

A Tale of a Teller: I was an answer to a Hannah's Prayer  
and the vow made when seeking a child (I Sam 1:11)

My parents had two daughters and then lost, what they believed to have been, a son. Mother went to the doctor to get help, but an exercise was all that the GP could offer, and I'm doubtful that specialists in infertility were generally known or consulted in those days. Mother prayed: "LORD, if You will give me a child, I will dedicate that child to You for service to You and Your kingdom." And so I was conceived and born when my sisters were thirteen and seventeen.

Now, of course, I should have been a boy. Right? But The LORD God is not gender biased. He will create as He chooses and use His creation as He wills. My father wanted a son, and when the son arrived, two years later, I was superfluous. But I had had all the advantages during those most important first two years of a child's life. I was mothered by my mother and my two older sisters and was "the little darling" of my father's family, as the first grandchild from those four siblings in thirteen years.



A Faithful Mother

Mother began immediately to keep her promise to The LORD. We had family altar, as it was called in those days, on a regular basis. Mother read us The Scripture, modeled obedience, and taught us to pray. Not that we always understood. It was some time before Mom realized that my baby sister was praying for the missionaries in the corn field. She didn't know what a mission field was, but we all knew what a corn field was from harvesting it by hand.

In addition, mother told us stories - - Bible stories. Some of them were so vivid that I remember the scene in my imagination when she described Esther waiting for the king to hold out his scepter.

As importantly Mom prayed, for each of us continually, that we would grow to know and serve Him, "Whom to know aright is life eternal." (John 17:3)



### Mothers of My Faith

Because of Mother's faithfulness, I was blessed with a number of spiritual mothers. Carried into our home congregation before I was three weeks old, I was awarded perfect attendance repeatedly, because my mother was faithful.

I remember Tiny Tots class: horse shoe style tables with the teacher in the middle attending to four-year olds all around the outside. I think my teacher was Mrs. Ailene Doake, although I've no idea how to spell her name. She was a friend of my mother's and a faithful servant of The LORD. In those days you didn't volunteer for a year, you committed yourself to a ministry and kept at it.

I accepted Christ as a five or six year old. I remember it was a missionary presentation with slides of little children who have never heard about Jesus. Ever after, I would be unable to separate my call to salvation from my call to ministry.

Our junior church was held on the upper floor of the house next door to the church. Miss Mary Helen Clifton was the teacher I remember, faithfully

teaching us year after year. I remember when I was “too old” to attend, going back to visit where I could understand everything.

I was allowed / invited to be a librarian’s assistant while I was in middle school. The librarian’s name was Mrs. Mary Smith; she was faithful at encouraging encouraging me. I knew nothing about serving in a library, but she taught me how to help and told me I would be given keys to the new library. I was disappointed when the male board decided I was too young. My mother tried to say I was needed to help in the junior high department, but I was already learning about discrimination.



Mrs. Betty Esch was the “sponsor” for the younger grades of Christian Endeavor. I remember well the time she handed me the materials for the next Sunday night and said I was responsible for the program. It was the first time I’d been given responsibility in “non-manual” service.

Our congregation had Pioneer Girls and Mrs. Martha Cordell organized that program for years. She had girls of her own, and gave to the girls in our congregation years of learning and training in service through that program.

We moved to town between my second and third grades, so that we could attend the Christian School. Mrs. Mary Carlson, one of the founders, was teacher of 7<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup>, and 9<sup>th</sup> grades, as well as principal for most of my seven years there. Without adequate remuneration, without the respect that would have been hers if she had been a he, she was faithful and true year after year to serve the school, the students, and their parents.

When I went to Prairie Bible Institute for my sophomore year of high school,

the Carlsons took me with their children on the three day journey from home.

There were a large number of men and women at Prairie HS who modeled a life of faithful service to The LORD and to His high school “children.” Mrs Luella Freswick took a special interest in me and invited me into her home regularly. And while my interaction with others was limited, I remember the sweet spirits of Miss Betsy Burleigh, Miss Joyce Carrell, and Miss Marjorie Dixon. Years later, on a visit, I saw some of these women waiting and cleaning tables in the dinning room for their guests - - of whom I was one.

Mrs. Evelyn Crowell gave Youth For Christ in the Peoria area a choral in which I sang during my freshman and senior years. I chose to be a “quiz” kid, virtually memorizing two books each of those years to compete in quizzes with kids from other schools. Mrs. Mary Greener invited us to her home on a weekly basis all summer to help us learn the scriptures and answer questions about it.

My line has fallen in a pleasant place; I have a good inheritance. (Ps 16:6)

### Learning, Teaching, Serving



My husband says I’ve had a “checkered” career. I earned a B.S, in education and psychology, as my children were in grade school. Then immediately began an M.A in psychology. Before I finished it, I was working in the social service department of a local hospital.

I went from that position to private practice as a Christian psychotherapist. (You can be a Christian and practice non-Christian psychotherapy; I practiced Christian psychotherapy.) I began a doctorate in education, having found that much of what I did in the office was educational in nature, and planned to sit for registration. But the Ph.D.s had the money, and so the legislature voted not to allow Ed.Ds or Psy.Ds to sit for registration.

I taught at the post-secondary level for a while, but could not get a tenure-track position. The decision was made on “consumer satisfaction” rather than teaching quality. Students would drop a class if it required more time and energy than they wanted to spend. They could take a class from another instructor which required much less effort. And so they did.

Hearing that The Church needed pastors, and being encouraged by a retired pastor in the congregation we were attending, I began work on a M. Div. The seminary found my reliance upon The Scriptures too literal for their taste, but I managed to graduate. The region refused to endorse my ordination, promoted by a committee chair-person who was later found to be a porn addict. Fortunately, the congregation where we had been worshiping decided to ordain me as congregations had ordained their own for generations.



Unfortunately, congregations in this day and age do not necessarily want the truth. It is more likely they want to be comfortable as they worship their free will. Charles Spurgeon prophesied: “there will come a day when instead of pastors feeding sheep, we will have clowns entertaining goats.” And so we have in congregations all across the nation - - goats demanding what they want to hear, and clowns giving it to them. Be ware when all men

speak well of you; blessed are those who are persecuted for Jesus' sake.

Never-the-less, the gifts and call of The LORD are without repentance. (Rom 11:29) And Christians don't retire, they find there are alternative means by which to serve.

So in 2007, I began 'riding circuit' to retirement homes in the area doing BibleTelling, some months up to twelve homes in little over one week.

For ten years, I developed and maintained the philosophy and religion area of a seniors' learning program. Three times each year, I organized four classes, as I expanded the content area to include church music, church history, mental health from a Christian perspective, inter-faith dialogue, Hebrew prophets, history impacting the church, moral development (or lack thereof), comparative religion, introductions to other religions, and of course, BibleTelling of Bible women. But the administrator decided there was "too much Christianity," so I was removed from my volunteer position.

This web site marks a new beginning; not that I've giving up BibleTelling locally. For what time The LORD allows, I'll be getting the monologue series in print and this web site up-dated for those interested in learning about BibleTelling and finding scripts for BibleTelling. You don't make disciples by talking to them; you make disciples by getting The Word into them. There's no better way than BibleTelling, given we are created to hear, remember, and tell story.

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## Telling Because ...

When we moved back to the Peoria area, I join three area ministerial associations and began to teach at a local mission. I found teaching about Bible women incredibly applicable for the women at the mission and for myself.

The one ministerial association was hosted for breakfast every month by one of the area retirement facilities. Deciding that we should give back in some way, I asked the activity director if there was opportunity for a Bible teller. And so it began - - from two directions at once.

As had studied, I had become appalled by some of what I was reading in books about women of the Bible that simply were false, or worse - defamatory. My sisters in The Faith needed voices. So, I decided to be voices for them.

This fit well with lifetime goals of continued learning, serving, and encouraging others in The Faith.

I began direct support of nationals in ministering to their own over forty years ago. I was disappointed, and powerless, to stop the drain on The LORD's money for lands where the gospel is known, readily available, and frequently rejected - - such as the US. While we purchase new choir robes, which are not needed, and make ourselves increasingly more comfortable in beautiful sanctuaries, our brothers and sisters struggle to reach the lost because they can't feed their families and do the work of ministry.

Two thousand years ago, Jesus left us with the task of getting the gospel to every language group. (Matt 24:14) We have not been obedient. Hundreds

of language groups are still unreached, although the money to do that is here and the ministers to do that are near neighbors of those unreached.

All proceeds for tellings and books goes to Global Commission Partners. GCP is the only mission organization dedicated solely to reaching unreached people groups anywhere in the world with those best able to do the job. Those are near neighbors who know the languages (3 - 5 or more) and live on the same economic level as those they are reaching.

I'm a partner. God has called each of us to partner with Him in the building of His Kingdom (1) where we are and (2) where we can support those who have not heard.

I live with my husband, Dent, a retired professor of education, among hundred-year old oak trees in central Illinois. The setting is a constant source of pleasure, spiritual nourishment, and peace.

I am grateful for my husband, who did not find my non-stop thinking a trial, but a gift which he has encouraged me to develop. He has served as editor, photographer, consultant, chauffeur, coach, support, and whatever else I have needed him to be. A true soul friend and full partner in our various enterprises for The Kingdom.

