

**THANK GOD FOR
“IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL”!!**

BY DICK HENDRICKS

THANK GOD FOR "IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL"!!

I want to tell you how my gracious Lord ministered to me in my time of deepest distress through a very familiar beloved 19th Century hymn. I'm sure you know it well! It is titled *It Is Well With My Soul*!

LOSS OF A LOVED ONE

Gertrude Hendricks, my lifemate for more than 67 years, left this earthly life for heaven on January 15, 1998. She was a sincere, devout believer from early childhood. Although limited severely by a congestive heart condition over a long period of time, she was mercifully spared being hospitalized. She was able to live in our retirement apartment in Seattle right to the end. The Swedish Hospice staff had given her outstanding medical care throughout and an experienced registered nurse was present at the end.

Our family gathered around her bedside in her final hours and began to sing familiar hymns. One of them was *It Is Well With My Soul*. I joined in, too!

The memorial service was held at our church - Friends Memorial Church, in Seattle. (See Addendum for more information about this church.) It was a true celebration of Gertrude's life - upbeat and inspirational. Dozens of people told of the impact she had made on their lives. The hymns selected to be sung by those present were *Blessed Assurance* and *It Is Well With My Soul*! Already, without my realizing it, a chain of events was forming focused on THAT HYMN!

DEEP DEPRESSION???? I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!!!

The next day after the service (Monday, January 26th) I left for San Diego, intending to meditate, pray and prepare myself for a drastic change in lifestyle. Our travel agent had arranged a wonderful combination package for me to accomplish that objective. Accommodations were obtained at the attractive Dana Inn on Mission Bay - I had a new Oldsmobile model rental car - the weather was warm and sunny - summer in January!

Despite these upbeat elements, on my second night there (Tuesday, January 27th), I was hit with desperate, crushing, searing attacks of deep depression. I felt trapped, like one experiencing claustrophobia. It was frighteningly intense!

Although it was well after midnight, I arose and turned to some devotional reading material I had brought with me. It made no sense to me, whatever! I turned on the television in hopes I would find distraction. Have you ever checked out the early morning television programs? What junk!!

I felt an overpowering urge to escape the four walls of my comfortable unit. I dressed and stumbled out onto the beautiful walkway at the Inn along Mission Bay. I was alternately sobbing and praying for relief but nothing helped! It seemed the sky was literally falling in upon me. Finally, exhausted, I stumbled back to bed and slept fitfully.

These shattering attacks recurred persistently during the next several days, especially during the night hours. Sleep came only from sheer exhaustion. I lost my appetite, my sense of humor and my perspective of everything! In my deep distress, I desperately prayed that God would provide relief. He did, but in a totally unexpected manner!

Depression!!! It is an emotional condition that defies explanation! How is it that I, a committed Christian believer, should experience such deep, excruciating desperate feelings?? The first ten days after Gertrude died, I had felt normal grief, with the assurance that the loved one I had lost was now far better off! I simply do not understand why these attacks suddenly broke in upon me, without warning, nor their intensity over the next few months!

SONGS OF CONSOLATION!

During those seemingly endless nights that week in San Diego, the words and tunes of old hymns and gospel songs, long forgotten, came back to memory. Oddly enough, those songs seemed to keep me linked somehow with sanity. Like a swimmer sinking beneath the waves, I reached out desperately for those which offered consolation. I was feeling SO sorry for myself!! Two such compositions, neither of which I had heard nor sung for decades, came to mind to minister to me. They were:

Just when I am disheartened
Just when with cares oppressed
Just when my way is darkest
Just when I am distressed
Then is my Savior near me
He knows my every care
Jesus will never leave me
He helps my burdens bear

Chorus

His grace is enough for me, for me
His grace is enough for me
Through sorrow or pain
Through loss or gain
His grace is enough for me

(J. Bruce Evans, 1951)

In the midst of joy and blessing
And when all the day seems bright
Clouds may come which seem distressing
And they may obscure the light
Though you weep at night with sorrow
And the gloom oppresses you
Joy is sure to come tomorrow
He'll take you through - He'll take you through

Chorus

He'll take you through, however you're tried
His tender care is never denied
Then always trust His promise so true
He'll take you through - He'll take you through
(James V. Reid, 1911)

Along with these songs of consolation, the words of that old hymn *It Is Well With My Soul* also kept coming back to me, again and again. I rejected that thought, as I didn't consider THAT hymn a "song of consolation" at all!!!

AN 'OPENING' IN THE TOWN OF JULIAN

During that week in San Diego, each day I drove out into "the boonies" to meditate and pray. Despite my wretched state, instinctively, I felt I should rise at an appropriate time and eat with some regularity, even though I did not feel like it. I remember writing out a set of "rules" for myself, thinking some form of regimen would help me avoid completely falling over the brink!

Through all of this travail, I kept trying to communicate with God. My prayer lifestyle is to mentally pray anywhere, anytime. But it seemed like the heavens were brass, or that I was out of touch, somehow! It was with that confused outlook that I set out on Wednesday (January 28th) for the mountainous area north of San Diego, deciding to access that area from Highway I-8 east of San Diego. I stopped for a long time in a parklike area at Mt. Laguna, sitting in the car and looking out over the terrain - suffering all the while!

Toward noon, I found myself driving near the town of Julian, California, a mountain resort community perhaps 75 miles northeast of San Diego. Toward the end of the main street, I saw a place named the Julian Grille, in a large, delightful old house that had been converted into a lovely restaurant. I decided to stop for lunch there, even though I was not hungry.

Within a few minutes after being seated and giving my order to the server, I became aware of music coming over the restaurant's sound system. It was a series of familiar hymns being played by a symphonic-caliber stringed instrument group. No words were being sung and no introductions given to the music being played. The first composition I noticed was *I Believe*. I began jotting down the names of the hymns which were being successively played without interruption - *Shall We Gather At The River* - *Holy, Holy, Holy* - *What A Friend We Have In Jesus* - *Be Thou My Vision*. Then came the familiar strains of *It Is Well With My Soul*! I had to stop writing! It was then that I became aware that THIS PARTICULAR HYMN was to be of special significance to me! I argued with the Lord about it - I told Him it was NOT AT ALL well with my soul! But all week long the words and music of that one hymn kept coming back to me, anyway, again and again!

I ABORT MY SAN DIEGO STAY

Wednesday night brought fitful, restless sleep - but no choking, crushing feelings. However, I began to realize the whole venture was just not working and I began to think about arranging to cut it short.

Thursday morning (January 29th), I did the first really "touristy" thing I had considered - a trip to the Wild Animal Park up near Escondido. We had always so enjoyed our visits to this remarkable place in past years! I arrived about noon to a sprinkle of rain and went over to the tram which carries passengers on a 45-minute safari through the park. The sprinkle turned into a downpour and, as we returned to the tram station, into a deluge! There is little cover in the park so I made a beeline to the parking lot and the car - and got thoroughly soaked, from head to foot!! So much for that!!

That evening, I called my daughter Jean in Seattle to help me abort the trip. She was at home(!) and I told her I was hurting too badly to complete my stay; that my plan for rehabilitation was not working at all! She agreed to call the travel agent and try for a return to Seattle as soon as possible. This meant cutting short my 12-day commitment at the Dana Inn and rearranging my airline tickets. That was done promptly and on Friday evening I had the message that all had been arranged and that I would be returning to Seattle on the following Monday (February 2nd).

THE ASTOUNDING EXPERIENCE AT SPRING VALLEY FRIENDS

When Sunday (February 1, 1998) arrived, I decided to attend the worship service at the Friends Community Church at Spring Valley, on the outskirts of San Diego. (See addendum for background information about this church). It was a beautiful morning! The stormy weather which had prevailed much of the week had abated. The temperature was in the 70s by the time for the worship service to begin. I was one of perhaps 150 to 200 people in the sanctuary..

During the worship music at the beginning of the service a young lady soloist told us she had just returned from a tour of the Holy Land. She emphasized how great it was to have "walked where Jesus walked". Then she said that, for her, a highlight of the tour occurred when, at one of those sacred sites, the group broke out into a hymn - a hymn she wished to share with us at this service. You've guessed it!!! - it was *IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL*!!!

That young soloist had no way of knowing that our wonderful Lord had arranged the whole thing for MY benefit! I sat there dumbfounded, tears flowing, while those very positive words came across to me!

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

MY INTRODUCTION TO THE SPAFFORD FAMILY'S HISTORY

The next day, upon my return home to Seattle, I looked up the "story behind the hymn" for the first time, trying to understand why the Lord had singled out THIS particular one among the dozens (hundreds?) of excellent consolation hymns which have spoken to those who are hurting.

I learned that the man who wrote the words - Horatio Spafford - had been a successful attorney in Chicago in the mid-1800s. All was going well in his life until the Great Chicago Fire in 1871 wiped out much of the family's substantial real estate holdings. In November 1873, it was arranged that he and his wife, Anna, and four young daughters would all embark on an excursion to Europe for a much-needed outing. Just before departure Spafford became involved in a business problem demanding immediate attention, so he sent the family on, intending to take a later boat to join them. In mid-Atlantic their ship collided with a freighter and sank quickly. Horatio Spafford's FOUR LITTLE GIRLS were among the passengers who were lost!

The account of this tragedy describes Horatio Spafford's feelings as he sailed toward Europe to rejoin his wife. Shortly after passing the area where the shipwreck had occurred, he was given that special gift of grace which enabled him to write down the words of that great old hymn we sing today!

I realized after learning these facts why the Lord was using THAT particular hymn to minister to me! I had lost ONE loved one - Horatio had lost FOUR!!!

I TRY TO COPE WITH MY DEPRESSION

I wish I could tell you that these experiences, astounding as they were, brought instant healing to me! That is not the way it happened! Healing came slowly and painfully! A week after my return home to Seattle I had a relapse so severe I had to ask my daughter Jean to make a special trip from her home in West Seattle to help me - which she did. She called the Swedish Hospice nurse who had attended Gertrude so faithfully during the preceding three years. The nurse called me immediately and urged me to see our family doctor as soon as possible. She felt sure he would be able to head off those grinding, smothering, scary attacks of depression.

Dr. Younger's schedule was full for that week and he was going to be out of town the following week, but he volunteered to come in 15 minutes early on Friday (February 13th) to see me! I couldn't sleep more than two or three hours that Thursday night, so it was easy for me to meet my appointment with him at 8:45 AM Friday.

After hearing my story and checking me out, Dr. Younger wrote a prescription for an anti-depressant and a second one to help me sleep at night. I continued with those medications for six months, "graduating" from them on August 1.

I lost 20 pounds in February and March the "hard way"! (Fortunately, I had a surplus of weight to lose!) I had frequent relapses into melancholy. For no reason, seemingly, I would break out in tears. I felt as if I were just "going through the motions" of living, much of the time!

One incident will illustrate my wretched state: I have been a very active member since 1953 in Toastmasters, International - a nonprofit organization for developing communication skills and self-development. My local club, the Wallingford Toastmasters, has been meeting weekly since 1960 and I seldom missed a meeting! In mid-February, after being away a month, I felt I should try to resume attending these regular meetings as a therapeutic measure. On the first try, I actually turned back a couple of times while enroute to the meeting - but I forced myself to arrive at the meeting on time. It is ridiculous that I would have so much trouble getting to an activity I

have always thoroughly enjoyed! That will give some indication of how deep-seated my problem had become!

Gradually, gradually, I improved - thanks to fantastic support by family and friends, my church family and - most of all - spiritual uplift provided by my precious Lord! It is obvious the medium He used for most of that uplift was this series of "openings" around *It Is Well With My Soul*!!

But there is MUCH more to tell.

WHAT IS THE SPAFFORD CHILDREN'S CENTER??

There was a National Geographic travelogue which aired on our local Public Broadcasting System station on Saturday evening, April 11, 1998 - the night before Easter. It focused on the activities of groups within the three principal religions in Jerusalem today - Moslem, Jewish and Christian. When showing the Christian segment, they grabbed my attention by focusing on the ministry of the "Spafford Children's Center"! The narrator mentioned that this Center had been founded by a daughter of the hymn writer, Horatio Spafford!

"A DAUGHTER of Horatio Spafford"????? But, I thought ALL of his daughters had been lost at sea!!!! I was so intrigued that I wanted to learn more about the Spafford Children's Center, and especially about the Spafford family itself.

I wrote a Christian Jerusalem-based organization called Bridges For Peace (See Addendum for more information about BFP) asking if they could supply me with the mailing address for the Children's Center, so I could find out more about the Spafford family and this ministry of theirs in Jerusalem.

In response, I received a letter from Ann Wagner, mother of the present International Director of BFP, saying that it so happened that her son (Clarence Wagner, Jr) had served as an administrator at the Spafford Children's Center when he first went to Jerusalem 20 years ago! She enclosed a copy of the Jan/Feb 1995 edition of the BFP newsletter *Dispatch from Jerusalem*. (Notice- this newspaper was more than three years old!!)

That edition contained a double-paged article by Clarence Wagner highlighting the Spafford story. It was captioned with inch-high letters in red script streaming across the two pages saying IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL!!! The article told me MUCH more than I knew before about Horatio Spafford and the tragedy at sea which led him compose the words of *It Is Well With My Soul*. It went on to briefly describe the ministry of the Spafford Children's Center in Jerusalem.

Included were photographs of Horatio Spafford and his wife Anna and one of the original manuscript of the poem in Horatio's handwriting! I was overcome with awe at seeing this amazing wealth of data! You see, I had written just to obtain an address -- but, instead, what I received was the very information I was seeking about the Children's Center!!

One of the facts reported in the *Dispatch* article really jumped out at me! The original longhand manuscript of the hymn *It Is Well With My Soul* had recently been rediscovered and a FIFTH VERSE, not included in modern hymnals, had been found on the reverse side of the manuscript. Just look at the profound words of this inspiring verse!!!

For me, be it Christ,
Be it Christ hence to live,
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life,
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

To think, ALL FIVE of those positive, uplifting verses were written by Horatio Spafford just when HE was experiencing the deepest, darkest time of HIS life! It is one more example of how the Lord was speaking to MY tender soul!

HOW I LEARNED THE WHOLE SPAFFORD FAMILY STORY

Then, as Ann Wagner put it in her letter, there was "frosting on the cake"!! She said one of the Spafford descendants lives right in the Seattle area here where I live. Peter Lind, a great-grandson of the hymn writer, resides with his wife, Georgette, in Seattle's leading suburb, Bellevue! Georgette Lind is the Chairman of the Spafford Children's Center Association, the international support group for the Jerusalem ministry, and it is based right here! After hearing my story on the telephone, she mailed me, among other fascinating materials, a copy of the book *Our Jerusalem*, written in 1949 by Bertha Spafford Vester, a DAUGHTER of HORATIO and ANNA SPAFFORD! It gives in graphic detail the ENTIRE story of the series of tragedies that befell Horatio and Anna and how those tragedies has led to more than a century of ministries by their family in Jerusalem! (See addendum for information about the Spafford Children's Center and the supporting Association.)

It was in this book I learned the heart-rending details of the 1873 voyage of the liner *Ville du Havre* on which Anna and the four Spafford daughters were sailing when it collided with a British freighter at sea. 226 passengers drowned within minutes. Miraculously, Anna was one of the 57 persons who survived. Horatio Spafford, in Chicago, received one of the saddest cablegrams one could imagine from Anna when she arrived in Cardiff, Wales after the shipwreck. It consisted of only two words: "Saved Alone".

The book describes how Horatio and Anna returned to Chicago after the tragedy, where a new family was started, including Bertha. One of them, a son aged 3, died in 1880 of scarlet fever. This new tragedy, among other things, led the Spaffords to go to Jerusalem in 1881, to gain new perspective. As Horatio wrote: "Jerusalem is where my Lord lived, suffered and conquered, and I, too, wish to learn how to live, suffer and, especially, to conquer." They soon found themselves ministering to the poor and hurting people of all races, especially children. (Jerusalem was still under Ottoman rule then.) So what was expected to be a short respite became a new calling! And that family ministry is STILL going on, despite wars and many challenges, more than 100 years later!

I shake my head in wonder at how my Lord has used this heroic saga to lift my spirits, time after time! I am sure it has ministered to countless others over the decades, too! NO WONDER He was using THAT particular hymn, Horatio's *It Is Well With My Soul*, to minister to me!

THE HYMN IN A BARBERSHOP QUARTET SETTING!!

But there is STILL MORE to tell! For ANOTHER fantastic "opening" began in December (1998). It is YET ANOTHER development in this amazing series of experiences I have had around that wonderful hymn!

I was very active in the international barbershop quartet organization known as SPEBSQSA in the 1950s here in Seattle. This organization is much better known by its initials than by its official name which is: *Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America*! Most members just call themselves "Barbershoppers" for short. There are hundreds of local chapters everywhere in the United States and Canada. At one point in the 50s I had served a term as President of the Seattle Chapter - but I had been completely out of touch with barbershopping for perhaps 15 or 20 years!

In mid-November (1998), I woke up with one of those old barbershop melodies running through my head. I had just acquired one of those new astounding computers that can do almost anything, so I sat down to browse the Internet for information about what was going on in the Society now, out of curiosity. I had no trouble reaching the web site of the Society's International Headquarters in Kenosha, Wisconsin. From there I learned that the International Quartet Champion group for 1998-9 was named *Revival*, based in San Diego. (Notice - I said SAN DIEGO, of all places!!) They had won the annual competition in the summer of 1998 at the SPEBSQSA International Convention in Atlanta.

Revival had its own web site on the Internet. It included a history of how the four of them happened to get together, a profile on each of them, and a schedule of their appearances for 1998 and 1999. Quartets of this caliber are very much in demand and appear as featured guests on major Barbershop shows all over the US and Canada almost every weekend.

They also announced on their web site that they had just released their first tape (or c/d) containing a number of their favorite songs. Looking down the list of titles I found, listed at #10, *IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL!!!*

I was ASTOUNDED!!! What is it about this particular hymn that it pops up in my life EVERYWHERE - and sometimes in totally unexpected places - such as this Barbershop Quartet environment! Obviously, it was another "opening" by the Lord regarding this special hymn!

Of course, I had to hear *It Is Well With My Soul* sung by the champion Barbershop Quartet! So I sat down then and there and ordered a c/d. When it arrived and I heard THAT HYMN sung in barbershop style by the best, I was simply blown away! Their rendition practically lifted me out of my chair!

WE HEAR IT SONG "LIVE" BY THE CHAMPIONSHIP REVIVAL QUARTET!

From their schedule of appearances on the web site, I learned the *Revival Quartet* would be featured at the annual show of the Harmony Kings, a local chapter of the Barbershop Society, on February 19 and 20, 1999. Naturally, I began making plans to attend, zeroing in on the Friday evening show on the 19th, at the Performing Arts Theater in the nearby city of Auburn. When tickets became available in January, I bought eight tickets for myself and family.

As I began sharing these plans with friends, many said they would like to join us. I volunteered to broker tickets for any of my friends who wanted to hear *It Is Well With My Soul* in barbershop style, sung by the best quartet in the land! Soon, we were up to 16, then 22 and finally 28 tickets! As January faded into February, the ticket manager and I were on a first-name basis from so many contacts arranging for additional tickets!

It simply "blew my mind" - as the saying is - that there would be 28 people, who are NOT barbershoppers, who would be willing to spend a whole evening in Auburn just to hear a 3-minute rendition of my "1998 Hymn of the Year", - and primarily because they knew the story of MY personal spiritual involvement with that hymn!

Through an exchange of communications with the *Revival Quartet*, they, too, learned of the special significance this hymn had for me and they assured me they intended to include it among the songs they would sing that night. They invited our group to meet them in the lobby of the theater after the show so we could get acquainted. We did attend - they did sing the hymn - and we did meet them after the show, and I introduced family and friends who were there! While the audience of near 1,000 that night appreciated every one of the selections sung by them, the

greatest applause of all followed their rendition of this hymn! It was a wonderful, thrilling experience!

I asked the quartet members if they had ever seen the book *Our Jerusalem* written by Bertha Spafford Vester, where she detailed the tragic events which led her father to compose the words of the hymn. As they had not, I made them a gift of my copy of that book. (I knew I could get a replacement!) Now they, too, know that the tragedy led the Spaffords into a wonderful productive ministry in Jerusalem!

And now, the *Revival Quartet*, as past International Champions, is featuring THIS HYMN all over the world, singing to thousands of people almost every week! Just think of how the positive, uplifting message of this hymn is being spread far and wide through this unique medium!

How is it that *It is Well With My Soul* has taken such a prominent position in appearances of a championship barbershop quartet? I puzzle over that and its implications for me. Do I dare think that God Himself arranged THAT whole thing, too, in my behalf? YES, I DO!!!

GOD WILL HEAL YOU IF YOU ARE HURTING!

And the bottom line for any of you who may be reading this is: He will show His love for you, too, if you will let Him! I have written this experience down as an encouragement for ANYONE who is distressed, whose way seems dark, who is deeply discouraged and sees no way out! Or for anyone who may be experiencing deep depression, as I did! The Lord will find a way to minister to YOU, too, if you will open your heart to Him - "WHATEVER YOUR LOT"!!

SEQUEL - OUR MAY 2000 VISIT TO SPAFFORD CHILDREN'S CENTER

The Jerusalem-based Christian ministry named Bridges For Peace (BFP), hosted a special tour of Israel in May, 2000. (See Addendum for information about BFP).

This tour would provide an opportunity to visit BOTH Bridges For Peace and Spafford Children's Center (SCC) in Jerusalem, besides "walking where Jesus walked" in Israel!! That was special motivation to join the tour! Remember, these two agencies had a central part in the Lord's ministry to me through the hymn *It is Well With My Soul*!!

On May 29th, our ninth day in Israel, our group of 34 from all over the United States visited the BFP facilities in Jerusalem. We were impressed by the scope of activity at their Distribution Center where the largest food bank in Israel is based. Here BFP is reaching out to the Jewish community by assisting newly arrived immigrants, "adopting" families, aiding single mothers and the elderly and handicapped, and assisting in home repairs.

At the BFP Administrative Offices, a well-organized ministry provides news and information to Christians back home and elsewhere to try to eliminate the widespread misunderstanding and hostility toward Jews that has existed over the centuries. These facilities are located on property recently acquired on a long-term lease from the Ethiopian Church of Jerusalem.

We were enjoying a delightful lunch which was provided there for our group, when Clarence Wagner and his mother Ann interrupted us. They explained that we would have to leave the tour immediately, as that afternoon would be the only time we would have the opportunity to see the Spafford Children's Center. They said they would personally escort us to the SCC site.

We set out walking through the busy streets and intersections of the New City, toward the Damascus Gate. Despite the warm afternoon we were hurrying because the Children's Center was about to close and those receiving us there would be waiting after hours for us to arrive. We covered well over a mile in just a few minutes, fortunately all downhill!

Arriving at the Damascus Gate, we made a left turn into the Muslim Quarter and soon came to a long series of steps leading to the Center, which is literally perched high up on the wall of the Old City. I now know that there are actually 128 steps in all! Believe me, we were puffing and perspiring when we reached the top!

The Spafford Children's Center was once an Ottoman mansion. It was home for Horatio and Anna Spafford upon their arrival in Jerusalem in 1881 and has been "in the family" ever since. We were greeted by the Director, Dr. Jantien Dajani and the Head Nurse, Mary Franji - who has been at the Center since 1948! They graciously conducted us through the entire facility, clinics, educational rooms, offices and all. We were especially impressed with the fantastic 360-degree view from the top of the building over ALL of Jerusalem and its environs! Then we sat down to chat in the beautiful old office area, surrounded by photographs and relics from the Spafford Family's long history.

It was there I was invited to share my personal experience, the story of how Horatio Spafford's profound hymn had changed my life! I've shared it many times, but it was a special thrill to do so this time with the top administrators of BFP and SCC, the two agencies most intricately involved in my story!

Also, Georgette Lind, Chairman of the Spafford Children's Center Association, has sent me an article about SCC written by Isabel Kershner, published in *The Jerusalem Post* on August 16, 1999. If you would like a copy of this excellent article, please contact me!

It's just amazing to me how the Lord, in His goodness and grace, CONTINUES to minister to me through these latest openings around that wonderful old hymn! I just hope more and more people who are depressed or discouraged will also find encouragement through my story!!

ADDENDA

FRIENDS MEMORIAL CHURCH, SEATTLE

This has been my home church since 1951. It is a fellowship of Quakers which was organized in 1905 and is situated in Northeast Seattle not far from the University of Washington campus. It is affiliated with the Northwest Yearly Meeting of Friends.

In 2004 the church changed its name to North Seattle Friends Church.

Our Church family here is especially caring and supportive of one another. Lorraine Watson is presently serving as our pastor.

North Seattle Friends Church

7740 24th Avenue NE

Seattle, WA 98115

Telephone: (206) 525-8800

Email: office@northseattlefriends.org Pastor's email: lorraine@northseattlefriends.org

Website: www.northseattlefriends.org

BRIDGES FOR PEACE - - -

This is a non-profit Christian agency with its International Headquarters in Jerusalem. It has branch offices in many countries of the world. The United States branch office is situated in Tulsa, OK, and it was to that office I addressed my inquiry.

The reason I thought of contacting BFP for information about the Spafford Children's Center was that over recent years we had made occasional contributions to BFP and, as I knew their main operation was in Jerusalem, I felt sure they would know how I could contact the Spafford people there.

BFP has a very large operation in Jerusalem. Their mission is to do whatever they can to bridge the gap of misunderstanding and mistrust that has grown up over the years between Christianity and the Jews.

I was amazed to learn that their International Director in Jerusalem, Clarence Wagner, Jr., had been an administrator at the SPAFFORD CHILDREN'S CENTER when he first arrived in Jerusalem more than 20 years ago! Isn't it a great coincidence that there has been that connection between these two ministries - or is it a coincidence????!!

Bridges For Peace
International Headquarters, PO Box 1093, Jerusalem, Israel
U.S. PO Box 33145, Tulsa OK 74153-1145 Tel: (918) 461-8800

FRIENDS COMMUNITY CHURCH AT SPRING VALLEY, CALIFORNIA - - -

My eldest daughter Jo Lewis lived for several years in El Cajon and Lakeside, suburbs of San Diego, while she was associated with the Christian Heritage College there. During most of that time, she attended the Friends Church at Spring Valley. Gertrude and I often visited her during those years - sometimes for extended stays of several weeks, so we became acquainted with several people in the congregation there.

The church is affiliated with the Friends Church Southwest Yearly Meeting. We are acquainted with several leaders of that organization. Randy Thornburg, Pastor at Spring Valley, has connections with Northwest Yearly Meeting of Friends Church, so we have numerous common threads with him.

This familiar background prompted me to attend the service there on what was to be my last day before returning home to Seattle. That is how it happened that I was present to experience the dramatic "opening" about It Is Well With My Soul.

Friends Community Church
8955 Kenwood Drive
Spring Valley, CA 91977
Tel: (619) 697-3339

SPAFFORD CHILDREN'S CENTER, JERUSALEM - - -

The book *Our Jerusalem*, referred to in the narrative above, provides a detailed record of how the Spaffords came to settle in Jerusalem in 1881, with family and friends. Their "visit" turned into permanent residence in Jerusalem. Their compassion toward the poor, hungry and sick resulted in the greatly expanded ministry of The American Colony.

Horatio Spafford died in Jerusalem in 1888 but his wife, Anna, carried on the caring ministries the family had begun. In the mid-1920s the main ministry became known as the Anna Spafford Baby Home and later as the Spafford Children's Center.

This ministry has continued in the same place - the palatial residence high on the Old Walls of the city of Jerusalem - to this day!

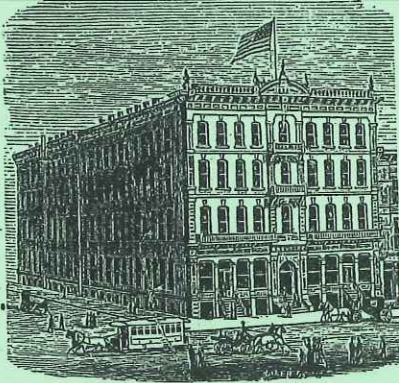
SPAFFORD CHILDREN'S CENTER ASSOCIATION, BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON - - -

The Association is the International organization which raises funds to support the operation of the Spafford Children's Center. The home office of the Association is presently in Bellevue, Washington and the current Chairman is Georgette Lind.

Spafford Children's Center Association
4550 132nd Ave NE
Bellevue WA 98005
Tel: (425) 885-4926
email: scca@gte.net

Check out the web site for Spafford Children's Center and the Association at www.spafford-kids.org It contains a great history and mission statement, and information about staff and services. Also, what you should know about the Association!

Revised - January 2001



BREVOORT HOUSE,

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Madison Street, between Clark and La Salle Streets,

H. M. THOMPSON, Proprietor.
W. H. GRAY, Chief Clerk.
W. K. STEELE, Cashier.

Chicago, _____ 187

When peace like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-bellows, roll, -
~~Whatever my lot,~~ Thou hast taught me to know
It is well, it is well with my soul -

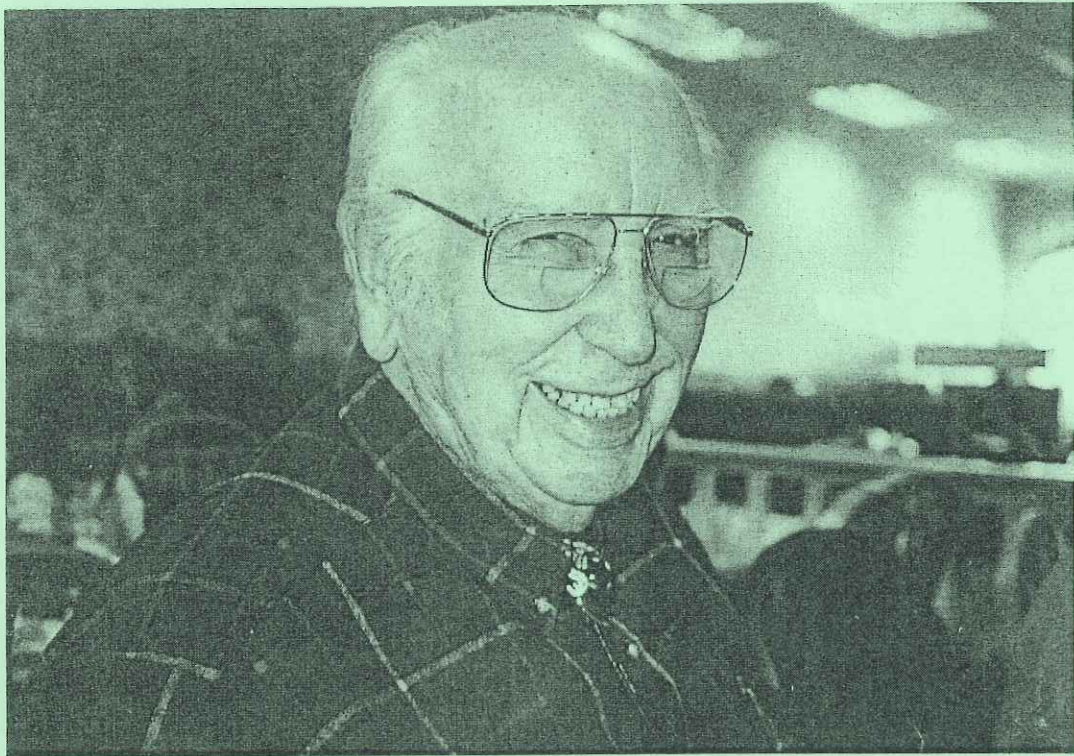
Though Satan should buffet, - though trials should come, -
Let this blest assurance control, -
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul -

My sin, - oh the bliss of this glorious thought, -
My sin, - not in fact but the guilt, -
Is nailed to the cross, & I hear it no more, -
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Oh my soul -

Aid and back the day when the faith shall be right, -
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, -
The ~~last~~ trumpet shall resound, & the Lord shall descend, -
- a song in the night, Oh my soul!
toe? then watch, after waking my soul

"It is well with my Soul"

Hymn written by Horatio Spafford in 1873



Dick Hendricks
August 14, 1908-August 14, 2017