my own situation to solve. I was left the second time in Washington, D.C., totally penniless. Mrs. Whisky had moved away from where she had lived before. So I could not go to her house.

But I met a very kind Catholic woman, who had mercy on me. Inviting me to her home, she said I could rent from her, and that, when I got a job, I could pay her the rent I owed.

This I did, when I got a nursing job on the outskirts of Washington, D.C., taking care of a lady who had cancer. At the same time, I wrote my civil service test in order to get a job in the government. At the end of the three weeks, I received a letter from the civil service telling me of their job offer. A very, very good job! After I took the job, I got on my feet, and rented a small apartment a little south of the General Conference building.

And finally, I rented a house between the General Conference and Washington, D.C.

In the meantime, I thought of my daughter, and wondered what she could have been doing at that time. Once in awhile she would write a letter about her experiences.

Because our leaders closed up the benevolent work and divorced it from the church, many sad and unjust things have happened. It is a tragedy.

I found, in a book, that the General Conference asked Dr. Kellogg to discontinue the work for the children, the Christian institute, and the relief department—all the work that had been

taken in to promote the welfare work. The General Conference asked him to give up everything in the benevolent association, and sign it over to bankruptcy. That was the end of the benevolent work. Dr. Kellogg had done the benevolent work on his own time and in his own way of doing things. According to them, it was against the writings of Sister White, and it was no use to do this work because God did not require them to do it.

Postscript

This concludes the transcribed autobiography, taken from 13 hours of recorded taping of Leah Schmitke, as she told it to us.

This involved several days of taping, which unfortunately prematurely came to an end when Leah had to catch a scheduled airline flight to California.

However, over a period of time we were able to obtain additional sketches of later years in the lives of Leah and Lillian. Here, briefly told, is what happened next:

In addition to nursing experience, Leah had that remarkable speed typing ability, plus an unusual singing talent.

Freed from the presence of Philip, she was able to maintain fairly good health. At the urging of his second wife, Philip now had Violet at their home in Lodi; so he no longer bothered Leah. Leah did not mention that a factor which added to the hardness and wealth of certain Adventists in Lodi, California, is the fact that they grew wine grapes for the liquor trade. Perhaps they no longer do so, but they did then. Ellen White warned the wine-growing Adventists in California that they were doing wrong. Because of this reproof, there were those who hated the Spirit of Prophecy writings.

It was in 1948 that Leah got this latest government job in Washington, D.C., mentioned above. She saved her money and prayed for guidance as to how she could promote the benevolent work. At the same time, she kept research-

ing in the General Conference archives and in the Seminary and Review libraries.

Leah had worked for the government for a year, when something unusual happened. In 1949, someone decided to hold a contest among government employees—to see which ones had the best singing voices. Many thousands entered the contest. For some reason, Leah was prompted to also enter it. In the finals, she was selected as the best woman vocalist among U.S. Government employees.

This new status placed Leah in an advantageous position. Now she had the prominence enabling her to more widely witness about the benevolent work to many influential people, in and out of the church. It also provided her with more invitations to travel and promote the benevolent work on several continents.

It was during this year (1949) that Leah met Dores Eugene Robinson (1879-1957) and his wife Ella. Ella Robinson was Ellen White's granddaughter; her husband had worked as one of Ellen White's secretaries at Elmshaven (1898, 1901-1915) until her death. In 1905, he married Ella White, one of W.C. White's daughters.

From 1928 to 1953, D.E. Robinson was on the board of the E.G. White Estate, and worked in the Estate office.

When, in 1949, the couple met Leah, they had much to talk about! Each shared facts about the orphan and benevolent work, unknown to the others.

For a time, Leah stayed in their home, and, aided by her speed typing ability, copied page after page from historical and Spirit of Prophecy quotation files on the benevolent work and other subjects. The Whites fully supported Leah's concern about the benevolent work being reinstated by our church.

The three became the closest of friends and the Robinsons were able, on a trip to California in 1950, to get Violet and bring her back to Leah. By this time, Violet was 18 years old. Legally, her father could no longer keep her.

Violet loved her mother dearly, and was happy to be reunited with her.

However, before departing for Takoma Park, Violet met a young man in Lodi. Louis Stanton was the son of an Adventist medical doctor, and was studying at Pacific Union College. Two young men from Lodi invited him home one weekend,

and he met Violet.

Later in 1950, Violet married him, and the couple moved to La Sierra. Young Stanton tried to gain admission to the College of Medical Evangelists (in 1961 the name was changed to Loma Linda University), in order to become a medical doctor. But CME had entered into an agreement with the federal government: Uncle Sam's large hand would provide them with some loans and grants, if they would agree to "non-denominationalize" their student enrollment. Henceforth, 50 percent of the new students they admitted must be non-Adventists (Hindus, Muslims, Catholics, etc.). This new policy greatly limited the number of Adventist young people who could enter CME (although the Adventist denomination provided most of the school's income).

So Louis became a policeman, and later switched over to the sheriff's office. He moved with his family to Los Angeles.

In 1951, after being ill for a time, Leah learned that one of her nephews was planning to adopt an orphan. This thrilled Leah's heart. Meanwhile, the Lord was providing opportunities for her to learn more about orphanages in other countries and encourage our people in Europe to take hold of this good work. It came about in this way:

For four years (1948-1952), Leah continued working for the federal government in Washington, D.C. But, in 1951 at her request, Leah was given a four-month leave of absence. During this leave, Leah worked with the Displaced Persons Committee, to help bring orphan children to homes in the United States. To carry out this purpose, she traveled to Europe.

In addition, because she was now a respected concert singer, she was able to book vocal concerts. This widened even more her opportunities for helpful contacts.

In Europe, she traveled from city to city, and went into rural areas as well. During the day, she would search for orphans and also check on orphanages and old people's homes. Each evening was booked practically solid for concerts.

But she did not charge for them. In fact, Leah explained that she did not receive one penny throughout her travels in Europe. Her work for the Displaced Persons Committee was carried on without salary. Leah was in Europe four months. She was in the prime of life—44 years

old then.

In Britain, Leah went to George Muller's orphanage in Bristol, England. Entirely through faith and prayer, he had built a number of large orphanage buildings nearly a hundred years earlier. The orphanage complex was in a country location, where it ought to be. When Leah visited the place, she found five large buildings, with 750 orphans in each one. She stayed there about three days; and each day the managers took her throughout the institution and showed her a different aspect. She was thrilled to be able to walk through Orphanage #3, which was the one Muller had lived in. Leah says Muller started his orphans' work about the year 1844, just when the Lord guided that we begin our work.

Leah also went to Dr. Bernardo's orphanage, in England. When Thomas Bernardo was 19, he was studying to be a medical doctor. But he found orphans walking the streets and alleys. Astonished, he began spending his days taking the medical course and his evenings gathering up orphans and finding homes for them. He would go out with a lantern at night and look for them, and found them in all sorts of places. One night, as he was walking up the steps into a church, he saw some old rags. He kicked them, to get them off the church steps. Up jumped a small boy. Examining him, he found him sick with a fever. He took him to the home of a mother who began giving him water treatments (that, along with herbs, is how they treated the sick back in the old days). Then, bending down, she kissed the poor boy, who said, "Nobody ever gave me a kiss before!"

Later, Dr. Bernardo married a woman who fully believed in his project, and together they started several orphanages for boys. Eventually, he also opened orphanages for girls. Then he built a children's church, with over a thousand children from his orphanages attending it each week.

But Bernardo ran into opposition. Catholic leaders were irritated, because they recognized that he was making Protestants of some of their children. So they took him to court, and demanded he give up the children. This continued for two years, and brought great perplexity and pressure to Dr. Bernardo.

As you may or may not know, Catholic lead-

ers do not want other churches to carry on orphanage work; they want to keep it for themselves. Catholics are on the boards of many secular placement organizations, so they can steer orphans into their own facilities and homes.

Finally one day, utterly exhausted from the opposition, Dr. Bernardo came home and lay down on the davenport. His faithful wife sat beside him, trying to encourage him—and he died in her arms. He was 60.

His death aroused the queen of England and the entire nation. They set to work to keep his orphanages in operation.

He is said to have helped place over 60,000 children in homes, in Canada. Dr. Bernardo operated differently than some other orphanages. Instead of taking in children whose parents had died; he gathered homeless children off the streets—who had no idea who their parents were. For this reason, he called them “orphanages for nobody’s children.” Leah visited these orphanages too.

On the continent, Leah visited the orphanages of Bodelschwing (Bo-del-schwing). Frederick Bodelschwing started his orphanages in 1868, the year Ellen White gave us the first call to begin caring for the poor and homeless and the Benevolent Association was started. (However, we did little more about the matter until 1890).

Frederick and his wife had four children, some with epileptic conditions. All four died at about the same time. The parents grieved heavily and frequently went to the graveyard. As they sat on a bench in the gravesite one day praying for light and relief, a vision, voice, conviction, or something came to them: They knew they must start an orphanage for children with epileptic-type conditions. The thought also came to them that they would be given four more children.

Frederick and his wife started the orphanage; and, in the process, four more children were born to them (3 boys and a girl). They helped their parents in their orphanages.

Bodelschwing also started an orphanage for the blind. He taught music to the blind orphans and they gave concerts. Leah attended one while there.

He started an orphanage for deaf children. Visiting it, Leah was able to speak to them, since she had a deaf brother back on the farm in North Dakota.

In addition, Frederick started other orphan homes in various parts of Europe. He also started a home for the aged and one for epileptics.

His primary orphanage center was in Bielefeld (Bee-le-felt), Germany, which filled about 50 acres. In addition, he built about 30 small homes for workers. Many dedicated their lives to helping him in these orphanages. There was even a good-sized graveyard, where aged workers who had died were buried.

There was such an expanse to it all, that the managers had to take Leah around in a bus to show it all to her.

In Germany, Leah went to Hermann Franke’s orphanage in Halle. Franke started it in the 1700s. It had operated 300 years when Leah visited it in 1951. With faith and prayer, Hermann Franke ventured out. He started with four little orphans. Later the work expanded to a building three blocks long and 5 stories high.

Franke also preached, and founded a seminary to train preachers in Halle. It had over a thousand students.

As a young man, in the early 1800s, George Muller went there to obtain an education. Although he had no money, they let him enter the school. He was hired to work in the orphanages to pay his school expenses. There he read Franke’s book. Later Muller dedicated himself to starting orphanages in Bristol, England, after he immigrated there.

During these four months, Leah gathered much useful information. On her return to America, she gave additional concerts from time to time. Her leave of absence completed, she was again given a government job, this one even better than the one she had before. She was now in the Federal Communications Commission office.

In 1952, in order to be closer to Violet, Leah obtained a transfer to Norton Air Force Base, near Loma Linda. Her work assignment was secretary in the chaplain’s department.

Leah remained in the Loma Linda area until early 1954. She organized a 65-voice senior citizen’s choir, and continued her promotion of the benevolent work.

In March 1954, she moved to Portland, Oregon, and remained there for ten years. She started the Redwood Home for elderly patients. Later she sold it and started the larger Paradise

Home. A millionaire from Portland offered her the land and buildings for the Paradise Home for a small amount if she would take it over.

Whatever happened to Lillian Carpenter afterward? Leah moved away from Lincoln in 1942, but the two kept corresponding. From 1942 to 1962, Lillian lived with her parents in Fullerton, Nebraska, practiced natural therapy, and operated a home for the elderly. Later, when her father passed away, she sold the home and bought a larger one in Lincoln. She continued ministering to the needy.

You will recall that Lillian had been placed in an insane asylum in 1928. Another attempt was made in early 1929. Unfortunately, in 1962, through conniving, she was again committed to a mental hospital. Learning about it through mutual friends, Leah was distraught and tried to find her, but without success.

In 1965, the present writer held a week-long medical missionary training seminar near Sonora, California. The use of simple adjustments and water treatments was discussed, along with studies in the Minneapolis messages, and their aftermath.

Learning of that meeting, Leah came and, partway through the meetings, became a featured speaker. She shared many of her insights into the benevolent work. Aside, in confidence, she told the present writer the story of Lillian and her commitment, but that she did not know her location.

Several months later, she informed him that she had learned that the unusual procedure had been taken to transfer Lillian completely out of Nebraska,—and several hundred miles away to a mental institution in Benton, Arkansas. The present writer contacted acquaintances in Arkansas, but without success in obtaining her release.

Later, Leah visited Lillian. She found her attitude to be remarkable: totally forgiving of her enemies and totally content with whatever God had for her.

In early 1966, through Leah's efforts, Lillian was released from the mental institution. She moved back to the Lincoln area.

It is of interest that, while Lillian was in the institution, they would not allow her to contact an attorney. It was not until Leah contacted one on her behalf that the wheels of justice began to roll, and Lillian was released.

The present writer knows of two other cases,

in which Seventh-day Adventists were committed to mental institutions by church workers, to shut them up (Sacramento, in 1921; the incident told about by the woman in 1960 / Collegedale, Tennessee, in 1952; told about by the woman in 1983). The victim must either be single and living alone, or a near-relative must be hoodwinked into signing papers. Such incidents can and do happen.

In October 1966, Leah moved to Mentone, California, and started a board and care home for elderly people at 2233 Mentone Boulevard.

The next summer, Lillian, having been released through Leah's intervention, and after settling again in the Lincoln area, went west to visit Leah in Mentone. Lillian was 75. Fortunately, we have a brief biographical statement about this incident, which Leah afterward prepared:

"In July 1967, Lillian came to visit me. A friend from Lincoln accompanied her on the train coming out. (The lady friend was coming to visit her daughter and son-in-law at La Sierra.) As they were crossing the high mountains on the train, Lillian had a severe heart attack. The lady who accompanied her told me, 'I was afraid I would have to take her off the train as a dead woman.'

"I had been told to meet Lillian at the Riverside station, which I did. Taking her to my home, she was so happy to see me again. It had been a long time since we had seen one another, and we had much to talk about.

"But Lillian's heart condition did not improve. It seemed to get worse each day. Her legs began to swell to almost twice their size.

"I took care of her as best as I could; yet, in spite of everything I could do, her condition grew worse. One morning I came into her room, and she showed me the broken skin on her legs. The fluid was running down her legs like thick syrup.

"She said to me, 'Leah, this is life and death for me. You must rush me to the Loma Linda Hospital emergency room, or I will die.'

"I immediately called the Emergency Department, and told them I was coming. But, when we got into my car, I found I had no drive shift. It absolutely would not work. I told her we could not go to Loma Linda, because the shift did not work.

"Lillian replied, 'If we can go no other way, the angels will push us.' She then began pray-

ing, 'Dear God, this is an emergency, and I must get to the Loma Linda emergency room, or I will die. If the shift of this car does not work, please send an angel to help us.'

"When she had finished praying, I took my foot off the brake—and, sure enough, the car began rolling. Since it was down hill to the next corner, I expected it might make it that far. But, by the time I got to the stop sign, I again had to put on the brakes. The car stopped.

"I was sure the car would not start rolling again, after we came to the stop sign. But, after I again took my foot off the brake—the car started rolling again! This was all the more remarkable, since there was no sound of an engine. After Lillian prayed, I had taken my foot off the brake, but had not thought to start the engine.

"But, sure enough, the car kept going, up and down the hills—clear up to the door of the emergency room at the Loma Linda Hospital. Orderlies immediately hurried out, and Lillian was wheeled inside.

"Since they had rolled her off down the hall, I decided to go back home. But, when I got into my Nash, it would not work. I tried everything, but it would not go an inch. No clutch. I called a tow truck, and he told me it would take several days before it would be fixed. Watching him haul it off, I knew I would have to find a way home. So I walked over to the Loma Linda Market. There I found a friend who was willing to drive me home. That was a very unusual experience for me."—*Leah Schmitke, unpublished statement; no date.*

Lillian was at the hospital five weeks; but, when they learned she was from out-of-state, they released her with the news that she would have to go back to Nebraska for further hospitalization.

Returning there on the train, Lillian was in the county home for two years, and then died in December 1969. She was 78.

Then there was the Honduras orphanage project. A young man—Walter Luntz, who graduated from Pacific Union College in 1973—went to Honduras to start a home for underprivileged students. Some people gave him some lumber and 25 acres of land, so he set to work. Being good at construction work, everything went well for a time—and then a hurricane blew through. Bridges and towns were destroyed; in one town everyone drowned.

When news of the tragedy spread to other lands, some friends of Leah's went down to try and help Luntz. When they told him how Leah had gone to Europe after World War II and spent four months without a salary helping folk there, Walter decided to visit Leah when he came to America.

But, having no money, Luntz hitchhiked all the way to the U.S.! One day he arrived at Leah's door in Mentone and showed slides of families, dogs, and animals on top of floating houses.

Leah invited him to talk at her church in Mentone, and afterward she broadcast his story over television.

Soon they had a 40-foot tractor-trailer full of equipment and supplies to send with him down to Honduras. Leah followed by train, and for several weeks helped Luntz in Honduras.

But that was only the beginning. She filled several more trucks, which were also sent down.

Later, Leah founded an orphans' home elsewhere in Honduras. She spent nearly \$30,000 on housing, plus sending another truck load of supplies down to it.

Later still, the civic leaders of Santa Barbara, a region in Honduras, contacted Leah. They pled with her to come down and help them. When she arrived, the highest officials in the country met with her and asked her to start an orphanage in their area, which had such great needs. They offered 30 acres free of charge, and told her that the officials would help her get it started. Gradually that project got going.

Over the years, Leah has sacrificially given to her Honduras projects. She would obtain hospital beds, linen, and other supplies, and send them down there by truck.

At the present time, one of the orphanages has 40 workers. The name of the institution is the *Leah Schmitke Memorial Orphanage*.

Throughout all this time, she has had good relations with the Honduran government.

At her nursing home in Mentone, Leah hired capable personnel to help care for the patients. This freed Leah to some extent, so she could continue her research and writing projects. You may have seen some of the booklets she published over the years on various worthwhile subjects, relating to the benevolent work.

Then, in the 1970s, Leah obtained her first press equipment, and began typesetting and pub-

lishing booklets.

In 1986 Violet died of an aneurism at the age of 54. She and her family had remained in southern California all those years. In December 1992, her husband Philip also passed away.

Before concluding this book, what lessons can we learn from the experiences of Leah and Lillian? We should not only read an interesting story, but we should learn lessons from it that can help us as we, who remain alive, try to serve the Lord.

Here are several suggestions:

1 - The benevolent work is not a needless add-on, which can be cast off by our people at will. It is an integral part of Christian experience. Both as individuals and as a church, we should be engaged in it. It should be part of our work—not all of it or none of it, but a significant part of it.

2 - This work of ministry to the needy was given to us by the God of heaven. We should never, as a people, have abandoned it. Working for the lost is not a choice between choosing a physician/nursing career or a ministerial career. The benevolent work is part of the whole; and, according to the Spirit of Prophecy, every one of God's people should try to have a part in the whole.

This includes the "medical" part, which for most of us is giving simple natural remedies (such as simple water treatments, herbs, etc.) to the ill.

It also includes the "benevolent" part, which is caring for the needy in non-medical ways, such as temporarily feeding and clothing the needy when we meet them—but with certain priorities: (a) Our own people, especially those who have suffered for their faith. (b) Those who are sincerely in trouble, not of their own making. (c) Do that which helps people help themselves. (d) Those helped, if they are under your roof for a time, must adhere to the standards, or they should leave. Help people out of trouble; do not help them in sin. (e) Especially help those who cannot help themselves, such as orphan children. Many adults can help themselves, but small children cannot. (f) Instill principles and train them for heaven; if they do not want them, then you are not obligated to support them in wrong-

doing. Too many others need your help.

3 - The third factor in this trio of Christian ministry is the spiritual work of reaching the soul. This is done, not just through 11 o'clock preaching, but by every believer in Christ all through the week. It is teaching spiritual truths, sharing by word and reading Bible and Spirit of Prophecy points. It is inculcating standards and doctrines. It is praying with others; giving Bible studies; seeking out those in need and encouraging them to stand true to God and His Written Word.

Obviously, all three are interlinked: physical healing ("medical"), physical care ("benevolent"), and spiritual care ("ministry"). An activity in one line must, of necessity, include the others.

A family needs a bag of groceries or maybe a child in the home is sick and needs fomentations; you can also pray with and for them. Bible studies are later started. On and on it goes.

The Bible and Spirit of Prophecy are clear: The people of God were not to work in a vacuum. They were not merely to open hospitals, treat the sick, and send them home. They were not merely to give out food baskets at thanksgiving, and return home. They were not to go to church once a week and listen to the preacher.

A related issue, of course, is the type of medical treatments which should be given. Both the Bible and Spirit of Prophecy call for simple, non-poisonous remedies to be used. More on that in the present writer's *Medical Missionary Manual*, obtainable from this publisher.

You will want to obtain copies of the other books in this series, for they will greatly amplify your understanding of this entire subject. You will find them listed on the copyright page of this book (page 2).

Here are several additional lessons which we can especially learn from Leah and Lillian's experiences:

1 - First and foremost, marry a solid Christian or do not get married. Both Leah and Lillian underwent many sufferings because of their marriages.

2 - Jesus gave definite counsel in Matthew 10: If they persecute you in one town, leave and go to another. Lillian experienced many hardships because she remained in Lincoln.

3 - Young folk should obtain a practical education so they can always support themselves.

They cannot know what life's later vicissitudes may bring.

4 - Find out where your talents lie and use them as a career base, from which you can go out and care for others. It was only in that way that Leah succeeded.

5 - Be very careful whom you select as a general or financial manager of any operation you carry on. They can swindle you.

6 - Do not expect to see the full outcome of your efforts in this life. We are told that even the life of Christ appeared to be a failure. Do your work faithfully, and trust the results to God. Only in eternity will Leah and Lillian see the full results of their work.

Christianity is loving and obeying God, and helping those around us. While on earth, Jesus revealed what God is like by doing two things: the truths He spoke, the deeds He did for the needy.

We on earth are all orphans. Without a kind heavenly Father to send His Son down here, we would all perish in hopeless misery, without any possibility of help.

But, because of His kind grace, we have the opportunity of being adopted into His family. However, people in His family will be like them. They will set to work helping those around them.

It is not necessary to go to distant places to begin this good work. Start right where you are. As you do so, a happiness will enter your life that you had been stranger to.

The peace of God will fill your heart. Working with the angels is a wonderful way to live.

Do what you can, and God will bless your efforts. Others around you may be tempted by the devil to misunderstand. This is often because they are ashamed that you are doing what they ought to be doing. But let not the sunshine depart from your countenance.

Trust in God, obey His Written Word, and keep going forward. Leave consequences with Him.

You only have a few years, and then you too will die like nearly all the people in the book you have just completed. Soon we will all be gone; what will we do while we are here?

Appendix

Near the end of her life, Ella Robinson (Ellen White's granddaughter) wrote a letter to her good friend, Leah Schmitke who, by then, was living in Mentone, California.

You will recall, that they became close friends back in 1949. For a period of time, Leah had stayed in their home and shared Spirit of Prophecy and other information about the benevolent work; also Leah had, with her typewriter, copied a large amount of Spirit of Prophecy material from the Robinson's files.

At a later time, probably in 1970s, when quite aged, Ella Robinson sent the following letter to her friend Leah, with the hope that the letter might help commend Leah's concerns about the benevolent work—and encourage still others to take it up.

"To All the Members of Our Church Family:

"Recently, I have spent a few days with an old friend who was conducting a Home for the Aged not far from Loma Linda. Many times in the past she had expressed heartbreak because of her inability to find homes for SDA homeless children, where their spiritual as well as their physical needs could be cared for.

"While I was visiting in the home, Sister Leah Schmitke, the proprietor made arrangements with the superintendent of the Juvenile Delinquent Home for an inspection tour with a group of seven of us. Elder Howard Lee, a retired veteran of this denomination joined us, as well as five other sisters from our local churches in the Loma Linda area. It was reported that at various times when our Adventist children were in need of homes, but failed to find such amongst our own people, they were taken to this institution. This situation startled me indeed; so I was anxious to see for myself, as well as others, just where these children were placed and the care they were getting.

"The superintendent first of all took us into his private office, and after all of us were seated,

he detained us for some time, telling us about the responsibilities they had in caring for some constantly 250 to 300 children who were placed under their care. He also told us of the difficulties they were having in finding good homes for innocent little children who have committed no crime, but are simply homeless, and it was for this reason so many homeless children have been placed in the Juvenile Hall when in reality they did not belong there. He stated that at various times they have had infants in cribs because there was no other place available for them.

“After his lecture, he sent for a Guide who took us through the buildings. As we walked through the halls of the various buildings we saw locked doors and windows on either side, through which the inmates looked out and saw us gazing at them. But as we entered the playroom, I think we all felt like weeping as we saw sweet innocent boys and girls who were not delinquents, but simply homeless, mingling with other children who appeared like vicious street urchins. The guide told us that from time to time they had up to 20 and 30 dependent homeless children who were not delinquents, who were often compelled to live there for months, and some even years, before someone would come along to give them a home.

“One scene persists in occupying my mind even yet, and that was when we entered the nursery in that building. Here we saw babies of one and two years of age standing each alone in his crib, clinging to the railing, his lips puckered up in a cry, tears on their baby cheeks; and as we passed by they extended their arms to us as if appealing to us to take them out of their loneliness.

“I could not help but think of the time, many years ago when our denomination operated the Haskell Orphan Home in Battle Creek, Michigan. Oh how much we need homes like the Haskell Orphan Home. What a blessing such a home could have been to rescue some of these homeless children who were locked behind bars at the Juvenile Hall that we visited.

“How well I remember how pleased my grandmother, Ellen G. White, was, and my father (Willie C. White) and all the tender-hearted Adventists were in this enterprise, for the good work that was being done there. How well I remember when my mother died, I was just 8 years of age, and my little sister Mabel was only four years of age. During our orphaned days, our

caretaker would take us to the Haskell Orphan Home every day, as she and Mary Mortenson assisted in the kindergarden division.

“In order to avoid the large institutional type of orphan homes, the Haskell Home was divided into suites of apartments, making it a homelike atmosphere. This home was arranged in a family style, where families were separated of not more than 10 or 12 children in each, with a house mother over each family.

“The school was conducted and adapted to the various ages. A Mother’s Training Class was conducted, giving a two years training course, similar to a Nurses Training Course.

“I can assure you that no one was heard to complain of being allergic to the delicious, fragrant whole-grain bread or any of the other wholesome, delicious food that they were privileged to have there.

“I have been utterly amazed to see the vast material that Sister Schimitke has collected over a period of years on our Benevolent Institutions that we as a denomination operated after the 1888 message. She has also made a compilation from the Spirit of Prophecy and the Bible, in regard to our duty toward these unfortunate ones who are left among us to test our characters. She has sufficient material to fill a fair-sized book that should be of great interest to all of our people everywhere, emphasizing the benefits waiting to be bestowed on the Remnant Church as they show tender, loving Christ-filled, sympathetic compassion to the afflicted ones all around us.

“My grandmother certainly gave a very noble example of how the homeless ones should be taken into our own homes. I never knew my grandparents to turn away any well-intentioned person, seeking shelter—a home or comfort—as long as there was room for another cot to be erected, or a place for another plate on the table. My grandmother did more than this; she, like Job, went out and searched for them, and brought them to their home. They were indeed happy days, oh so happy.

“I have been informed that the impression is abroad that Ellen G. White disfavored orphan homes. Nothing could be further from the truth. At the beginning of our message our membership was small—only about 5,000 members. At this time it was not a difficult task to find enough private homes for the needy ones; but, when our membership grew to about 50,000 in the early

nineties, the Lord sent another message—to establish an orphan home in Battle Creek (Read *8 Testimonies*, p. 833, and *Ministry of Healing*, pp. 205-206.).

“Certainly my grandmother said nothing in the effect that the SDA needy children should be turned over to the chances of the world’s charity (Please read *Ministry of Healing*, p. 203.).

“Since my grandmother, Ellen G. White, has said so much in reference to our Duty to the Unfortunate, the Homeless and those afflicted in various ways, I am sure that most of us can improve by making a greater sacrifice to take care of the needy ones. In doing this, it would fit the Remnant Church for the realms where nothing but love abides. Surely selfishness and indifference can invest many excuses. When love demands real self-denial to make

those extra love-gifts in order to benefit the afflicted ones, when the giver can see them benefited by his self-deprivation,—then it is that benevolence bears her choicest and most abundant fruitage.”

(Signed) Ella M. Robinson

“P.S. Dear Leah: Well, here is my letter that I promised to write to all of our church family everywhere. Maybe it will help some. I am sending out a number of letters myself. I have little strength it seems and I am quite weak today. Why don’t you send some of the collections that you have made to the Review and Herald. I think I may have done my last writing. I just can’t make it. But I am still as much interested as ever in benevolent enterprises as before, and especially in Orphans’ Homes. —E.M.R.”

- Leah's Birth February 15, 1907
- Her childhood
- Haystack burns
- Oldest brother leaves and disappears
- Family becomes Adventist, and evangelistic meetings are held 5 years old
- Family moves to small house in North Dakota
- Terrible windstorm
- Young people's meeting—and fire
- Learns to play organ
- Baptized into church 10 years old
- Organist visits; music lessons 11-12
- Hires out with brother-in-law as hired hand 15
- Receives violin in mail
- Second summer (2 months) of plowing 16
- Plainview Academy, SD 16, nearly 17; 1925
- Watertown, SD, business college
- Second Plainview attendance
- Marriage June 19, 1929
- Violet's birth December 27, 1931
- Violet's healing and dedication to orphanage work 1932
- Violet's childhood
- Husband finishes at Berrien Springs
- Teaching in North Carolina 34-35
- Berkeley, CA; Leah almost dies; Violet's prayer
- Teaching and crisis at Lodi c. Sum 1935
- At San Jose State, they separate 1938-1939
- Washington, D.C.—first time; Violet to NC, in 1939 (Violet , 6)
- Parents plead; returns to ND; reunites with husband 1939
- Lincoln, NE; meets Lillian 1940-1942
- Lillian's story: from Sweden to second institutionalization
- Separation at Lincoln; to ND for couple weeks 1942
- Valley Springs, CA
- FHA govt job at Stockton; kidnaping attempt; ear infection
- Works at children's home and juvenile delinquency center
- Mother's death
- Modesto Union Academy: office work and choir director
- In ND; helps folks start retirement home
- Tour of Battle Creek area, and experiences there with unwanted orphan boy
- Violet in Cedar Lake Academy 1947-1948
- Broadview and Hinsdale concerts; Violet's healing
- Chicago opera program 1948
- Violet disappears 1948
- Wash, D.C. (second time, for four yrs); 1948-52
- Govt musical tryouts; meet Robinsons 1949
- Robinsons bring Violet from Lodi to D.C 1950
- Violet's marriage; to La Sierra 1950
- Leah sick; nephew planning to adopt orphan; to Europe (4 months) 1951
- In Europe: George Muller's orphanage; Dr. Barnardo in England Bodelschwing; Herman Franke's orphanage in Hallack, Germany
- Return to D.C.; concert work; transferred to Federal Communications Commission.
- Loma Linda: Chaplain's Department secretary at Norton Air Force Base 1952-1953
- 65-voice senior citizen's choir
- Visits Portland; remains there 10 years March 1954-1964
- Starts Redwood Home, and then Paradise Home; robbery
- Lillian—third time in mental hospital (4 years, Benton, Arkansas) 1962-1966
- Sonora medical missionary meeting 1965
- Moves to Mentone October 1966 to present
- Gets Lillian released c. 1966
- Lillian visits Leah in Mentone 1967
- Honduras orphanage work 1974-present
- Board and care home 1966-present
- Begins writing and printing 1970s