

Willie Anna Dodson

*Riding
Upon
The
High
Places
of The
Earth*

RIDING UPON THE HIGH PLACES
OF THE EARTH

by

Willie Anna Dodson

Bookstores display a multitude of autobiographies that reveal the author's lifelong achievements; and there are also many religious works that portray how one's service to and for the Lord can result in a serene state of eternal happiness. *Riding Upon the High Places of the Earth* contains the best of both categories. Willie Anna Dodson shares not only significant details of her life and career, but also recalls interesting things about the people she's known, the things she's observed, and the philosophy of living that has guided her over the years. Growing up in the nation's capital, she has achieved outstanding success throughout her life.

A religious woman, the author has faithfully kept the Sabbath for more than sixty years, and her trust in God has served her through all adversity. Her life has been one of devotion to others, and she hopes to teach young people how to succeed in living the good life.

We set off with her on her life's journey as a junior in high school in Washington, D.C. Then her marriage to her first love commences her new life at the golden age of twenty. We share with her her training to become a teacher, and her further study to

receive her master's degree in psychology. Continuing her education in guidance and counseling, clinical psychology, and supervision and administration, we watch her progress from teacher to junior high school principal.

The latter third portion of her book backtracks somewhat to tell of her mother's love and devotion for her six children, and her desire to provide them with higher education.

The final chapters are devoted to reminiscences of letters from her son while he was practicing medicine in Kenya, West Africa, and Uganda. In conclusion, Mrs. Dodson recalls her travels to Europe, Africa and the Orient, which enriched her historical knowledge and inspired her to transcribe her first trip into manuscript form.

This unusual and edifying memoir is highly recommended for its combination of personal experience and insights into teaching, human nature, and following the religious life to salvation.

(Continued on back flap)

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A Hearthstone Book

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DEDICATION

To my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, for His guidance throughout my life.

And to Arlene McEachnie for her insistence that I put in book form the story I related to her concerning God's lifelong direction.

And to Joseph, my beloved husband whose encouragement is unending.

And to our dear and precious son, Warren, who as co-worker with the Great Physician, labors unselfishly to heal the sick and to teach them the way of life everlasting.

And to my dear nonagenarian mother, Lula, sisters, Thelma, Evelyn, Mildred, and other family members, for their love and respect.

And to the Eliot family, and to Adelaide Bourne, affectionately known as "Doc" and super secretary, Thelma Eldridge, all of whom have made life worthwhile and interesting.

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PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT
PRESIDENTIAL BUILDING
415 12TH STREET N.W.
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20004

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. WILLIE ANN DODSON

I am very pleased and proud to be among those who pay tribute to a very grand lady on the occasion of her 80th birthday, a lady whose outstanding contributions to the Public Schools of the District of Columbia span many years and continue to impact upon the lives of our children today.

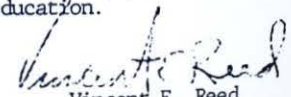
During her years as teacher, counselor, and assistant principal, Mrs. Dodson conceptualized an approach to education that was innovative, exciting, and in many ways, years ahead of its time. Her appointment as principal of Elliot Junior High School in September 1952 offered the opportunity to share this approach with a group of talented young teachers, many who later became outstanding administrators in our System. I have had the pleasure of working with Mrs. Dodson's proteges and have recognized the strong impact of her teachings upon each of them.

She called this concept the mental health approach to education. It was a positive approach which encouraged emotional as well as intellectual growth. Teachers and students were urged to examine themselves to discover, develop, and use their assets and talents. Her educational program was success oriented with the recognition of excellence as an integral part. "Everybody is somebody", became the slogan which contained the essence of the mental health concept.

This approach was a departure from the authoritarian and somewhat rigid educational practices of the 40's and the 50's, and, as I mentioned earlier, an idea ahead of its time. It has only been during recent years that the humanizing of education has become a fixed goal. Other innovations which she introduced have also been recognized as sound educational practices. One was the peer teacher concept, the practice of encouraging experienced successful teachers to share their expertise with new teachers. Two years ago our system adopted the peer assistance teacher program on a citywide basis. Another was the concept of rapport recognition of the importance of positive human relationships to a successful educational program.

These and many other concepts live on today through the administrators who were trained by Mrs. Dodson, the teachers who they in turn have trained and their students.

We are indeed fortunate to have the legacy of such outstanding leadership. Please accept my sincere wishes for a very happy birthday. May your days be full of memories of your fruitful and dedicated years in education.


Vincent E. Reed
Superintendent of Schools

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I want to express my deep appreciation to my beloved niece, Nancy Otey Jones, for her invaluable assistance in reading the manuscript.

To Regina Jervay, a superior and dedicated teacher for her assistance in titling the chapters.

To Ruth Nelson who patiently typed the manuscript.

FOREWORD

If "all the world's a stage, and the men and women merely players," then Willie Anna Dodson has played more roles with academy award precision than anyone else I know.

I cannot express my admiration for her in words, but I can portray some of the scenes in her life that make her adored by all who know her.

I have seen her reading words of encouragement and exhorting God to save a dying woman.

I have seen her carrying a part of her paycheck to her mother every month of her life.

I have seen her exuberant over a priceless painting and in rapture at the Kennedy Center.

I have observed her entry into the hall of noisy teenagers, and holding up one hand, shout—silence!

In one scene, she is waiting for her dear friend to wake up from surgery. Mrs. Dodson is holding her hand, mopping her brow, calling her name.

She is now boarding the train to go many miles to accompany a friend in legal difficulty.

I see her now counseling an Alcoholics Anonymous group and planning a Christmas party.

I see her inspiring her teachers to "get that master's," "apply for that promotion," "save some money, now," "get ahead!"

She has opened her beautifully appointed home to many—homeless, alien, sick and alone.

Willie Anna Dodson is a self-creation, patterned after no other—a composite of self reliance, high efficiency and great accomplishment, balanced by humility, love of God and man, and the ultimate in service. This self-creation was surely finished by the hand of God.

Her long running role is the love story she has shared with her leading man, Joseph T. Dodson. This absolute understanding and trust is rare, priceless, and enviable. I have never seen her angry, nor have I heard any words but the loftiest fall from her lips.

From her plane seat, this petite world traveller must truly sigh, "Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and King!"

Margaret Massé, Musm.

CHAPTER 1

OUR MEETING

I want to tell you something about us. Our names are Willie and Joseph Dodson. My earliest remembrance of Joseph Dodson was when he was introduced to me at Dunbar High School in Washington, D.C. He was a staff officer in the cadet corps and looked great in his uniform.

He was in the top boys' section under Mr. Walter Smith, an unusual homeroom teacher who gave meaningful daily guidance, which Joseph still remembers and relates. A high percentage of these boys became medical doctors, doctors of philosophy in chemistry, in zoology, and in English, professors and eminently superior teachers.

Mr. Smith later became principal of Dunbar High School, which was the first strictly academic high school for blacks in this nation. Its faculty and students were highly selected.

I was a junior in a homeroom with some outstanding girls, many of whom later became teachers and school officers. By this time, I was beginning to reveal my becoming aware of the opposite sex, especially regarding a brilliant senior and staff officer in the cadet corps. Little rhymes about our meeting—evening, tall trees and sunset—thinking of when we first met—so far away it seems—almost 'mid broken dreams, ad infinitum appeared in my notebook.

His smiles, efforts at conversation, and quickly averted eyes that seemed to be seeking mine when we passed each other in the corridors were returned with smiles.

I lived across the street from Dunbar and Joseph would very often stop to talk to me at my gate. This intermittent acquaintance lasted until he graduated in June, 1917, in Dunbar's first graduating class of one hundred. I didn't see him very often after his graduation, as he lived in another section of the city.

Although he graduated in the top of his class with an unsolicited scholarship to Bates College in Maine, he chose to remain with his part-time job on a full-time basis. World War I was in its height, boys were going "over there," and I liked the song by that name. And as you can guess, I knew the words of all the popular songs as teenagers do now.

CHAPTER 2

EARNING AND LEARNING

At the end of my junior year in high school, many seniors were taking examinations for summer work in the government. I joined the group and was appointed to work in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in the Treasury Department of the Federal Government. I was seventeen years old and my salary was one hundred dollars a month. I felt rich! I bought a piano, and fine clothes for my parents, sisters and brother. My parents would not accept any of my salary but they directed my spending and advised me to save some of it to help complete my education.

It was at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing that I learned an unforgettable lesson through a personal experience, and gained a better understanding of all that my parents were trying to teach us about—“As others like you.”

It wasn't fun, having to get up and be on the streetcar at a quarter to seven in the morning in order to be on the job at eight o'clock. So some mornings I wasn't very sunny and happy. When I'd enter the locker room where there were many older women whom I didn't know, I'd barely grunt a “good morning.”

On one occasion as I entered the locker room in this impolite mood, I overheard a lady who was later affectionately known as the, “Sweetheart of Washington” and for whom a junior high school is named say, “Who is that child? She hasn't any manners.” I was so embarrassed that I didn't leave the locker room until everyone else had left. Since my locker was a distance from the front where they were, I could easily hide from view. It was then, however, that I understood that if one wants to have a good time and be welcomed by his associates and friends, he must be able to make others like him.

A knowledge of the qualities that make a person likeable is important, and to most people those admirable qualities are being good-natured, loyal, cooperative, and well-mannered. Your pleasure and the pleasure of those around you depend in large measure on the degree to which one is acceptable to others. Moodiness and ill manners are reprehensible and they never win friends.

After this unpleasant incident, I was constantly checking

myself to see if my manners were friendly and acceptable. I'm so happy I learned early that good manners are a product of character and an outward expression of one's real self and, above all, the badge so necessary for success in every area of living in this world.

What a relief to have this unpleasant incident over! I, then, concentrated on the problem at hand—to keep the job or to go back to school (the summer job was ending). Which choice should I make? My decision was to transfer to the evening shift and finish my senior high school year. This plan, I reasoned, would give me the opportunity to save some money to help complete my education. Graduation Day in June, 1918 found me in the class with a fairly reasonable savings account.

CHAPTER 3

FOR LIFE

Soon, thereafter, that attractive and highly intelligent young man, Joseph Dodson, who I learned later was following his mother's suggestion, became a constant visitor at my home. I was still employed in the government and he was employed in industry on a full-time basis.

My family liked him very much because of his affable, sociable, and intellectual approach. After a year of friendship, I was beginning to understand fully his hope of sharing his life with me. On November 29, 1919 we were married, for life. Now, fifty-seven years later, there are no changes.

He was an unusual young man, at the age of twenty-two, and I was twenty. He rented a brand new house and furnished it completely—living room, dining room, kitchen, and bedrooms. Curtains and shades were at the windows. Even doormats and a mail box were not forgotten. Every necessity was provided, and the furniture was from one of Washington's finest furniture stores. We were renting this house from Dr. Alonzo Hill, who kept reminding us that we could have the little house since he had lost one wife by death, and the other by "left." Strangely enough, after a few years, and as we expected, he married again and came to reclaim the little house.

Another incident happened after a decade or two. Dr. Hill and his wife had sold the little house and were living across the street from us on Columbia Road, when they requested that I

give them Bible studies; an offer which I accepted. Soon they joined the Seventh-Day Adventist Church. They had shown no interest in our new-found religion when we lived in their little house, but they now became valuable members. He served as an outstanding treasurer for the church until his death at age seventy-five, and his wife died recently at the age of eighty-three.

From the beginning, five areas of living were always important to us: church, education, career, family and travel. The first step was to establish our home on a firm religious foundation. Joseph was a Methodist, and I was a Baptist. I was baptized at the age of thirteen. Every Sunday we would alternate in going to each other's church.

His family consisted of his mother, father, and five brothers. I learned later that three other brothers had died in infancy. His mother, the only female in the family, withstood her outnumbered males, through her dynamic, forthright personality. The family was always engaged in political, social, intellectual, and religious discussions. The question of the difference in the form of baptism by Methodists and Baptists was debated. The loquacious, quick-witted Dodsons usually outwitted me in the discussions, for the only proof I had that immersion was the correct form of baptism was that John baptized Christ. They argued that sprinkling was just as adequate. These discussions continued on and on.

Now I want to tell you something about my mother. Her name is Lula Stafford. She heard about these discussions and warned me privately to stop them. She could foresee that they had the possibility of undermining our marriage. As usual, when she spoke, I obeyed and immediately dismissed the subject of baptism and the discussions from my mind.

CHAPTER 4

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

It was a typical Saturday evening in August of 1920. I was sitting on the front porch searching the *Evening Star* for the topic of the Sunday sermon at Ebenezer Methodist Church where we were to attend Sunday.

Before I could find the subject, my eyes focused on these lines, "Baptism, Will Sprinkling Do?" This aroused my attention

again on the subject of baptism. I immediately told my husband and our Baptist next-door neighbors about it. All of us decided to go to this meeting that Sunday night to see if we could learn what was the true form of baptism.

My husband had the daily use of his father's car, but of all times, his father needed him to take him some place that night. So my husband decided to take us to the meeting, leave us, take his father where he wanted to go and return in time for the meeting on baptism; but to our great disappointment, he didn't return until the meeting was over.

The minister and congregation were strangers to us, but we enjoyed the sermon very much because of its clarity and Biblical proof that immersion is the Biblical form of baptism. This pleased me and my Baptist neighbors.

At the conclusion of the service, the minister whom we found out later was Elder P. Gustavus Rodgers, was greeting the people as they left the tent. As we were leaving I told him, through much elation, how much I enjoyed the sermon, but I wished my husband had heard it for he believed that, "Sprinkling Will Do." So he seized upon this opportunity to study with us. We learned later that this is the main method of evangelism among Seventh-Day Adventists.

He insisted that I give him my name and address and he would come the next Sunday morning at ten o'clock to give this study on baptism. I recoiled at once, I didn't want him to come to my home to study with my husband. But try as I may, his insistence won. However, all week, I kept reminding my husband that that preacher said he would be here Sunday morning at ten o'clock. I didn't get any indication whatsoever of what his wishes were in the matter. So all week I worried about having given the pastor our name and address. Why did I do it? This question kept flashing in my mind. Our neighbors kept their mouths closed! But in spite of my week of anxiety and apprehension, at ten o'clock sharp that Sunday morning a preacher arrived.

I answered the doorbell, invited him in, and straightway went to get my husband who hesitatingly came in to meet him. The pastor introduced himself, his subject, had prayer and studied with all of us, including our neighbors who had been invited to join us in the study. We used a new Bible which had been given to us by my husband's parents. The pastor seemed delighted that we could find the texts so readily. We knew, however, that

it wasn't because we had used it that often.

We noticed that after the study the pastor had prayer, invited us to the tent that night, and announced that he would return the next Sunday morning at ten o'clock and left immediately. We learned later that this is the proper procedure when one is giving a Bible study, to leave the subject in the minds of the hearers. Well, we discussed it amongst ourselves. We were amazed that the study not only reconfirmed my and our Baptist neighbors' views but also convinced my Methodist husband that immersion is the Biblical form of baptism.

We accepted Elder Rodgers' invitation to the tent meeting that Sunday night at Sherman Avenue and Irving Streets, Northwest, Washington, D.C. Our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. James Crawford, went with us. We liked the music, and the choir was beautiful in their robes. A fine young lady, whose name we later learned was Lillian Burgess, was at the piano. Her brother, Albert, accompanied the music on his violin. The balance in voices was unique which made the songs ring out to reach the very souls of the hearers.

We shall always remember, "The Cloud and Fire," p. 518, Christ in song.

Chorus So the sign of the fire by night,
 And the sign of the cloud by day,
 Hov'ring o'er, just before, as they
 journey on their way
 Shall a guide and a leader be,
 Till the wilderness be past.
 For the Lord our God in His own good time
 Shall lead to the light at last.

We could feel and see the cloud of the Lord upon the tabernacle by day, and the fire upon it by night. We were having an unusual spiritual experience.

The sermon for the evening was, "Who Changed the Sabbath?" What could this mean? We didn't have any idea of what he would speak. But attentively we listened and followed his every word. We were thrilled with the information we received from this extraordinary subject. The notes we took were reviewed when we got home. The texts were just what the pastor read. How stunned we were that we hadn't even had an inkling of this message before. So with pencil and pad in hand

we continued to attend these meetings until the closing night when Elder Rodgers invited all to come to his church, the next Sabbath, at Ephesus S.D.A. Church, Sixth and N Streets, Northwest, Washington, D.C. Ephesus S.D.A. Church is now Dupont Park S.D.A. Church, 3985 Massachusetts Avenue, Southeast, Washington, D.C. My husband worked a half a day every Saturday, so he announced at once that he could not attend. The Crawfords and I could go because of a government holiday. I spoke up and said, "Let's go." My husband volunteered to pick us up after the service.

It was a Saturday morning in September, 1921, around Labor Day, that the three of us boarded a streetcar and set off for this church, of which none of us had any knowledge. I said, "Let's go, but we wouldn't think of joining." All of us were convinced by now that Saturday is the Sabbath.

Arriving at the church with plenty of time to spare, we were seated on the right side about five seats from the front. The church was crowded, and soon the excellent choir and pulpit members appeared.

After all the notices were read and offerings were taken, Elder Rodgers took the podium and without much ado began preaching on the theme, "The Blessings for Obedience to the Commandments of God and the Curses for Disobedience." He spoke from the book of Deuteronomy mainly with emphasis on the twenty-eighth chapter. Moses is accepted as its author. The name Deuteronomy is derived from two Greek words, "deuteros," meaning second, and "nomos," meaning law.

The former generation of Isreal had died in the wilderness; hence it was important that the law should be repeated and expounded to the new generation before they entered the Promised Land.

The book of Deuteronomy contains a series of discourses and exhortations given by Moses on the plains of Moab before the crossing of Jordan. Deut. 1:1. The main theme was a rehearsal of the laws proclaimed at Sinai, with a call to obedience, interspersed with a review of the experiences of the old generation.

The crux of the sermon, "Blessings for Obedience to the Commandments" was that whole-hearted duty to God is required, prosperity and good success is promised, obedience is better than sacrifice, obedience secures entrance into God's kingdom, obedience is essential to membership in God's family,

obedience secures the Key to Spiritual Knowledge, and is the imperial duty of life. We ought to obey God rather than men.

Then the Elder gave examples of obedience: Noah did according to all that God commanded him, Gen. 6:22; Abraham obeyed His command to sacrifice Isaac, his only beloved son, Gen. 22:2, 3; Christ, the supreme example of obedience, said "But that the world may know that I love the Father; and as the Father gave me commandments, even so I do." John 14:31.

Next he gave illustrations of curses for disobedience to the Commandments: "But it shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all His commandments and His statutes which I command thee this day; that all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee." Deut. 28:15.

"The Lord shall send you cursing, vexation, and rebuke in all that thou settest thine hand unto for to do, until thou be destroyed." Deut. 28:20; disappointment, verses 39, 40; sickness, verse 61.

The sermon was concluded with Psalm 37:25, David said, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." And Isaiah 58, 13, 14: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

I believed Saturday was the Sabbath from our Bible studies, and from attendance at the tent meetings. So the more the Elder spoke and read about the blessings of obedience, the more I was moved by the Spirit of God to not only believe but to accept it in my life.

When the pastor made the call for those who would unite with the commandment-keeping people, I noticed my friends, the Crawfords, were being moved by the Spirit of God. I got right up and joined the thirty-two or more at the altar. My friends did not obey the Spirit of God, but as we left the church, they assured me that they, too, would join the church, for it is the true Sabbath.

I know now that it was Satan who gave me a feeling of

embarrassment for joining the church on my first visit there. "Satan again counseled with his angels, and with bitter hatred against God's government told them that while he retained his power and authority upon earth their efforts must be tenfold stronger against the followers of Jesus. They had prevailed nothing against Christ but must overthrow His followers, if possible. In every generation they must seek to ensnare those who would believe in Jesus. He related to his angels that Jesus had given His disciples power to rebuke them and cast them out, and to heal those whom they should afflict. Then Satan's angels went forth like roaring lions, seeking to destroy the followers of Jesus."¹

Satan could not hinder me from taking a stand for God and His commandments. I obeyed the Spirit of God for which I am thankful. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford died without ever accepting all that they had heard and believed.

I also feared that my husband might not like my joining. He came to pick us up and to take us to the market, but I canceled going to the market because of my decision. He only said, "I know it is the truth, but I'll lose my job if I join."

In those days, everybody worked at least half a day on Saturdays. Instead of going to the market, we went home and continued the discussions of the blessings of obedience to God's commandments, as well as the curses for disobedience. The Crawfords, our next-door neighbors, went home and we finally relaxed, eating for dinner what was prepared.

Psalms 37:25 and Isaiah 58:13, 14, the texts Elder Rodgers used to close his invitation to join the church, kept recurring in my mind. So beginning at the dinner table, I kept reminding my husband of David's and Isaiah's testimonies. But he continued to reiterate that he knew it was the true Sabbath but he would lose his job if he accepted it. I, nevertheless, continued to plead with him to accept. Rejection for any reason is rejecting God. It was also beginning to dawn on me that I would have to go to that strange church alone. Although we had been married only ten months, every Sunday found us in one church or the other together.

We were newlyweds with a house full of new furniture, from one of Washington's finest furniture stores and a budget of fifty dollars a month for the furniture, sixteen dollars and fifty cents

¹ White, E. G., *The Story of Redemption*, p. 240.

a month for rent of a brand new modern brick house in a fine community, in addition to miscellaneous expenses such as food, insurance, et cetera. This was an enormous budget in the roaring twenties and my husband's fear of losing his job was understandable.

Well, the next Sabbath came and I couldn't persuade my husband to go to church with me. Can you imagine what I did? Against all my convictions and seriousness of purpose, I just couldn't go to this strange church alone. The Crawfords had abandoned the idea entirely. So off to work, I went sorrowfully. But I went, lacking courage to go to church alone and forgetting God's promises.

I remorsefully remember desecrating that Sabbath day. I lost the diamond out of my engagement ring. We hadn't learned that the best adornment should be the inward adorning of the heart. I sent out an alarm in the work room. The plumbers were summoned to check the bowls in the wash room. I searched all around my chair on the floor but I couldn't find the diamond. In desperation I cried out, "Lord, I'll never break another Sabbath day, please help me find the diamond." By now I was calm and at ease, believing the Lord would help me. After some time passed, I casually looked down from my chair and there on the floor where I had looked so often before, was the diamond. That was the last Sabbath I worked from that day in September, 1920, until now, 1977, fifty-seven years later. My plan is to keep every Sabbath faithfully until the end when Jesus returns in the clouds to take the faithful on that long journey back to the New Jerusalem. We are told that it will take seven days, in order for the true believers who died before they received a knowledge of the Sabbath, to keep it in mid air. For no Sabbath breakers will be in the New Jerusalem.

Elder Rodgers was as punctual that next Sunday as usual, studying with us, the beautiful truths of the Seventh-Day Adventist faith.

CHAPTER 5

CONSEQUENCES OF HIS CONVERSION

Each Sabbath, thereafter, I was in my seat at the church alone. My husband came to meet me when his half-day of work was over. This gave him time to hear at least part of the sermon each Sabbath. Elder Rodgers never offered the benediction before one, and sometimes nearly two o'clock.

One Sabbath, when I wasn't expecting it, the Spirit of God filled my husband's heart and before I knew it, he went up to the altar, giving his heart to God and pledging to keep all of God's commandments, the fourth along with the rest:

And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.
Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.
Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

This was a happy experience, not only for me but also for the pastor and officers of the church. I well remember how Brother Andrews, the senior deacon, embraced my husband tenderly, shedding tears that this young man had made his decision to follow God all the way.

True to his fear, he lost his job the first Sabbath he kept. His boss told him he would keep his job open for two weeks. He felt sure he would be returning, as jobs were scarce in those days. But thanks be to God he never returned; it is now fifty-seven years later. God's promises are sure. David and Isaiah's consolation gave us courage and hope.

Joseph worked for a very highly respected business enterprise in the city. He worked for this business part-time as a shipping clerk during his four years in senior high school, and after graduation he was promoted to associate manager.

The first Monday after he lost his job (after prayer), I gave him a bag lunch and was sure he would be hired that day. Although he did not get a job, we were not discouraged. We knew God would provide and we would find success as God promised.

Our studies continued every Sunday morning at ten o'clock. After several weeks, Elder Rodgers sent his Bible Worker, Geneva McDonald, to study with us. By the time we were baptized, Sunday night, December 5, 1920, we had heard and studied the major subjects that differentiate Seventh-Day Adventists from all other religious faiths.

We have, nevertheless, continued daily study and prayer until this day and shall continue as long as life lasts.

In addition to Sabbath services, we attended prayer meetings every Wednesday night, Spirit of Prophecy meetings every Friday night, and meetings for the public every Sunday night. We were overjoyed by our enlightenment on the way God has led the Seventh-Day Adventist people.

Elder Rodgers was a dedicated, active minister and pastor. He often missed just one member who was not present on the Sabbath day and would visit him at once. His converts were thoroughly educated in the faith and they remained in the church.

My husband's father gave him his touring Dodge car, and he converted it into a taxi cab. My husband now had his own business. He worked around the clock six days a week, and rested on the Sabbath day. This was not so attractive as his

managerial position, but we were happy to follow all of God's commandments. Our obligations were met without begging or borrowing during all of those lean years. I named the car Betsy because of its unattractive appearance, but we were thankful for what God provided.

Later he bought a funeral car which provided a lucrative income. Finally, he was proprietor of the college store, at 2610 Georgia Avenue. This store sold books and other supplies for the students. This was a prestigious enterprise which we enjoyed for many years.

In spite of all his working for a living, he never neglected church work. He became a devoted and working member. Very soon after his baptism, he was elected deacon, in which position he helped to take care of the business of the church, physically as well as ministering to the sick.

There was a need for local elders in this church since its inception, but the lack of qualified young men hindered this phase of the work. After a decade or more, the church ordained two local elders, Joseph Dodson and Grant Smith. Joseph was designated first elder, and held this position by election for over thirty years.

In 1936 there was no ordained minister sent to the church. Joseph filled in the whole year as pastor without conflict. The Potomac Conference honored him for this service, and the members were happy with his leadership. In the Bicentennial Membership Directory, the church is speaking, "After Elder Dasent, there was one year when the church did not have a Conference Minister. The mantle of leadership fell on Joseph Dodson. I was most pleased with the manner in which he conducted the congregation. He is a member of my congregation still. In fact, he lives just a few doors from me. I see him often during the week as well as on Sabbaths. He possesses all of the dignity of a Prince and the kindly manner of a Saint."

A new church was voted for, and my husband held several responsible positions in this effort. Here he served as chairman of the Trustee Board, all financial arrangements were made by him as he acted as assistant to the builder, Brother McKenzie. He was appointed by conference officers to defend a large loan at a Baltimore bank for the church and it was secured.

CHAPTER 6

SURE PROMISES

God was preparing better things for us, of which we knew not. In 1920 the law in the District of Columbia was changed so that married women could maintain their teaching positions. I then went down to the superintendent's office to inquire as to whether married women would be permitted to train to be teachers at the Miner Normal School.

These were crucial times in the District of Columbia schools. The superintendent, in charge of colored schools, as they were designated then, was being picketed by some irate parents because he had permitted a foreign male to take pictures of some Dunbar High School students in the nude.

I had heard the statement that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. In spite of my not realizing the truth of this statement, and as a matter of fact, it never flashed in my mind, I crossed the picket line. I was bent on gaining permission to enter Miner Normal School where I would train to be a teacher and be free to worship God on His holy Sabbath day.

At eight-thirty one September morning in the year 1921, I was sitting in the superintendent's office, waiting for recognition by him. I never realized that he would have no time for me because he was trying to save his position. I can still realize how insignificant I felt, but my indomitable will and my dependence upon God kept me seated there until four-thirty that afternoon. Then Mr. Roscoe Bruce, the superintendent, finally noticed me. I also remember how scintillatingly I responded even after waiting eight hours for this moment, as I said, "I am Mrs. Willie Dodson, a Dunbar High School graduate. I am interested in enrolling at Miner Normal School under the new law that married women can retain their teaching positions."

His negative facial expression and his request that I leave my name and address would have been discouraging to one more faithless and less determined. But God provided an unknown friend, Mr. Eugene A. Clark, who was Principal of Miner Normal School. He heard my request and said, "That's a good idea, I'll send my wife." I learned later that his wife had finished Miner Normal School years before.

He was truly a ram in the thicket. God provided him for my

encouragement as well as the one who would later make the request to the Board of Education, where it was passed at that September Board of Education meeting.

Both my husband and I were jobless at this time, which necessitated curtailment of the *Star* newspaper. Hence, I was unaware of the act of the Board of Education, until the following Sunday when my young and favorite brother-in-law, Thurman Dodson, came to visit us and gave me the news. He has always been cooperative and supportive.

My spontaneous reaction was to enroll the next day although I was two weeks late. But my cautious husband hurriedly explained that he wouldn't have carfare for me to go. (Carfare in the nineteen twenties was five cents, or six tickets for a quarter.)

Preparing for a position where I wouldn't be required to work on the Sabbath day was uppermost in my mind. So preparing my clothes for entry the next day occupied the rest of that Sunday.

Monday morning found me entering Miner Normal School. In the hallway welcoming the students was my unknown friend, Mr. Clark, who later became Dr. Clark. He almost embraced me, so happy was he to see me and to tell me how long he had been looking for me to enter that door. But he didn't know my name and address to contact me, so he just waited for my arrival.

From early childhood, I had great dreams and hopes. I felt that my life had to be a successful one. I wanted to be a teacher. I was confident and talkative. So I got to know and like my teachers, and they liked me, too. This first day at Miner Normal School was anything but difficult. Although I was one of the married students, I was just twenty-two years old and felt frightened at first until I met some of my high school friends there. It wasn't long before the newness began to wear off. I busied myself with the new classes and thoroughly enjoyed taking courses such as psychology and sociology that I hadn't heard of before. English, mathematics, social studies, geography, domestic science, and art were familiar, but were presented on a new and higher level. From my first day, I realized that I had to buckle down and study. I had almost forgotten what the nominative case was in a sentence. But the understanding and humane teacher of English, Mr. Francis Gregory, gave me confidence and I was soon excelling with the rest of the class, in spite of entering two weeks late and having

been out of school for over three years.

Slowly but surely I was discovering what being a teacher really meant. It meant being a good home, school, and community citizen, excelling scholastically, being neat and appropriately dressed for the occasion, and helping your school and others in any way that you possibly can. Finally, it means trying to carry yourself in such a way that your parents, teachers, friends, and even you would be proud of. Frankly, I found being a Minerite and learning to be a teacher was really significant.

Similar to my high school experience, I liked my teachers and they liked me. I was happy, for I was getting the training that would fit me for my lifelong ambition, to become a teacher; and this would leave me free on the Sabbath to go to church to worship God on His holy day.

After two years of training to be a teacher under such excellent teachers and administrators, June, 1923, found me a happy graduate with a diploma in elementary education. My rating in teaching was ninety-six.

CHAPTER 7

THE CHALLENGING YEARS

My education did not end here. I went across the street to Howard University where I earned a B.A. degree in education and an M.S. degree in psychology, continuing at several universities above the master's degree in guidance and counseling, clinical psychology, supervision and administration.

At Howard, although a part-time student, I was on the Dean's List of excellence at the end of each quarter. I was elected a member of Psi Chi, an honor society in psychology, and Beta Kappa Chi, a scientific honor society.

By the time my name was reached for appointment in September, 1923, another new law was passed. Teachers who were on maternity leave for two years could now return to their teaching positions after fourteen months. So, instead of receiving my appointment that fall, large numbers of teachers who were on maternity leave were reinstated. This gave me another chance to practice David's admonition and encouragement. So, in faith, I patiently waited my turn which occurred April 1, 1924. We had until June to be appointed and if not by

then, no appointment was possible. How grateful I was to God for His kindness to me. He never fails.

My first appointment was at the Smothers Elementary School, Grade 2. I followed a very excellent teacher, Miss Alice Shaed who was advanced to a supervisory position. There were twenty-eight bright pupils in the class. From the very beginning, I could see God's hand leading and the blessings of obedience to His commandments. I was delighted to be appointed to a brand new building with a small, bright, class of pupils. The Principal and the teachers were congenial and helpful.

On the way to school, on the streetcar, I met my dear high school friend, Bessie Hope Johnson who had been teaching at a nearby school for a few years. We discussed the new ideas and techniques of teaching. She was an excellent teacher. So profiting from Bessie's experiences and following my supervisor's suggestions, I soon became an excellent teacher. We were not satisfied to be excellent teachers, so we continued to apply our knowledge and to work diligently until we were in the class of eminently superior teachers. With the highest ratings possible, Bessie and I advanced to the demonstration school. She resigned to go to New York with her husband who was a practicing physician. I spent several years in the demonstration school, where we daily taught for teachers who needed to be strengthened in their teaching. We also had other daily visitors from out of town. This was a challenging and gratifying experience, to feel that we were helping teachers to grow stronger, and, indirectly, their students.

In 1934 the Board of Education authorized an experiment in Character Education because of the racketeering and crime in the city, as there is today. Recognizing that there is a high correlation between successful school progress and satisfactory adjustment of personality, the character experiment geared one phase of its study to problems of those children who had difficulty in learning to read. This major division of the experiment brought the reading scores of around twenty percent of the children up to the standard of their grade placement. There were, however, a number of less tangible but highly valuable efforts of the experiment in improved attitudes and behavior.

At the close of the experiment, I remained in the Vocational High School as a guidance counselor. My career, however, did not end in the classroom nor counselor's office. I also worked as

a clinical psychologist in the Mental Hygiene Clinic of the Public School Evening Program, in the Mental Hygiene Clinic of the District of Columbia and in the Neuropsychiatric Clinic in the Department of Medicine, Howard University.

After this experience I was appointed Assistant Principal at Garnet-Patterson Junior High School. Here I received a red carpet welcome by Clovice Altice, who was sponsor of the Student Council Program. My easy camaraderie with Walker Savoy, the Principal, and his outstanding faculty helped me to succeed rapidly. A noise abatement program was initiated which created a quiet school, noticeable to all within as well as to passersby.

When this successful year came to a close, I was appointed Principal of Terrell Junior High School. At Terrell, I found a cooperative faculty and a well-disciplined student body.

Just as I had settled down for a pleasant entry into the New Terrell, I was transferred to Eliot Junior High School, September, 1952. At my oral examination for Principal of Eliot Junior High School, the Board of Examiners asked many tough questions. One examiner asked me what I would do if dissension occurred in my faculty regarding my leadership. I assured them that I would try to alleviate the problem by asking what I had done or said to cause the disturbance. If I were the cause, I would rectify it at once. But I felt that it wouldn't occur because of the way I would lead them. Then a thought occurred to me that this would sound egotistical. So I hastily replied, "Anything might happen, in spite of everything I would do to rectify the situation. There was war in heaven."

This statement closed the examination. The examiners sat abashed. My boss, Mr. Francis A. Gregory, the son of the English teacher at Miner Normal School, whispered assuredly that I had done well. Nevertheless, rumors went over the city that Willie Dodson was talking about "angels flying" at the examination. This didn't disturb me for I recognized it as the work of Satan who started war in heaven. I was glad that I was able to witness for Him.

This was the most challenging of all situations. It was a school secured for us by citizens of the city who were trying to reduce high enrollments in Black schools when there were so few students in this building.

Eliot's capacity was nine hundred, but I received over twelve hundred students from Black junior high schools all over the

city. I must say, my colleagues didn't send me their best students nor their average students. Most of the students seemed to be of deviate and anti-social calibre. Some had to be sent with teachers—their principals could not trust them to come alone.

After the seeming non-conforming students were at Eliot for a while and as our work with them continued, Eliot became "The Junior High of Junior Highs." Even the painters would remark that these students were rich, the way they dressed and behaved. We had the boys wear shirts and ties every day, and no gym shoes in the building, only in the gym. Girls dressed appropriately, no extreme fashions and hairstyles. It was really a joy to see and work with them.

Our emphasis on wholesome personalities paid off. But none of this could have been possible without the dedicated cooperative and supportive teachers, officers, parents, counselors, custodians, and cafeteria workers. We worked as a team and as the Eliot family.

I, with several committees, had organized the school in every area. Sponsors of programs and dates for the year had been selected, duty schedules had been made. Every detail of school management had been settled, typed and ready for the first faculty meeting.

I had the assistant, counselor, nurse, teachers, custodians, and cafeteria workers on the stage to introduce to the student body.

The auditorium teacher, Mrs. Juanita Fletcher, was in charge of the assembly. When she introduced me, I breathed a prayer, and God was with me. I told them about how we happened to be in this fine building. "This is the best junior high school in the city. Our faculty, custodians and cafeteria workers are the best. And you are the best students. At Eliot, everybody is somebody. We have a dress code, boys and girls dress like ladies and gentlemen, and they act like that, too. Here, we have the mental health approach to education." I explained auditorium procedure and manners. Then I invited them to sit as I had described. This they did. I ended by saying that if you treat us right, we will treat you right. My assistant and staff asked how I did it—calm them down so quickly? I had God on my side. From that day until I retired, June, 1969, I never had any difficulty with students, teachers or parents. God keeps His promises, they are sure and I believe them.

The goals of the mental health approach to education at Eliot

consisted in helping students to live successful lives or to achieve successful adjustment in life. In other words, we sought ways and means to wholesome personalities.

Some marks of a wholesome personality we aimed at securing were:

1. Happiness which is seen in good humor, zest, not a "happy am I" attitude, not an exaggerated manifestation of happiness, verbally expressed or acted, but just a "joy of living." A person with good humor and poise can see how funny he is and looks, and can laugh at himself.
2. Physical Health—Ways and means to physical health were not only kept paramount in the nurse's office, but also by every teacher in every classroom.
3. Efficiency— We endeavored to have all students work at their maximum level of output.
4. Extroversion— We felt this to be the supreme mark of a wholesome personality. So our programs aimed at turning students' views outside. Teachers tried to get introverts to take part in physical activities, selling tickets or engaging in activities that would orient them to reality such as competitive activities, working with the Science Fair, et cetera.
5. Integration aimed at getting students to have "horror of conflict," that is the conflict between individual desires and the social demands of school, home, and community. We encouraged harmonious relationships; that is, serious attempt was made by administrators and teachers to work things out with students when the occasion demanded it.
6. Emotional maturity was considered as one of the virtues of happiness, and makes one calmly take cognizance of a total situation. This we aimed at securing.
7. Objective mindedness—We helped students to think about things in such a calm way that when the thinking involved them they could take it.
8. Purposive Organization of Life—We encouraged big life goals that tended to focus on the whole of life's strivings. Not just being happy but seeing that the individual has a definite life goal, and that his distribution of time, money, and everything else is

definitely oriented to some life direction.

9. Humility— We encouraged students to see their smallness in relation to society, in contrast with the neurotic who has an exaggerated ego. We attempted to prune down selfishness. Love is pruning down egotism in religion. Our attempt was to de-egotize students by helping them to find something bigger than themselves, such as a friend, a task, a teacher; not slavish humility, but normal subordination to something larger than oneself which will help to reduce the exaggerated ego to proper balance. Religion emphasizes the virtue of humility.

I remained at Eliot Junior High School until my retirement on June 30, 1969. After forty-five years and three months in the school system, as elementary teacher, after my attendance at Miner Normal School as a married woman, Research Assistant and Character Counselor in the Congressional Experiment in Character Education, Guidance Counselor, Assistant Principal, and Principal of two Junior High Schools I left teaching. In every area God's hand was seen guiding me. Not one conflict arose during my many years in the public school system.

Numerous teachers who started their teaching careers at Terrell and Eliot Junior High Schools with me are now top school administrators, principals, assistant principals, reading clinicians, curriculum experts, science and English supervisors, college and university teachers, counselors, captains and supervisors of custodians.

Here are some of the things that were said at my retirement editorial in the Eliot—*Teen Times*.

The Principal of Principals

Live your life each day as you would climb a mountain,
An occasional glance toward the summit keeps the goal in
mind,
But many beautiful scenes are to be observed from
each vantage point.
Climb slowly, steadily, enjoying each passing moment; and
The view from the summit will serve as a fitting climax
for the journey.

There have been men who chose to spend their lives gaining fame and fortune. There are those who choose to acquire power and dominion over other men. Some choose to build empires so that all could see concrete evidence of their superiority. However, as history tells and life demonstrates, it is he who gives his time, energies and talents to benefit others, who truly achieves greatness.

One could easily philosophize and editorialize about the illustrious career of Eliot Junior High School's principal, Mrs. Willie A. Dodson, on the occasion of her retirement, for many philosophies have been crystallized from her teachings. One could editorialize Mrs. Dodson's career for there is much substance to her program. On the other hand, who among those of us whom she has touched could adequately tell her story? To attempt to would do Mrs. Dodson and her work a serious injustice. She has walked among us year after year, generation after generation, teaching, guiding, loving, inspiring. Students and teachers alike have come wondering what to dream, and left her full of dreams, in this way Mrs. Dodson has spread herself the length and breadth of this land. Each person who has passed her way and drank from her cup of kindness left with part of her wisdom, her love, and her dreams. This is what her mental health approach is all about.

Those who soared from Mrs. Dodson's springboard are so numerous that by now Eliot Junior High School is affectionately regarded as the "Training School" for leaders and Mrs. Dodson is called the "Principal of Principals." It is safe to assume that few, if any other, administrators can claim to have personally launched two assistant superintendents, eleven principals, eleven assistant principals, ten supervisors, and five counselors in a single school system. It is also safe to assume that as many others have assumed positions over the country to give their time and talents to others.

Dear Principal, we salute you, we thank you, we love you. We salute a magnificently successful career. We thank a brilliant educator for having shared her wisdom with us. We love Mrs. Willie A. Dodson for sharing her love with us.

Nellie Davis Lewis

COMMENTS OF VISITORS

Memorandum for Mrs. Dodson:

Your building was a showcase last Friday. The teachers were doing what they were supposed to do--teaching. The students were well-behaved and attentive and therefore learning. The building was spotless.

Mr. Breasted, the *Star* reporter, went away impressed with Eliot.

Keep up the good work.

John D. Koontz
Assistant Superintendent

Mrs. W.A. Dodson
4003 Massachusetts Avenue, S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20020

Dear Mrs. Dodson:

I just moved my office and in clearing out my desk I came across a copy of the tribute George Rhodes made at your retirement party. As I reread this statement--now almost three years old--I find it to be an excellent appraisal of you as a person and a teacher. So I thought I would take a minute and drop you a line to rekindle our "love affair."

Keep well. I think of you often.

Sincerely,
John D. Koontz
Deputy Superintendent

In Appreciation:

Dear Mrs. Dodson,

As your retirement draws nigh we are more aware than ever that a chapter in our lives is coming to a dramatic close. Thus, we pause in reverence to pay tribute to a teacher of children as well as a maker of master teachers. As you depart from this great work of humanity, we wish to acknowledge your wise counsel, your academic excellence, your concern for the dignity and worth of mankind, and your abiding faith in the divine providence of God.

Because of your eminently superior work in the field of education you can now review with profound pride the fruits of your labor. You will be cherished not only by children who have passed through your classrooms, but by teachers—often novices to the profession—whom you helped to mold into leaders themselves.

We saw in your leadership many examples of pride reigning over prejudice, victory triumphant over defeat, love overshadowing hatred, and disorder vanquished in the face of peace. As a principal you created a professional atmosphere in which prudence directed the course of events.

For us the most memorable moments were those in which you sought to inspire the entire Eliot family—teachers as well as students—“to reach for unreachable stars.” As we struggle onward to bear the torch of learning, we will always hear the echoes “Everybody is somebody,” and “Through faith all things are possible.”

You have wrought a magnanimous work. Whatever your endeavors are in the years that lie ahead, always be assured that we pray for good fortune to attend you.

The Eliot Faculty

Dear Mrs. Dodson,

On behalf of the graduating class of 1969, I wish to express my deep appreciation for the excellent guidance that you have given us in the three memorable years we have spent here at Eliot. With each of us you have been considerate, concerned, and patient at a most trying time in our lives—that of adolescence.

During the time we spent at Eliot we were secure because there was the feeling of a wonderful family known as the Elioteers, working happily together as a unit, with you serving as the tie that bound us together.

You, as well as the outstanding faculty, helped us to achieve worthwhile social patterns, awareness of our personal potential as individuals, and academic excellence.

Our graduation is further enhanced by the fact that our departure from Eliot marks the culminating point of your career as an educator in the District of Columbia Public School System.

The senior class truly hopes that your retirement will be a pleasant one.

Respectfully yours,
Carol Jordan
Senior Class President

Dear Mrs. Dodson:

May I take a few moments on behalf of Eliot parents, both past and present, to say thank you so much on the eve of your retirement.

Thank you for the countless hours of devoted service to our children and to us—for service that went beyond the bounds of duty.

Because of your gentle but firm manner and high ideals, many a young man and woman have walked taller for having come under your influence at Eliot Junior High.

For your dedicated, loyal, unselfish, years of help and guidance to both students and parents, may we say we are most grateful.

Goodbye, good luck, and God speed for a long, healthy and happy retirement.

Eleanor M. Banks, President
Eliot Home and School Association for Eliot Parents

CHAPTER 8

AFFAIRS OF CHURCH AND COMMUNITY

Church and community work were not neglected. I served as Sabbath School Superintendent, year after year, church clerk, school board member, chairman of many committees, and public relations secretary.

Worthwhile activities, conferences, projects and demonstrations characterized my church leadership.

Chief among Sabbath School programs was a "Conference on Sabbath School Problems," on May 10, 1941. The underlying philosophy of the conference was to afford opportunity for vigorous and fruitful discussion of the affect of world conditions upon the Ephesus Sabbath School, now Dupont Park. It was the purpose of the Sabbath School Council (which arranged the conference), to render through this means to the entire church and nearby churches the greatest possible service. This included efforts to appraise the fundamental social changes that are constantly taking place, to forecast the demands which these changes will make upon Sabbath School members in meeting the new issues of life, and to provide the types of educational service, new and old, most needed in the light of new conditions, and new problems.

The conference further attempted to give the members a vivid and intelligent understanding of the actual processes of the Sabbath School program, so that each might be inspired to take advantage of the spiritual contributions to be made by each phase of the program, in order that a truly spiritual school might be maintained, in which everyone interested in his soul's salvation could gain inspiration, added power, and renewed faith.

What, in reality, is the relation of the Sabbath School to the world crisis? What are the implications of world conflicts to missionary endeavors of Sabbath School members? What is the place of youth in the Sabbath School in this time of crisis? How should world conditions stimulate Seventh-Day Adventist youth to work in the Sabbath School? These and similar questions were given most serious consideration in the conference. Persons who are achieving success in dealing with these problems were invited to present them for consideration and discussion. Efforts were made to maintain a proper balance

between emphasis upon the newer problems and procedures arising out of the changing demands made upon Sabbath School and those whose excellence has been fully established through past experience.

The full day was spent in three sessions. All felt that the day was well spent. Elder W. P. Elliott, who was manager of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, printed 500 most attractive "Findings" of the conference which were circulated among the members and friends.

In the community, I served as vice-president and editor of the *Columbian Educational Journal* which was sponsored for officers and teachers of Division 10 - 13 in the public school system.

Later, I was editor of the *College Alumnae Journal*, secretary for the National Capital Vocational Association, and president of the National Capital Guidance Association.

I was a member of the National Education Association, Secondary School Principals' Association, and the American Psychological Association. Many of my editorials and articles appeared in the journals.

CHAPTER 9

FAMILY RECOLLECTIONS

My mother's name is Lula Stafford. With her quiet but determined will she moved from Charlotte, North Carolina to Washington, D. C. in 1905, where she sought higher educational opportunities for herself and for her children.

She is a kind and devoted mother, always subduing her own feelings for the good of her loved ones, never seeking the limelight for herself.

She is devoted to her church and has always encouraged her children to attend church and to find friends whose behavior depicted that of a Christian.

A woman of keen perception and insight, she could detect the least sign of conflict; quietly but firmly she gave her admonition, and it would stop.

She is a lover of children; although she had six children, she would gather neighbors' and relatives' children and take them to clinics to keep their health in good condition. She reared a relative's child with her six, from early elementary education

age to senior high school graduation.

Her emphasis is on being honest, loyal, industrious, immaculate, and faithful to God and to one another. So ingrained is her "horror of conflict" in her training that there has been harmonious living among her children throughout our lives.

The most recent demonstration of this loyalty to each other and to our mother has been our united care for her since September 26, 1975, when she fractured her hip. She hasn't walked since and has been in bed practically the whole time. One of her grandchildren, Dr. D. Warren Harrison, has virtually kept her alive with his loving care and treatments. He is dear and precious to all of us.

She is the mother of five daughters and one son. One daughter is deceased. She has six grandchildren, seven great grandchildren, and two great-great grandchildren.

She always made friends easily.

She has shown great fortitude during her illness and is still with us at age ninety-six. In her lucid moments, she says she is praying to God.

Her desire for higher education for her children was achieved. All except one graduated from a college and two have master's degrees and above. Their occupations include: kindergarten teacher, principal, speech therapist, and two are government administrators.

Three grandchildren are college graduates, one with a master's degree and one with a medical degree.

Elder Sister—Montague Lowndes. During our study of the Bible and our conversion to its truth in the early twenties, we were telling it to other friends and relatives. Soon thereafter, I gave my dear elder sister, Montague Lowndes, studies of what I had learned and related to her the joy I was experiencing.

She embraced the faith and was baptized. Though she was a delicate person and had few well days, she was happy and faithful to the Lord until the end.

Dr. John R. Ford treated her until it was necessary to put her in the hospital. We were encouraged by his diagnosis and treatment.

One evening the family was at her bedside when it was apparent that she was passing; the doctors and nurses requested that we leave and take her daughter, LaVerne Lowndes, with us. Charles Lowndes, the husband and father, had died some years

before.

Elder W. A. Thompson, our pastor, was unaware that she had been taken to the hospital. When he couldn't get an answer from any of our homes, he called Helen Sugland and found that we were at the hospital. It was near midnight and he came to the hospital immediately, but we had already been sent home. He, alone, was there when she passed. He was a dear and devoted pastor. No weather was too cold nor any hour too late for him to visit his members. Bless him!

Margaret Massé and a group rendered suitable and beautiful music at her funeral. Elder Thompson delivered the eulogy, and Dr. Ford gave timely remarks.

LaVerne Lowndes. I was LaVerne's godmother as well as her aunt, and she was the first niece in the family. After her mother died I took charge of her, so far as religion was concerned.

Every Sabbath I took her to Sabbath School and church. One Sabbath she was blessed by dear Elder Hansen, a member of the First S.D.A. Church. Taking her to church continued until she was a teenager.

At the age of sixteen we took her to California, and she has been close to us throughout her life.

She was married to Roland Hayes Otey in our home, and when her family arrived, my sister, Evelyn, brought her children to Sabbath School; Carol Ann, Tony, and Nancy. Roland is an outstanding, industrious and devoted husband and father. One day I was in the bank with Tony and he asked the banker, "Do you go to Sabbath School?" He was a little boy with a big voice. The banker was astounded by the question from such a young boy.

We did our part to keep the commandments of God and the Sabbath in their hearts and minds. A letter from LaVerne's daughter, Nancy attests to the way she reared her family:

Mommie and Daddy,

Although a letter might seem exceedingly insignificant, I hope you will cherish it as I have cherished the twenty-three years that I spent with you.

It is truly a task for me to even attempt to express the feelings of life at home in a note, but, as usual, I'll try.

Had it not been for your love, sacrifices, patience, and

understanding, I would not have developed into the woman I am today.

Thanks to you and because of you, I am able to feel things more deeply than countless others. I am able to smile when tears might come easier. I am able to take success and failure in stride. Most of all, I am able to think first of my family and friends and last of myself.

Being the recipient of many of your sacrifices has made it easy for me to give to others.

Never say that you could have done more, for that would have been impossible. Your love and guidance was special—matched by few parents and surpassed by none.

Look upon my marriage not as the loss of a daughter—for although I may not awaken in the same home as you, I will always be with you. I am a part of you, and you are a part of me. Therefore, we can never be separated.

Never, in my life, did you disappoint me. We may not have seen eye to eye on everything, but now I know that there was a purpose for your actions.

I was never affectionate like Carol and Kathy, never able to give you money to help out like Tony, nor lovable like Jay. I could only show my feelings through doing. So, I tried my hardest to do everything that would make life easier for you.

I hope I succeeded.

Love,
Nancy

Our Farewell—Dupont Park S.D.A. School:

Tonight, I have mixed feelings of joy and sorrow as I say 'Farewell' to the school that started me on my secondary educational program. I well recall the thrill of my arrival that first Tuesday morning. The whole world seemed to me a wonderful place!! And tonight, it is still wonderful to all of us—the graduates! For on this occasion we experience that glorious feeling of satisfaction that comes from reaching an important milestone.

Our years together have been happy and profitable. We have learned much and our opportunities have been great. We have learned how to concentrate on difficult problems,

how to search for the truth, and how to work with and for others.

Here, we have learned that education is worthless if the desire to serve is lost along the way. Here, we discovered that service demands time, concentration, patience and love. Here, we found that service is not limited to genius but it is within the reach of all.

Here, we learned to ignore the deception of the elsewhere!—some other place! We, like Peter, learned to cast our nets where we were! And like Peter, we became fishers of men—doing our utmost to tell others about the Saviour who was uplifted in all of our classes. Here, we also learned to ignore the fallacy of some other time. Peter did not tell the Master, “Tomorrow, I’ll work for the salvation of others,” but he forsook all then, at that moment, and followed Christ’s demands.

Peter could have complained that he needed some other tool, other than the broken net. But he didn’t—and hence, he was changed from the original impulsive and weak Simon Peter and became the Peter whom Christ prophesied would become a Rock—after years of suffering and trial! All because he did not ask for some other place, some other time, nor some other tool!

These lessons, we have learned so well that like Peter, we want to tell everybody in the whole wide world of what our Saviour tells us to do, here, now, and with whatever tools we have—speech, time, patience, and LOVE!

So, we can say that here we learned to serve not only God but also each other! And tonight, we have not only achieved success but also CONTENTMENT!

A grateful and fond farewell, to all of our teachers who guided us so faithfully and so effectively!

(Story taken from Luke 5:5 - 11.)

Carol Ann Otey

My sister, Evelyn Stafford, has paid tithes over twenty years and always says she will join the church eventually.
Now there is another sister, Thelma Dodson, who has been in close contact with the commandment keeping people for many

years. She lived with us six years after being hospitalized at Washington Adventist Hospital as a pneumonia patient under Dr. Parrott who said, "Only God saved her life."

My youngest sister, Mildred, her son Billy, and my brother Clarence, his children, Brenda, Dan, and granddaughter Kelli, have been cooperative and supportive.

A unique situation occurred in the family; Thelma, my sister, and Thurman, my husband's brother, married after a long acquaintance—two sisters married two brothers. Their son, Michael, is not only my nephew, but also my godson. He was also taken to church and Sabbath School in his childhood. His daughter, Michelle, attends a church school where she is most happy. She is eight years old and sings and prays at our worship sessions.

David Warren Harrison, M.D.—In 1960, God gave us a dear and precious son, David Warren Harrison, M.D., who was using his medical training to improve the nutrition of the people in Ghana, West Africa. Soon thereafter, he moved to East Africa where he built and operated a food factory, and continued the work of nutrition improvement in the villages, schools, and communities. His work continues there today as it was when he was there.

He is now in the U.S.A. operating, in addition to his medical practice, a family health and conditioning center with his son, David, as coordinator. David attended church school on the elementary, secondary, and college levels.

We feel as Abraham and Sarah of old, that our son and grandson, and extended family are among the blessings which our first mentor, Elder Rodgers, was referring to that first Sabbath I accepted the call to keep all of God's commandments, the fourth along with the rest.

These are but a few of the hundreds of letters received almost weekly:

Good morning Mamá and Dad,

It's April 20 (1968). It must be about 70 outside. A beautiful day for traveling. There is sunshine outside and also sunshine on the inside but with the sunshine there is a gentle dew or rain because I'm leaving my dear Mamá and Dad.

The days and the hours move by swiftly and it is time to

go. The miles may separate us but you will always be in my heart. Life brings many sorrows and disappointments to all of us but the important thing in life is not so much the sorrows as our reaction to them. So I pray that you will pray with me that God will guide and He will heal the heartaches that have been our lot. Heartaches that are common to all men and pray that He will through the trials develop characters that will endure through eternity. Pray that His will be done in all of our lives.

I've enjoyed all the Sabbath meals, the Sabbath conversations and the meals in the mid-weekdays and the rides and the enjoyable trips we've had together. My only regret is that these have not been more often.

Well there's a job to do and I must be on my way. Let me read a little from my favorite scripture:

1. If I (can) speak in the tongues of men and (even) of angels, but have not love (that reasoning, intentional, spiritual devotion such as is inspired by God's love for us and in us), I am only a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal.
2. And if I have prophetic powers—that is, the gift of interpreting the divine will and purpose; and understand all the secret truths and mysteries and possess all knowledge, and if I have (sufficient) faith so that I can move mountains, but have not love (God's love in me) I am nothing—a useless nobody.
3. Even if I dole out all that I have (to the poor in providing food), and if I surrender my body to be burned (or in order that I may glory), but have not love (God's love in me), I gain nothing.
4. Love endures long and is patient and kind; love never is envious nor boils over with jealousy; is not boastful or vainglorious, does not display itself haughtily.
5. It is not conceited—arrogant and inflated with pride; it is not rude (unmannerly), and does not act unbecomingly. Love (God's love in us) does not insist on its own rights or its own way, for it is not self-seeking; it is not touching or fretful or resentful; it takes no account of the evil done to it—pays no attention to a suffered wrong.
6. It does not rejoice at injustice and unrighteousness,

- but rejoices when right and truth prevail.
7. Love bears up under anything and everything that comes, is ever ready to believe the best of every person, its hopes are fadeless under all circumstances and it endures everything (without weakening).
 8. Love never fails—never fades out or becomes obsolete or comes to an end. As for prophecy (that is, the gift of interpreting the divine will and purpose), it will be fulfilled and pass away; as for tongues, they will be destroyed and cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away (that is, it will lose its value and be superseded by truth).
 9. For our knowledge is fragmentary (incomplete and imperfect), and our prophecy (our teaching) is fragmentary (incomplete and imperfect).
 10. But when the complete and perfect (total) comes, the incomplete and imperfect will vanish away—become antiquated, void and superseded.
 11. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; now that I have become a man, I am done with childish ways and have put them aside.
 12. For now we are looking in a mirror that gives only a dim (blurred) reflection (of reality as in a riddle or enigma), but then (when perfection comes) we shall see in reality and face to face! Now I know in part (imperfectly); but then I shall know and understand fully and clearly, even in the same manner as I have been fully and clearly known and understood (by God).
 13. And so faith, hope, love abide; (faith, conviction and belief respecting man's relation to God and divine things; hope, joyful and confident expectation of eternal salvation; love, true affection for God and man, growing out of God's love for and in us); these three, but the greatest of these is love.

I look forward with great anticipation to the summer vacation that all of you will have visiting Europe. I will enjoy the springtime, the varied scenes in many cities with you even though I will probably not be there to share these joys with you in person.

It will be a joyous occasion for all of you and most

important is the travel in many places in many lands. There is joy of seeing the things that God has prepared for us in the high mountains often snow-capped that we pass o'er in the modern jet planes.

The deep valleys covered with green, the rolling hills, the many rivers, the beauty of the flowers, the beauty of the landscape, everywhere about us we see the evidence of God's hand. In the midst of these evidences of HIS watchcare, we find the world that man has built, of wood and stone, of brick and steel—towering skyscrapers and in many places simple mud huts.

Well, I'm thankful as I know all of you are, for the blessings that He has bestowed upon us to know His will and to have received so bountifully of His blessings and because we have received so bountifully we must continue to give of the bounty that He has bestowed upon us.

And so it is with this prayer in my heart and a prayer that this may be in your hearts too that He will bless us and guide us in our giving that our giving may not be for the "man reward" but that our giving may be storing our wealth in heaven and especially that our giving may be with love so that those who receive may be directed to the giver of all good gifts.

Especially I think of the things that have been given to me in the last few years that I have been a part of this dear family—the love, the comfort, the warmth, the physical, the mental and the spiritual gifts that you have so bountifully, you Mamá and Dad, have so generously and graciously bestowed upon your son in your later years.

Through it we remember that God has promised that all things work together for good to those who love His name and who are called according to His purpose. So in this too, we must see the hand of God and accept the joy and the sorrow for only as we know sorrow can we know joy.

I go not alone because this is God's world and with your prayers and His guidance, I leave the place I have learned to call home.

Goodbye Mamá and Dad until we meet again.
God be with you.

Lovingly,
Your Son
Warren

Dear Mamá,

Well it's the 21st of January (1969) about midday in Kampala. I've had a busy morning, in fact, I got up about four o'clock this morning. I had some typing that I wanted to do and since I woke up early and couldn't go back to sleep, I started typing. Well, it's noon and I'm a little tired so I came home to rest and to talk to you for a little while. I've been intending to talk to you every day since you sent me the records. These are the only blank ones I have, but somehow I have so much typing to do, writing home and then I'm my own secretary in this new department I'm forming, so I've spent hours and hours on the typewriter. I keep up fine and don't work more than eight hours a day.

Well, Mom, I've been away about six weeks now and I must say, I miss Dad and Mama, my little boy and Dot, and Edna Mae and her two boys. I wish I could drop in on you this afternoon. I'm afraid I would be compelled to stay a long time.

Thanks so much for sending out the reports. They look fine and I guess Dad told you I received the book with the medical pictures in it. I can use it. Thanks a lot.

The other week, I took a long trip of about sixty miles with the District Medical Officer in this area. We went out to about twenty miles on the main highway and then we went another fifteen or twenty miles off on a dirt road. All along the road there are dozens of homes back in the country and the bush. This is one of the very unique things about Uganda. The majority of the people, over 95%, live in their own little homes on a small piece of land, maybe three to ten acres.

Well, anyhow, back here in this village we came to a crossroad. Here we saw businesses running for perhaps a block in each of the four directions. These small shops were carrying their wares, some grown locally and some purchased in Kampala.

The area is pretty and green and there at one street we saw the court house and next to it was our clinic or aid post medical unit. There were at least 300 people seen that day.

Let me describe the aid post for you. It was made by the community. By the way, this is a pretty concentrated

area. There are about 10,000 people right around in this particular area. The aid post is about as large as our kitchen and it of course is made of mud and white washed. The walls extend up about four feet and then from then on up there were poles and of course a thatched roof.

Lining up in front of the door were masses of people. The medical assistant who is really a well-trained nurse or at least he should be, practices medicine in this environment.

With so many people to see, all he did was to walk by each person as he sat waiting, asked one question or more and proceeded to write a prescription for one of the not more than eight different remedies he had available.

Then the patient would walk around to the side of the building where a hole had been knocked in the wall and sit near the "Nursing Assistant" who had a large number of dirty looking bottles on the floor. The nursing assistant gave the patient the medicine as he presented his slip.

In another section of the building there was another gentleman who was registering the names of the patients and keeping strict account of the penicillin shots that were given. Well, needless to say, this was medicine in the rough. Even a well-trained physician would be completely stumped to be able to do anything for 300 people if he spent just about thirty seconds with each individual. There was no taking of blood pressures or anything else, just really a guess and handing out medicine.

I talked about this practice to the District Medical Officer, Dr. Kosaka, who is a very aggressive and clear thinking young man, and he is fully aware of the difficulty encountered in practicing medicine in these areas.

Well I looked and this is where I am supposed to put up my Health Education and Nutrition Units. As far as our set-up is concerned, we have our own hospitals, there are perhaps three of these in this district.

The next lower unit is called a Medical Center where we have hospital beds and a health education program going and also a midwife to deliver babies. Again the small hospital is run by a medical assistant, not an M.D.

The next lower station is a dispensary where again we have a medical assistant and some beds but no midwife available so there are no deliveries.

Then the very last outpost is the aid section. Naturally there are many more aid stations than there are any other units. These are open only once or twice a week when the medical assistant who probably has three or four aid stations is able to come by.

Well, it's at this point that the largest number of people can be contacted. So here we will try to do something in a public health manner. I puzzled and puzzled for days about the problem but fortunately with God's guidance and blessing we have worked out a satisfactory plan whereby we can get a nutrition and health education program going in these aid posts.

Usually the dispensaries, hospitals and medical centers are in the small towns on the main highways where the people live off the main highways back into the countryside. And this, by the way, is a beautiful countryside—not much forest but green grass, high weeds, shrubbery and trees everywhere, not the giant forests I saw in the West. The land is hilly everywhere, which makes it especially beautiful.

Well Mom, as I think over the past years, especially the years I spent with you, I want to tell you again, thanks for your deep love and I pray that this year will bring new joys and somehow in the multiplicity of activities and in the turmoil about us, we will find a peace that comes from an abiding faith and trust in God.

The cares of this life close in sometimes and seek to blot out the Son of Righteousness but I stop often and look at the way which God has blessed and I think of the statement from the Spirit of Prophecy which says, we need have no fear of the future except we forget how God has led in the past.

And so although we are miles apart, time and space and distance cannot separate our thoughts and our hearts. Good bye, Mamá and I'll write more in a day or two. Kiss Dad for me.

Lovingly,
Your Son

Kamagambo Teachers College
P. O. Box 591
Kisii, Kenya
September 30, 1974

Dear Dad,

Time moves on relentlessly—your 77th birthday. God bless and keep you until He comes. I'm very glad we were able to travel together thru that enjoyable far east trip. It was a special trip because Mama and Dad were there. As usual—so there is no need to apologize, smile—my writing is slow and my memory seems to fail me on dates—in fact, I have trouble remembering my own special dates—but when September came I did remember Dad's birthday was near, even though the exact day was hard to recall.

Memories of Dad and Mamá and home are the best of all—work, outings, dinners, the garage, the basement, the car rides; just getting up every morning and knowing Dad and Mama were there was a continual pleasure. Say, don't let me forget, in fact I cannot forget our meals together—always a social delight.

Take care of yourself Dad, remember the years behind. We are all happy for your continued good health. Much love from both of us. Edith sends special love and greeting. The children say thanks for everything.

Lovingly,
Son

“For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.” Matt. 12:50. What a beautiful promise!

After God was so gracious to give us a dear and precious son, our family spiraled. There is Henry McEachnie, we sponsored from Panama, another son and his wife, Arlene; Edna Mae, whose ill mother was in Jamaica praying that God would send a surrogate mother for her in America. Her prayer of faith was answered. For when we became well acquainted with her daughter, we soon realized that her integrity, honesty, personality, intelligence, loyalty and keen perception were compatible with our way of life. So when in 1963, she addressed us as

Mamá and Dad, we liked it and responded with Daughter. Her sons are also very dear to us. Jean, her sister, always remembers us, though miles apart and also her brother.

Then there is Margaret Kirk, in Charlotte, N. C., our son's sister, to whom we are Mom and Dad. Joyce Bryant is also a beautiful and talented daughter—a concert artist and teacher of voice.

There are godchildren galore, our son's life-long friends, Benjamin and Thelma McAdoo and their children. Our latest godchildren, but nonetheless dear, are Audrey Taylor and Jacob Justiss.

Then there are my Eliot School family. Beginning with my assistants, the first one, William Thornton, who was invaluable in helping to establish Eliot on a sound basis. He believed in my philosophy and was loyal. Then all who followed him were just as loyal and efficient; Clinton Mattingly, Sylvester Hall, Napoleon Lewis, Elmer Kemp, and Rossella Bardley who succeeded me.

An army of teachers followed, too numerous to name, but whom I love and am grateful to for their intelligence, industry and loyalty. Without them, Eliot and I could not have survived. All of them believed in what we were trying to do for and with our hundreds of students, over our building capacity.

Our grandson's mother, Mae, was dear to us from the beginning. To her we are Mom and Dad, likewise, Walter, her brother, and his wife, Em.

But long before any of the above mentioned children were in the picture, there were two most intelligent, versatile, talented girls, Margaret Massé and Alma Blackmon, whom we admired when they were young children. Their music was unusual for girls so young. We were close to them during their growing up years, through their graduations, their marriages, and Margaret's brilliant debut at Town Hall, in New York City on April 5, 1946:

MARGARET MONTGOMERY, Contralto, has made a spectacular entry into the musical world this past season. At her first real opportunity she created a major sensation, thereby changing her status from a local talent to one of the most outstanding voices of our time, and to quote *Musical America*: "Her reception was most cordial."

One commentator has said: "She has everything in gifts"; another, "She is one of the finest singers before the public today"—for in addition to a glorious voice, Margaret Montgomery has the soul and "warmth of temperament" (to quote Noel Straus of the *New York Times*) that is only found in the truly great.

Great as her voice is, it is superbly matched by her spirit and artistry. Wm. Bradell of *Musical Advance* summed it up thus: "She has a voice of great beauty and sings magnificently." *Musical America* calls her singing "of high order"; A. Merrill Willis remarks of an "unbelievably long range, especially noteworthy for its color and beautiful roundness of tones"; Arth V. Berger in the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*: "Considerable beauty and substantial innate vocal gifts" and Isaac Bannister in the *Washington Tribune* writes: "Miss Montgomery's audience immediately realized that she possessed a voice of rare beauty which thrilled and inspired her listeners. The artist's phrasing, breathing and splendid interpretation of her entire well-balanced program ranked her among America's best contraltos."

Impressive as the aforementioned comments may be, they fail to create an enchantment that is awaiting those who have the fortune to hear her sing. Miss Montgomery's voice is of such magnitude and splendor that one must hear to delight in a pageant of edifying revelations in its full glory.

And finally, through the death of their beloved mother, Martha Montgomery, in the forties. At the graveside, we were so grieved at their loss and ours, for she had been a valuable member of our Sabbath School class for a number of years, we volunteered to be surrogate mother for them.

Mrs. Massé, under her maiden name of Margaret Montgomery, enjoyed a modest career as a contralto, singing in many colleges and making a Town Hall debut in New York City. She was cited by President Roosevelt for entertaining World War II troops. It is as a teacher of singers that she has excelled. She has taught Voice at Florida A & M College, Prairie View University, Howard University and Central State College. Her twenty-three years as a vocal teacher in the D.C. Public

Schools have included posts at Douglass and Stuart Junior High Schools, Eastern High School and Duke Ellington School for the Performing Arts. Mrs. Massé is a visiting lecturer in Voice at Catholic University of America. In 1976, Mrs. Massé was awarded the D.C. Department of Recreation's Recreation Bicentennial Award for the "excellence of your outstanding proteges."

Through the years they have brought so much joy to us through their association, their inspiration, their love, their music, and with their daughters, Phyllis and Brenda. Their music was inherited from their parents, as both of them had beautiful voices. It was a joy to listen to the Montgomery duet. In addition to lovely voices, the father, James Montgomery, played the violin very well. Unusual for his day, he had a degree in Latin, Hebrew, and Greek from Lincoln University in Pennsylvania.

How great God is to give us an imposing group of children in our declining years! Our prayer is that they will not only be true and loyal to us but also to their God, and that we will be worthy parents in this world and reach heaven at last.

CHAPTER 10

DELUXE TOURS

In addition to all the blessings for obedience here at home, God has directed us in our travels to many foreign lands of the world.

Our first adventure tour was to Europe. For three weeks we traveled in seven European countries and eleven cities. This was our initial trip to Europe in search of an inspirational experience and a greater acquaintance with the historical background of the old world. Lacking the leisure to enjoy the luxury of a sea voyage, we boarded KLM and BEA jets which brought Europe only a matter of hours away.

From the time the group left Washington, July 12, until it returned August 2, it was "one big happy family" which came together from several parts of the country (California, Maryland, and the District of Columbia) and from many walks of life. There were school administrators, physicians, teachers, nurses, physical therapists, government employees, businessmen, and housewives. We toured London, Paris, Geneva, Munich, Berlin, Brussels, and Amsterdam.

So delighted was I with our first tour abroad that it was written up, including every aspect of the tour. One of my art teachers, who is not only a teacher, but also an "artist extraordinary" made the cover for me and put it in the Library of Congress, Georgia Jessup.

Margaret Murray, chairman of my Business Department, supervised the typing of the manuscript. She is now Principal of the Langley Junior High School in the District of Columbia.

Dedication:

This narrative is affectionately dedicated to the gentlemen in my life, Joseph Thomas Dodson and David Warren Harrison. Their love, understanding, and interest in humanity have extended beyond the bounds of our immediate family and encompassed the world of people.

Joseph, my beloved husband, with his sincere concern, incessant vigilance, boundless generosity, unpretentious disposition, and inimitable personality brought added zest and unanimity to a perfect adventure tour.

Warren, my devoted son, who is in Uganda, shared with us so unselfishly his extensive travel experiences and memoirs which proved invaluable throughout our journey.

His attentiveness, personal interest, and thoughtfulness were sources of joy to us as we traveled over the miles. Paris, London, Versailles—whatever city beckoned, there awaited in abundance, gifts, cards, and good wishes from Warren. These were constant reminders of his deep and lasting affection, as well as his sincere concern for our happiness.

Since mere words can never express my appreciation for his generosity, I can only hope that he will find in these pages as much pleasure and enjoyment as he brought to us during our sojourn in Europe.

It is my greatest desire that this narrative stand as a monument of the priceless memories we do not wish to forget, and through the years as we reminisce, may it help recapture the many cherished hours we shared together.

With these thoughts in mind, I proudly make this dedication.

Willie A. Dodson

Our next journey took us again to Paris, Stockholm, Denmark, Madrid, and Portugal, touring six countries and six cities.

This, too, was an extraordinary journey. Eighteen tour members accompanied us. Again, for twenty-one days, we were "one big family," enjoying the important places to see in the old world. I was not so energetic as to put this find and special tour into a booklet. It, nevertheless, was "extraordinary" in its adventures and beautiful sights.

Our next adventure took us to six countries and three cities; a tour of Africa and Europe, Rome, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, Nairobi, Kenya, Kampala, Uganda, Athens, Greece, and Istanbul, Turkey.

We had our dear son and his wife join us in Nairobi, Kenya and continue the tour of Africa with us.

Upon our arrival in Kenya, they joined us and remained with us at the New Stanley Hotel throughout our tour of Africa. The first day of arrival, we toured Nairobi's National Park. This was an animal orphanage where semi-tame, orphaned and wounded animals are cared for.

From here we journeyed by bus via Chania Falls to Nyeri for lunch at the Outspan Hotel. After lunch the hotel transport took us through the forest to spend a night in the world famous Treetops Hotel. After dinner and overnight at Treetops Hotel, we returned to Nairobi. We left Nairobi traveling south through the country of the proud Masai people to Amboseli Game Reserve.

Game viewing in the park, like glades beneath Mt. Kilimanjaro, was a delight. Here we saw the elephants and many other animals in their primeval surroundings.

After the tour of Nairobi, we departed for Uganda. Here we saw the city, its people, suburbs, Makerere University, cathedrals and tombs, the resting place of past kings and the museum with its fascinating collection of musical instruments.

Lastly, we took a trip up the Nile River, seeing the huge crocodiles basking on the river sandbanks, herds of hippos wallowing in the shallows and elephants and other animals coming to drink and cool themselves at the water's edge.

We also passed the rolling green hills and colorful villages to reach Murchison Falls National Park, famed for animals and birds found in the area.

Sorrowfully, we departed for Greece, leaving our son and

daughter at the airport.

Touring Greece and Turkey was most interesting and educational. We had a full day cruise in Greece, then by bus we visited the Temple of Aphaia. Leaving Greece, we arrived in Istanbul, Turkey. While here we took a ferryboat trip up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, cruising amidst some of the world's finest scenery.

After four days here, we departed for home, musing about our delightful tours of Africa, Greece, and Turkey. Staying in American hotels with all the fine service as well as deluxe accommodations made this, as well as all of our tours, memorable events.

Pauline Tureman, a supervisor of English in the public schools of the District of Columbia, wrote a beautifully complete description and analysis of this fascinating tour of Africa and Europe. Evelyn Ware, a teacher in the D. C. Public School System also wrote a beautiful summary of this tour.

Our last trip took us to the Orient, and what a memorable tour this was, visiting Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Singapore and Hawaii.

All we can say is that this was a tour of tours and we must go to Hawaii at least one more time. The trip was made more enjoyable because our dear and precious son and Mack were with us.

My dear godchildren Benjamin and Thelma McAdoo met us at the airport in Seattle, Washington, on our way home from the Orient. So happy were we that my son and I left the group and spent a delightful day and night with them. They showed us so many interesting points in Seattle. His architect office was humming with industry, and what a thing of beauty it was.

God has been so gracious and kind to guide us as we travel the high places of the earth. His promises are never failing. Only obey and faithfully follow His will.

CHAPTER 11

THE HARVEST

It has given me great pleasure to gather all the facts and people involved in God's guidance, for obedience to His commandments, the fourth along with the rest.

My every way and endeavor have been crowned with success and prosperity. From the beginning, my meeting the man who was to be my "leading man" in all experiences, of which I had no idea nor did he, indicated success. But God knew the end from the beginning.

The lesson I learned on the value of good manners and good humor, while I was earning on my first job at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, has helped me throughout my life in winning friends, of whom I have made hundreds.

The unusual way in which God led me to keep His commandments, the fourth along with the rest, has brought everything to me that was promised in Deuteronomy, the twenty-eighth chapter, which I heard and accepted the first time I attended an Adventist Church. Our mentor, Elder P. Gustavus Rodgers, was an example of thoroughness, of constancy, and of diligence in his instructions. So consistent and thorough was he that after I joined the church, he never relaxed his efforts in teaching us the necessity for keeping God's commandments until my husband made his decision to accept them. May angels guard his resting place as he awaits the return of our Lord to take the faithful ones with Him to the New Jerusalem. The tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. Rev. 21:3, 4.

God guided in the changing of the law so that married women could continue in their positions. He knew the job problems we would encounter after pledging to follow His commandments and the Sabbath, so He directed me to apply for permission to attend Miner Normal School. He provided an unknown friend, Dr. Eugene A. Clark, the Principal of Miner Normal School, at that time to hear my request, and to take it to the Board of Education where it was passed that September.

His guiding hand led me through the school, making friends of all the teachers as well as the administrators, giving me an almost perfect score in teaching, appointment in an excellent situation, and later to the top assignment in elementary education, "The Demonstration School," from there to a coveted position as Character Counselor and Research Assistant in the Congressional Experiment in Character Education.

In 1926, I was approached by the officer in charge of

examinations and asked why I didn't apply for elementary principalship. I told him it was because examinations were held on the Sabbath. God knew then, that He was preparing positions for me, of which I knew not. Also, I was gaining experience in leadership.

So from Research Assistant and Character Counselor, He led me to be Assistant Principal of a junior high school, after one year I was advanced to Principal of a junior high school. This short period of serving as Assistant Principal, in those days, was unheard of. There was a salary differential of a secondary school employee and that of an elementary school employee at that time. Success and prosperity were promised, and He is faithful in keeping His promises. I was faithful in keeping my promise to keep His commandments, the fourth along with the rest.

So happy am I for the way God has led me, in meeting Joseph, in my first job, in my marriage, in facing trials, in having faith in His promises, in educational experiences, in church and community work, in safety on deluxe tours, and for the long life of a dear and devoted mother, loving sisters, brother, nieces, nephews, other relatives, a dear and precious son, grandson, a host of children found at Eliot Junior High School, and many children who are members of God's church, as promised in Matt. 12:50: For whosoever shall do the will of my Father, which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister, and mother.

I have viewed the high places of the earth and am now working and praying to see the wonders of the New Jerusalem and most of all, my Mentor throughout my life, Jesus, the Great Teacher and Guide.

Elder Rodgers, our faithful mentor in the commandments of God and all other truths of the Bible was sent to a church in Los Angeles, California when he left here in 1923.

He visited us some years later and when requested to sign our guest book, this is what he wrote:

Your home is beautiful,
Full of cheer.
It gives us happiness
to be here.

You make us think of days gone by
As we taught the message
And you asked why?

And every point of doctrine true
Explained to the heart was easy to do.

Now a quarter of a century has gone by
We'll soon gain rewards in yonder sky.

P. G. Rodgers
4/28/48

Our Impression of Elder Rodgers, after a Quarter of a Century:

He stood six feet tall, which immediately set him apart then. But despite the encroachments of age, a kind of lean strength is what you notice first about him. It's not all physical, this dominance. Part of it stems from his reputation as a minister. More than sheer size and reputation, however, it is Rodger's unhesitatingly direct manner that attracts attention.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mrs. Willie Anna Dodson was born in North Carolina at the turn of the century. Her family moved to the nation's capital soon afterward, where she received her bachelor's degree in education. Thereafter she attended Howard University where she proceeded to obtain her master's degree in psychology, continuing her studies in counseling, administration, and supervision. Some of her extensive areas of employment include elementary school teacher, research assistant and character counselor, assistant principal, junior high school principal, and clinical psychologist. Various organizations and clubs in which she has participated include the Bureau of Mental Health, Beta Kappa Chi, and Psi Chi, College Alumnae Club. She was president of National Guidance Association, and was also a donor of the annual Dodson Award (gold key) to the graduate student with the highest average, in 1943. She has been happily married to Joseph Thomas Dodson, a retired manager and owner of a college bookstore, for fifty-nine years, and they have one son, D. Warren Harrison, a medical doctor, of whom they are extremely proud.