THE OKLAHOMA BAPTIST CHRONICLE

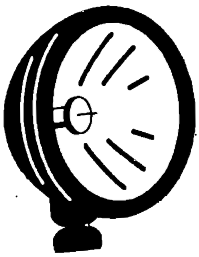
Eli H. Sheldon, Editor
3800 North May
Oklahoma City, OK 73112
esheldon@bgco.org

Published by the
HISTORICAL COMMISSION
of the
Baptist General Convention of the
State of Oklahoma
and the
OKLAHOMA BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Baptist Building
3800 North May
Oklahoma City, OK 73112-6506

Volume LVII Spring, 2014 Number 1

CONTENTS



Spotlight on

THE STORY OF OKLAHOMA BAPTISTS

This issue of the *Oklahoma Baptist Chronicle* begins a two year serializing of L. W. Marks *The Story of Oklahoma Baptists*. The unpublished work was apparently completed about 1913 has seen by comments in the text. While the manuscript appears completed, the introductory pages were not. The first page entitled "Plan of the Book" calls for a title page, dedication, introduction, and pictures, none of which are included in this book. Since Marks lived until January, 1943, one might speculate as to why the missing pages were not completed and additional history added.

It is the intent of this reproduction to keep the author's text as correct to his writing as can be allowed. Having been written in a time prior to "white out" (a commercial fluid used for correcting) or computers with correcting features, the original manuscript shows several run-on words and typed over letters. These have been corrected in this edition.

What has been retained are a few alternate spellings to our current usage, especially with the names of places. For example, Fort Towson is recorded more than once by L. M. Marks as Fort Tawson. Joseph Islands is spelled Joseph Isilands in the original manuscript. These may not be errors on Bro. Marks part. Many names and places actually have changed in their spelling over the years. For example in some historical writings Skullyville, Oklahoma was spelled Skullaville, and some tribal names like Muscogee have seen various renderings. Therefore, to retain the original text and with the

knowledge that some places may actually have changed their rendering, this editor felt the need to go with L. W. Marks personal knowledge of the events, places, and people, and used his spellings.

In addition, Marks has a unique manner of wording sentences that occasionally reverses the sentence structure, often shows extreme use of commas, and uses more archaic spellings (for example, Saviour and emigrated), that might cause the modern reader to pause for a moment in reading.

There are also occasions where Dr. Marks assumes the reader understands his method of writing or perhaps a basic knowledge of previous events. For example, in Chapter IV, "The Creeks and Muskogees", in the second paragraph, it seems to state that William McIntosh moved a large body of Creeks west in 1828. Yet the end of the paragraph states he was murdered in 1825. Other sources indicate the group was so influenced by William McIntosh that later historians, referred to these folk as the "McIntosh Party." Several of the McIntosh family were in this earlier group heading west.

I was personally pleased with L. W. Mark's ability to weave beautiful linguistic descriptions of scenes, people, and events. Mark's background as a writer and editor for the Indian Territory editions of the Missouri based "Word and Way" (1903-06 and again from 1909-1911) is clearly seen in the text. Not only is this a well written manuscript, it is very enjoyable to read.

Eli H. Sheldon, Historical Secretary
Baptist General Convention of Oklahoma

THE
STORY OF OKLAHOMA BAPTISTS

By L. W. Marks

Plan of the Book

1. Title Page
2. Dedication
3. Introduction
4. Foreword: consisting of a full statement of the case by the author

Two Periods:

First: The Indians' Home.
Second: The White Man's Paradise.

Treated at about equal length – the periods chaptered chronologically and the chapters sectioned topically, with indented catch words.

Biographical sketches and pictures, in separate paragraphs, breaking into the body of the work, as the characters appear in the history.

Alphabetical index by catch-words and name of characters.

FOREWORD

He who judges Oklahoma by any other known state will find his calculations going wrong. Her physical features, her political history, her population, her business methods and her

spirit are unique. He who tells the true story of Oklahoma must shed the forms that held him in other states and prepare to move in new land and breathe another atmosphere under a different sky. The very uniqueness of Oklahoma has caused it to be, perhaps the most misunderstood of any state in the Union, sometimes overrated, more often underrated.

It has enjoyed, or suffered, as per view-point, extensive advertisement. In such advertisements, its unique and striking features have received the emphasis. The emphasis has created the false impressions that abound concerning this state.

Under the name "Oklahoma", we include all of the territory covered by the present state of Oklahoma, and all of the time since this land came within the knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The history of this country naturally falls into two periods: the first one embracing the time when the Indians owned, inhabited and controlled the country. This, we designate "The Indians' Home." The second period begins with the advent of the white man; not simply the trader and herdsman, or the hunter and adventurer; but this period dates from the time when white men came here to make homes, and in sufficient numbers to dominate the country. This period may be said to begin with the coming of the railroads. This, we designate "The White Man's Paradise."

During the first of these periods, the country is often thought of a sort of corral for the warring factions of a disappearing race; that beastly savages, without moral or civil restraint, roamed at will over its valleys and plains. This is a gross misrepresentation, and does great injustice to the Indian citizens. The excrescencies of a few wild tribes of the West, is no fair way to test the peace-loving Indians embraced in the civilized tribes. A correct estimate of the western Indian civilization during this first period is what we hope to bring within the scope of this work.

The literature of Oklahoma up to the present time falls readily into two classes: first, that written from the inside, or the Indian's viewpoint. This class sees the Indian as a virtuous race of heroes being martyred by the brute force of cruel tyrants. In these writings, there is traced the plaintive whine of hopeless helplessness, that is born of morbid sentiment, and is unworthy of the true Indian.

On the other hand, those writings from the outside, or the White Man's viewpoint, have utterly misunderstood the Indian, and consequently misrepresented him. In those writings, is easily traced the efforts to justify the White Man in his unjust dealings with the Indian.

The habiliments of civilization fit but poorly the trammeled limbs of nature's child. True, but many of the best strains of blood, in the veins of a Kentucky race horse, come from the wild herd that roam the prairies untrammeled by bit or rein; so, it will be found that some of the great men and women, who are the pride of our civilization, carry in their veins the blood of noble red men. In the qualities that make for manhood and womanhood, according to his opportunity, the red man has not been surpassed by any race on earth.

From these two classes of writers, we gather much of the chronological and historical data that make up the body of this work. However, our principle source of supply is the men and women who lived and acted through the thrilling scenes, or followed so closely upon the trail of the actors that their tracks were yet plain and distinct.

Ever and anon, we must step to the one side or the other and speak from the standpoint of the actor; but in the body of this work the author endeavors to view all things from the standpoint of the true historian, rather than the partisan advocate.

We need scarcely mention that class of prolific writers who fill magazines and Sunday papers with marvelous copy at so much per inch. They roam with untethered conscience over all

boundaries of truth, and scorn to let facts stand in the way of figures of rhetoric.

This purports to be a history of Baptist work in Oklahoma. But, in order to understand the work of the Baptist people, it is necessary to hold well in mind the outlines and principal events of the political history of all of the people.

Moreover, no one can ever understand the events that took place in Oklahoma unless he first traces the career of the actors before they arrived in Oklahoma. To judge fairly of Baptist work and workers one must at least be acquainted with the work and workers of other denominations living and acting among the same people at the same time. For these reasons, the author endeavors to keep the reader reasonably familiar with the political situation, the trails leading up to certain events, and always an eye on our religious neighbors.

In the midst of other pressing duties, the writer has gathered the materials for this book. At irregular intervals, and with many interruptions, he has tried to arrange in readable shape, with the firm conviction that, in justice to the uncrowned king and the almost unknown heroes who wrought so mightily for God in this land of the Anakim, it ought to be written. The fadeless glory of these fearless soldiers of the cross ought to be unveiled before our eyes of the coming generations.

The writer is indebted, beyond expression, to the good men and women who have given his access to their libraries, their private papers, and their memories. We cannot mention all by name, but among those who were especially helpful, we cannot refrain from naming: Rev. J. S. Murrow, without whose encouragement and help this work would not have been undertaken, Mrs. Mary E. Armstrong, Mrs. N. M. Bartles, Rev. Daniel Rogers, Gov. John F. Brown, Mrs. Alice B. Davis, and Mrs. A. E. Alberty.

Chapter I
The Coming of the Cherokee

Baptist work in Oklahoma began among the Indians embraced in the civilized tribes on the east side of what is now the state of Oklahoma. It would be impossible for anyone to appreciate, or even understand, the characters and the work among these Indians without some knowledge of the previous history and events that led up to their settlement in what was then Indian Territory. Of the roving bands of Indians, and white men too, who hunted over these prairies before Indian Territory was organized and assigned to the Indians, in this work we take no note.

In the beautiful and fertile section of country where Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina touch each other, reaching for a hundred miles or more into each of these states, was the home of the Cherokees. Back through the centuries, beyond white man's knowledge, this land had been their home. The Great Spirit had been prodigal in His gifts to these children of nature. The land was fertile, the climate attractive, and game abundant. Here, they had lived, and loved, and buried their dead. The hills and mountains, the valleys and streams, were unspeakably dear to the Indian's heart. Living so close to nature; he looked upon the animals, the birds, and the fish, as a part of his tribe. The trees that sheltered him, the fruits that fed him, the animals that served him, were all more precious to him than they could ever be to the less sentimental and more resourceful white man. He had known no other home and never wanted to know any other, until he reached the happy hunting grounds known only to the brave and true.

These children of the forest were domestic, and peaceful, by nature. They had little trouble with their neighbors. They took readily to the arts of civilization. They were friendly, kind-hearted, and sociable.

When the white man came to be their neighbors, they were kindly received. The Cherokees made rapid progress in the

simpler arts of farming and raising stock, but the white men kept crowding in on the Indians' lands.

Once the white men were in the territory of the friendly Indians, they never left it. If the law of his state forbid, the white man disobeyed it. If the Indians' law forbid, he ignored it. If the Indian appealed to the state courts for redress, a treaty was the only result and in the treaty the Indian was no match for the shrew white man. In the final settlement, the Indian must cede, that is, give the white man the land of which he had taken possession. The white man never moved off a good piece of land. The Indian had no resource but the tomahawk and scalping knife. If he resorted to these, the white man called for protection of his country.

When the soldiers came, they make no inquiry as to the merits of the case – that was none of their business—they went after the Indians, slaughtering them right and left. Of course, the Indian was no match for the trained soldiers. He could take his choice: he could be butchered, together with his women and children; or he could lay down his arms and sign away as much of his inheritance as the white men cared for at that particular time.

Anyone who reads the history of the white man's dealings with the Indians will become nauseated with the frequent recurrence of this program. To substantiate the foregoing statement, I submit a few facts and quotations:

By innumerable treaties with the Indians, the United States had recognized the Indian Nations as sovereign, independent nations. By paying for and receiving titles to lands from the Indians, they had recognized their ownership of the land. In fact, the United States, and the State of Georgia, did not deny the Indians ownership of the land, but they did virtually deny them the right to refuse to sell their land at the white man's own price, which was a mere pittance of what the land was really worth. With the Indian, the size of the purchase price had little to do with it. The heart-rending experience of being

forced to give up his home made the price a matter of indifference.

The State of Georgia was the chief aggressor in compassing the removal of the Cherokees to the West. The United States had assisted the state in securing large grants of land from them. But, in due time, this land was all settled up and the pioneer settlers wanted more. The Indian lands were rich and well watered. In 1802, they owned 7,150,110 acres of land in the State of Georgia. In these rich lands, they had great herds of all the principal domestic animals, and used them to good advantage. They did an extensive agricultural business, with considerable manufacturing and commerce. They were happy, peaceful, prosperous, contented people. But the white man wanted their lands. And the Indian has found to his sorrow, that what the white man wants, if the Indian has it, he generally gets.

After being coerced into a cession of a million acres of their land, three thousand Cherokees, seeing the inevitable, in 1809, voluntarily moved west and settled on White River in Arkansas, where they fondly, but vainly, hoped they would be out of the reach of the avarice of the white man. A few years later, they moved on west to Indian Territory and settled.

Soon the aggressive pioneers of Georgia wanted more of that rich land for their multiplying families. The state seemed perfectly willing to forcibly possess the land of the Cherokees; but the United States Government insisted on keeping faith with the Indians, and refused consent to their robbery. The government had made treaty after treaty with the Indians and, without, exception, suffered its subjects to violate them by trespassing on the Indians' lands.

In 1785 the United States made a treaty with the Cherokees called the "Hopewell Treaty." The fifth article of this treaty read: "If any citizen of the United States or other person, not being an Indian, shall attempt to settle on any part of the lands westward and southward of the said boundaries which are hereby allotted to the Indians for their hunting grounds, or hav-

ing settled and will not remove from the same within six months from the ratification of this treaty, such person shall forfeit the protection of the United States, and the Indians may punish him or not as they please."

Yet in five years, General Knox reports "that upward of five hundred families are settled on the Cherokee lands." When the matter was laid before the United Sates Senate, they advised the president to have these people moved off, and the boundaries of the Hopewell Treaty guaranteed; or a new treaty be made by which a new boundary would be fixed, that would exclude the land occupied by these more than five hundred families, and the new boundary be guaranteed by the United States.

The United States could not keep the settlers off of the Indian's land without maintaining a heavy military guard always on the border, and the presence of such a force would engender strife. Beyond question, the frontiersmen were at fault in trespassing on the Indians' lands; but the United States, not being willing to use drastic measures necessary to make her own citizens respect the treaties with the Indians, suffered injustice to be done the Indians. Under these conditions the United States must undertake to extinguish the Indians' title to the land occupied by her citizens. In the efforts to compass that end our government made the record that forever stains the pages of our history.

The Indians did not want to sell their land: they loved it. Every foot of it was dear to them. Here, their fathers had lived and hunted and fished and loved and married and reared their children and buried their dead. They could not, and would not, sell their lands unless they were forced to do so. The chiefs complained most bitterly that the white men had taken possession of their land and asked that the government remove them. The commissioners said that the settlers were too numerous for the government to remove. A dignified chief, with consummate sarcasm, said, "Is the congress that conquered the king of Great Britton, unable to remove these people?"

President Thomas Jefferson had written to the Cherokees: "I sincerely wish you may succeed in your laudable endeavors to save the remnant of your nation, by adopting industrious occupations and a government of regular law. In this, you may always rely on the counsel and assistance of the United States."

In 1791, he wrote General Knox, defining the United States attitude toward Indian possessions: "The government should firmly maintain this ground, that the Indians have the right to the occupation of their lands independent of the states within whose chartered lines they happen to be; that until they cede them by treaty, or other transaction equivalent to treaty, no act of the state can give a right to such lands. The government is determined to exert all its energy, for the patronage and protection of the rights of the Indians."

Previously, General Washington had assured the great Indian Confederacy, called the Six Nations: "In the future you cannot be defrauded of your lands. No state or person can purchase your lands unless at some public treaty held under the authority of the United States. The general government will never consent to your being defrauded; but will protect you in all your just rights. You possess the right to sell and the right of refusing to sell your lands. The United States will be true and faithful to their engagements." This attitude was, on numberless occasions, expressed by the government, and certainly the Indian Nations had reason to expect it to maintain its solemn treaty obligations.

The state of Georgia, however, was aggressive, insistent, and determined to drive the Indians from her borders, or rather, include in her borders the lands belonging to these Cherokee Indians. Through her governor and representatives in congress, she demanded that the Cherokees be compelled to give up their lands, insisting on a promise of the United States that it would extinguish the Indian titles to all lands within her borders, as soon as it could be peaceably done. It seemed at last the time had come when they were determined to take the land

away from the Indians, if not by fair means, then by foul, for they must have the land.

In 1820, the Cherokee Nation had made good progress in the ways of civilization. They owned, at that time, a territory larger than the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined. They numbered about eighteen thousand. Farming and raising stock was their favorite business, but they did quite extensive business in manufacturing and commerce.

It was in the early twenties that George Guess (Sequoyah), an illiterate genius, invented a syllabic Cherokee alphabet. He caught the idea from the white man's talking paper. This was a long step toward higher civilization for the Cherokee. From this time on, they had a written language of their own, both in English and Cherokee tongue. In a very few years, a majority of the adult Cherokees and practically all the younger ones could read and write.

In 1825, the New Testament was translated into the Cherokee language by David Brown, the best educated man in the nation. In 1828, a newspaper called "The Cherokee Phoenix" began to be published in Cherokee, with an English translation. But the progress of the Cherokee did not quench the desire of the white man to possess their land. The State of Georgia extended its jurisdiction over all the Cherokee country within the borders of that state.

The Cherokee nation was well organized. It had its own government, modeled after the United States. It had good laws, and they were well enforced, so far as its own citizens were concerned. The white people, who persisted in dwelling within their territory, were generally a source of embarrassment to the Cherokees.

When the State of Georgia failed to induce the United States to remove the Indians from her borders, she took measures herself to accomplish that end. First, the state extended her jurisdiction around all of the Cherokee country within her borders, notwithstanding the solemn, and oft-repeated, guarantee of the United States, that they should be protected in their right of possession.

On December the nineteenth, eighteen hundred and twenty -nine, the Georgia legislature passed a law "to annul all laws and ordinances made by the Cherokee Nation of Indians; all laws, ordinances, orders and regulations of any kind whatever, and, passed, or enacted by the Cherokee Indians, either in general council, or in any other way whatever, or by any authority whatever, null and void, and of no effect, as if the same had never existed; also that no Indian, or descendant of any Indian residing within the Creek or Cherokee Nations of Indians, shall be deemed a competent witness in any court in this state, to which a white man may be a party."

Another law was passed, forbidding the Cherokees to dig the gold in their own mines. Some of them were arrested and carried off to the state courts for trial, while they saw thousands of invaders, unmolested, robbing their mines.

In 1831, eleven persons were arrested and tried, for living among the Cherokees without taking an oath to obey the laws of Georgia. All took the oath and were pardoned, except two missionaries of the American Board of Missions: Messrs. Worchester and Butler. These were put in the penitentiary, pending an appeal to the supreme court of the United States. That court decided in favor of the prisoners and they were released.

Under the stress of these conditions, the Cherokee held a council and sent, by the hand of chosen representatives, one of the most dignified and pathetic appeals to the United States it has ever been our lot to read. Any true American, seeing their absolute confidence in the Great Father (The President), their patience under excruciating suffering, and the absolute justice of their cause, must blush with shame to know that, while the justice of their cause was acknowledged, there was no justice for the Indian.

The crux of the whole matter was this: the white man wanted the Indian's land, and the Indian must sell it at the white man's price: five million dollars, a mere pittance that was not worthy to be called a price, for the vast and rich domains owned by this nation of people. But the Indian would

not sell his land. He would rather shed his blood and leave his bones to bleach on the hills where his fathers had died, than to sell his land at any price.

The wily diplomats tried to lure him away from his home by the promise of rich hunting grounds in the West. That was not his home and it did not appeal to him. He no longer desired to live by the chase. He wanted to walk in the white man's road. He would rather die and be buried in his own land, than to go to any other land and live.

He made his last brave, gallant stand on the promise of the Great Father (George Washington) who had said to the Six Nations, in 1790, "In the future you cannot be defrauded of your lands. No state or person can purchase your lands unless at some public treaty held under the authority of the United States. The general government will never consent to your being defrauded; but will protect you in all your just rights. You possess the right to sell and the right of refusing to sell your lands. The United States will be true and faithful to their engagements."

A delegation of chiefs and principle men, twenty in all, from the Cherokee Nations, presented to the Congress of the United States this memorial: "We cannot but view the design of these letters as an attempt bordering on a hostile disposition toward the Cherokee Nations, to wrest from them by arbitrary means, their just rights and liberties, the security of which is solemnly guaranteed to them by the United States … We assert under the fullest authority, that all the sentiments expressed in relation to the disposition and determination of the nation never to cede another foot of land, are positively the productions of the voice of the nation … There is not a spot out of the limits of any of the states or territories thereof, and within the limits of the United States, that they would never consent to inhabit; because they have unequivocally determined never again to pursue the chase, as heretofore, or to engage in wars, unless by the common call of the government to

defend the common rights of the United States … the Cherokees have turned their attention to the pursuits of the civilized man: agriculture, manufactures, and the mechanical arts, and education, are all in successful operation in the nation at this time; and while the Cherokees are peacefully endeavoring to enjoy the blessings of civilization and Christianity, on the soil of their rightful inheritance, and while the exertions and labors of various religious societies of the United States are successfully engaged in promulgating to them the words of truth and life from the sacred volume of Holy Writ, and under the patronage of the general government, they are threatened with removal or extinction … We appeal to the magnanimity of the American Congress for justice, and the protection of the lives and rights of the Cherokee people. We claim it from the United Sates by the strongest obligations which impose it on them, by treaties: and we expect it from them under the memorable declaration, 'that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'"

Encroachments and oppressions from the white man continued. Petitions, memorials, and appeals continued to be poured in upon congress. Strong advocates of the Indians' cause were found in congress. When the bill for their removal was finally passed, it was by only one majority. Nevertheless, they became a part to one of the foulest crimes that rank injustice has ever committed against a helpless people.

Stirred up and goaded on by covetous avarice, the keen intellect of the Anglo-Saxon was set to scheming, and his strong arm nerved by the backing of unjust laws against the peaceful Cherokees. The accumulation of centuries of prejudice burst with relentless fury upon the hapless heads of all red men who stood in the way of the white man's desire. Never did the fanatical Arab pursue the supposed decrees of Allah with more relentless zeal, than did the citizens of the God-favored state of Georgia hound these children of nature from their borders. They proscribed the red man because he was not

has the white man, and they throttled him in his honest and successful efforts to become like the white man. What could the Indian do? There was no higher earthly court of appeal. The Cherokee, once the proud master of this entire wide domain, was now a prisoner in his own home. Fifty years ago, his invincible warriors held in their hands the tide of battle that raged and foamed, now against the British and now against the colonists. Either side was glad, then, to court his favor, with flattering promises of unmolested possession of all the land that the savage heart might covet. But the Cherokee had long since passed the stage where he would appeal to the tomahawk and scalping knife. Nothing but the direct limits of oppression would drive him to draw the tomahawk in defense of self and home.

The steady pressure of emigration's resistless tide proved too much for even the stoical resistance of the Cherokees and they began to give way before it. Some of their chiefs and some of their best and most loyal white friends saw in the determined spirit of the white settlers the doom of the Indian Nation. They saw that there was no protection from the ruthless intruders, and that the savage nature, now held in restraint, would sooner or later break out. In fact, there was strong ground for believing that irresponsible adventurers were prodding the Indians to product that very thing. Whatever the provocation, when once the red man raised his tomahawk, the process was simple, and comparatively easy to carry out. The settlers would arm themselves and call for the protection of the government, while they slaughtered and robbed the Indians until their vengeance was satiated and their avarice satisfied. In the settlements the Indians were compelled to give deeds, not only to the land already stolen from them, but to such as the white man thought he or his friends would likely want to steal within the next few years.

Under these circumstances, many of the best friends of the Cherokees began to advocate following their brethren of other tribes to the West. True, it meant ruining their homes that they

loved so well and breaking their hearts, but they had no choice in the matter. It was plain that President Jackson had set his iron will to move them. Between standing by their former determination to die in their own land, leaving their ghosts there to haunt their oppressors, or being banished to the frontier, they might choose. But they could not stay there and live.

In 1835, a treaty was finally affected between the United States and the chiefs of the Cherokee Nation. The bulk of the Indians could not, and would not, ratify the treaty; and to this day, many of them claim that the treaty was obtained by fraud. They were given two years in which to pack up and leave their homes. As the time wore on, they made no move toward going. They seemed rooted to the soil on their native hills. They could not understand why that morning sun that had gilded the tops of their native mountains for centuries, should shine on them no more; that they should soon hear no more the ripple of the mountain stream that for thousand years had sung its endless song to their fathers. On the bosom of that limpid stream the Indian warrior, pride of his proud nation, had made love to the graceful maiden; and the moon, looking down with approving smile, and the ten thousand twinkling stars, saw the oft-recurring scenes of love. The silver-throated night bird sang his endless, happy song. The trees, the grass, the flowers, the birds, the animals, and fishes; the hills, the valleys, and the mountains, all had voices for the Indian's ear. Each as far as the Indians legends reach, every morning had seen the smoke in clouds, and rings, and graceful curves, ascend from wigwam and the happy, care-free camp fire, up into heaven's blue dome. Must his trees be felled, his meadows be plowed, and his clear streams be polluted? Must the noisy railroad frighten away all of his game? Must that loved land be his no more? The poor Indian's heart sank within him, his feet refused to carry him away, and he could not, simply could not, leave his home.

In May, 1838, General Winfield Scott was ordered to go with a military force and remove them. His address to them

was firm and kind. The task was far from agreeable to that high-minded soldier. He told them the plain duty before him and them. He entreated them, as a soldier, and pled with them, as a father, that they obey the orders promptly and give no occasion for the use of force.

From the harrowing sight of the arrest and mobilizing, holding under guard, and in prison, many of them in chains; from the heart-rendering scenes as they were forced out and away from their homes; from the unspeakably cruel plundering and taking of their homes before they were out of sight of them, let us turn away. True, they were removed by a good general, and for the most part by kind-hearted soldiers, but, as Gov. John F. Brown, of the Seminole Nation, remarked to the writer, "If a man is to be killed, it is a small matter whether he is shot or hung; it is the being killed that hurts." Over it all, we draw the veil and the heart-rending scene of breaking up and starting, which dragged their sickening way along, we pass.

Chapter II
Religious Work among the Cherokees in Their Old Home

Living in the midst of a Christian nation, if there be such a thing on earth, surrounded by a people whose expanding life was alive with religious activity, there was comparatively little done to evangelize this great nation of people. Yet it is doubtful if there ever was a heathen nation more ready to receive, and profit by, the gospel, than the Cherokee people. Still, the reproach of neglect is somewhat softened by the very earnest and successful work of some brethren who heard the Macedonian cry and promptly responded.

As early as 1801, the Moravians attempted work among the Cherokees. A little later, some school work was done by the same people. In 1816, the American Board of Missions sent Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury to the Cherokees with an offer to establish schools among them. The offer was hospitably received and some effective work done. The school established was named "Brainard." Into this school came a remarkable character by the name of Catherine Brown, an Indian maiden, alert and ambitious, fond of ornament and display, but withal of rigid chastity. General Jackson said of her: "She was a woman of Roman virtue and above suspicion." She became interested in Christianity from the very first, and readily accepted the Saviour. In six months after entering school, she could read her Bible well, and was an active worker for the salvation of others. Within a few weeks, she made a widespread and profound impression for good. One of the unsolved mysteries of a benign providence is that this first fruits of the Cherokee mission was soon called up higher.

October 13, 1817, Rev. Humphrey Posey of North Carolina came among the Cherokees and started a school. He found thousands of these people making rapid progress in the arts of civilization and education. The first school was soon followed by others. Passing on toward the south, he left the first

schools without proper care and they were soon scattered. Following the trail of the Cherokees, he came on west across the Mississippi River.

In 1820, Mr. Posey returned to the Cherokees in North Carolina and established the first permanent work among them. The mission station was established at Valley Towns, on the Hiawassee River. Mr. Thomas Dawson was secured as assistant, and three building were erected. Forty children were soon receiving instruction in religion and the common branches of education. Another school was started at Tinsawattee, in the State of Georgia, and here he had the help of Georgia brethren, so the work made substantial headway.

In September, 1821, the church at Great Valley, Pennsylvania sent out a company of missionaries to the Cherokees. In "The Latter-Day Luminary", Published by the board of managers of the Baptist denomination of the United States, is found an account of their farewell service, as follows:

"Ten or twelve ministering brethren led the service by singing, prayer, and exhortation. The instructions of the board were publicly read, and an affectionate farewell taken by the shaking of hands of the ministers and missionaries. The meeting was powerful and melting; every eye seeming to say, "The Lord is in this place of the truth."

The following morning, at eleven o'clock, the missionaries collected themselves, by appointment, at center square. Four or five hundred brethren and sisters from the different churches met them. There, under the open sky, the praises of God were sung, for the growth of the empire of the Messiah. The missionaries were again, by prayer, commended to God and the word of His grace, when, amid a thousand wishers for their prosperity, they ascended their wagons and departed."

In this company were: Thomas Roberts, Superintendent; Isaac Cleaver, a blacksmith; and Evan Jones, a teacher; with their wives and families; and John Farrier, a farmer and weaver. All of these went from Great Valley Church; and with them went, from Philadelphia, Elizabeth Jones, Mary Lewis,

and Ann Cleaver, teachers. Including the children, there were in the company twenty-five persons. They made their journey to Valley Towns in four wagons.

Their coming gave great emphasis to the work at Valley Towns and, for awhile, everything went well. Mr. Roberts translated "The Philadelphia Sunday School Spelling Book" into the Cherokee language. He remained in charge of the mission about three years.

After about two years, all of the Philadelphia missionaries, except Evan Jones and his family, returned to Philadelphia. Mr. Roberts continued to represent the Cherokee mission work among the northern Baptist churches.

Deeply impressed that God had for him a work among the Cherokees, Mr. Jones began a career of service and devotion to them that is not surpassed by any of the devoted friends who have given their lives to the uplifting of this people. In connection with Bible teaching, he taught them the essential principles of civilization. In 1825, he was ordained to the ministry, and by 1827, four or five pupils from the mission school had accepted their teacher's Saviour as their Saviour, Lord and Master. This was just seven years since the mission was permanently established. What joy must have filled the hearts of the toilers when they saw the ripening harvest. A description of the baptism has come down to us that is worthy of a place in this record. It was written by Rev. Thomas Roberts, and is as follows:

"On a pleasant Sabbath morning, hundreds of Indians were wending their way to the beautiful Hiawassee River to see the first fruits of the nation planted in the likeness of Jesus' death, and raised in newness of life, after His resurrection. We saw no visible dove descending, as when Christ arose from the baptismal stream, but we saw and heard and felt the power of the Holy Spirit. We saw the big tears chasing each other down the furrowed cheeks of old Indian warriors who never, since their manhood, had wept before. We heard the prayers of young converts, who, emboldened by the Spirit of God, cried aloud for a blessing to descend on their benighted nation. We

felt, as we had never felt before, that God had a blessing with which to enrich a neglected Indian race."

Could these toiling missionaries have seen the numberless hosts already redeemed from among the Cherokees, and witnessed the triumphs of redeeming grace that was even speedily to follow, their joy would have been complete. Who can say that they did not see by faith, and read in the promises of God all He has done to redeem that race from ruin? In 1825, David Brown, the best educated man in the Cherokee Nation, translated the New Testament into the Cherokee language, and in 1826, it was printed in the new Cherokee alphabet, invented by George Guess.

After five years of work in the mission, Mr. Jones took one of his most advanced pupils, John Tinson, as interpreter, and began a career of preaching from place to place until he became one of the best known men and trusted leaders among the Cherokees. From this time, up to the departing of the Cherokees, the preaching of the gospel was attended by apostolic power and success. From house to house, or under trees, or anywhere the Indians were gathered together, went Evan Jones and his rapidly increasing list of co-laborers, preaching the gospel with unabated zeal and cheering effect.

Among the early converts was Kaneeda, a man of strong intelligent and great force of character. He was awakened by a sermon on the sufferings of Christ. He was ordained, the first native preacher among the Cherokees, in 1833. Mr. Jones bestowed upon him the appropriate name of John Wyckliffe, which his descendants, among the Cherokee, bear to this day. For many years, during and after the troublous times of the removal, he was a trusted leader and one of the foremost Baptist preachers of the nation. For twenty-six years, he remained true to his ordination vows and a credit to his people. In November, on the twenty-second day, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, he laid down the cross and received the crown.

Oganaya and Daulaska came into the kingdom a little later. They were both beloved and honored preachers of great usefulness and power.

The year 1830 marks the date of the conversion of Jesse Bushyhead. From the standpoint of Christianity, he is the most conspicuous figure among the Cherokee people in his generation. He lived seventy-five miles south of Hiwassee, and was known as a public-spirited man of high moral character. He spoke fluently both Cherokee and the English languages. His first conception of Christianity was received directly from the Bible. From that book, without the help of any teacher, but the Holy Spirit, he was convinced of sin and, by faith, accepted the Saviour. He went thirty miles to where there were Christians. There he confessed the Saviour, and was baptized by a Baptist preacher from Tennessee whose name we have not learned.

A church was organized at Amohee, the place of his residence. Here, Mr. Bushyhead collected and ministered to a large congregation of people. Later on, he came in contact with the missionaries from Valley Towns. In the spring of 1833, the mission was visited by Hon. Heman Lincoln, of Boston, the treasurer of the General Convention. During his visit, Jesse Bushyhead and John Wyckliffe were ordained to the ministry.

In the same year, Jesse Bushyhead and Oganaya were appointed on a delegation to the United States government at Washington to try to adjust the difficulties between the Indians and the State of Georgia. During his absence, which lasted six months, Beaver Carrier, a native preacher, had charge of the work at Amohee. For six years, Mr. Bushyhead continued, with his co-laborers, to preach the gospel. These were the most turbulent times that the Cherokee Nation ever saw, yet the gospel continued to triumph gloriously.

In the autumn of 1837, Mr. Bushyhead and other Cherokees accompanied a United States agent to visit the Seminole Indians as mediator between them and the government. By the persuasion of the Cherokees, a deputation of the Seminoles came, under a flag of truce, to St. Augustine, to make overtures of peace. They were arrested and held as prisoners of war. Notwithstanding his chagrin and disgust at the treachery

of the American officers, Mr. Bushyhead embraced the opportunity to preach the gospel to the Seminoles.

During the exciting times just prior to the arrest and forcible removal of the Cherokees to the West, Rev. Evan Jones and his interpreter, a Stephen Foreman, were arrested by the United States officer and compelled to leave the Cherokee country. They found retreat in Tennessee, not far away, from which they visited the churches. The Indians travelled, sometimes ninety miles, to the place of meeting, and such meetings as they had have seldom been witnessed in the annals of Christianity. Brother Bushyhead fitted up his great barn with seats and a pulpit for services, and entertained sixty or seventy of the company in his own house, during the meetings. In the midst of persecutions, scarcely paralleled on the American continent, these Christian Indians continued to rejoice in the triumphs of the gospel.

We have read some of the accounts of the meetings of these Christian Indians to prepare themselves for leaving their homes, and to fortify themselves against the great temptation that must come to them, when the last look at their beloved, and once happy, homes would show their persecutors in full possession, that bring tears of sorrow mingled with indignation and shame, that liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon Americans, could perpetrate such an outrage on a harmless and helpless nation of people. Then we have gone with the missionaries down to the camps where they were held as prisoners, sometimes bound, and witnessed those scenes of fortitude and forbearances, and the triumphs of faith that only the stoical nature of the Indian and the grace of God can exhibit. Their prison corral became the very house of God and the gate of heaven to them.

A part of the church at Valley Towns was gathered into Port Butler, awaiting transportation. Brethren Wyckliffe and Oganaya were in the company and held religious services all the time. Here, in the fort, while they were held as prisoners, they held their church meetings and received ten members for baptism. They secured permission from the officers to go to

the river and baptism them. On God's Sabbath day, in this land of religious liberty, they marched out under guard to the beautiful Hiwassee River, and there buried them in baptismal grave. That scene made a profound impression on both the white and the red men. It was a strange inconsistency that robbed them of their political and physical liberty and yet granted them full religious liberty. It was in true apostolic style that these Indians rejoiced in the midst of bonds and imprisonment and felt themselves happy that they were accounted worthy to suffer, if it might work out to the furtherance of the gospel.

The Indians were gathered in detachments, of about one thousand each, for transportation to the West. A trusted leader was placed in charge of each detachment. Rev. Evan Jones exhibited great general-ship in the distribution of his religious forces through the several companies, where they were most needed, to conduct religious services in the camps and on the way. Rev. Beaver Carrier left his own neighbors and kindred, in this trying time, that he might go on ahead with a company, where his services as a minister were badly needed. Brother Bushyhead also left his own clan and the friends and associates of his own family, to take the leadership of one of the bands where there seemed to be no one competent to lead. In his company was a part of the Valley Towns Church, who dwelt on the Valley River, and in the Dseyohee Mountains. Mr. Jones himself left his family in Tennessee, that he might give himself entirely to the service of the Indians.

Chapter III
The Trail of Tears

The deportation of the Cherokees extended from 1809- when about three thousand of them, goaded by the encroachments of the white settlers, emigrated to Arkansas and settled on White River- up to the great removal in 1838 and 1839. During this period, there was more or less passing back and forth between the Cherokees East and the Cherokees West. Occasionally, small detachments would move west and stay.

One of these detachments, consisting of eighty families, principally from the churches of Valley Towns and Hickory Log, moved to Arkansas in 1831, and settled in a rich district in the northern part of the Territory. Their pastor and leader was Rev. Duncan O'Bryant. The settlement was prosperous in temporal and spiritual things. In 1834 Mr. O'Bryant died. He was a good man and a faithful missionary. His successor was Rev. Samuel Aldrich of Cincinnati, Ohio, who lived only one year. These and many other Indians, who had stopped in Arkansas, eventually moved on into Indian Territory.

The great movement that began in May, 1838, after all of them had been captured and about three thousand sent west, the principal men of the nation, led by their rising young leader, John Ross, petitioned General Scott that the removal might be suspended until the sickly season, then just beginning, was passed. This concession was readily made by the kind-hearted general. Even this small favor was received with great joy by the captive Indians. The time was spent in religious work and the gospel was wondrously triumphant.

In capturing the Indians, many of them, falling back into their old habits, fled from their homes into the mountains, and thwarted all efforts of the soldiers to reach them. As soon as the suspension of the movement was known, Mr. Evan Jones and Mr. Jesse Bushyhead, by permission of General Scott, carried a message from the chiefs to the Indians in the mountains, advising them to come in and join their kindred in submission to their fate. The great-hearted chiefs felt that this would be

far better for them than to remain in there as refugees among a people that would count them enemies. They had no trouble in finding them and inducing most of them to come in and surrender.

In the month of October, 1838, the balance of the nation amounting to about sixteen thousand, were on their journey. They were divided into fourteen companies: one of them led by Mr. Bushyhead, and another by Mr. Evan Jones, another by Stephen Foreman, another native preacher, and one by Mr. Taylor of the Grainard Church. It took them from four to six months to make the seven-hundred-mile journey.

Many flashlight descriptions of that disgraceful journey have come down to us, and the Cherokee still shudders at the thought of it. The story of the unspeakable sufferings and horrible afflictions of that long journey will never be adequately told. It was not the cruelty of the individual officers and soldiers that was responsible. These were generally as good to the victims as circumstances would permit.

Such a journey, by such a people, under such circumstances, could but result in unspeakable suffering. Back of them laid the long history of their noble nation, of which they were justly proud. Back there were their ruined homes and the graves of their fathers. In fact, their broken hearts were left behind and they had no hope for the future. Nothing but the gospel of Jesus Christ shed the light of hope into the Indian's heart during these dark days. He, poor, untutored child of the forests, was passing through the "Valley of the shadow of death." A few days journey took him beyond his old hunting ground, and home-sickness swept over him with such crushing forces, that, whether he lived or died was a matter of indifference.

Some of them journeyed overland all the way: others made a part of the journey in boats. In passing, we pick up this record: "On the 31 of October 1837, as the steamboat Monmoth was ascending the Mississippi River, it was run into by another boat and 311 of these miserable creatures drowned. That such

a number should have been crowded into one vessel seems incredible, and we are informed that the boat was an old, condemned vessel. It was probably hired cheap by the contractors for removing the Indians." They certainly succeeded in removing the Indians on a double and gruesome sense.

More than one-fourth of the entire nation perished on the way to the Indian Territory. Disease and accident claimed their heavy toll, but hundreds of these heart-broken people, wearied with the hopeless struggle against injustice of a stronger race, simply gave up the struggle and lay down and died.

Of course, there were all along the way the vultures of traffic, robbing the unwary Indian of the little that a few of them had succeeded in carrying away from their old homes. Then all along the way there were the ever present vendors of liquor. The red man never could resist temptation, not stand the effects of, the deadly fire-water. It is a strange inconsistency in the white man's ethics that allows him to rob the red man with an undisturbed conscience. So they were robbed and plundered and abused on the way, as well as before they started, and after they reached their destination. Anyone who has any considerable knowledge of the Indian's business affairs is well aware that what seems, to many people, to be the Indian's lack of energy, is caused by the ever present uncertainty as to who will get the benefit of his energy.

The company led by Mr. Bushyhead began its march October the fifth and reached Indian Territory February the twenty-third. Eighty-two of this company died on the way. This was far less than the average of the companies, due doubtlessly to the superior and sympathetic leadership of their really great general. Sixty-six members of this company were Baptists. Two of these were appointed to conduct religious services on the way. Regular prayer-meetings were held every evening and more extended services on Sundays.

The Valley Towns Church moved in organized capacity, and was in a state of revival all the way. The ordinances were

observed, and many members received during the journey. Alas, while they rejoiced to be receiving new members, they were continually called upon to bid farewell to those who fainted and died by the way-side. On that sad trail of desolation and death was mingled the Indian's sad wail of bereavement with the glad joy of redeemed souls: in the morning, a baptizing and in the afternoon a burial; then in the evening, the Lord's Supper. Sometimes, alas, the church was compelled to exercise discipline, for temptation was always present, especially in the form of liquor and gambling, and the Indian churches are strict disciplinarians.

The Amohee Church also moved in organized capacity. Of that church we have not a very clear record, during the removal, but after arriving in the Indian Territory it appears again. It seems probable that these two churches were together in the same company, and acted as one during the journey and separated again after they arrived, and located some distance apart.

The revival continued throughout the journey. The Holy Spirit's power was manifested in a marvelous way. On one Sunday, there were fifty-six baptized, and on the following Sunday, forty-six more. During the journey, there were one hundred and seventy Cherokees hopefully converted and baptized. On their arrival in their new home, four churches were organized from the members already received. Notwithstanding the unsettled and deplorable condition of these people in the new country, the revival continued and blessings came upon them in copious showers up until the breaking out of the Civil War.

Before passing this period, we mention the fact that about two thousand of the Cherokees, who escaped the soldiers and hid in the mountains, were left there. They never could be induced to leave their mountain retreats and go west. Notwithstanding the fact that their lands were taken from them, and they were handicapped by the encroaching white men, a large measure of prosperity attended their efforts, and, for many

years, they are said to have surpassed their kindred in the West in the arts of civilization.

Of those who followed the Trail of Tears, the vast majority have long-since crossed the river that marks the boundary of the land of oppression and injustice. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them. There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

While en route to this country, there was born to Jesse Bushyhead and wife, Elizabeth, a daughter, who now resides at Tahlequah, Oklahoma. She is Mrs. A. E. Alberty, and owns and conducts the National Hotel in Tahlequah. Although past the three-score years and ten, she is a hale, motherly woman, a veritable mother-in Israel. In this famous hotel she has often entertained the dignitaries of her own and other nations. She is a woman of splendid education, graduate of the National Female Seminary, and of easy, cultured manners. Her memory is well stored with the history of her people, especially that part in which her father and brother, Principal Chief, D. W. Bushyhead, played such a prominent part. It is by her grace that we are in possession of much of the interesting history of her people. In the following chapters, we shall have more to say of her and her interesting family.

Chapter IV
The Creeks or Muskogees

The Muskogee Nation of Indians had their homes in Alabama and a part of Georgia. They were called, by the English, Creek Indians, on account of the number of streams in their country, and they have come to be known by that name, rather than by the Indian name of Muskogee. They numbered twenty two thousand, about the same as the Cherokees. Their removal to this territory preceded that of the Cherokees by a few years. The history of their removal so nearly parallels that of the Cherokee, related in the foregoing chapters, that we shall not rehearse it in detail.

In 1828, a large body of Creeks, known as the McIntosh party, moved to the West. The principal chief of this party was William McIntosh, a mixed-blood Creek. He was a strong advocate of removal, and, for that reason, was cordially hated by the majority of his tribe. He and twelve other chiefs signed a treaty with the United States Government, ceding away a large part of the Creek lands. He was charged with betraying his nation by selling the graves of their fathers. For this, he was condemned by the council of his nation and sentenced to death. This decree was carried out, by a party of Indians appointed for the purpose, on May 1, 1825.

In 1832 a treaty was consummated involving the exchange of the remaining Creek lands in the East for a large tract of land lying south and west of the Cherokee lands in Indian Territory. In this treaty, the United States stipulated and guaranteed: "nor shall any state or territory ever have the right to pass laws for the government of such Indians."

While the State of Georgia was so vigorously pushing the expulsion of all the Indians from her borders, the Christian people of that grand old state were moved with compassion for

the doomed people, and they determined to give them the gospel. As early as 1819, the mission board of the Georgia Baptist Association resolved to attempt the establishment of a mission to the Creeks. In 1822, Rev. Lee Compere, of South Carolina, established a mission on the Chattahoochee River, the state line between Georgia and Alabama. He found the Creeks far behind the Cherokees and Choctaws in the arts of civilization and their spiritual condition was like Egyptian darkness. They were mentally and physically indolent, and strongly attached to the customs of their fathers. Added to these, were their clannish feuds, and depressing relation to the United States Government. Nevertheless, the mission enjoyed a fair measure of success, and its wholesome results were soon felt in the improved condition of the nation. The training given to the Indian youths, in the mission school, was in a few years felt in the councils of the tribe.

One of the first converts in the mission was John Davis, a young man of superior mind. He became a prominent preacher and leader of his people. For some years, he acted as interpreter for Mr. Compere. He moved west with his people and was appointed a missionary in 1830. Mr. Compere's mission was discontinued in 1829, but the good effects of his work was carried by the tribe to their new home in the West, and the seed sown by this godly missionary continued to bring forth an abundant harvest.

The Choctaw Nation, numbering fifteen thousand, had their home between the Alabama and the Mississippi Rivers. They were further advanced and more inclined to the arts of civilization than other southern tribes. As early as 1818, the American Board sent Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury and L. S. Williams as missionaries. They established a mission at Eliot, and found the Choctaws eager to avail themselves of the opportunities offered. The mission schools were crowded to their capacity from the opening, as long as they continued. Other missionaries came to reinforce the founders and the work was well attended with good success. Several other schools were established to meet the growing demands.

The settled policy of the United Sates Government to move all of the Indians to the reservation in the Indian Territory soon began to disturb the Choctaw Nation. Realizing that they could not escape the common fate of the other tribes, they accepted the inevitable more calmly than their neighbors the Cherokees and Creeks. Still, their ready submission seems not to have saved them from the unspeakable suffering incident to such a journey. The journey was made, for the most part, in winter. This plan avoided some suffering incident to the heat and disease of the summer season; but when it is remembered that most of even the women and children must walk all of the long five hundred miles, and one witness declares that nine-tenths of the women were barefooted, and sometimes begged of farmers an ear of corn to appease their hunger- the horror of the whole movement may be imagined without further comment.

The Christian Indians held morning and evening worship and refused to work or travel on the Sabbath day. An agent, who had a good opportunity to know, said that the trouble of removing those who had been under missionary instruction was less, by one-half, than that of removing the others. By 1833, all who survived the ordeal of transplanting were settled in their new home. The land assigned to them lay between the South Canadian and the Red Rivers, extending from the west line of Arkansas to Texas on the West.

The Chickasaws, numbering five thousand, who were closely related to the Choctaws, were moved and settled in the same territory as the Choctaws. Not long after their settlement in the West, the two nations became merged into one. The history of the removal of this small tribe is not materially different from the history of the other tribes already rehearsed.

The smallest of the Five Civilized Tribes of the Indian Territory is the Seminole. This great nation inhabited east and west Florida, and are said to be a branch of the Creek Nation. They were a bold, brave, fierce, savage nation, that scorned the ways of civilization and defied the white man's conquering

march. They number among their fathers some of the most distinguished warriors that ever fought on American soil. Their braves have played the principal part in some of the bloodiest battles recorded in our histories. According to their numbers, they have taxed the resources of America beyond all of her enemies.

What American school boy but has read of the Seminole Chiefs: Oceola, Micanopy, and Billy Bowlegs? They absolutely refused to consider any propositions to sell their lands and move to the West. In the pines and everglades of Florida, they had an ideal home for a people following their mode of life.

Mr. John McIntosh, a distinguished Cherokee of Florida birth, gives us a vivid description of the Seminole life in his original home. He says: "The Seminoles, or lower Creeks, inhabited formerly east and west Florida. They enjoyed a super-abundance of the necessaries of life, content and undisturbed, they appeared as blithe and free as the birds of the air, and, like them, as volatile and active, tuneful and vociferous. The visage, action, and deportment of a Seminole are the most striking pictures of happiness in this life. Joy, contentment, love, and friendship, without guile or affection, seem inherent to them, or predominant in their vital principle; for it leaves them but with the last breath of life. On the one hand, you see among them troops of boys, some fishing, some shooting with a bow, some enjoying one kind of diversion, and some another; on the other hand, are seen bevies of girls wandering through orange groves and over fields and meadows, gathering flowers and berries in their baskets, or lolling under the shades of flowery trees, or chasing one another in sport, and trying to paint each other's faces with the juice of the berries."

The United States Government undertook to move them by force. The Indians determined to stay in their old home, dead or alive. If they must give their bodies to fertilize their beloved land, they determined to double the offering with the bodies of their enemies.

For eight long years, the war of extermination dragged its bloody way along. The government sent some of its greatest generals against this little band of savages. Among them were: Generals Gaines, Thompson, Jackson, Clinch, Wool, Scott, and Zachery Taylor. The major part of this brave nation were either slain or captured. The captured were brought to Indian Territory and settled among the Creeks and Cherokees. Later on, they were allotted separate land and their national life restored.

The characteristics that made them such great patriots and warriors, under proper conditions advanced them in the civilization and Christianity with remarkable rapidity. In their new home, following the ways of peace and piety they continued to rear leaders that challenge the admiration of all who admire strong characters.

In the impenetrable everglades of Florida, far beyond where the white men would dare to follow, a small remnant of that once great and powerful nation, took refuge, and to this day there are about five hundred of them wading about in the swamps and eschewing practically all intercourse with white people. They are as untouched by civilization and Christianity as their fathers were when white men first touched the American continent.

The Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles, mentioned above, known as the Five Civilized Tribes, constitute the original settlers of Indian Territory. Many other tribes, and remnants of tribes, were brought in later and settled among them. Most of the later arrivals were given small allotments purchased from the original owners.

Chapter V
Beginning of Baptist Work in Indian Territory

By the year 1832, most of the Creek Indians were settled in Indian Territory. Here, conditions were more favorable for their development than in their old homes. The breaking up of the old home, the strenuous months of the removal and the facing of practically a new world, seemed to quicken their mental powers and sharpen their appetite for knowledge. The learning that served the white man to such a good purpose began to appeal to the Indian as a desirable possession.

For three years, John Davis was the only religious teacher among the Creeks. He taught school three days out of the week, and gave the balance of his time to religious work. He had four regular preaching places, at which he conducted religious services on Sundays. He was popular and successful to a gratifying degree. In May, 1832, Rev. David Lewis was ordained, in New York, as a missionary to the Creek Indians. He joined Mr. Davis in the work, and preparations were made for organizing a church.

The honor of being the first regular Baptist missionary to the Indians of the North belongs to Rev. Isaac McCoy. He was born near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, June 13, 1784. His early life was spent in Kentucky. In 1817, he began his great career as a missionary to the Indians. Soon after he began work he became convinced that it would be best for the Indians to be segregated from the white people to avoid the contaminating influence of the whiskey vendor and the grafter. He was convinced that the Indians could never hold their lands in peace so long as they were surrounded by the wily white man. He was among the first to advocate the creation of an

Indian Territory for the permanent home of the waning tribes of that once great people.

He visited Washington City and laid his plans before John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War. That great statesman saw at once the wisdom of such a plan and became a warm supporter of it. In 1828, Mr. McCoy was one of an exploring party sent by congress to the proposed Indian Territory. In 1829, he and Rev. David Lykins visited the territory with a view to selecting school sites for the Baptist's Triennial Convention. It was in the development of these plans that this pioneer missionary visited Indian Territory in September, 1832. On the ninth day of the month, he assisted in the organization of the First Baptist Church in Indian Territory. The constituent members of this church were: Rev. David Lewis and wife, John Davis, and Quash, Bob, and Ned, three black men, slaves of the Creeks, who had been baptized by Rev. Lee Compere before they left Alabama.

Thus, the Baptist work in what is now the State of Oklahoma began with two white persons, one Indian, and three Negroes. The following Saturday, two Creeks and two Negroes were received for baptism, and the following Sunday took place the first baptism in "The Indians' Home." On the same day, under the shade of the wide-spreading, hospitable, forest trees, in the presence of a great gathering of wondering, dusky Indians, and their darker slaves, the Memorial Supper was spread, and observed in apostolic simplicity.

Can any Baptist, yea any Christian, or even any thoughtful citizen, fail to linger here, with uncovered head, to look upon that sacred scene. Angels might covet the privilege of joining in that service. God's Spirit came upon them in mighty power. The recording angel looked down from heaven and wrote new names in the Lamb's Book of Life. By the end of October, thirty-eight members had been added to the new church in the wilderness. One of the early converts was a daughter of the famous Chief William McIntosh.

The site of this church was three miles north of the Arkansas River, and fifteen miles west of Fort Gibson, in a densely

populated Indian settlement. The name of the settlement, or station, was Ebenezer, but the church was called Muskogee.

Mr. McCoy expresses his joy at the organization of this church, in the following language: "We retired from our meeting, not only with solemn countenances; but many faces, both black and white, were suffused with tears, and every heart seemed to be filled. For myself, I felt like seeking a place to weep tears of gratitude to God for allowing me to witness a gospel church formed under such auspicious circumstances in Indian Territory, toward which we have so long directed our chief attention with deep solicitude."

One little church with six members was not much to stir the emotion of an onlooker; but every missionary, and every converted Indian, who had wrestled with the problem of giving the gospel to the Indians, watched with bated breath and throbbing heart the planting of the gospel in this new and untried soil. Their prayer was that it might grow up before Him in a tender plant. Mr. McCoy saw in this little church the earnest of the great harvest for the Master that he served so devotedly.

John Davis, who had served under appointment of the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, as a lay worker for three years, was licensed to preach and after a while ordained. He proved a worthy forerunner of all the preachers, red, white, and black, that have been ordained in Oklahoma since that eventful day. He had improved his time in the Compere Mission School and was probably the best scholar in the Creek Nation, speaking fluently both the Creek and the English languages. He had married a pious Creek woman, who had been educated at the Presbyterian mission. She was a good woman and proved to be a great help to him in his work. He received a small salary from the Baptist Mission Board to enable him to give his time to the mission work. The kind, brotherly helpfulness of the Presbyterians to the young Baptist missionary, before there was any Baptist church in his nation, was truly noble, and from their own standpoint by no means in

vain, as many of his converts, having no Baptist church, naturally went to the Presbyterian mission.

Mr. Davis translated the Gospel of John and part of Matthew into the Creek language. Rev. Johnston Lykins, a missionary of learning and piety, was then publishing a small monthly newspaper called "The Shawance Sun", also books and tracts and parts of the Bible, at his mission among the Shawnee Indians of Kansas. In 1834, he invited Mr. Davis to join him in publishing some literature needed to work among the Creeks. Accordingly, Mr. Davis spent four months with Mr. Lykins, during which time they compiled and published a book containing the Gospel of John, a part of Matthew, and some hymns in the Creek language. They used the new system invented by George Guess (Sequoyah), in 1825. This book Mr. Davis brought home with him and circulated among his own people. The good accomplished by this bit of literary work on the part of John Davis can never be computed until the books of the Recording Angel are opened.

Mr. Davis continued to labor with great zeal and discretion and the Lord abundantly blessed his work. He remained in the employ of the board until 1839, and died soon after that time. A man of God was he, faithful and true. He was buried at the old North Fork Town, but the place of his grave is unknown. The Old Muskogee Church, too, after some years of prosperity, has gone down and few people know even the place where the First Baptist Church in "The Indians' Home" was located.

The year following the organization of this church, a meeting house, a school house, and other buildings necessary to the mission station, were erected. The Sunday school had an attendance of seventy-four and the congregations on Sundays often numbered three hundred.

According to a previous treaty with the United States, the Creeks were entitled to an annuity of four thousand dollars for school purposes. This money was used for building and supporting schools in the nation. It was the custom of the government to employ Christian workers to teach in these schools.

They were efficient, generally acceptable to the Indians and good results followed. Men and women, who were under appointment as missionaries, were often employed. Rev. Davis Lewis opened a mission school with thirty pupils and it prospered for a time; but a scourge of sickness, and the fact that Mr. Lewis fell under suspicion of unbecoming conduct and left the settlement under a cloud, closed the school for a time.

This was a severe trial for the young church; but John Davis, whose integrity was above reproach, continued with unabated zeal and the work went on.

In December, 1834, the mission was reinforced by the coming of Rev. David B. Rollin, with his wife and two children, from the Tonawanda Mission, New York; also, as teachers, Miss Rice and Miss Cullum. Increased prosperity followed their coming. Some unruly members were excluded from the church and a revival brought into the church by baptism, five natives and eight Negroes; and five Negroes and one native by letter, from other churches.

In the meantime, Rev. Davis and other native helpers were planting new missions and churches in other parts of the nation. The growing prosperity of the mission gave great hope and encouragement to its friends. But troublous times were approaching. Belated Creeks kept coming from the East in large numbers. The McIntosh Party, in the West, was entrenched in power and they looked with suspicion on the newcomers who, for the most part, allied themselves with the opposing party. This was a fruitful source of factional disturbance.

Then, there was determined opposition on the part of many of the chiefs and leading men to the introduction of Christianity into the nation. This opposition was encouraged by lawless white adventurers, many of whom were finding their way into the Indians' country. The matter was of sufficient importance to be considered in the national council. The council, by majority vote, declared that the introduction of Christianity into the nation was inexpedient. Some unfounded charges made against the missionaries were refuted; still, all these things hurt

the work, and the opposition became so strong that the work at that place had to be suspended.

Rev. Isaac McCoy says: "In 1830, the Presbyterians constituted a church among the Creeks, and sometime afterward, located a missionary there. The church has lost its visibility (1837), and recent difficulties have occasioned a suspension of missionary labors."

"In 1831, the Methodists commenced a mission amongst the Creeks. They have done something in the way of schools, but have directed their attention chiefly to preaching. Their labors also have been suspended."

On account of the severe persecutions, all the white missionaries were forced, for the time being, to leave the field. John Davis and some faithful native and Negro helpers continued the work in the face of severe persecutions. This period affords some of the most heroic examples of suffering endured for Christ to be found in the annuals of the church militant.

It may be noted, by the above account, that the Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptist began work among the Cheeks at practically the same time. It is worthwhile to note what seems to be the reason for the Baptist Mission surviving, while the others went down. The Methodists laid the emphasis on evangelizing, neglecting school work. The Presbyterians had a church and school, conducted by the white missionaries. The Baptist did fervent evangelistic work, followed up closely by school work; but when the testing time came, the Baptist native preacher saved the cause.

Before retreating under the fire of persecutions, Rev. David B. Rollin and his wife buried one of their children among the people they sought to serve. Thus, the first life of a white person sacrificed on this mission field, was that of an innocent child. In 1837, Rev. Charles R. Kellam secured a government appointment as teacher at Ebenezer. This secured for him both support and protection and, at the same time, enabled him to be a great assistance to the struggling church.

In the organization of the church in Indian Territory, the Baptists were barely in the lead of The American Board of Foreign Missions. Not far from Wheelock Academy, a national school of the Choctaw Nation, is an old cemetery. In it can be found a grave with a stone covering the entire top of the grave. On this stone is the following inscription:

"Reverend Alfred Wright: born in Columbus, Connecticut, March 1787, died, March 31, 1858. Appointed missionary to the Choctaws in Mississippi in 1820, and sent to Indian Territory with the Indians in 1832. Organized Wheelock Church, December, 1832; received to its membership, 570 souls."

This stone was engraved in Mississippi and sent here to mark the last resting place of this sturdy old pioneer missionary. It is the loving tribute of friends who were well acquainted with the work done by him for the Indians.

It is sometimes claimed that this is the first church in Indian Territory; but the best evidence that we have found is in accord with the facts stated above, which makes the Muskogee Baptist Church the older by about three months.

Dr. J. S. Morrow says of Elder Alfred Wright: "He was one of the few notable characters whose influence is felt to this day in the civilization of the Indians of the five tribes."

The meeting house built at Wheelock probably preceded the building at Ebenezer and, unless very recently demolished, it is still standing. Thus, it has the honor of being the oldest meeting house in Oklahoma, and this explains the origin of the report that Wheelock is the oldest church in the state.

In the religious development of this country, up to the year 1860, it will be noted that the Negroes, slaves of the five tribes, play an important part. In the Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek and Chickasaw Tribes, about eight percent of the population were Negro slaves. The Negro's natural tendency to religion caused him, here, as in other lands, to respond to the gospel message; and the direct study of the New Testament naturally led him to be a Baptist. Many of the most faithful and effective evangelists of these early days were Negroes.

From *The Indian Missionary*, July 1886, Rev. Daniel Rogers, editor, we take the following account of the most interesting and worthy Negro preacher: "During the time of opposition of the Creek Indians, there was a colored Baptist minister by the name of Mundy Durant. He was a large, strong man, of fine physical proportions. He readily spoke the Creek language, and commenced preaching to the Indians when a young man. At one time, a drunken Indian armed with a knife about a foot long, came to Durant's house, while he was at dinner. Mundy arose and closed the door and fastened it. The Indian while attempting to force an entrance, slipped and fell, dropping the knife in the fall. Mundy stepped out, secured the knife and laid it away. He then seized the Indian, who had risen to his feet, threw him down and took him by the throat. Then he thought 'this will not do for me, a Christian. It is not right to hurt the man.' So he took him in his strong arms, despite the struggles of the Indian to extricate himself, and carefully put him over the yard fence and told him to go home. The Indian arose, and with a surprised look, said: 'I thought you Christian people were weak, but you are too strong for me!'

"At another time, while Mundy was praying at a meeting, the same Indian came along and struck him on the head, Mundy arose from his knees, seized the Indian, threw him down, and tied him, but did not hurt him, as he felt that it would be wrong. He only wanted to keep him from hurting others while he was drunk. Afterwards, this same Indian became an earnest seeker. The Band Chief told Mundy to go on and help his people if he could, for he did not know of anything else that would keep them from doing bad things."

"Through Uncle Mundy's influence, many of the Indians were converted. Before his death, which occurred only about two years ago, he witnessed great changes among the Creek Indians. The strong opposition to Christianity that was manifested in his early life, passed away, and now the Creeks are a peaceful people. There are many churches among them and many faithful, consistent Christians."

Rev. James O. Mason, D. D., was appointed missionary to the Creeks in 1838. He was acceptable and useful to the native Christians; but the opposition of the chiefs and leading men had become so strong that it was unsafe to remain in the nation. Three Indians attempted to assassinate him: one of them, firing a gun point-blank at him, sent the ball through his clothes within two inches of his heart; another, rushed at him with a Bowie knife, but he escaped. The chiefs denied all knowledge of the affair. It is likely that they did not know about it; but their well-known hostility to Christianity encouraged such characters to commit such deeds. Mr. Mason was compelled to withdraw for a time, but the Ebenezer station was by no means abandoned. Very active and bitter persecutions were yet to come, but the story belongs to another chapter.

At Johnson's Choctaw Academy, in Kentucky, 1829, and Indian youth named Peter Folsom, was converted. He was the first of his tribe to become a Baptist. He was then twenty years of age. For fifty-six years he remained true to his profession. He was the first, and one of the foremost of all the host of Baptist preachers produced by that nation.

Baptist work in the Choctaw Nation began in 1832. Rev. Charles E. Wilson, from the Lower Doublin Church of Philadelphia, with Rev. Sampson Burch, a native Choctaw interpreter, was in charge. Mr. Wilson opened a school, but on account of an epidemic, soon gave it up and devoted himself to house to house work. After two years, he left the work and the next to take it up was Rev. Joseph Smedley and wife. They were followed a little later by Rev. Eben Tucker and Dr. Alanson Allen, all under government appointment, but recognized as missionaries of the Triennial Convention, through its Foreign Mission Board.

Mr. Ramsey Potts and his wife were also under government appointment, teaching in the Choctaw Nation at that time. Mrs. Potts was a Miss L. Purchase. Mr. Isaac McCoy says, "She was one of the last remnants of a tribe of Massachusetts

Indians. She, however, had no knowledge of any Indian language or manners. She was intelligent and well educated in English, and felt a great desire to be the instrument of good to the suffering Aborigines." She was married to Mr. Potts, in 1827. In 1837, Mr. Potts was ordained to the ministry and from that time on, he and his devoted wife accomplished a great work for the Lord.

October 5, 1837, a church was organized with four members, which soon increased to eight. This was the first Baptist church organized in the Choctaw Nation. It was named Ramsey Church, and its location was ten miles west of Fort Tawson, and five miles north of the Red River. This church was reorganized in April 1854, and the name changed to Providence.

Peter Folsom, referred to above, welcomed these missionaries as they came, and rendered valuable assistance in the work they were doing. Sometime during this period, he was ordained to the ministry. Before the time of the close of this chapter, 1840, his long and fruitful service as a preacher was well under way. He was instrumental in the formation of five or six strong churches and inducting into the ministry five native preachers, whom the Lord had called to preach the gospel: namely, Rev. Lewis, William Cass, Mea Shonubby, Simon Hancock, and Alexander Pope.

Baptist work among the Cherokees may be said to have begun, in Indian Territory, with the arrival of the band led by Jesse Bushyhead, February, 13, 1839. Among the Cherokees arriving about that time, were more than seven hundred Baptists. Rev. Evan Jones accompanied them as the leader of one of the bands of immigrants. There was also John Wyckliffe, Oganaya, Beaver Carrier and other native preachers among them.

The center of Baptists interests was at the settlement called Baptist. Here, Bushyhead located, and temporary arrangements for religious services were first provided. Those were busy days, but religious work was not neglected, at least by some of that despoiled nation of people: indeed, it was the one

fountain of hope that buoyed up their hearts in this time of severe trial.

The place called Baptist was simply a thickly settled neighborhood of Indians clustered around the church known by that name. The capitol of the nation was afterward located in Tahlequah, a few miles away.

Something about the experience through which they had passed seemed to give great stimulus to these people. Physical, mental, and moral faculties seemed to take on new life, like vegetation in the springtime. They were far beyond the frontier line of the white man's settlement and, as they fondly hoped, beyond the reach of his encroachments. Here was a new land; an empire of their own. They had made such progress in the arts of civilization that they could well be called a civilized people. Christianity had taken hold on them, and so many of them were turning to it that they seemed to have before them the making of a new nation in a new land.

Mr. Bushyhead wrote about this time: "Books are greatly needed among the Cherokees. The progress of the gospel and the course of providential discipline through which they have passed, have given such a stimulus to the mind of the people that they manifest increased eagerness for information, and it is all important that the knowledge that they receive should be of a healthy mind."

The United States had given to them the most solemn and binding guarantee that they should never again be disturbed. Here, was guaranteed to them, by United States Patent, seven million acres of land, with definite boundaries, and in addition to this "a free and unmolested use of all of the country west of the western boundary of the seven millions of acres, as far west as the sovereignty of the United States and their rights of soil extend."

The fifth article of this treaty reads: "The United Sates hereby covenant and agree that the lands ceded to the Cherokee Nation, in the foregoing article, shall in not future time,

without their consent, be included within the territorial limits or jurisdiction of any state or territory."

The land in which they found themselves was not such as they left in the East, yet it was a good, rich land, and hope of future national life and greatness sprang into vigorous life. Alas, for "Poor Lo", he must yet learn that the solemn covenants of civilized nations hold well only until they come to stand in the way of the onward march of civilizations' God: "Material Interests", then they will find a way to avoid the most binding obligations.

That western outlet was soon peopled with white settlers, threaded by railroads, and made to support numberless cities and villages. The seven million acres have been whittled down to a mere garden patch, and the floods of emigration have long since swept away the nationality of the Cherokee.

The Baptists who survived "The Trail of Tears", seven hundred or eight hundred by the time they were fairly settled in the new home, divided into four churches and distributed themselves in the nation in the interests of the Kingdom of God. They were aggressive for God and His blessings were poured in copious showers upon them.

Next Issue: Kingdom Builders. 1840—1860

Oklahoma Baptist Historical Society

2013 New Members

LIFE

Christine Kiser, Edmond
Perry Cox, Tulsa
Wade Robertson, Wagoner

Annual

Greg Adams, Blanchard
Judson Beck, Oklahoma City
James Cato, Bartlesville
Jane Cluck, Stonewall
Rachel Hawkins, Shawnee
Henry Maxey, Broken Arrow
Eric Robberson, Houston, Texas
Paul Roberts, Shawnee
Carl Rudek, Stigler

IN MEMORY OF

WENONAH WILLENE

PIERCE

On March 18, 2014, we lost a friend, co-worker, and great Christian lady. Within an hour after the Oklahoma Baptist Historical Commission Spring Meeting, Willene Pierce went to be with the Lord.

She became ill just prior to the 1:00 p.m. meeting, and was administered to by nursing personnel within the Baptist Building. Her condition seemed in accord with a touch of the flu or indigestion. She insisted she would be fine with a few minutes rest.

After the meeting she still did not feel well and Pat Jones, Ministry Assistant, Prayer and Spiritual Awakening, drove her toward a friend's home in Norman. Willene insisted she did not need a doctor or a trip to a hospital, just some time to rest overnight. Within fifteen minutes of leaving the Baptist Building she suffered a fatal heart attack. She had faithfully served her Savior and Lord to the very end.

Miss Pierce was well-known to Oklahoma Baptists. She was Director, Native American Link Ministries, had taught for Oklahoma Baptist University (School of Christian Service), and was a director and singer for Native Praise Choir.

Her Home Mission Board volunteer missionary experiences included Rio Grande Valley; Casper, Wyoming; and Indian mission work in Oklahoma churches. She worked for the Mission Service Corp at various times among the Choctaw/Chickasaw and the Chi-Ka-Sha Associations in Oklahoma. Willene was involved in the research project focusing on Native American Women, 1995-96, which

was funded by a 2nd Century Grant from the WMU, SBC, and the Baptist Convention of Maryland/Delaware.

She served on IMB (International Mission Board) mission teams to Argentina, Australia, Belarus, Canada, China, Hong Kong, Latvia, Moldova, Paraguay, Rwanda, Russia, Taiwan, Ukraine, and other places.

Willene was an extensive public speaker and writer for the *Baptist Women's Day of Prayer* programs. She was currently serving as an Oklahoma Baptist Historical Commissioner, an appointed position by the Board of Directors, BGCO.

Necrology

January 1, 2013 – December 31, 2013

Ashworth, Richard L., died September 28 in Merdian, Idaho. He served many Oklahoma churches, was appointed as missionary associate by North American Mission Board in 1966, and also served 19 years as area director of missions for Southern and Eastern Utah.

Barnes, Eddie, 89, died January 16. Funeral services were January 19 at Ochelata, First where he served as pastor for 25 years.

Bigbie, John, former pastor of Boggy Depot, died June 26.

Chappelle, Frank, father of Thom Chappelle (pastor of Finley Baptist Church in Pushmataha County) died May 5. Services were May 9 at Tulsa, Winnetka Heights Baptist Church.

Chastain, Adell, 86, died July 28. She served with her husband, Jerry Chastain, as he pastored many churches.

Chronister, Rose, died October 15. She was a member of Bowers Baptist Church, gave years of service as the historian for Sans Bois Baptist Association and as such was the author and editor of the association's history in 2009, as well as helping prepare the Bowers Baptist Church's history in 2004. Both histories won awards in their year of publishing.

Claunch, Forrest, 73**,** passed away November 18. A member of Nicoma Park, First, he led the battle against casinos and the state lottery in Oklahooma. He had pancreatic cancer that also affected his lungs.

Coffey, Nancy, 63, died, December 14. Services were December 18 at Bethany, Council Road. She had recently retired as director of Council Road's daycare center after serving for 40 years.

Crews, Luther "Bill", 91, died March 29. Funeral services were March 31 in Decatur, Georgia. In addition to serving two churches in Oklahoma, he was a member of religious faculty at OBU.

Dane, J. P., 96 died April 12. Funeral services were held April 17 at Oklahoma City, Portland Avenue, where he was pastor emeritus. Dr. Dane was the first person to serve two consecutive terms as president of the BGCO. He received Profile in Excellence and Alumni Achievement Awards from OBU.

Danner, Helen, died April 24th. She was a long time organist at Oklahoma City, Quail Springs Baptist.

Dunlap, Franklin "Mac", 87, died Saturday October 26, in Claremore. He served as minister of music and education in several state churches and was a longtime member of Tulsa, Woodland Acres.

Elmore, J. Charles, 88, died August 24. He was a bi-vocational pastor serving various Oklahoma churches, including Alex, Southern Chapel and Norman, Westwood.

Falls, Corene, 88, died August 21. She was the mother of Emerson Falls, BGCO Native American specialist, and was a longtime member of Oklahoma City, Glorieta.

Freeman, Trey, 7, died September 1. Funeral services were held September 5, at Oklahoma City, Southern Hills. He was the son of Jeremy Freeman, pastor of Newcastle, First.

Gaskin, Helen, 93, died July 31. A fixture in Oklahoma church music for more than 70 years, she began playing piano at church when she was 11. She was organist in all the churches her husband (J.M. Gaskin) pastored.

Glenn, Robert "Bob", Sr., 86, died August 23. He served as education and music minister in churches in Oklahoma. He and his wife worked as Mission Service Corps volunteers in Florida. In retirement, they were active in Stillwater, First.

Gneick, Steve, 59**,** died Tuesday, December 3, in Talahina. He was the pastor of Pilgrim's Rest in LeFlore Association and served as a BGCO board member from 2000-04.

Henson, Laura, 87, died February 20. Funeral services were February 25 at Avant of Washington-Osage Association. She was the wife of Raymond Henson, pastor of Avant for 45 years.

Hodges, Jimmy, 75, died February 15. Funeral services were February 19 at Edmond, First. Beginning his ministry in 1961, he served at Lawton, Northside. While serving in evangelism, he formed Jimmy Hodges International Ministries through which millions of people have been reached for Christ in India and East Africa, and hundreds of pastors and evangelists have been trained.

Humphreys, Kent, 66**,** died January 30, 2013. A memorial service was held February 5, at Crossings Community Church. A business man for 40 years, he spent much of his life ministering to business leaders, pastors, and students across the country. His book, *Shepherding Horses,* has been translated into numerous languages.

Hunter, Clarence "Cal," 86, of Paden, died April 8. A funeral service with military honors was held April 11, at Highway Church north of Seminole, under the direction of Swearingen Funeral Home.

Jinks, Herman, father /father-in-law of Sandy and Ralph Heiney (DOM in Panhandle Baptist Association), died April 17.

Kilgore, Elmer, 98, father of Stella Lane-Rawlings, retired BGCO employee. Kilgore died June 29. He had a preaching ministry on the radio in Chickasha for nearly 60 years, was a supply preacher and conducted many revivals. Kilgore was an avid reader of *The Baptist Messenger.*

King, Douglas, 62**,** died Tuesday, October 29, in Oklahoma City. He served as pastor of Goodwell in Panhandle Association.

Lady, Jimmy, died April 21. Funeral services were held April 26, at Oklahoma City, Rancho Village. He was former pastor of Medford, First.

Land, Dorothy, 91, died March 16. Funeral services were March 20 at McAlester, First. She was the wife of Joe Ray Land, longtime Oklahoma pastor. She served as a church accompanist on piano and organ.

McCoy, Pat, died February 12. Funeral services were February 16 at Moore, Regency Park. She was the wife of retired minister of music Troy McCoy and mother of Alan McCoy, BGCO IT director.

McDaniel, John, former pastor of Scott in Caddo Association, died and services were March 27 at Pocasset, First.

McMurrain, Jo, 77, died December 12 after a recent surgery in Oklahoma City. Services were at Oklahoma City, Village.

Moore, Xander, 11, died August 22 after a nine-year battle with cancer. He was the son of Doug Moore, youth minister at Lexington, First and grandson of Rick Brown, building manager of the Oklahoma Baptist Building.

Mosley, Ben, Jr., died November 14. He was a longtime Oklahoma pastor, last serving Oklahoma City, Highland Hills.

Mote, Darrel, 63, died Wednesday, December 11 in Oklahoma City. Services were December 16 at Ralston, First, where he was servicing as pastor

Prather, Brenda Bottoms, 55, died January 27. Funeral services were January 30, at Sharon Church in Northwestern Association. She was the wife of Richard Prather, pastor of Cement, First.

Presnell, Bill, 91, died February 17. Funeral services were February 20 at Vondel Smith Chapel in Oklahoma City. He served many years as pastor, and an evangelist.

Raney, Darrell, 72**,** died October 7 in Oklahoma City. He was a member of Oklahoma City, Southern Hills, served as State Lay Renewal coordinator and worked for many years with prison ministry.

Rice, Cindy Forester, died March 9. She was the daughter of David Forester, former DOM of Caddo Association.

Roebuck, Jon Marc, 11, died Monday, October 14. He had a life filled with challenges after the doctors said he would not live a year, but God had other plans. He was the son of Emily and Jim Cavner, pastor of Hooker, First.

Shelton, Hazel, 92**,** died January 7. Funeral services were January 11 at Mercer Adams Funeral Home Chapel in Bethany. She was the mother of Bob Shelton, BGCO director of stewardship/Cooperative Program/ associational relations.

Spurgeon, Jack L., 83, died March 20. Graveside services were March 23 at Graceland Cemetery in Catoosa. He served as pastor of several Oklahoma churches, and was a houseparent at Boys Ranch Town.

Tanner, Ellen Yates, 82, died July 4 at her home in Temple. She was the wife of William G. Tanner, Sr., former executive director-treasurer of the BGCO.

Tate, Robert L., died June 7. Services were held June 11 at McAlester, Frink Baptist Church. Tate pastored several of the churches around McAlester.

Wade, Leonard, 87, died Saturday, October 26. He served as a supply and interim pastor in the panhandles of Oklahoma and Texas, as well as in Kansas. Services were in Perryton, Texas.

Walker, Donald Haley, 79, died June 2. He was a long time Oklahoma pastor and DOM in North Canadian Association.

Ward, John, 92, died February 4. Funeral services were February 8 at Oklahoma City, Highland Hills. He and his wife, Lilah, organized the Singing Saints at Baptist Village where they lived.

Watson, Norma Ruth, 84, died January 14, 2013. Funeral services were January 18, at Ardmore, First. She was the wife of former pastor James Watson, and together they served many Oklahoma churches.

Wigington, James, 76, died October 13 in Celina, Texas. He pastored many Oklahoma churches. He was also involved in prison ministry, teaching seminary extension classes and went on many mission trips.

Memorial Gifts

On September 8, 1998 by vote of the Historical Commission, a memorial fund was established whereby a gift of $25 or more may be made to the Gaskin Historical Archives and Library Forever Fund in memory of a deceased relative or friend.

James Ball, Claremore;
Given by Lemuel Ball

Margie Ball, Claremore;
Given by Lemuel Ball

Bob Burrows, Amarillo, Texas;
Given by Marlin and Patsy Hawkins

Pluma Cantrell, Sallisaw;
Given by Del and Ramona Allen

Rose Chronister, Wilburton
Given by Sans Bois Baptist Association

E. Farrell Dixon, Tulsa;
Given by Curtis and Betty Dixon

Donald R. Dunn, Chickasha
Given by Jimmie L. Dunn

Betty Farris, Muskogee
Given by Del and Ramona Allen

Virginia Ann Fry, Claremore;
Given by Lemuel Ball

Helen Isom Gaskin, Durant
Given by Patricia A. Roberts

Joseph Alexander Gaskin, Cartersville;
Given by J. M. Gaskin

Jim Glaze, Montgomery, Alabama;
Given by Marlin and Patsy Hawkins

George Hill, Coalgate;
Given by Margaret Hill

George Hill, Coalgate;
Given by J. M. Gaskin

Mrs. Carrell Hooper, Durant;
Given by J.M. and Helen Gaskin

Carleen Jones, Oklahoma City;
Given by Marlin and Patsy Hawkins

Nadean Justice, Oklahoma City;
Given by J. M. Gaskin

Murray Leath, Plano, Texas;
Given by Marlin and Patsy Hawkins

Dick Lovelady, Bethany;
Given by Marlin and Patsy Hawkins

Clara Luedecke, Weatherford, Texas;
Given by Marlin and Patsy Hawkins

Charles Mackey, Durant;
Given by Mrs. Robert Mackey

Robert Mackey, Durant;
Given by Mrs. Robert Mackey

Lee McWilliams, Durant
Given by Patricia Roberts

Maye McWilliams, Durant
Given by Patricia Roberts

John H. Morton, Durant;
Given by Bill J. Morton

Emma L. Shoemate Morton, Durant;
Given by Bill J. Morton

Wenonah Willene Pierce, Fayetteville
Given by the Oklahoma Baptist Historical Commission

Marie Ratliff, Wilburton
Given by Center Point Baptist Church

John D. Riggs, Durant;
Given by J.M. Gaskin

Todd Sheldon, Dallas, Texas;
Given by the Oklahoma Baptist Historical Commission

Todd Sheldon, Dallas, Texas;
Given by Marlin and Patsy Hawkins

William G. Tanner, Belton, Texas;
Given by Marlin and Patsy Hawkins

James Timberlake, Atlanta, Georgia
Given by Kathryne Timberlake

Thelma Townsend, Oklahoma City;
Given by Marlin and Patsy Hawkins

Lawrence Van Horn, Oklahoma City;
Given by Marlin and Patsy Hawkins

H. Alton Webb, Anadarko;
Given by J.M. and Helen Gaskin

Almeda Welch, Durant;
Given by J.M. and Helen Gaskin

Hazel Marie Williams White, Wilburton;
Given by Del and Ramona Allen