

THEME 5

Faith Heroes Today

The story of God's people has always provided an alternate measuring stick for heroism. In our Western world, society defines heroes on the basis of wealth, fame, and power. Jesus called us to a new way, in which the first shall be last and the last first. God's heroes care for the least, knowing that in doing so they care for Jesus himself. God's heroes bring blessing and healing to a broken world.

Grade 3—Unit 11

Faith Heroes Today

In this unit, students become acquainted with faith heroes who have responded to Jesus' call to love their neighbors. Faith heroes throughout the generations have followed the Jesus way of service and love.

LESSONS

1. Living God's Way

Unit 11: Faith Heroes Today

Unit Information

SUMMARY

Jesus taught his followers a new way to live. The way of peace and love makes his followers salt and light of the world. Students will focus on faith heroes of today and see that all persons who try to be faithful servants of Christ are heroes of faith.

KEY BIBLE TEXTS

Matthew 5:13-16

Matthew 5:43-44 (memory verses)

John 14:6 (memory verse)

Isaiah 43:1-3a (main memory verses)

BIBLICAL BACKGROUND

Living God's Way

God sent us the Savior to show us a new way to live in relationship with God and with each other. The first Christians called themselves followers of The Way. They were committed to following the true way of God and thus, committed to serving Christ. We have studied three followers of The Way: Stephen, Peter and Paul.

Just as early Christians followed Jesus' example, we also seek to be followers of God's way. Learning experiences will focus on several verses from Matthew 5 which outline the way we are called to live.

First, Matthew 5:13-16 says we are the salt in the world. Salt preserves food. Salt enhances the flavor of the food it seasons. The love and kindness that Christians share create a conspiracy of goodness which preserves society from being overtaken by the rottenness of greed. Ordinary acts of kindness (smiles, mutual aid, words of encouragement, and acceptance) make the message of the kingdom more palatable and more desirable to people around us.

Second, Matthew 5:14-16 says we are the light of the world. Light overtakes darkness, giving guidance and making it possible to see. Christians can be lights for those who are in spiritual darkness. Suffering love, courage, and the message of salvation spark a light of hope in the midst of fear and futility.

The third scripture passage, Matthew 5:43-44, calls us to return good for evil and to live a life of love in all relationships. Students will probably be familiar with these verses. They are easy to learn, but quite difficult to apply at any age.

In this unit, students will meet several Christians who have responded in faithfulness to God's call. They have been the salt of the earth, lights to the world, and examples of Christlike love.

ESSENTIAL UNDERSTANDINGS

- Jesus came to show us the way to live.
- Jesus calls us to respond generously to human needs.
- Jesus calls us to love our enemies.
- All persons who strive to live faithful lives are faith heroes.

WORSHIP

1. Read stories of present-day faith heroes. See Extend the Lesson activities for ideas.
2. Have present-day faith heroes come and share their stories with the students.

MEMORY PASSAGE

The memory verse passages are provided in large format on pages 288-290, to be used as posters or overheads.

ASSESSING TEACHING / LEARNING

- Observe students' participation, interest, and comprehension during discussion activities. Do they understand how Jesus taught us to live as faith heroes?
- If using Extend the Lesson activities, the short biographies, T-shirt symbols, and Hall of Faith cards designed by students will provide means for evaluating their understanding of post-New Testament faith heroes studied.
- Student comprehension of Jesus' teachings on how to live as faith heroes can be evaluated by the Unit 11 Review.



But now, this is what the Lord
says—he who created you, O Jacob,
he who formed you, O Israel:
“Fear not, for I have redeemed you;
I have summoned you by name;
you are mine. When you pass through
the waters, I will be with you; and
when you pass through the rivers, they
will not sweep over you. When you walk
through the fire, you will not be burned;
the flames will not set you ablaze.
For I am the Lord, your God, the Holy
One of Israel, your Savior.”

Isaiah 43:1-3a



You have heard that it was
said, "Love your neighbor
and hate your enemy."

But I tell you:

Love your enemies and pray for
those who persecute you.

Matthew 5:43-44





Jesus answered,

"I am the way and the truth
and the life.

No one comes to the Father
except through me."

John 14:6



Faith Heroes Today

LESSON 1: LIVING GOD’S WAY

Objective

Students will discuss how Jesus taught us to live today as faith heroes.

Key Concepts

- God wants us to respond to the needs of those around us.
- Jesus called us to live a new way—a life of love and service to others.

Texts: Matthew 5:13-16, 43-44; John 14:6

Estimated Lesson Time: 35 minutes

Materials

- Student Bibles
- Story, “Maskipiton, Chief of the Cree” (p. 193)
- *Walking with Jesus* by Mary Clemens Meyer OR *The Three Brothers* by Carolyn Croll (Putnam Juvenile, 1991)
- For Extend the Lesson, option one: “Faith Heroes of Today” list (p. 295), books and articles from the list, 3 x 5 index cards, crayons/markers
- For Extend the Lesson, option two: Bible memory journals, crayons/markers
- For Extend the Lesson, option three: Unit 11 Review (p. 311)

Teacher Preparation

- If using Extend the Lesson, option one, gather books and copy articles from the “Faith Heroes Today” list.
- If using Extend the Lesson, option three, make copies of the Unit 11 Review, one per student.

INTRODUCING THE LESSON

Jesus’ way. Have someone read Jesus’ words in John 14:6. Explain that the first Christians referred to themselves as followers of The Way. Discuss these questions:

- How is Jesus the way to God?
- In what ways did Jesus model a new way to live?

Have a student read Matthew 5:43-44.

LESSON STEPS

1. Read “Maskipiton, Chief of the Cree.” Discuss the changes Maskipiton made in his life. Talk about the change of attitude necessary in order to follow the new way, the way of peace.

2. Jesus’ followers are like salt. Ask a student to read Matthew 5:13. Discuss what Jesus said his followers should be like. Use the biblical background, page 286, to talk about ways Christians can be like salt.

3. Jesus' followers are like light. Read Matthew 5:14-16. Then read the story "Maynard, Winter Friend" from *Walking with Jesus*. How was Maynard a light (and warmth) to his neighbor? (If you read the book *The Three Brothers*, talk about how God wants our light to fill every corner of the world, like the light of the candle filled every corner of the barn.)

4. Who is a faith hero? Say, "This year we have been talking about heroes. What is your definition of a faith hero?" Encourage students to think about people they know who are faith heroes. Is there someone in their family, church, or community who they would consider a faith hero?

5. Closing prayer. Invite children to think about their own lives. How have they tried to be faithful to God this year? Standing in a circle, invite students to hold hands as you pray for them. Pray that they will be faithful during the summer months. Ask God to protect and guide them. Go around the circle and say each child's name (and names of children who are not present). Be sure to include yourself.

EXTEND THE LESSON

(These activities will extend the lesson to longer than 35 minutes.)

- **Research and report on faith heroes.** Explain that stories have been written about many people, young and old, rich and poor, who followed Jesus' way and blessed others. Distribute the list of faith heroes (p. 295). Read through the list and pronounce the names. Have each student choose one faith hero, then read the stories and articles to research that person and write a short biography.

- Choose a symbol or object that represents something from the faith hero's life.

- Present the biographies orally. Students should show their symbols or objects and tell why they chose them to represent their faith heroes.

- Distribute 3 x 5 cards and have students design faith hero cards for their heroes.

- **Bible memory journals.** Have students add the Isaiah 43: 1-3a memory passage to their journals. Think about the faith hero stories. How might this verse have been helpful to the faith heroes? When these people faced persecution or some other kind of difficulty, how might they have felt to remember the words, "Fear not, for I have redeemed you; I have summoned you by name; you are mine. When you pass through the waters, I will be with you . . . ?" This must have been a comforting verse during difficult times.

- **Complete the unit review** (p. 311). You may want to use it as an assessment.

Maskipiton, Chief of the Cree

Buffalo Calf was young and strong and eager to join the warriors of his tribe in raiding and destroying the enemy camp. He could hardly wait until he could bring back an enemy's horses or even a scalp or two.

"You must wait, my son," said his father, Silver Fox, "until you have had your vision and have your new name."

"Buffalo Calf is my name and I do not have the time to wait for a vision," the young man replied. But Silver Fox prepared to send his son to the hills alone to wait for his vision. The vision would be the basis for a new name.

The next morning, long before the sun climbed up out of its bed in the east, Buffalo Calf said goodbye to his family, and taking only a buffalo robe and a bag of water, he started for the hills. At first he ran, happy that he was pleasing his father in this search. When his stomach began to growl with hunger, he took a drink of water and sat down to rest and think about where his vision might come from. He sat on a hill from which he could see all around; he must watch closely because there were enemies everywhere. With so much thinking and planning, Buffalo Calf soon became weary, and wrapping himself in the buffalo robe and closing his eyes, he drifted off into a friendly sleep.

The next morning he got up, stretched, took a small drink of water, and began once more to wait. When would his vision come? Silver Fox had said he must wait six days and if nothing had come to him, he must return home and try again some other time.

For five days, Buffalo Calf waited and slept and dreamed. He sipped carefully from his water bag, trying to make it last. He was preparing to go home on the sixth day, disappointed that his vision had not come, when suddenly he spied something on the flat place below the hill. He saw his own people—his parents, uncles, cousins, and friends—and across from them he saw the enemy with spears raised, ready for a battle. "I must stop them," Buffalo Calf said to himself, "or they will all be killed." But when he tried to shout to warn his people, his voice was just a whisper. And when he tried to run to their rescue, his legs would

not hold him and he fell down, powerless.

In desperation, Buffalo Calf reached out his arm to protect his people, and as he did so, his arm grew until it stretched across the valley and came between the two tribes. Just then, he felt a sharp pain in his arm and it made him faint for a moment. Then suddenly he saw the enemy tribes come toward each other with hands raised in peace salutes. Buffalo Calf could hardly believe his eyes. Then he also raised his good arm in joy. As he did so, the people vanished. Buffalo Calf rubbed his eyes; he had not been sleeping; he had surely received his vision. It was time to head for camp. He stood up slowly, and feeling weak but happy, made his way to camp. By tribal custom he had become a man.

Gently, Buffalo Calf's mother welcomed her son, and gently she nursed him back to strength. Although he was eager to tell his story, Silver Fox stopped his son's lips. The time must be right for the telling. Finally, when Buffalo Calf was feeling strong and ready, two old men of the tribe entered the tipi with his father and waited expectantly for the telling of the vision. Thoughtfully and carefully Buffalo Calf recounted what he had seen. "What does it mean and what is my new name?" he asked.

"The meaning you must discover for yourself," said Silver Fox. "Your name from now on will be Maskipiton—for your arm was broken," he continued.

A look of pleasure crossed the young man's face. He stood squarely before the older men, his arms folded across his chest. "Maskipiton. Buffalo Calf is gone. Today I am Maskipiton, warrior of the Cree."

Young Maskipiton became a good warrior for his people. He loved to ride, to hunt and to fight. He defended his tribe from enemies and took great delight in battle. Many times he wondered about the meaning of his vision of the broken arm and how his intervention in a battle had brought peace between two enemy tribes.

Around the year 1841, Maskipiton and his people heard of a strange white man who had come into the area. This man,

Maskipiton, *continued*

Robert Rundle, talked to God and had great power. Maskipiton was interested in power and went to meet this man. Rundle told a story of a baby, born in a barn with the animals, who grew up and became a great chief, because he was really the son of the Great God who made everything and who loved everyone. This God Chief taught that people should love each other and live in peace. Maskipiton liked the first part of the story but of the second part he said, “As long as there is a scalp to take or a horse to steal from our enemies, I will never follow the way of peace.”

Meanwhile, in northern Manitoba, a man named James Evans was transcribing the English language into Cree and translating parts of the Bible. After a while, Maskipiton and his people learned to read God’s Word in their own language. And the more Maskipiton read, the more he began to wonder about killing and fighting and stealing. His father, Silver Fox, also wondered. One day he said, “My son, I believe finding pleasure in war and killing is all wrong. The young warriors may call you a great leader, but your honor will not last long. If you want to be remembered for a long time, turn away from war and walk the trail of peace.” Then he read Jesus’ teachings to love your enemy and do good to those who do evil to you. It was very confusing.

One day, Maskipiton went to visit an old man in the tribe. He was a wise man, and Maskipiton told him about his doubts and questions. Carefully, the man cut eight sticks from a nearby bush and laid them on the ground, four in a row. “These two rows stand for two ways you can live. The first four are falsehood, dishonesty, hatred, and war; the second are truth, honesty, love, and peace.”

As Maskipiton stood looking at the eight small sticks, the old man talked about each one in turn. Maskipiton thought about the many evil things he had done and the great unhappiness his actions had caused. He thought about the God Chief who taught love and peace and even died for people because of his love. Pausing, the wise old man asked, “And now, my young man, what shall we do with these sticks?”

In that moment, Maskipiton knew what he should do. He picked up the four sticks that represented his old life—falsehood, dishonesty, hate, and war—and handing them to the old man, said, “Burn them!” He picked up the remaining sticks and bound them into a small bundle. “I will take these with me; they shall remind me of my resolve to walk on the way of peace from now on.” And from that day Maskipiton became a chief of the new way, the Jesus way, the way of peace.

It was not easy for Maskipiton to change his way. But God showed him how to live. The biggest test came one day many years later when the news came that his father’s murderer had been captured and brought into his camp. Maskipiton was silent for a few moments. Then he said: “Bring him to me.”

The man they brought to Maskipiton was an old warrior. He stood bravely before the Cree leader, ready for his death. His fellow warriors were also ready; they were ready to fight for their friend’s life. Maskipiton thought about his vision many years before and about the four sticks the old man had given him. He whispered to his wife and immediately she scurried out and returned with her husband’s finest clothes. “Here,” the chief said to his father’s killer, “take these clothes and put them on.”

Thinking that he was dressing for his death, the man took a long time. When he had donned the smooth leather trousers and the brightly beaded jacket, Maskipiton spoke: “You took my father from me. And there was a time when I would have taken great pleasure in spilling your blood on the prairie grass. But I have learned a new way. You need not be afraid. You must now be my father. Take my clothes and my best horse. Tell others that Maskipiton is a chief of peace.”

The old warrior looked at the young chief in astonishment. Then he said, “You are a great man. Everyone I meet will hear of you and your way of dealing with enemies.”

The story of Maskipiton and the Jesus way of living spread from camp to camp and was often told and retold around the campfires. And the enemy promised that they would never again attack a Cree.

Faith Heroes Today

Faith Hero	Books, Articles, Videos
Boniface	“Boniface: Faithful Messenger” (pp. 296-297)
Ben Carson	<i>Ben Carson</i> by Ben Carson, with Cecil Murphey and Nathan Aaseng
Christopher Dock	<i>A Penny and Two Fried Eggs</i> by Geraldine Gross Harder
Henri Dunant	“Henri Dunant and the Red Cross” (pp. 298-299)
Martin Esteban	“Martin Esteban: Obedient Messenger” (pp. 300-301)
Marie Fast	“Marie’s Flight” (p. 302-303)
Francis of Assisi	<i>Francis: The Poor Man of Assisi</i> by Tomie dePaola
Florence Coopriider Friesen	“Florence Coopriider Friesen: Determined Messenger” (pp. 304-305)
Martin Luther King Jr.	<i>A Picture Book of Martin Luther King Jr.</i> by David Adler <i>Martin Luther King Jr.</i> by Margaret Boone-Jones <i>Martin Luther King Jr.</i> by David Adler
Mike King	<i>The Mike King Story</i> by Mike King. Video: All God’s People, edition 13
Clayton Kratz	“He Went to Russia” (pp. 306-308)
Christian Krehbiel	<i>A Penny and Two Fried Eggs</i> by Geraldine Gross Harder
Eric Liddell	<i>Chariots to China</i> by Denise Williamson (also on video)
David Rittenhouse	<i>A Penny and Two Fried Eggs</i> by Geraldine Gross Harder
Henri Smith	<i>A Penny and Two Fried Eggs</i> by Geraldine Gross Harder
Joni Eareckson Tada	<i>Joni’s Story</i> by Tada, Musser, and Maifair
Mother Teresa	<i>Mother Teresa: Helping the Poor</i> by William Jay Jacobs <i>Mother Teresa: Friend of the Friendless</i> by Carol Greene
Harriet Tubman	<i>Harriet Tubman: The Road to Freedom</i> by Rae Bains <i>Harriet Tubman: They Called Me Moses</i> by Linda D. Meyer
Desmond Tutu	Desmond Tutu, Bishop of Peace by Carol Greene
Joe Walks Along	“Joe Walks Along” (pp. 309-310)

Boniface: Faithful Messenger

About 675 years after Jesus' birth, a baby was born in England. His parents named him Winfrith, meaning "Lover of Peace." He was still a young boy when his father became



ill, and his family sent him to a monastery to live and to study. There he became a good Bible scholar and enjoyed teaching what he had learned to others.

One thing Winfrith learned was that there were many people just across the channel

from England who knew nothing about God. They still prayed to the gods of the sea and sun, to the gods of the thunder and the crops. He often thought that they needed someone to tell them about the true God.

But it was not until he was 40 years old that Boniface left England for the first time and went to Frisia (a part of what we now call the Netherlands). He was eager to tell these people about God. But they were not eager to listen. Their king, Radbod, was against the Christian gospel, and soon the new missionary, Winfrith, had to return to England.

Some church leaders came to him there and said, "Winfrith, you are such a good scholar; you have sound judgment; you're a capable leader. We want you to become the head of the monastery."

This was a great honor. Winfrith thought about how the unbelievers in Frisia had mocked him and had refused to hear about God. Now he had a chance to work where people would listen to him and obey him.

Yet he thought, *There are others who can run the monastery, but who else is there to tell the pagans about Jesus?* He felt that God wanted him to take his message to the unbelievers in other places. He left England again and never returned.

Winfrith spent the years traveling through what is now called France, Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Switzerland. He

preached, taught, and helped thousands of people to become Christians. The people said of him, "It is not the words he preaches, but his concern for us poor and unfortunate which led us to follow Christ."

During this time, he also visited Rome, where the pope encouraged him in his work and changed his name to Boniface, meaning "Doer of Good."

Boniface did not work alone, for he had sent letters back to England, asking his friends for their help and prayers. In one letter he wrote: "We commend ourselves to your prayers . . . We beg you also to intercede for the peoples of the Germanic race who are given over to the worship of idols, beseeching our Lord, who gave His own blood for the salvation of the whole world and who desires that all men shall be saved and shall come to a knowledge of the truth, that lie may bring them to acknowledge their Creator."

One answer to a call for help was a group of 30 nuns, sent by the church in England to aid Boniface in his work in Germany. Their leader was Lioba—a patient and generous woman who was a friend and relative of Boniface. In those days it was unusual for women to be educated, as these women were. It was also unusual for nuns to be sent to work in the world instead of living in a silent convent, shut off from the world. But these unusual women went to Germany and helped the Christian church spread and grow there.

In one part of Germany, called Hesse, Boniface and his co-workers had much success in preaching the gospel. The church was growing fast. At Pentecost Sunday in the year 722, thousands were baptized.

"We need to keep teaching these people," Boniface said. "Even though they believe and have been baptized, it is hard for them to forget the superstitions and the old gods that they and their parents and grandparents have always believed in."

"Yes," said one of his helpers, "and it is especially hard for those whose families have not yet believed, or for those whose family is the only Christian family in the village."

Then one day, a group of Christians

Boniface, continued

came to see Boniface. “We don’t know what to do,” they said. “In our village of Geismar is a huge old oak tree. It’s the sacred tree of Thor, the god of thunder.”

“Do you believe this?” asked Boniface.

“No, we know better. But it has been the belief of all the people of our village and of everyone else for miles around. Now it’s nearly the time for the yearly sacrifices in honor of Thor. The people always make the sacrifices at the sacred tree. We have heard that many of them are Christians, but they’re still a little scared that maybe there are other gods too.”

Boniface knew that something had to be done—something that would strengthen these faltering new Christians. And something that would show the pagans that there were no other gods.

“Tell the Christians to attend the celebration if they want to,” Boniface told the group. “I will be there, too. We will see who is God!”

When the time came for the celebration in honor of Thor, Boniface and his companions set out. They carried something with them—not sacrifices to Thor, but axes!

Thousands of people had gathered around the mighty oak tree. They were fearful when they saw the priest Boniface and his helpers arrive. They were terrified when he called out, “There is only one true God. And God does not live in trees. Thor does not exist!”

Boniface and his helpers began hacking at the trunk of the sacred oak tree. The people waited silently. The only sound to be heard was the whacking of the axes against the hard wood.

No lightning or thunder struck the tree cutters down, as some of the watchers expected. But when their work was partly done, a strong wind roared through the crowd. It pushed the tree over, and it split into four parts.

The new Christians’ faith was strengthened by seeing God’s power working in Boniface and in the wind. And many unbelievers changed their minds and left their old gods to become Christians.

Boniface took the wood from the idol-tree and used it to build a chapel in honor of Saint Peter.

When he was nearly 80 years old, Boniface returned to Frisia, where he had first unsuccessfully begun his missionary work nearly 40 years before.

This time it is better, he thought. Nearly 50 young Frisians had accepted the good news through his efforts. Soon these new Christians would be baptized and tell their pagan families and neighbors about the true God.

It didn’t happen that way, though. As Boniface was meditating in his tent near a river, a group of pagan Frisians sprang out to attack him, his companions, and the Christian Frisians. A struggle began, but Boniface called out to the Christians, “No, don’t fight! Let me explain to them that we are here in peace!”

It was too late. All 53 of them were killed. Boniface died while trying to shield himself with the book he had been reading. This book can still be seen in a museum in Germany, old and torn, with sword-cuts through the pages.

This messenger of God had two names—Winfrith, the Lover of Peace, and Boniface, the Doer of Good. And both of the names fit him well.

Henri Dunant and the Red Cross

June 24, 1859, was a lovely day. Henri Dunant got up in the morning and pulled the window shades up to let in the bright sunshine. He looked out to his beloved Swiss Alps in the distance. Once more, he realized how wonderful it was to be at home in beautiful Switzerland. He opened the window wide to the fresh air. The chirping of birds filled the room with happy melodies.

“Jean Henri Dunant,” he said aloud to himself, “you’re a lucky man. For 31 years, this has been your home. What joy and peace.”

He didn’t finish. He heard loud, excited voices in the street below. He dressed quickly and went outside. People were beginning to gather in the street. They were all talking at once. In the confusion, Henri heard the words “fighting” and “war.” He heard the people talk about the Austrians and the French. Somebody mentioned the Italians. These were all people from countries around Henri’s beloved little Switzerland.

Henri stayed just long enough to hear that the fighting was going on in Italy, just south of the Swiss border. He also heard that it was called the Battle of Solferino.

He dashed back into the house. Quickly, he grabbed a few things for a trip and said good-bye to his family. He told them not to wait for him in the evening. He might be gone a long time. He was going to see the fighting.

When he got there, he saw soldiers. Soon he recognized three different uniforms—French, Austrian, and Italian. The soldiers were fighting on the side of a hill. The hill was just outside the town of Castiglione. It seemed to Henri that everybody was shooting at everybody else. He saw men get hit by the bullets, throw up their arms, give a horrible cry, then fall to the ground. Sometimes they would lie still. He knew they were dead.

But many of the men didn’t lie still. They rolled on the ground after they fell. They tried to get up again, but they couldn’t. They pulled themselves along on their elbows, like a wounded animal with a broken back. They tried to crawl to a safe place. But there was no safe place.

More men fell to the ground. Soon they were falling on top of each other. Henri saw one man, who had been killed instantly, fall right on top of a badly wounded man. The wounded man was bleeding heavily. He was so weakened by loss of blood that he didn’t have the strength to move the dead body off. He just lay there, groaning, with the wounds in his body and the dead man on top. He continued to bleed.



Henri had never seen anything like this. It turned his stomach; several times that day he vomited. But what upset him most was that he couldn’t get close to the wounded men to help them. All he could do was watch them fall to the ground when the bullets hit. He knew there must be many among them who weren’t dead. He also knew that if nobody helped them and stopped their bleeding, they would probably be dead by evening.

Henri didn’t know then that he was seeing more than 40,000 dead and injured men. They were spread over the fields as far as he could see. Finally, it got too dark for the soldiers to fight, so they left the battlefield. Henri also left and went into the nearby village of Castiglione. Here, he asked people to go with him to the battlefield to help the wounded men.

He was talking to ordinary citizens, farmers and bakers and such, but they responded at once and followed Henri. They spent all night out there, giving as much first aid as they could. Henri and his helpers tried to save as many lives as possible.

After Henri got home, he couldn’t forget what he had seen and experienced. One day, he sat down at his desk and wrote what he called *A Memory of Solferino*. In it,

Henri Dunant, *continued*

he described seeing the horrible experience of that battle, especially the plight of the wounded men. He suggested that every country should have a relief society, a kind of emergency aid service to help wounded soldiers.

Henri didn't suggest that all countries should stop fighting and killing each other. He probably knew they wouldn't listen to him anyway. But they did listen to his suggestion about an emergency service to aid wounded soldiers. They all liked that idea. They also liked his suggestion that they not take care of only their own wounded. Henri thought all wounded men, whether friends or enemies, should receive first aid. Then they should be taken as quickly as possible to the nearest hospital.

In 1864, only five years after the Battle of Solferino, the first rescue society was organized in Geneva, Switzerland. Soon, more countries joined the society. They called it the Red Cross. The Swiss flag had a white cross on a red field, so they just took the Swiss flag and reversed the colors. They made the cross red and the field white.

But people forgot all about Henri Dunant. For years, nobody talked about him or the good thing he had done in starting the Red Cross. Actually, he did many more good things. He was one of the men who started the worldwide YMCA, the Young Men's Christian Association. He worked to abolish slavery. He helped the Jews get a homeland. And he encouraged nations to disarm, to stop fighting.

Then one day, in 1895, a newspaperman rediscovered him.

Suddenly the name of Henri Dunant was on the front pages of all the newspapers. The Swiss were especially proud of him. In 1901, Henri was given the very first Nobel Peace Prize. It was 42 years after the Battle of Solferino and his suggestion to do something for the wounded soldiers.



Martin Esteban: Obedient Messenger

Martin Esteban stepped out of his small house made of split palm trunks and sticks plastered with mud. The morning sun was hot already, and the day would get even warmer. Chickens were scratching in the yard and clucking contentedly. In the distance, a dog barked.

But Martin did not hear them. He was thinking about his dream last night. In it, God had told him to leave the small Toba Indian reservation in northern Argentina where he lived and to travel to the village of Bartolome to take the gospel to the Pilaga Indians who lived there.

Martin was troubled, because there was hatred and sometimes violence between the Toba Indians and the Pilaga tribe. Would it be safe for him, a Toba, to go to the Pilaga and tell them about Jesus? But then Martin thought, *My mother was a Pilaga Indian and taught me the Pilaga language. This certainly will help me greatly. And besides, if God has called me, he will protect me.*

Martin's doubts faded. Yes, he should be the one to tell them about Christ. Martin felt excited to be worthy of the call from God and began to make plans to sell his small farm. He thought, too, about the long trip. It would take four or five days to travel by foot the 60 miles to Bartolome.

Martin consulted with his family, and soon the farm was sold. He also sold his horses, his cotton planter, and the other tools he used for farming. No thought of turning back entered his mind.

Martin packed his few belongings in a bag: a blanket, mosquito netting, bow and arrows and knife for hunting, and machete for clearing a path through thick grass or weeds. He also carefully packed a small teakettle, a small bag of yerba mate tea leaves, his *bombilla* (metal straw), and a teacup. With these, he could brew and drink his favorite strong tea. Then he waved good-bye to his many friends and started his long journey.

The path was hot and dusty. To help him forget the heat of the day, Martin began to think about his people, the Toba Indians.



Once, there had been many Indians in Argentina. Now they were few. His people, the Tobas, had been skilled hunters and gatherers of food.

But now they had been forced to live in a very small part of Argentina, on reservations. The government wanted them to change and become farmers instead of hunters, so they gave them small farms. This had been hard for his people, and many of them did not do well at farming. They preferred to hunt and gather food as they had done in the past.

Martin chuckled to himself as he thought about the time he and several companions had gone hunting. They had crossed a fence and entered into the wooded area of a white man's hacienda (ranch). One of Martin's companions had a gun. The white man heard a shot and came looking for them. He probably would have shot them, but they knew how to hide to protect themselves. The white man had come within several feet of Martin and hadn't seen him!

As he went along toward the Pilaga village, Martin gathered fruit, bean pods from the carob plant, berries, and nuts to eat on the way. He would stop early in the afternoon and hunt some meat for his supper—perhaps a bird or a wild animal. Martin was strong and taller than many men in his village. He was also an expert hunter, and the arrows that left his bow usually hit their mark. He felt content as he traveled and hunted, living as his family had lived not so many years ago.

That evening, after he had eaten, Martin spread the blanket he had brought under a

Martin Esteban, *continued*

tree and lay down to sleep. The mosquitoes made a constant buzzing sound around him, but he fixed the mosquito netting in place. Now the mosquitoes could make all the buzzing noises they wanted; the netting protected him so they couldn't bite him. He fell into a deep, restful sleep.

The next day, he met a man with a wagon and horses who was traveling the same way. Martin rode several hours on the wagon. By evening, he reached the Bermejo River and that night his supper was fish caught from the river with his bow and arrows.

Martin took out his tinderbox, made from the hard tail of an armadillo, and started a fire. While the fish roasted, he prepared his mate tea. Slowly he sipped the warm drink and thought about what lay ahead. In the morning, he would place all his belongings in his bag and wade and swim across the wide Bermejo River. Then he would need to pass through swampy areas where there were many insects. Beyond that was the scrub forest, with many thorn trees that had thorns five or six inches long. He would really have to be careful going through there.

At last he would arrive at Bartolome. What would happen? Would he be killed? Martin prayed, and God's assurance filled him with courage.

On the fourth day of his journey, Martin met up with several men who wanted to go ostrich hunting. They asked Martin to accompany them, and he gladly accepted. First, they carefully disguised themselves with leafy branches. Slowly they moved closer to the ostrich they had spotted. When the ostrich's head was down, they moved forward. When it lifted its head to look around, the men all stopped, not daring to move, even if they were bitten by a mosquito or a bee. After the ostrich's head went up and down several times, they were close enough to shoot. Martin let an arrow fly from his bow. Soon the men were dividing up the ostrich meat and the beautiful plumes, which they could sell at the market.

That evening, as Martin rested from his journey, he knew that the next day around

noon he would reach Bartolome. He prayed for God's direction and protection and fell asleep.

The next day, Martin slowly approached the Pilaga settlement. The chief and several men came out to meet him. Speaking in Pilaga, Martin told them who he was and that his mother was Pilaga. He also explained to them why he had come—to tell them about Christ.

The men looked sternly at him. For a few seconds, Martin didn't know what would happen. Then the chief's face softened and he invited Martin to sit down in the shade near his house. As the chief's wife prepared some refreshing mate tea, the men asked Martin about his journey. Martin told them of his travels, but he also told them about God and God's Son, Jesus Christ.

As the days went by, many persons listened to Martin's message. Some of them believed and soon a church was formed in the town. People came to the church to worship, to be healed, and to be together as believers in Christ. They sang beautiful songs and praises accompanied by guitars and tambourines. Some waved pompoms and others made a rhythmic noise with *guiros* (notched sticks rubbed with other sticks). Those who didn't have instruments clapped their hands and stomped their feet to the rhythm of the music.

As time went on, the church grew. Martin became restless. He wanted to go on to other Pilaga villages. Two leaders from the new Bartolome church went with Martin, and they visited 10 other settlements. Many people believed and several new churches were begun.

Later, Martin thought about how God had called him, about how he had once been a farmer, about the long, tiring trip to Bartolome, and about his fears for his safety. He thought about how God had used him to tell others about Christ so that churches had been formed. Martin bowed his head and thanked God for his protection and guidance, but most of all, he thanked God for calling him to be a missionary among the Pilaga Indians.

Marie's Flight

Marie Fast stood in the doorway of her tent and looked down the long rows of tents stretching across the burning white sands of the Sinai Desert. Only nine months ago, she had said good-bye to her family in Minnesota and had come to the refugee camp at El Shatt to serve in relief work. Explosive mines in the Mediterranean had made the trip very dangerous.

During those first weeks in camp, an epidemic of measles had broken out and an emergency ward was set up for nearly 200 children. The workers became discouraged as they tried to care for sick children without enough bedding or clothing and little medicine. Nurses were few, too. The Yugoslav mothers and girls were hardworking and happy to help, but still there were problems, for the Yugoslav women and nurses could not understand each other's language.

Marie's brother wrote that her church at home was praying for her and the other workers. Knowing that her many friends were remembering to pray gave her strong faith and courage when she felt weak and incapable.

The Mennonite Central Committee sent Marie to El Shatt to help these Yugoslavs, who had been driven out of their homeland in 1943, during World War II. Hundreds of these families were living in small tent homes and getting food in tin buckets at a common cook tent. Thirty thousand refugees lived in the camp. They were hoping for the day when the fighting would stop and they could go home to beautiful Yugoslavia.

Marie was one of the seven relief workers who was chosen from the camp staff to accompany a shipload of refugees back to Yugoslavia. Going on these flights, as they were called, was a rare privilege and Marie was happy when she learned of her assignment.

Refugee women busily prepared for the journey home. They packed their few possessions into bags they had made from scraps and canvas. Marie, too, packed the bag she would take with her, then sorted her remaining possessions, and in her



usual thorough manner, packed them in her neatly arranged trunk.

Marie was eager for the trip. But she also knew it would be a serious responsibility. With all her eagerness, she had a feeling she could not explain. Maybe she would never return. She sat down at the table, picked up her pen and began to write. When she had finished, Marie sealed the envelope and on the outside wrote carefully, "just in case." Turning to her tentmate she said, "Helen, I wish you would keep this for me, just in case I should never return from the flight."

Outside, refugees were beginning to gather along the sandy track where the trucks would pick them up. A strange collection of bags and bundles lay in heaps beside their owners, who were waiting for the signal to climb the steps to the seat on the back of the trucks. Along the sandy track and in and out of the tents came sounds of joy. At last these people were leaving the bleak desert behind and going home. There was a feeling of sadness, too—the sadness that comes when friends who have endured much together must part, perhaps forever.

The good-byes were called and they started on their way: first by truck, then by box car, and finally across the Mediterranean in a troopship.

The five days on board ship were busy ones for the staff that traveled with the 1700 refugees. The doctor and two nurses prepared formulas for the babies, gave medicine to the patients in the ship's hospital and did the endless tasks that make life easier for others.

Marie's Flight, *continued*

The busy days passed one by one, and the nights followed with welcome rest. The morning came when the ship neared port. Eager homecomers lined the decks searching out signs of land. A shout went up when they sighted the long, gray shoreline and excitement increased while it slowly changed into shops and houses and trees. The crowd of wanderers had returned home.

Marie watched the refugees climb into the tiny boats that came to meet the ship. She saw one stagger under a clumsy bundle. Another held a wide-eyed youngster seeing his home for the first time. As Marie watched them leaving, she thought of their bitter life on the desert and the care she had given them in sickness. Now she saw them come home and felt a new joy in her heart. She knew her life had been richer because she had lived with them.

The return voyage was restful for the seven relief workers. They were the only passengers until their ship would pick up German war prisoners in Italy. They would sail back to Port Said and take the overland trip to El Shatt.

The last night before the stop in Italy, the troopship was pushing through rough waters that sent high waves breaking and spilling over her sides. Suddenly, the ship gave a terrible lurch and the passengers sat up in bed. The boat quivered as if some great monster had struck her. The emergency bell sounded, and everyone raced to his life station.

"The ship has struck a mine," Marie heard as she reached her station. With trembling fingers, she pulled on her life jacket. She struggled with the fasteners in the blackness. The feeble ray of an officer's flashlight scarcely penetrated the fog that surrounded him. The captain ordered, "Lower the lifeboats."

The huge waves pulled hard on the lifeboats as the men struggled with the cables which held the ship. The little boats rose on the crest of incoming waves and dropped back, pulling and straining on the cables which fastened them above.

Marie started down the rope ladder on the side of the ship. She clung on tightly to



the rungs as she groped her way in the darkness. Through the thick mist, she could scarcely see her way. The lifeboat swayed and rolled on the huge waves. Just as she reached to climb in, the boat whisked away. Then back it came, rushing in on her. Again and again Marie tried to get into the lifeboat, but always the great waves drove it from her reach.

Finally, she struggled back up the ladder to the deck. The crewman lowered a second boat even with the deck. A lieutenant and Marie climbed in and were slowly lowered toward the rough sea. The boat rose high on the crest of a wave, then crashing downward, snapped one of the cables and spilled Marie and the lieutenant into the black waters. Those still on deck watched helplessly as the waves swirled them away.

They appeared once on the crest of a wave and the lieutenant was holding Marie. Above the roar of the waves, he called to the figures on deck, "We're all right." Then they sank away in the darkness.

Days later, the lieutenant's body was found washed ashore, but Marie was never seen again. Marie's assignment was done. She had cared for the wandering suffering ones and had seen them home. Though she had lost her own life by one of war's weapons, Marie helped to heal a few of its wounds.

Florence Coopriider Friesen: Determined Messenger

How could a girl who was too scared to kill a chicken for her mother become courageous enough to travel alone across the Pacific Ocean



to India? And how could a girl who fainted when she saw an injured basketball player become a doctor—the first Mennonite woman doctor?

Florence Coopriider was that timid girl and the girl who fainted. Florence grew up on a farm in Kansas. Maybe her interest in medicine came from all the illness she suffered when she was young. She had diphtheria, scarlet fever, and tuberculosis. She was sick so much of the time that she was 17 before she finished eighth grade. But that didn't stop her from continuing her education.

Maybe Florence's interest in India came from hearing returned missionaries tell of their work. When she was a girl, she heard a missionary talk of the people who were dying of hunger during a famine in India. Later, at Goshen College, she heard a woman speak, a widow with three children whose husband had died in India. Mary Burkhard told the students there was a great need for medical help in India, especially for women. She said, "Many times Indian men would prefer to have their wives die rather than to have them see a male doctor."

Florence began to think about whether God might want her to be a medical missionary, but she told no one. Then the college pastor took her aside and encouraged her to think of becoming a missionary doctor. Later, she said of this, "I was just a freshman and he hardly knew me. I felt it was a definite call and kept that goal in mind throughout school."

When she told her mother of this interest,

her mother said, "I don't see how you can do it. You are so timid you can't even kill a chicken." Florence was determined to convince her mother and said, "Let me know, Mother, when you need another chicken." One day, her mother told her she needed not only one chicken, but three! Florence was able to do what she had promised, but never again did she kill a chicken.

Another time, Florence was at a basketball game in the college gym when a player was injured. The thought flashed into her mind, *If I were a doctor, I would have to help that injured player.* This thought disturbed her so much that she fainted. Then she was really discouraged. *How can I ever be a doctor if I faint when I see an injury?* she wondered. But a professor reminded her, "After studying medicine, Florence, you will know what to do and you won't faint."

Florence's faith in God's call and her determination to do what God wanted took her to medical school at the University of Illinois. In her class, there were 104 men and only six women. Florence said, "I felt afraid to go to college with all the men, but they were real gentlemen and did not seem to resent having women in the class."

By the time Florence had finished medical school, worked as an intern in Philadelphia for a year, and taken some Bible study at Hesston College, it was 1916 and she was 29 years old. Now she was ready to set off for India.

There were other missionaries at Dhamtari, India, where the Mennonite Board of Missions sent her, but she was the only doctor. What a responsibility! She needed to learn about a different kind of people, a different language, a different way of life. She had to learn about different diseases and adjust to different standards of practicing medicine. The "hospital" waiting for her turned out to be just a few rooms. She could not even examine a patient until she hung a curtain across the corner of one of the rooms to make some privacy.

For the next five years, Florence was busy—treating leprosy, helping women with

difficult deliveries, treating people with hookworms, and helping children survive malaria. She needed to adjust to the lizards that crawled over every wall eating bugs, to avoid scorpions on the bedroom floor at night, and to push cars through flooded streams during the rainy season.

The climate, diseases, and hard work made life difficult for the missionaries and three of them died during that time. After five or six years, missionaries could return to their homelands for a visit with friends and relatives. This was called a furlough. The big event of Florence's first furlough was marrying P. A. Friesen. He was also a missionary in India and had four children. His wife had died earlier, in India. Later, P. A. and Florence added two more children to the family.

When the family returned to India, it was to Sankra, a new place for Florence, but not for her husband. She began medical work there. One of Florence's leprosy patients came many miles for her regular treatment at the clinic. But when the rainy season began, she said she would not be able to come anymore—it was too far to walk through the mud and rain. Florence did not want to stop the woman's treatment—she needed it. What could be done? Florence thought and prayed. And the result was her first roadside clinic.

She got permission to use a bungalow halfway to the woman's village. There were many who needed medical help, and soon she was treating 200 people a day. This village was not the only one where a doctor was needed. Before long, Florence was making trips to six roadside clinics at six different villages.

Some of the "buildings" she used for these clinics were only a roof with part of a wall. To make setting up the clinics simpler, she had a medicine chest built onto the car that she could open and use without packing and unpacking her medical supplies at every stop.

Her husband P. A. went along to the clinics and as the patients gathered, he would tell them about Jesus, the healer of people's bodies and spirits.

What he told them was different from their Hindu religion, which had many gods. Each god had many forms and names. There was Hanuman, the monkey god, who helped in battles and Ganesh, the elephant god, who

decided whether a plan would succeed or fail. There was terrible Shiva, the destroyer god, who wore a necklace of skulls, and Krishna, the preserver of life, and dozens of other gods. A Hindu would find out which god or goddess could answer a certain need, then burn incense sticks to that god or give an offering of flowers, food, or sometimes an animal.

The Hindu people could not always understand this God the missionaries talked about, but they could see God's actions. One Hindu woman said, "Ah, your God must be a very good god, to send a doctor to women. None of our gods ever sent us a doctor."

When Florence was 54 and had been in India 25 years, she and her husband retired from that work and returned to the United States. After helping with a church in Denver, Colorado, they went to Greensburg, Kansas.

There Florence began practicing medicine for the first time in the United States. She said, "For 25 years I have been treating malaria, leprosy, scabies, intestinal parasites, etc., in tropical countries. I wonder how I will ever be able to meet the needs of the people of Greensburg. I'm almost afraid to touch a white person."

But with determination and trust in God, she went ahead. Greensburg was a small town, 30 miles from the nearest hospital. So the old schoolhouse Florence's family moved into became a doctor's office and maternity ward, as well as their home. Sixty-six babies were born there, and they and their mothers stayed in rooms in the basement till they were ready to go home.

Today, some of the people Florence and her husband worked with in India follow the true God instead of the Hindu gods. There are no longer any missionaries in Sankra, but there is a Mennonite church and Sankra Christian Hospital operated by the Dharntari Mennonite Medical Board. The little "hospital" in Dhamtari where Florence first began her work in India is now a large Christian hospital and nursing school.

Florence said that her husband was in favor of her career and urged her to begin the practice in Greensburg. But she believed that it was God who was always opening the way for her. Florence said, "I went through thick and thin because of that call."

He Went to Russia

Clayton Kratz could have written a good long paper on the Mennonites of Russia for the church history teacher in college. He



knew how Catherine the Great, a cruel woman but a clever ruler, had invited them to come over from Germany and farm the open country. They came with her promise of free transportation, free lands, and religious liberty. He had read the story of the early hard-

ships of the first 228 families on the new frontier back in the 1870s. He knew how God had blessed their thrift and hard work until by 1914, 100,000 of them lived on comfortable homesteads. He had seen pictures of their prosperous farms and their wheat fields waving across a million acres of Russian plains.

Somehow, he'd been thinking about these Russian Mennonites a lot since they had sung "Faith of Our Fathers" at Blooming Glen Church that summer Sunday morning. That song meant more to Russian Mennonite boys than to him, Clayton thought. For tragedy had swept Russia. The rich people were suffering and the poor were going hungry. The trouble had hit the rolling wheat fields of the Mennonite settlers. Although World War I was over, the soldiers of Russia didn't return home to live in peace, for inside Russia a war had broken out—a civil war. The people were tired of war. Clayton had heard of the terrible ruin—buildings destroyed, strong men killed, fine farming land trampled down as the armies battled back and forth. And to add to the misery, the rains hadn't come. What few crops the soldiers hadn't trampled down were scorched by the sun. Russia had never seen a worse famine.

The people of Russia, thin and hungry and clothed in rags, were calling, "*Chleb!*

"*Bread, in God's name, bread!*" Their cry sounded through all Russia. A message came to America: American Mennonites must send help to our Russian brothers.

Clayton Kratz had learned to begin each day with "morning watch," a period of prayer and Bible reading. In school, he studied well. He was a leader among his college friends. He had one more year of college, and after graduation he wanted to be a teacher. This last year, he was going to lead the Christian service activities of the students. Clayton looked forward to the best year yet.

While he was getting ready for the big year, a letter came from Mennonite Central Committee that said to Clayton, "Will you go to Russia in relief work?" In spite of all he was looking forward to that year, Clayton answered, "Yes, I'll go to Russia." He had sung, "Faith of our fathers, we will love both friend and foe." Being faithful to that promise meant going to Russia for Clayton. Instead of heading for college in September 1920, Clayton boarded the ship *Providence* and set sail for Russia. And he went singing, "Faith of our fathers, holy faith, I will be true to thee till death."

Traveling in wartime Russia was difficult and dangerous. The first trip by train lay right near the battleground of the Red and White Armies. In the evening, Clayton and his friend Orié Miller took a third-class coach that had the windows boarded shut against the cold. "There's a hard winter ahead," they told each other.

By the dim light of some flickering candles, the men stowed their baggage on the narrow shelf near the ceiling of the car. They made crude beds on the wooden benches before the last candle sputtered and died. It was dark. The train rumbled on into the night, carrying them deeper and deeper into the heart of suffering Russia.

While the two young relief workers slept in their darkened coach, new passengers found their way onto the train. At each station stop, crowds of poorly dressed refugees

waited to return to the towns and villages that General Wrangel and his White Army had just recently captured from the Red Army. In a mass, they pushed slowly toward the train. They were too starved to hurry, but a few always managed to slip past the conductor into the already crowded coaches. By morning, the aisles were jammed with passengers sitting and standing, surrounded by bundles of baggage. Some rode on top of the train. Some even hung on the sides, getting the full force of the bitter wind.

Clayton looked at the pitifully dressed peasants with only cloth or string shoes. Then he looked out the window of the moving train. The deserted villages with their empty houses told the grim story of the famine. It had touched everyone. When the food and grain were gone, the farmers had fed the straw-thatched roofs of their houses and barns to the horse and cow and finally left in search of food for themselves. The roadways were lined with peasant farmers fighting to live. Their cries echoed and re-echoed across Russia, "*Chleb! Chleb!*"

Clayton and Orie thought of the warm suits and shoes and stockings they had brought, and money that would buy milk for the babies and food for their parents. How they ached to reach the colonies and begin their work.

By nightfall, they arrived at Halbstadt, the first Mennonite colony. They listened to the sad stories of families who had lost their homes and businesses because of the fighting armies. Then, as they met with the leaders of the colony, Orie said, "Make a list of the things you need right now and which \$10,000 will buy." When the men of the colony had listed their needs, their leader said, "But the Chortitza colonies have been in the path of both armies and have suffered terribly. We want you to help them first, and then we will take what is left."

"Such unselfish people," said Clayton. "They need food and clothing so badly, but they think of others first."

The following day, Brother Peters, their host, was unable to find a team to make the 70-mile trip to the next village. No one wanted to give up his horse, for fear the

soldiers would seize it out on the open road. Brother Peters had been a wealthy man and the owner of 2,000 acres of land, but he had lost it in the war. Now only two of his 44 horses remained. He also hesitated driving the team through. But on finding no others, he offered them and the three men began the trip to Alexandrowsk early in the afternoon.

The road from Halbstadt to Alexandrowsk ran straight along the battle line where General Wrangel was desperately holding back the Red Army. The road had seen fighting only four weeks before. By its side lay hundreds of horses, some partly eaten by dogs and some as they had fallen. Hundreds of mounds of earth silently told a sadder story, of soldiers who had fallen in battle.

By nightfall, the men reached Alexandrowsk, at the side of the Dnieper River. They listened to the people tell their sad stories of missing sons and ruined homes, and again made plans to help their suffering friends.

Early the next morning, Clayton and Orie were wakened by the rumbling sound of wagons and hundreds of marching feet on the street outside their window. The stream of loaded wagons continued for hours, carrying horse feed, cooking apparatus, huge guns, and ammunition away from the territory just lately captured by the Reds.

These are the retreating White troops coming from the other side of the Dnieper River, thought the men as they watched from their bedroom window. They could hear the band playing in the distance and the sound of soldiers singing Russian war songs as they marched past the building. Always in the background was the low rumble of cannon-fire, but the Americans were not alarmed, for they supposed it belonged to the retreating Whites.

After their breakfast of coffee and bread and honey, Clayton and Orie made plans for the day. Orie had just begun writing in his diary when Brother Peters returned with news from the army. "The shots which we hear from across the River belong to the Reds. We must leave the colony at once because the Reds are advancing rapidly on us."

The men quickly collected their belongings. Orié boarded a hospital train leaving for the South, while Clayton and Brother Peters returned to Halbstadt by carriage. Once more at Halbstadt, Clayton worked with Brother Peters to plan for distributing the food and clothing. As long as the White Army held back the Reds, he could work in safety. But before long, news came from the North that the Whites were weakening. Brother Peters knew that meant Halbstadt would soon be taken. "The village will fall," he said to Clayton. "If you are here when the Reds take over, you will be taken prisoner."

Did this mean Clayton must leave the work he had just begun? I have done no harm, he thought. No one would have cause to harm me. Yet he knew it would be reckless to stay in the threatened village, so he made plans to leave. Brother Peters harnessed fine running horses, ready for flight the following morning. Everything was prepared. He would escape at the crack of dawn. But while the household slept, the Reds entered the village. The villagers awoke at dawn to find themselves in the hands of the Red Army. Clayton's hope for escape was gone. He was taken as a spy.

The people of the village pleaded for him and he was released and able to work. But his freedom lasted only 12 days. One day, a messenger rushed to Brother Peters with the news that Clayton had again been arrested. Word of the arrest spread quickly through the colony, but no one knew where he had been taken. Finally, word came from a man in a nearby colony. "They were taking him through Wernersdorf when I spoke with him," said the man. "He was not afraid and seemed ready to go wherever the officers took him."

Brother Peters continued the search for many weeks, but nowhere could he find a trace of his missing friend. American Mennonite workers later joined the search, but the young relief worker was never found. Some think he was shot by the Red Army. He may have become sick and died. He may have been sent to a Siberian mine.

No one will ever know where Clayton Kratz now lies buried. But in the cemetery of the Blooming Glen Mennonite Church in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, his congregation put up a stone with the simple inscription:

Memorial Clayton H. Kratz
Born November 5, 1896
Went to Russia, 1920



**A memorial plaque at
Blooming Glen Church today**

Joe Walks Along

I have been asked to tell you the story of my life. I am glad to do it. It will be an Indian story, because I am an Indian American. The history books you use in school say very little about Indians or about America when it belonged to them, and what they say is often wrong. The Indians you see on television do not help you to know us, either. Perhaps my story will help you understand my people.

I am an American of the Cheyenne nation, which calls itself *Wohehiv*, meaning “The Morning Star People.” When the white man came, he spoke this name like it sounded to him—Cheyenne. But our people want to be known as “The Morning Star People.” The morning star has always been important to us. It gives us fresh courage every morning, for it tells us the dawn will soon come.

I was born on the Cheyenne reservation in southeastern Montana. A reservation is land the government has reserved for Indians only. Unfortunately, it is often the poorest land of all, left after the white man has taken what he wanted. There are seven reservations in Montana. The Cheyenne reservation is small, but the land is good for grazing cattle.

My father’s name was *Nanoseham*, which means “Mountain Lion.” He was an honored man among the Cheyenne people. When he grew old, he asked me to take his place in the Council, but I gave him no answer. I was not ready for that responsibility. My grandfather was Yellow Robe. He fought in the battle at the Little Horn River in 1876, in which General Custer and his men were killed.

When I was born, the government recorder demanded an English name. He wrote down “Walks Along” because that was the name of my grandmother. Then he asked, “And what’s his first name?”

But he did not understand Cheyenne, and so he said, “We’ll call him Joseph . . . Joe,” and wrote it down.

When I started school in Lame Deer, I could not speak English. The boy next to me interpreted for me. He wrote my name,

“Joe,” on a piece of paper and told me to copy it.

We had a white teacher. She did not have time for me. She was impatient with me, and I felt she did not like me. This made me feel lonely.

She did not know our Indian life and history. Soon I began running away from school right after lunch when all the children were playing. It was much more fun to walk across the hills and feel the wind in my hair.

Our family was poor. My father had a few cattle, but there were no jobs on the reservation or in Lame Deer. My mother used to go down the back alleys in town to find scraps of meat in the garbage. I loved my parents, especially my father.

My father used to tell me stories about long ago. Our people lived in the woodland country around the Great Lakes. Then they began moving westward to the area that is now Minnesota and the Dakotas. They lived in earth houses and grew their food in gardens, though they all did some hunting. Cheyenne have always been a peaceful nation, but when provoked we also did our share of fighting. There were many clashes with the white people in those days because they were also moving west and wanted the land that we were living on. “The only good Indian is a dead one,” they used to say.

One day in 1864, a number of Cheyenne and Arapaho chiefs met with the governor of Colorado to work out a peace plan. The governor promised them that if they settled their people in eastern Colorado and gave up their weapons, they would be safe. Some white people had other ideas, however, and wanted to get rid of the Indians. Colonel John Chivington, an ordained minister, led



a secret mission to Fort Lyon near where about 500 Cheyenne were camped. When Colonel Chivington's troops attacked the Cheyenne village, there was much confusion. The people had been promised safety. Black Kettle, the chief, raised the American flag he had been given; he had been told that the flag would guarantee them protection. But Chivington's men charged, shooting everyone in sight. Black Kettle fled, but another chief, White Antelope, stood in front of his tipi and sang a death song. He was shot. That was the Massacre at Sand Creek. Our people have never forgotten it.

General Custer, who made a name for himself killing Indians, later took part in a battle where Chief Black Kettle and 103 of his people were killed. When they found out that the village they had attacked was a friendly one, Custer said "it was a great and gallant victory for our beloved country." That was in 1868. Eight years later, General Custer rode into a trap the Indians had laid for him and he and 205 of his soldiers were killed. That was Custer's Last Stand, and the battle place is now a tourist attraction just about 40 miles west of Lame Deer. My grandfather, Yellow Robe, fought in that battle.

When I was in high school, I got a letter from the government, wanting me to join to army. I couldn't think of a reason not to do so. They gave me good food and clothes and made all my decisions for me. After a time of training, my unit was sent to Korea to fight. The battlefield was frightening, and I was often lonely and depressed. Missionary Habegger from my hometown sometimes wrote to me.

After the war was over, I went back to the reservation in Montana. I had learned to drink liquor in the army and soon got into deep trouble. I was thrown into jail a number of times and even spent a lot of time in solitary confinement. One day I heard my friend across the hall in jail singing "The Old Rugged Cross." The song awakened in me a desire for something besides jail and liquor in my life. So when I got out, I decided to get help. Two people who influenced me were Victoria, who later became my wife, and Alfred Habegger, the missionary.

Victoria and I got married and started to help with the church work. One day Habegger asked whether we would like to go to Bible school in Phoenix. We were unsure; I hadn't finished high school, and where would we get the money? God answered our questions miraculously, and we went.

While we were still at school, the people at the Petter Memorial Church in Lame Deer invited me to become their pastor. It was a difficult decision; I knew that the church calls special people, clean people, to be their leaders. I thought about my past and didn't think I was qualified. But I also knew that Jesus had forgiven me and that I was clean. So I said yes. Victoria and I have been in Lame Deer ever since.

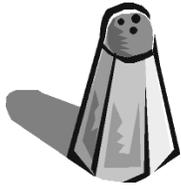
When I first started preaching, my drinking buddies would come to church and laugh at me. My special verse that the Lord gave me was Psalm 27:1, "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?" It is still a favorite verse for me.

Not long ago, a young woman came to me for help. I tried to help. She went away, left her baby with a friendly family and killed herself. Then I felt I had failed my Lord and my people. *Why couldn't I help her? What are our young people looking for?* I asked myself. I know that they can only be helped through Jesus Christ, working in people who love them. We began raising money for a youth center building.

My hope remains in Christ and in his people, the church. We have formed the Mennonite Indian Leaders Council (MILC) in North America to work together on common problems. But we have a long way to go. Even well-meaning Christians do not always understand us. A white church brother and I were standing by a river. Suddenly he said, "Joe, if you were still an Indian, could you shoot an arrow across the water to the other side?"

But this is also my ministry—to help people see I do not need to be white to be a Christian. Perhaps the boys and girls who read my story will help us to change things faster.

Name _____



Unit 11 Review Faith Heroes Today



Directions: Fill in the blanks with the correct words from below.

light neighbor way earth pray hate Father

1. Jesus answered, "I am the _____ and the truth and the life. No one comes to the _____ except through me." (John 14:6)
2. "You have heard that it was said, 'Love your _____ and _____ your enemy.' But I tell you: 'Love your enemies and _____ for those who persecute you.'" (Matthew 5:43-45)
3. "You are the salt of the _____. But if the salt loses its saltiness, how can it be made salty again?" (Matthew 5:13a)
4. "You are the _____ of the world. A city on a hill cannot be hidden." (Matthew 5:14)

Directions: Write the answer.

5. How can you be a faith hero like the ones we have been reading about this year?

Unit 11 Review—Answer Key

1. Jesus answered, “I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.”
2. “You have heard that it was said, ‘Love your neighbor and hate your enemy.’ But I tell you: ‘Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you.’ ”
3. “You are the salt of the earth . But if the salt loses its saltiness, how can it be made salty again?”
4. “You are the light of the world. A city on a hill cannot be hidden.”
5. How can you be a faith hero like the ones we have been reading about this year?
Answers will vary, but may include: remain faithful to Jesus even when persecuted, pray to God and ask to do God’s will, serve God and others before yourself, pray for faith and trust in God, pray for others, etc.

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Unit 10

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