FOREWORD

A visionary is someone who can envision what the future *could* be, but the dream or vision doesn't end there. The culmination requires labor and tenacity. King Solomon wrote in Proverbs 29:18, "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

The prophet Isaiah foresaw the rebirth of the Nation of Israel. *The Message* records the event this way:

> Before she went into labor, she had the baby. Before the birth pangs hit, she delivered a son. Has anyone ever heard of such a thing? Has anyone seen anything like this? A country born in a day? A nation born in a flash? But Zion was barely in labor when she had her babies! (Isaiah 66:7-8)

On May 14, 1948, after almost 2,900 years, the Jewish people reclaimed their homeland. During a day's time—24 hours—the Nation of Israel was miraculously reborn.

The United Nations had issued a mandate, the British had withdrawn, gentile control of the land had ceased, and Isaiah's prophecy had come to fruition.

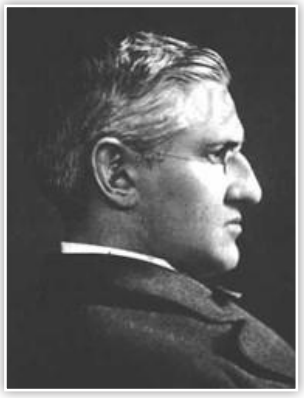
God gave the prophet Habakkuk a vision of redemption:

> For the vision *is* yet for an appointed time;
> But at the end it will speak, and it will not lie.
> Though it tarries, wait for it; because it will
> surely come, it will not tarry. (Habakkuk 2:3)

In the 1800s, long before the events of 1948, a cause—Zionism—was born. It set the stage; it attracted the men and women who would be instrumental in the rebirth of Israel. They had caught the vision of God's plan to restore His Chosen People to their homeland. Added to the list of ardent visionaries were men such as Lord Shaftesbury, Spafford, Oliphant, Blackstone, Hechler, Balfour, Lloyd-George, Herzl, and Ben-Gurion.

The culmination of their vision was realized in 1948. Since that momentous date, Israel has had to fight for her life—not once but multiple times. Joining the Jewish people in the trenches were sympathetic gentiles from around the world. With each succeeding battle for existence, new Christian Zionist organizations have sprung up to stand with the Children of Israel in their battle to survive.

This book tells the stories of the men who staunchly supported the Jewish people before and during the formation of the State of Israel.



HORATIO GATES SPAFFORD

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

—HORATIO SPAFFORD

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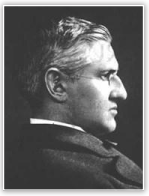

The elder Horatio Gates Spafford was born February 18, 1778 in Vermont. The squalling little boy made his appearance just four months after British General John Burgoyne surrendered to Colonial General Horatio Gates. It was a pivotal moment for the emerging nation, and Captain John Spafford, a veteran of the wars for independence insisted on naming his newborn son after the illustrious General Gates.

Spafford, Sr. was a most unusual man—writer, inventor, farmer, and vociferous advocate of democracy. He was an avid self-promoter who shared his thoughts and ideas with some of the most well-known men of his day, i.e., lawyer and statesman John Adams; author of the Declaration of Independence Thomas Jefferson; lexicographer Noah

Webster; and Massachusetts Representative Josiah Quincy. As an inventor, he was granted a patent for an upgraded fireplace—a move that began a long-term struggle to improve the process for gaining a patent and the laws that governed it. His labors to gain the patent led to a meeting with then-President James Madison.

Spafford, Sr. married Hannah Bristol with whom he sired six children. The two divorced on grounds of infidelity, and he later married Elizabeth Clark Hewitt. The couple had five additional offspring, the youngest of whom was Horatio Gates Spafford.

Horatio was four when his father died in 1932. A line from the elder Spafford's obituary reads as follows:

> In the death of Dr. Spafford, an interesting, but now deeply afflicted family has sustained an irreparable loss, and a large circle of friends will mourn his departure.[1]

Although his father was often thought to be bereft of cash and in fiscal hardship, young Horatio seemed to possess many benefits usually appreciated by those who enjoyed prosperity and prestige. He was an excellent student who easily captured scholarship awards and intellectual accolades. He was fascinated by the night sky that always seemed

to him to be shrouded in a cloudy haze. Sitting with some friends one evening and listening to them exclaim about the brightness of the stars, he asked, "Do you really see enough beauty up there to warrant your outburst?"[2] His friends were flabbergasted by his question until one young man offered Horatio his eyeglasses. When he donned them, Horatio realized what he had missed as he sat mesmerized by the sparkling sky above him. So stunned was he by what he had seen that he later wrote the poem, "Night," the first stanza of which proclaimed his astonishment:

> Ye countless stars that tremble in the sky,
> How bright and beautiful are you tonight!
> I've known ye long, but never did my eye
> So burn beneath the glory of your light
> As it doth now; I kneel to ye—ye wear
> The impress of the Diety that's there.[3]

The discovery that he was nearsighted and the addition of spectacles changed Horatio's life in many ways, among them: He became much more outgoing, erudite, and insatiably inquisitive. He enrolled in law school, and after graduation moved to Chicago, the burgeoning city on Lake Michigan. There, he became active in the political scene. He was passionately against slavery, and supported

President Abraham Lincoln's stance following the Civil War, a detail he would share during rallies and get-togethers with family and friends. Captivated by science, Horatio became a professor of jurisprudence at Lind University, the division that later became the Feinberg School of Medicine at Northwestern University.

As a successful, vigorous, and unattached young man, he was besieged by Chicago mamas as a potential match for their unmarried daughters. He often had to run the gauntlet of those eager mothers just to exit his local Presbyterian Church where he taught a class for young girls. On one particular Sunday morning, he managed to escape the zealous matriarchs only to find himself the target of Cupid's arrow. As he left the sanctuary, he met Anna Larssen (Americanized to Lawson), the young woman who would become the love of his life and his wife.

Anna had been born in Stavanger, Norway in 1842 as Anne Tobine Larsdatter Oglende. In May 1846, Bjarne Lars Larssen Oglende, his wife Gurine, and four-year old daughter Anne set sail for New York on the *Norden*. Lars had left behind his two children from a previous marriage, Edward and Rachel, who would later join him in the States. After arriving in the United States, they set a course for Chicago where the family would settle. Not only had they

left Norway behind, the family soon abandoned their strange Norwegian names for less unwieldly ones. Bjarne became Lars; Gurine adopted the name Tanetta, and Anne became simply Anna.

The city of Chicago boasted wooden buildings, bridges, and even elevated sidewalks constructed to keep its citizens above the mud in the winter and dust in the summer. This practice contributed greatly to the fire hazard in the city. That was not the only danger in nineteenth century Chicago:

> Lake Michigan's swampy shore bred mosquitos, so malaria, or "ague fever," as it was called, swept the city at regular intervals. The Chicago River was an open sewer, and while steps were already being taken to ensure a clean water supply by driving a pipeline deep into Lake Michigan, there were also periodic outbreaks of scarlet fever, diphtheria, smallpox, typhoid, and cholera.[4]

The city had suffered an epidemic of cholera in 1832, one that had been spread by immigrants arriving in British ships. It spread from New York to Chicago, claiming the lives of hundreds. The devastating plague spurred the foundation of the Chicago Board of Health to combat communicable

diseases, resulting in the founding of several orphanages to care for children left behind after their families were ravaged by illness and death.

A resurgence of the disease in 1849 profoundly affected Anna and her half-siblings. Cholera claimed the life of her mother, Tanetta, and baby brother, Hans. Anna, her father, Lars, Rachel, and Edward, survived. For six years the family struggled to keep body and soul together—until Lars began to feel the effects of a recurrence of tuberculosis. He had heard that the cold, hard winters in Minnesota would kill germs, so in a desperate attempt to cure his illness, Lars and Edward departed Chicago for Minnesota. Anna was left behind with neighbor Sarah Ely where she thrived, both on Mrs. Ely's kindness and education at the highly-acclaimed Dearborn Academy. Just before her fourteenth birthday, Anna was notified that her father had suffered a recurrence of tuberculosis. She left Chicago for the wilds of southeast Minnesota near the beginning of winter in 1856. There in a half-finished log house, she found Edward and a very ill Lars.

While Goodhue County offered little in the way of safety for the young pioneer, Anna quickly took up the reins of homesteader as washwoman, cook, farmer, rancher, seamstress, and nurse. She had gone from city girl to frontier caretaker in a matter of weeks. Her first winter in Minnesota

was one of the worst on record with temperatures often plunging below zero and wind-driven blizzards obscuring the landscape. Despite her unfailing efforts, her father died just before spring, leaving Anna and Edward to fend for themselves. Their nearest neighbor was seven long miles away, but many gathered to aid the two teens in burying their father. A coffin was fashioned from pieces of wood, lined with straw and a sheet from the cabin, and then covered with fragrant boughs of fir. After the funeral, Edward drove his sister to a farm where a circuit-riding preacher was staying. Anna planned to accompany him to Red Wing where she could connect to a train bound for Chicago.

Edward dropped her at the farm, turned the wagon around and headed home. Anna, with tears cascading down her face, ran alongside the wagon as long as she could. She had vowed never to return to Minnesota, a pledge that would mean her last glimpse of Edward was sitting on the wagon seat headed back to the farm he had inherited from his father.

After several weeks of waiting for the preacher to complete his rounds and accompany her, Anna finally returned to Chicago to live with her half-sister, Rachel Frederickson. At Dearborn she resumed her voice and music instruction, and was quickly recognized as a stellar student. At the age of

fifteen and after the harsh winter in the wilds of Minnesota, Anna was more mature than most girls her age. A friend described her as having "the bluest eyes, and abundant fair hair, with beautifully molded mouth and chin, and very white and even teeth . . . . She had a merry, kind, and affectionate disposition that won the hearts of many people . . . . Her voice was lovely, and people predicted that when it was trained, a great future lay before her."[5]

When Horatio laid eyes on Anna, he was quickly smitten. By the time she and Horatio met, unbeknownst to him she was only fifteen; he was twenty-nine. After courting the lovely young lady for a year, he was shocked to learn that the accomplished young woman was only sixteen, too young for marriage. Horatio sat down with Anna and her sister and arranged for his intended to attend The Ferry Institute for Young Ladies outside Chicago. Anna wrote to her long-time friend, Mrs. Ely:

> I wish you were acquainted with Mr. Spafford. He is a true and noble man. I owe him a great deal, but still I would not marry him merely from gratitude.[6]

When Anna reached her nineteenth birthday, the couple married in Second Presbyterian Church on September 5,

1861. They made their home in Lake View, a suburb of Chicago where they frequently entertained overnight guests and sometimes financially supported them as well. Horatio had been active in the abolitionist crusade and their cottage was a meeting place for activists in the reform movements of the time. This included crusaders such as Frances E. Willard, National Women's Christian Temperance Union president, and several Evangelical leaders.

The decade following the Spafford union produced four daughters: Anna, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Tanetta. Horatio had become a successful and respected lawyer, but felt dissatisfied, as if something were missing from his life. Standing on the courthouse steps one day during lunch, he heard dynamic shoe-salesman-turned-evangelist, Dwight L. Moody preach on repentance. There was nothing about Moody that commanded attention and yet Horatio could not take his eyes off the stocky man.

Day after day, Spafford returned to hear the evangelist preach the gospel; night after night, he pondered the challenging words he had heard that noon. Finally, he asked God to show him the abundant life in Christ espoused by Moody. Horatio's life was forever changed as he joined with others who prayed daily for spiritual change in Chicago. He held meetings in the local jails, visited the sick in the city's

hospitals, and invested his own funds in outreach—both compassionate and evangelistic. Horatio united with other businessmen to provide funds for Moody so that he could devote full time to the ministry.

Horatio's life was about to be challenged in ways he never imagined. The first test would be by fire. He had traveled across the state line into Indiana to evaluate a piece of real estate he wished to purchase. After sunset little Annie drew her mother's attention to a peculiar glow that was visible on the southern horizon. Thinking it was only the lights of Chicago, Anna dismissed the child's inquisitiveness and began preparations for bedtime. Annie was adamant that the illumination was much more than that. As she gazed at the sky, Anna caught a glimpse of columns of flame shooting heavenward and clouds of black smoke hovering over the city. The words formed in her horrified mind: Chicago is on fire! Assuring the children that they were in no danger because of the distance from the city, she gathered her girls close as they prayed for God's protection and for the poor souls affected by the fire. Of one thing she was certain: Horatio would make his way home to them by any means if at all possible.

Meanwhile in Indiana, Horatio had picked up a local newspaper that bore the headline, "Chicago in Ashes!"

Tossing his toast and the newspaper aside, he ran for the station to book a seat on the earliest possible train. He dashed to the tracks and jumped aboard, praying for his beloved family all the while. The train struggled through to the south side of Chicago, and when he disembarked, he was horrified to see the state of the city. Flames leapt from building to building; every possible conveyance had been loaded with personal goods in attempts to save as much as possible. The streets were littered with people who, in the rush to escape, had been badly injured or, in some cases, trampled to death by the terrified mob.

Helping to direct as many as he could to safety, Horatio finally reached the north shore of the city. He was appalled as looters ran past carrying armloads of plunder taken from abandoned homes and businesses. Author Rachel Phillips wrote of that time:

> But in the midst of his own despair, Horatio also saw heroes entering burning buildings in efforts to save strangers . . . . men and women threw their arms around the weeping and distraught, sharing food, water, blankets, and wagons . . . .

> When night came, the city did not darken, still illuminated with the ghastly, unnatural glare of the fire. Neither did the winds subside. Horatio coughed as clouds of acrid, choking smoke tried to smother him. He had hoped to outrun the fire. He realized, with horror, the fire had outdistanced him with ease and was racing northward . . . . toward Lake View. An evil dragon that engorged itself on everything living and dead in its path, the fire grew every moment . . . . He followed the train track north . . . . The names of [his family] became a refrain that kept him moving, a rhythm that pushed his legs far beyond their usual strength.[7]

Horatio reached home to find his wife and daughters safe. He reeked of smoke and perspiration, but neither he, Anna, nor the children minded. He was home—to a house filled with refugee friends from Chicago—and his loving family.