



HERITAGE HORIZONS

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...a memorial book was written in His *presence*, recording those who revered Him
and those who had the highest respect for His Name...Malachi 3:16

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POINT OF VIEW

By Lenore Lang

No doubt this has been an eventful summer for many of you. Places to go. People to see. Perspectives to check.

Are you an antique collector? What would you do if you came upon a truly remarkable "find"? Rev. Rubin Herrmann, a semi-retired NAB pastor living in Edmonton, has written a fascinating story of such a treasure. His *perspectives* were right! Read the story on pages 2 and 3 in this issue.

During the month of August there was an important meeting held in Kansas City, Missouri. For those interested in Baptist History and archival records, that was the *place to go*, and your Archives Director did! Read his comments on this page.

Our Associate Archivist, Berneice Westerman had *people to see* in July and August, and what a great time she had in Texas! Our "Armchair Traveler" got out of that armchair.....Read about what she did and whom she saw on page 4.

On page 3 we have an obituary notice of Rev. David Littke, and a further note about the life of Missionary George Dunger.



THE DIRECTOR'S NOTES

by George W. Lang



A CALL FOR BAPTIST HISTORIANS!

Why is there a lack of interest in our Baptist history today? What can Baptist historians do to assist in filling this void?

These were the two burning questions that prompted the calling together of 25 Baptist historians, archivists and denominational leaders to an organization meeting of the Symposium of Baptist Historians. This meeting was held on August 7, 2002 at William Jewell College which is near Kansas City, Missouri. Thirteen different Baptist denominations and several Baptist agencies were represented.

I, together with my wife, Lenore, attended the meeting, representing our NAB Conference.

A large gathering lasting several days is to be held in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in the summer of 2007, focusing on Baptist History. This date was selected because 1707 will mark the 300th anniversary of the beginning of the first Baptist Association in America. That Association, the Philadelphia Baptist Association, is now part of the American Baptist Church USA.

We will keep you posted as to further developments.

“DAS PREDIGER BUCH”

by Rev. Rubin Herrmann

While establishing a new church at Bridgman, Michigan, I became acquainted with a man who had an antique shop nearby. I used to stop in while in the area to see “what’s new in the antique shop”.

One day as I was amusing myself with the variety of old items, my eye fell on an object that immediately attracted me: a thick leather-bound book with brass clasps. I practically lunged at it like a long-lost treasure. As I opened it, my hopes were not disappointed, for indeed it was as I had hoped a German book entitled, “Das Prediger Buch”.

While in seminary I had come home to Medicine Hat, Alberta, where I saw a similar book that my mother now had; it had been her mother’s. As a child I recalled seeing that same volume on my grandmother’s kitchen table, along with her hymnal, Bible and her small-framed golden glasses lying on top. These objects were daily used in her fellowship with her Lord.

Since I was the only one in the Kundert relationship entering the ministry, I asked my mother for that “preacher’s book”. I would be at the Seminary for a number of years yet, so asked her to keep it until I had graduated. After graduation I asked her for that book.

When I asked her, she had for the moment forgotten to whom she had lent it, but soon recalled that her brother had wanted to browse through it. Meanwhile he had died and his sons who had no interest in religious books simply burned it along with other old items. Needless to say I was very disappointed in its destruction.



It was a copy of this same volume that I now held in my hands. I carefully opened its yellow aged pages and asked the proprietor what price he had on it. He then told me that it was not for sale.

He had gone to an auction sale in South Bend, Indiana, where he looked things over and when the auctioneer came to the room with the books, the auctioneer announced that “the bids are now open for the volume of your choice”. My friend Bill said he made one bid and no one raised his bid. He picked up the book, paid for it, brought it home and placed it into his shop where I now discovered it.

I read my resignation on a Sunday morning several years after my discovery of this book, and just before the evening service began, Bill walked into my study and without saying a word, placed a brown shopping bag on my desk and turned and walked out. When I opened the bag, to my delight, there was the “Prediger’s Buch”. I could hardly wait for the service to conclude so I could thank him for the precious gift he had given me.

The following Sunday we had invited a friend from St. Joseph, Michigan, for dinner. She also happened to be an antique appraiser. While my wife, Dorothy, was preparing the dinner, I said to our guest, “I have something special for you to see, something which I treasure very highly.”

I brought the preacher’s book and placed it on her lap and as she opened the book to the flyleaf, she gasped and said, “That top name is my great grandfather, the next is my grandfather and then is my father’s signature, which was Adams.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. Then she opened the book and showed me a page that had

been discolored. There was a hole through several pages as if a flame had burned through it. She then told me that when she was a girl, she had come home from school just as her mother was taking some freshly-baked bread out of the oven. She put some butter on a piece of bread but accidentally dropped the hot butter onto the open book, and the butter damaged several pages.

“Was there a blue shawl with the book?” she asked. She explained that the book was always carefully wrapped in a blue shawl for special protection, carefully guarded when her family was escaping from Russia.

At one point when the family was searched, the book was placed into an oat burlap bag and marked. While being searched by the Russian authorities, her mother sat on the oat bag containing this volume and refused to get up, because they valued this book so highly. It contained a sermonette for each day and the family was spiritually nurtured through the daily writings of this book while journeying to Canada which was to become their home.

Since we were now moving from Michigan, I said to Dorothy, “I can’t take this book with me. It belongs to the family whose name appears on the flyleaf.” I prepared a brief history of the book’s past, pasted it into the back of the volume and presented it to our grateful friend who was then residing in St. Joseph, Michigan.

I told her that if at any time the book would be given away outside the family, it should be given to the North American Baptist Heritage Commission located at the North American Baptist Seminary in Sioux Falls, South Dakota for its Archives. Since our friend has gone to be with the Lord, the book no doubt has been



her daughter or her grandchildren.

OBITUARY NOTICES



We have received notice of the homegoing of Rev. David Littke who had been living in Lutz, Florida. Born in Turtle Lake, North Dakota on August 3, 1906, Rev. Little died on May 3, 2002 at his home which he shared with his wife, Ida. They were married 73 years.

Mrs. Littke is still living in Lutz, Florida. Their two daughters are Darlene Gordon of Cleveland, Tennessee and Delma Belflower of Lutz. Rev. Littke’s brother Karl lives in Lodi, California. In addition their family includes three grandchildren, six great-grandchildren and one great-great grandchild.

Rev. Littke served NAB churches in Streeter, Medina, New Leipzig, Selfridge, and Fredonia, ND, Plevna and Billings, MT, Bison, KS and Cherokee, OK, retiring from Cherokee and the ministry in 1968. Another precious servant of the Lord called Home after a life of faithful service for Him!

Dr. George Dunger

The Baptist Herald of March 1, 1938 had a brief note that ‘On Saturday February 26, Mr. and Mrs. Dunger sailed on the ‘Bremen’ for Germany, from where they will leave on March 14..for the Cameroon coast in Africa, arriving there on April 15.’ Further, the article stated that ‘Mambila, an unevangelized province in the heart of the Cameroons..is to be won for Christ! Our new missionaries, the Rev. and Mrs. George A. Dunger of New York City, are now on their way to this field of service.’

Many changes have taken place since 1938, and we are grateful for all that the Dungen did. On Saturday May 11, 2002, Dr. Dunger was in Heaven hearing the Lord’s “Well Done good and faithful servant!”

TRAVEL WITH THE ARM CHAIR TRAVELER



By Associate Archivist,
Berneice Westerman

My armchair took wings and with me in it I flew to Houston, Texas to be with more than sixty women who at one time were students in Saker Baptist College, the Girl's High School that I began in Cameroon in 1962.

God gave me a privilege that many people do not get: My eyes saw some of the results of that beginning. We started by choosing 36 girls out of a possible 300 who qualified. Our classroom and dormitory were in a low area which became muddy with any rain that came – and it did come! (The first time the Government Inspector arrived, he took away some of our mud with him, -- on his shoes!)

In the forty years that have passed since that beginning, there have been over 4,700 girls who have had the opportunity to begin their education at Saker Baptist College.

Two of the women that were at Houston were from that “pioneer” class. All of them were in the Choir. Mrs. Margie Lawrence of our Victoria mission station was not able to teach Typing in that first year because Saker was not a commercial school. However, we used her talent of music! She taught the girls to sing in the Choir, and now, I was told, it is known as The Singing School.

Mr. Donald Witt was in Houston with his wife, Ruth, and he was surprised to learn that the women are still singing the songs he

had taught them during *his* time of leading their Choir.

Miss Geraldine Glasenapp, the second Principal, as well as the first Housemother, Eirene Martin Mbongo, were also in Houston.

One of the women attendees shared this with me: She said, “The missionaries had come to tell us about Jesus, but it was not until I was escaping from the Twin Towers on September 11th that I had an encounter with Him, and today I am different.”

I learned that another Saker graduate was telephoning friends to pray for this woman, knowing she worked in the Twin Towers. At the time, these people who were praying did not know that their friend was running to escape from the Towers!

Another attendee shared with me that she was not at all happy about the Scripture Verses she and others were required to learn at Saker, but today she is using them regularly and is glad that she learned them.

Martha, a current Saker student, attended the Saker Reunion in Houston. Martha's parents live in the USA but are sending Martha back to Cameroon to finish her four years of High School there. Martha's mother is a Saker graduate and knows the value of this school.

I met four mothers and their daughters, all Saker graduates. In fact, one of those four mothers was in Houston with two of her daughters; all three are Saker graduates.

In all of this, God caused me to consider that a difficult beginning, such as Saker had, can indeed blossom into a beautiful experience.

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