

THE CHURCH SQUARE JOURNAL

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Rare 'Cello on Display

The 'cello built by American Moravian John Antes in 1763 has arrived in Lititz and been placed on display in the Lititz Moravian Archives Museum. Here it joins the 1764 Antes viola which is part of the permanent collection of string instruments in the Museum. It is currently the oldest extant violoncello built in America by an American-born maker. Its whereabouts were unknown for more than a century, until it was found about ten years ago in the attic of a home near Pittsburgh. In early 2018 it was sold at auction to Thomas Riddle, a prominent businessman of the Bethlehem area and direct descendant of Antes' uncle. It is through Riddle's gracious generosity that the 'cello is on loan to the Museum. A fuller account of its discovery and authentication can be found in the Fall 2018 issue of The Church Square Journal.

John Antes was born in 1740 in Fredricktown, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. Trained as a woodworker, he began at the age of nineteen to fashion musical instruments, starting with a violin which is now a featured item in the Whitefield House Museum, home of the Moravian Historical Society in Nazareth, Pennsylvania.

According to Bethlehem church records, Antes also constructed a viola and a "bass" (now clearly identified as the rediscovered 'cello) in 1763, and a complete string quartet for the Bethlehem Collegium Musicum in 1764 before departing for ministerial training in Germany.



The 1764 Viola and the 1763 'Cello
displayed together

Photo by Carl Shuman

Rufus Greider, a Bethlehem historian writing in 1873, knew of three Antes instruments, a violin, a viola, which he locates at Nazareth, and a 'cello, inscribed "Johann Antes, me ficit in Bethlehem, 1764" in Bethlehem. How exciting it would be if that later 'cello were someday to be located!

The Antes instruments will be the subject of a Moment of Sharing during the upcoming concert by the Lititz Moravian Collegium Musicum on Sunday, March 8, beginning at 7:00 PM in the Fellowship Hall. Concert-goers will be able to visit the Museum to view these and other rare instruments in the collection following the performance. The 'cello will remain here on display through September, at least. Tours can be arranged by calling the church office at 717-626-8515. Regular summer hours for the Museum will be announced at a later date.



The 1763 John Antes 'Cello

Photo by Carl Shuman

~ Marian L. Shatto

From the Chair

The Church Square Journal

Published Spring and Fall by
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Moravian Congregation

Editor: Marian L. Shatto
Church office: 717-626-8515

On-line editions can be found at
lititzmoravian.org/museum/archives/tours

This coming season the Archives Committee is looking into ways to have the museum more accessible to the general public so that the one-of-a-kind artifacts and treasures of our heritage can be appreciated by everyone. We are again hoping to have regular hours when the museum will be open for tours and browsing, as well as for scheduled group tours.

In this issue you will read about the Antes cello on loan to our museum and on display with our Antes viola, a rare sight for everyone to view. With all that your Archives Committee does, we

are always looking for new people who have an interest in history and in the preservation of early Moravian life in Lititz. The committee meets the second Tuesday of the month in the Heritage dining room, the lower level of the Christian Education Building, at 6:30 pm. Join us for a History Half Hour each month and see what is happening.

~ John Clark, Trustee

Where Did They Go? ~ Charles Nagel

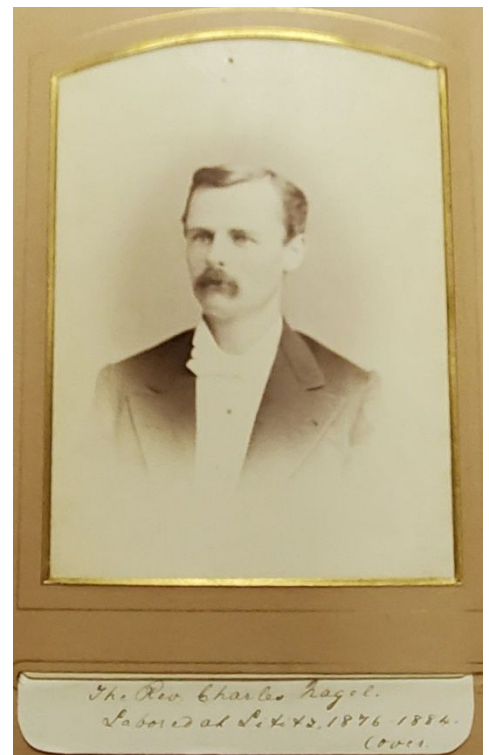
From the History:

Charles Nagel - Born in 1844 at Wurtemberg. Moravian Theological Seminary graduate of 1864. Served as a teacher at Nazareth Hall from 1865 to 1868. Served as pastor at Hopedale, Elizabeth, Philadelphia and Staten Island. Served as the Pastor of the Lititz congregation 1876-1884.

[illegible]

Nagel Family Register
from the Württemberg, Germany,
Familienbuch 1808 - 1847

Paul Ludwig Julius Karl (Charles) Nagel was born on October 26 (or 28), 1844, in Caunstadt, Württemberg, Germany, the son of Johann Karl Immanuel Gottlob and Sabine Marie Nagel. In 1852 he immigrated to the U.S., and by the age of 15 was enrolled as a student at Moravian College. He married Ellen M. Luckenbach of Bethlehem in 1868, with whom he had two daughters, Anna and Marie. After many decades of ministry he spent his final years in Lancaster, where he passed into the more immediate presence of his Savior on August 30, 1929. He and his wife, along with both of their daughters, Bethlehem, PA.



The Memoir of Martha (1737-1783)
 Edited by Scott Paul Gordon, Lehigh University

The extraordinary life of Martha, a Mohican woman born in 1737 in colonial New York, ended in Lititz in 1783. But Martha lived for much of her short life in Bethlehem. She arrived in Bethlehem at age five and remained there for nearly thirty years. She grew up in the choir system, advancing from the children's choir to the girls' choir and finally to the single sisters' choir. Before she was twenty, authorities offered her the opportunity to serve as an overseer of the children in Bethlehem. In 1757, Martha taught reading to a class of eighteen girls for an hour in the morning and "orthography"—writing, in German—to a class of ten girls for an hour in the afternoon. She also worked as a "master-tailoress" (*Schneider-Meisterin*). Martha fulfilled the same roles in Lititz after 1771, where she lived in the single sisters' house until her death.

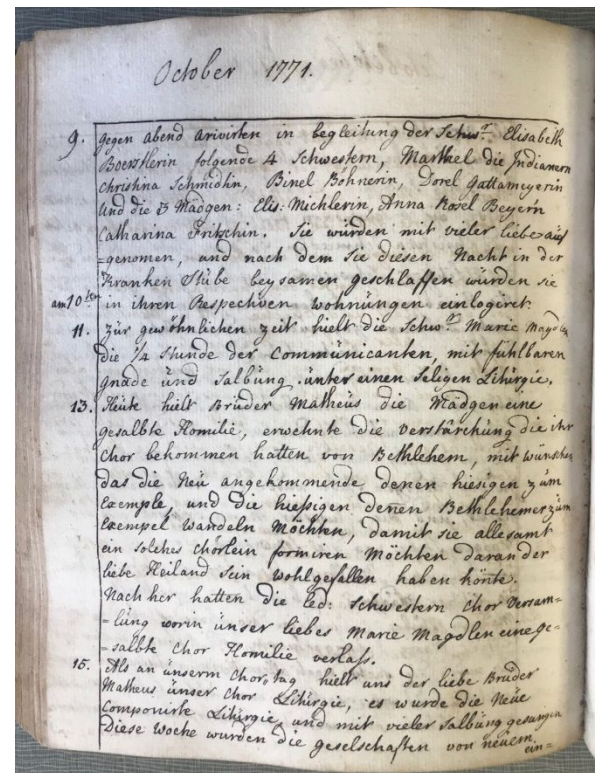
Martha left these Moravian choir houses only in 1764 when she was forced to join other Moravian Indians in Philadelphia's barracks. In November 1763 Pennsylvania authorities had removed 121 Moravian Indians from two mission towns—Nain (just a mile from Bethlehem) and Wechquetank (a few miles north of the Blue Mountains, in today's Monroe County)—to the Philadelphia barracks to "protect" them from frontier violence. Martha arrived in early 1764. By May many Indians were ill, and by the end of the year 55 men, women, and children had died, each buried in Philadelphia's Potter's field. Martha describes her trauma in her memoir. The surviving Moravian Indians were allowed to leave the Philadelphia barracks in 1765, but they were not permitted to return to Nain or Wechquetank. These sites were too close to white settlements, insisted authorities, who had concluded that whites and Natives could no longer live in proximity to one another. The Moravian Indians were forced to resettle far up the Susquehanna near Wyalusing. Martha was allowed—for reasons that are not clear—to return to Bethlehem.

Martha must have had an affinity for children. Although she does not mention it in her memoir, Martha served as "stewardess" in the second Moravian school at Germantown in 1748 (Haller, *Early Moravian Education*, 172). This school only operated from 1746 to 1749, and Martha, who was only 11 or 12, probably returned to Bethlehem. In 1755 she was appointed an overseer of the children in Bethlehem, and in 1773, about a year and half after she arrived in Lititz, she took over for Elizabeth Bürstler in the community's day school. Martha worked alongside Anna Maria Kohn. When by April 1775 the enrollment in the girls' school had dipped to only 4 to 6 children, however, Kohn was reassigned to other duties and Martha "continue[d] to lead the school alone" (Hehl, "History of Lititz"). Just a month later, the girls' day school was closed entirely (Haller, *Early Moravian Education*, 90-91).

The devotional language that Martha uses for much of her memoir may sound strange to twenty-first century ears—she insists upon her depravity and eagerly identifies as a "little worm"—but it is entirely conventional. Martha's language derived from a favorite Moravian hymn: "I little Worm so poor, / quite spoil'd by Sin and stained / Yet by my Lamb's red Gore / And bloody Sweat regained." Eighteenth-century Moravians struggled not to establish independence or to feel self-sufficient but rather to recognize their absolute dependence upon their Savior. "The more Poor and wretched I feel my self," Mary Penry wrote in 1768, "the more I can rejoice in our bleeding Savior." Penry could "rejoice," that is, only after she had come to understand that her Savior's grace was the source of her happiness and her accomplishments: on her own (through her own "works"), she could achieve nothing. Maria Barbara Horn, a Moravian single sister with whom Martha lived in Bethlehem in the 1760s, put this succinctly in her own memoir: "The faithful Savior . . . made me recognize that I had no strength in my self to be good through my own efforts" (Penry, *Letters*, 56; Faull, *Moravian Women's Memoirs*, 10; Gordon, "Glad Passivity"). Moravians expressed gratitude to their Savior because they believed that original sin or natural depravity left them incapable, without his help, of acting worthily. Martha's language throughout her memoir testifies to how thoroughly she learned the lessons taught over and over by Moravian piety.

More about Martha's life in Lititz could surely be discovered by investigating the diaries of the single sisters' choirs in Bethlehem and in Lititz.

Martha's memoir survives in the handwriting of Mary Penry, the clerk of the single sisters' choir. Penry wrote the memoir in German—but not in *Kurrentschrift* (the German script that eighteenth-century Moravians employed). Martha's memoir has been translated from the original by Edward Quinter, who taught Pennsylvania German at Kutztown University. The translation regularizes the spelling of places (Shekomeko, instead of Checomeko; Muskingum, instead of Musgingham) and the presentation of dates.



Martha's arrival in Lititz in 1771 was recorded in the Single Sisters' diary.

~ image provided by Scott Paul Gordon

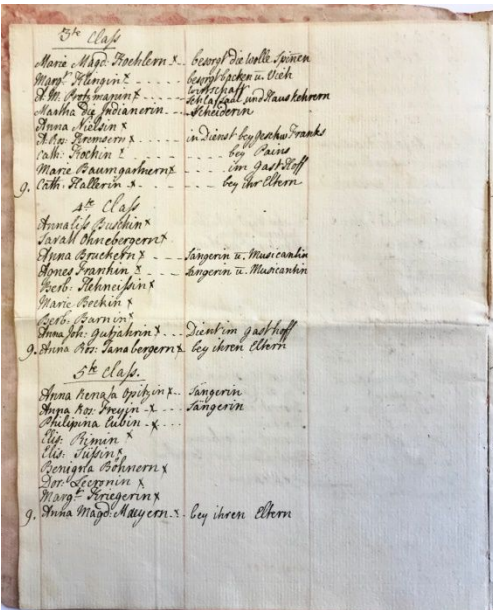
Memoir of the blessed Sister Martha

She writes of herself: I was born in Shekomeko in the year 1737.¹ In my tender childhood years my parents were brought to a recognition of the Savior through the preachings of the Brethren. (Her father Thomas was used as a pastor [*Helfer*] among his people. He died blessedly in Bethlehem. Her dear mother Esther was also a pastor [*Helferin*] of the Indian widows for many years. She passed over to her beloved Savior in Muskingum in 1780.)² I often witnessed my mother crying and praying to the dear Savior. When I inquired the reason for such tears, she told me what she had heard from the Brethren, she said she was praying to God our Savior. I tried to comfort her and said, God is too high in the heavens. He cannot hear you from there. I also suggested she shouldn't believe everything she hears from white people. After all, they only wish to deceive the Indians, etc. My dear parents worried about my condition and hoped I would come to know the Savior. In the year 1742 Br. Nathanael brought me to be with the children in Bethlehem.³ I fit in rather quickly, but can honestly say I didn't long for the Savior at the beginning. It was first after a few years that I came to have a better understanding of what I saw and heard. My first impression of the Savior in my heart was of reading of His painful death and His bloody sweat, as He lay before His dear heavenly Father praying and weeping. Oh, I thought, how is it at all possible that the great God and Lord over all can come down so far and intercede for my sake? I became aware of my sinful nature since I didn't recognize this and believe in Him sooner. I spent the whole night crying.

The sisters comforted me. They assured me the Savior would forgive me. From that point on I so longed to be baptized. My unswerving determination was clear to the Brothers and Sisters (*Geschwister*). They decided to fulfill my wish and not wait until I entered the Girls' Choir. I was baptized through the death of the Lord by Br. Christian Heinrich Rauch on Congregation Day (*Gemein-Tag*) in Bethlehem on 13 May 1746.⁴ The presence of Jesus' grace at this blessed event was unspeakable and my heart will never forget it. After receiving such grace I went forward on my blessed path, even though at times indifference and intemperance caused me to lose my way. The Savior always quickly led me back to my baptism and to what I had promised Him. I was worried in my heart how I would solely and in all ways live for Him and not disappoint Him. In the year 1748 I joined the Girls' Choir. On 2 February 1749 I partook of the Holy Communion, in which I had long desired. What I felt and enjoyed at this first communion I'll never forget. I was content throughout my years in the Girls' Choir. I was childlike and sometimes foolish, but when something arose and seemed questionable, I was able to speak openly with my spiritual advisor (*Arbeiterin*). This was of value and brought renewed contentment. In 1755 I came to the children as an overseer (*Aufseherin*). I had to learn a good amount, but it was a true blessing for my heart. On 4 May 1756 I joined the Single Sisters' Choir as I made a bond with the dear Savior to be His loyal maiden, and to remain so through His grace.

In 1758 I moved from the Children's- to the Single Sisters' House. I was happy there, when in 1760 I returned to the Children's House (*Kinder-haus*) as a Master Tailoress. In January of 1764 I was sent to Nazareth along with 3 other Indian Sisters from the choir house, in hopes of being hidden there. The Indian *Gemeine* at Nain had just been ordered to go to Philadelphia. However, we Indian Sisters had to also follow them soon after. We were forced to live in a barracks with them. For reasons of safety we were told, we had to leave the *Gemeine*. One can barely imagine how painful this was for us.⁵ It was as if my senses stood still. I couldn't weep any longer in order to quiet my heavy heart. I spent a year in the barracks in Philadelphia. I had to endure both external and internal tests. There was no shortage of trials trying to disconnect me from my Savior and the *Gemeine*. If the Savior hadn't stood by me in this time of need, I surely would have lost my chance of grace. In 1765 when the Indian *Gemeine* moved to the Susquehanna, I came to Bethlehem and resumed my former assignment in the Children's House. On 9 October 1771 I arrived in Lititz to replace Sister Mary Ashley as the Master Tailoress. And since Sister Elizabeth Boerstler had married, I took her place in the day school (*Tages Anstalt*) until it was ended.⁶ After I moved into the Choir House, the blessed Savior led me to a blessed school for my heart. I learned about my own basic frailty and decay. The Savior revealed in so many ways how I had so easily overlooked them in the past.

Each time I made a closer examination into those dark corners, I found the Savior as my doctor for my wretched soul, willing and ready to help me. I can't overstate how much my Choir House was a blessed residence. Oh, what I enjoyed at the blessed *Chor-* and the *Bundes Festen*.⁷ At such events I renewed my bond with my Savior. His presence was always palpable. I am after all but a poor little worm, on whom the Savior has revealed the miracle of grace and mercy. I am but weak and incapable of praising His majesty adequately.⁸ In the end, I can find joy in that. I feel I am His poor, but forgiven sinner. I rely totally on Him. I have nothing to credit other than His sacrifice and His wounds for the sake of my sins! This ends her own words.⁹



Martha is listed as *Schneiderin* (dressmaker or seamstress) in this list of "classes" in the 1779 Lititz Single Sisters House.

~ image provided by Scott Paul Gordon

Our dear Sister was a person of few words. She walked her blessed path quietly. We witnessed how her heart hung on the Savior. She delighted in His martyr image. She was talented, loyal, and industrious in her tasks. She was prone to illness and weak. The last years she was sickly, but she endured it with patience. Her mother's death and the painful destruction of her people on the Muskingum, with its infamous attack and murders, have provided the impetus and a desire for her to go home to her Savior.¹⁰ – She stayed in her room as long as it was possible, for her contact with her Sisters was of great pleasure

She was 46 years old.

7. The *Chorfest* (choir festival) for the single sisters occurred each year on May 4. *Bundes-Festen* is an unusual term, but the formation of the single sisters' choir on 4 May 1730 was called the *Jungfernbund*, or union of the maidens, so perhaps it refers to that (thanks to Paul Peucker for this suggestion).

~ image provided by Scott Paul Gordon

8. For this language (“poor little worm,” “weak and incapable”), see introduction.

9. This phrase marks the end of the individual’s own testimony in Moravian memoirs. What follows, which always includes a description of the individual’s final illness and death, was typically written by the spiritual leader of an individual’s choir.

10. On 8 March 1782, Pennsylvania militiamen massacred nearly 100 Moravian Indians from the congregations of Gnadenhütten, Lichtenau, and Schönbrunn (where Martha’s mother had died in 1780) (see Sterner, “Moravians in the Middle”).

11. This verse (“When in the arms of Jesus, thy lips shall pallid grow”) was often sung at deathbeds: see memoirs of Anna Rosina Anders and Anna Maria Lawatsch (Faull, *Moravian Women’s Memoirs*, 9; Faull, “On Translation”).



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SUNDAY SCHOOL, BY GEORGE

by Henry T. Muth

Editor's note: George L. Hepp, long-time and beloved Sunday School Superintendent, passed away on Saturday, 10 July 1926, at the age of 61. Memorial services were held at the church the next day during the Sunday School hour and at his home on the following Tuesday. The typescript of this eulogy was found in the Archives files. Spelling, punctuation, and grammar are reproduced as they appear in the original. Handwritten surnames inserted into the text are indicated by italics and brackets.

"Attendance last Sunday 328." That is what it says on the bulletin board tucked away next to the Sunday School honor rolls hanging in the north east room on the third floor of the Brother's House. It must have been too hot or too cold for the lukewarm members to venture out on this day for surely with a total enrollment of 641 including the "Home Department" and the "Cradle Roll" the ordinary attendance figure would be much higher.



The Sunday School Attendance Board, still to be found in the corner of a room on the third floor of the Brothers House.

~ photo by Thomas L. Wentzel

George L. Hepp was thirty two years of age in 1896 when he became Superintendent of the Lititz Moravian Sunday School which he would nourish for thirty prosperous years. "Mr. Hepp" as

he was addressed by everyone was not overpowering but he was gifted with blessed assurance, a vital trait in a leader.

In the business world Mr. Hepp was a vender of "Diamonds, Watches and Fine Jewelry" at 21 East Main Street, the store with the largest glass show window in town. Because of its unique dressing this show window arrested the attention of even the most casual passerby and on days when you should attend Sunday School, a funeral, or celebrate a worthy holiday, the window's blinds were respectfully drawn signifying the occasion.

Mr. Hepp conducted our Sunday School with equal circumspection never overlooking the slightest detail that might aid in promulgating the gospel.

Happily in Mr. Hepp's time parents knew what was best for their children and so it was a rare child that was not enrolled in the "Cradle Roll Department". Soon after learning to walk and talk the "Cradle Rollers" found themselves sitting on the front benches in Miss Ella's [*Buch*] "Primary Department" at one thirty on a Sunday afternoon listening to the grand Sunday School orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Hepp playing an inspiring overture for the days session.

At the conclusion of the overture Mr. Carper dutifully appeared from the far side of the dais carrying a long wooden pole with a hook on one end. From long experience Mr. Carper would deftly hook the handle on one of the two rolled up wooden partition blinds separating the east wing or "Primary Department" from the main room. With a mighty tug Mr. Carper pulled the blind to within arms reach, then grasping the large brass handle in his hand he continued the door's downward course crashing to the floor with a resounding bang. Those whose attention was elsewhere were now alerted to the activity at hand and fixed their eyes upon Mr. Carper's repeat performance on the second door.

With the separating wall in place the "Primary Department" under Miss Ella's leadership continued their own program of Sunday worship. Very often this program was highlighted by Miss Maggie's [*Bricker*] intriguing gesticulatory recital of the Twentythird Psalm at which every member of the "Primary Department" became proficient before graduating to the "Intermediate Department".

Having progressed to the "Intermediate Department" which entitled one to sit up front in the main auditorium there was no further need of paternal persuasion to maintain Sunday School attendance. Here with the boys classes on the right side of a central aisle and the girls on the left we sat in the center of all action. This was not revival action, rather and more lasting, it was action in learning about and understanding the Bible as taught by Mr. Hepp and his disciples.

When the Sunday School orchestra with an average membership of twenty finished the days overture Mr. Hepp extended greetings and made announcements while Mr. Carper was proceeding with the ritual of closing off the "Primary Department". Mr. Hepp then called on some worthy teacher or visitor to offer an opening prayer following which Mr. Hepp read the daily text and the scripture lesson.

Next we pupils aided by our teachers rearranged the teachers chairs and pupils benches to form isolated cubicles for the teaching of the lesson. With everyone doing their part this noisy operation took less than a minute and while our teacher marked the attendance record our class treasurer passed the offering tins, one for current expenses and one for foreign missions.

Taking assigned turns in reading aloud the alternating light and dark printed paragraphs in our "Quarterlies" depicting the days lesson was the founding of the days session and we would soon drift into discussion led by our teacher. Sometimes our teacher would present personal experiences in expounding on the days text. Naturally any relation by our Sunday School teacher was accepted as gospel and now in retrospect it is easy to understand how and why we formed lasting opinions of our teachers.

The ringing of a chorus of strategically placed electric bells powered by wet cell batteries on a shelf in the Sunday School secretary's office

signaled a warning followed in four minutes by a second ringing terminating the lesson session.

With the benches and teacher's chairs returned to normal position we all joined in singing a Sunday School hymn accompanied by the orchestra conducted by Mr. Hepp. While we loudly sang the last verse of the hymn Mr. Hepp adroitly lowered the overhead roller mounted, map of the Bible lands, and the chart with the names of the books of the Bible and other revelent facts. Finishing the hymn Mr. Hepp laid aside his musical baton in favor of the great baton, (a bamboo fishing rod) long enough to reach the extremities of either map or chart suspended from the ceiling.

Quickly tap tapping on Peter's name Mr. Hepp brought our attention to the chart saying, "Let us begin by naming the disciples." and off we would go, "Peter, Andrew, James, John, James the lesson, Jude, Simon, Matthew, Thomas, Philip, Nathaniel, Judas." I just learned from Mary Rice the other day that it is "James the lessor." not lesson, oh well.

Mr. Hepp then presented his version of the day's lesson using the map and chart where applicable and often resorting to legerdemain, such as clearing the black water in a glass fish bowl with a simple tap of his magical baton; indicating the power of just a drop of righteousness to clear the blackest bowl of iniquity. O that today's statesmen had attended our Sunday School.

There were sessions when Mr. Hepp would omit presenting his version of the day's lesson to favor a discourse by one of our missionaries home on leave. Or as on the Sunday nearest to Memorial day Captain Heitshu of Kissel Hill dressed in his Civil War uniform orated to us about the evils of the conflict. So too on Temperence Sunday Miss A. Virginia Grosh, president of the local W. C. T. U. brought us a message on the dangers of intoxicants. Her portrayal of the poisons in alcoholic beverages by suddenly exposing a large goblet filled with snakes (paper that is) was always convincing enough for us to sign the pledge for another year.

Finally the closing exercises were punctuated with a rousing hymn while the secretary Mr. Kautz posted the day's challenging attendance and contribution figures on the board hanging on the wall by his office door next to the stage. It is remarkable that during the years I watched Mr. Kautz perform this task he was never caught short

by Mr. Hepp's crisp offering of the benediction followed by the orchestral recession.

Our Sunday School boasted a free lending library with three librarians Miss Buch, Mr. Grube, and Mr. Breneman. Here we borrowed "Black Beauty", "Beautiful Joe", the series by Horatio Alger and all the books about "Tom Swift" and his doings.

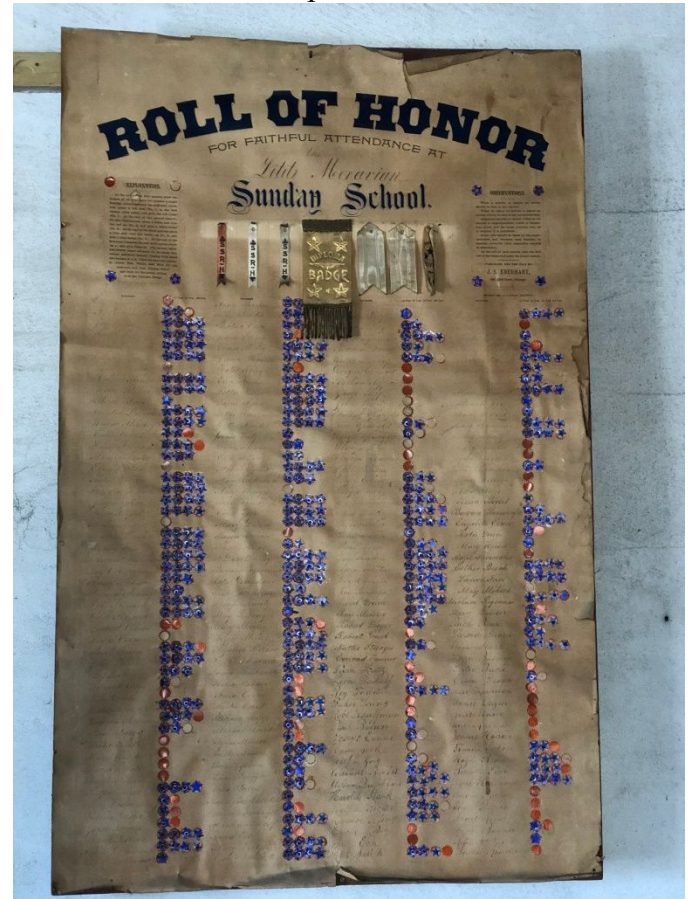
Members of Mr. Hepp's Sunday School accepted every Sunday as special but better than that Mr. Hepp had extra special Sundays such as Easter Sunday when everyone attending received a potted blooming hyacinth to take home. On Mothers day everyone received a red carnation if your mother was living or a white carnation if the parent had passed on. It is to be remembered that Mr. Hepp's carnations still had that nose tingling cinamon aroma not common in the hybrids of today. Rally day when each class tried to have a hundred percent attendance was celebrated with an inaminate award such as a decorated book marker or a particularly ornate Rally day badge.

Christmas Sunday with its special exercises could be the most memorable Sunday of the year especially if your class was chosen to take part in the program and you had a memorized speech to say up on the stage in front of all those people. Was there ever a Sunday School child who missed this quaking experience?

Greater than the entertainment of the Christmas program were the lavish gifts presented to each attendant during the singing of the closing hymn. These gifts repeated year after year consisted of a large orange from the far away southlands and a pictorially printed paper box shaped like Noah's Ark filled with solid chocolate animals made at the "Ideal Chocolate Factory" in Lititz. There are still Moravians in Lititz who extoll the delightful taste of sucking an orange while a chocolate bear slowly dissolves in your mouth.

Beyond the celestial rewards gained by consecutive attendance at Sunday School we were awarded quarterly badges which, up front before the whole Sunday School, were pinned on to our left breast pocket. After the first year of perfect attendance the awards came farther apart although of different quality such as silver, gold, and finally a diamond pin was awarded to the Haisch boy who after his sixtyfour quarters of perfect attendance had long since gained manhood. That was the day we

sang a special hymn while Mr. Haisch walked up front to have Mr. Hepp joyously affix the diamond studded award to his lapel.



Sunday School Honor Roll
showing quarterly awards

~ photo by Thomas L. Wentzel

This was the era when it was the fashion for churches to hold or relate to revival services and in Lititz these services were usually conducted by a popular itinerant preacher such as Billy Sunday or Sunny Jim both of whom served in Lititz accompanied by their vital song leaders and pianists. Mr. Hepp conducting a certified "Front Line Sunday School" sometimes yielded to congregational pressure and invited a visiting evangelist with his song leader and pianist to conduct a Sunday School session during their stay in our community.

Except for the excitement of having our sedate hymns sung louder and faster than customary and sitting gaping at the clouds of dust the obese song leader with his size fourteen foot pounded from the carpet covered stage as triumphantly we sang, "He is trampling out the vintage -," there were few if any unordained converts gained at these

session. Perhaps these evangelists with their song leaders and pianists had a place in the scheme of things but certainly it was not in Mr. Hepp's Sunday School.

It is still distressing to recall our twelve year old classmate Gene's dilemma during one of these evangelistic sessions. We were all standing for Jesus and singing about His softly and tenderly calling "Come home, come home," when Gene with a bawl and burst of tears sat down, Embarrassed before our Lord not to mention the rest of the on-singing Sunday School scholars we classmates aided by our teacher Miss Sophie (*Bricker*) huddled over Gene urging him to stand again for Jesus.

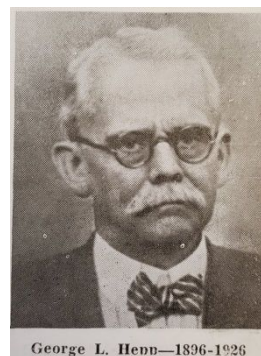
The singers were finishing the next to last stanza when Gene stopped crying to say, "I want to stand for Jesus but my mother said I can't join church untill I'm thirteen and I'm only twelve." Proving her worth as a Sunday School teacher Miss Sophie quickly convinced Gene that he was not joining church by standing for Jesus but showing his intentions. And so with shining tears of joy in our eyes our whole class was able to stand for Jesus and softly and tenderly help to sing the last stanza.

During Mr. Hepp's time the Lititz Springs Park was owned and operated by the Lititz Moravian Congregation and so it was fitting for the Moravian Sunday School to have their picnic in the park. Here too as in the Sunday School Mr. Hepp's capable leadership made our picnics a success even though there were times when we had to cope with adverse weather. Often these Moravian picnics were preceded in the early afternoon by baptismal services for infants. These services took place at the head end of the park where Reverend Hagen used water from the bubbling spring.

Music for our picnic was played both afternoon and evening by "Beck's Band" under the leadership of Mr. Beck our erstwhile church organist and choirmaster. Of course there were the games, the nail driving contest, catch a live chicken, raw egg on a mouth held spoon race for the ladies while the men contested the eating of pie and watermelon and bag races. More exciting were the celebrated tub races propelled through the cold spring water in the head end of the park. After the last prize for the games was awarded and just before the picnic supper there was the great peanut scramble in which young and old alike participated.

After the picnic supper at which free coffee and icecream was furnished for all, Mr. Hepp aided by Mr. Carper and Mr. Zellers and using "Brazel's Superior Hot Air Balloons" entertained us with a balloon ascension. This ascension was a highlight of the day and took place seventy feet southwest of the stone arched bridge where today picnickers thrill to music broadcast from the band shell.

There in the tall grass Mr. Carper and Mr. Zellers placed their stepladders and climbed high enough to hold the top of the unfolded red, white, and blue striped eight foot paper balloons to each of which Mr. Hepp attached a different biblical message after first reading them to us.



George L. Henn—1896-1926

Photo from *History of the Moravian Sunday School* by Mary Augusta Huebener

Next kneeling in the grass Mr. Hepp struck a barn-burner match on the flank of his trousers and carefully ignited the hot air generator in the base of one of the balloons. As the balloon filled with hot buoyant air Mr. Hepp held it close to the ground while Mr. Carper and Mr. Zellers straightened out the folds and then on a signal just before its seams burst they set the balloon free to carry our biblical message through the skies perhaps to some less fortunate soul in need of spiritual sustenance.

As the last of the usual six balloons drifted away in the sky darkness became apparent in the park and the members of the "Young Men's Sunday School Class" appeared carrying burning torches to light the way for the "Grand March". The march was led by Mr. Hepp, a color guard bearing our church and national flags, and then the band playing "Onward Christian Soldiers." followed by the picnickers singing and marching as to war. Having started at the bandstand which was north of the stone arched bridge our parade marched west to and around the head end of the springs and back on the south side of the creek to and across the stone arched bridge terminating at the bandstand, where standing on the top step Reverend Hagen pronounced the benediction.

Such was one of the thirty growing years under the dynamic and gratuitous leadership by George.

Colonial-Style Waistcoat and Shirt Presented to Long-Time Bellows Puller

Ronald Reagan was President, “Cats” was a fresh hit on Broadway, and Microsoft was preparing to release Word 1.0 when Rick Wagner first pulled the bellows ropes to provide steady wind to enable our historic 1787 Tannenberg organ to play its beautiful tones. And he hasn't stopped since.



Rick at work, pulling the Tannenberg's bellows

Photo by Marian L Shatto

In recognition of Wagner's dedication to the bellows, the Lititz Moravian Archives and Museum Committee chose to outfit him in period-appropriate attire. The committee ordered a custom-made waistcoat in blue, and a white shirt to set off the red pants Wagner usually wears to pull the ropes. You'll have to ask him why the red pants, because it's a good Moravian story!

Wagner stated that he's been pulling the bellows ropes for thirty-six years; his goal is to reach fifty because he'd heard that there was a bellows rope puller in England who'd pulled for fifty years, and he wants to match that number. And recently, with the advent of the 'new' Lititz Moravian Collegium Musicum, Lititz Moravian's Director of Music Ministries, Dr. Jeffery Gemmell, has nicknamed Wagner "Bellows" for his dedication and expertise at pulling the ropes.

Here's hoping he makes his fifty year goal; we're, um, pulling for him!



Tom Wentzel presents his new outfit to Rick “Bellows” Wagner.

Photo by Tim Hartel

~ Thomas L. Wentzel

Continued from back page:

Considering the information presented, it is clear that the bench was made somewhere between the late eighteenth and the very early nineteenth centuries. Also, Huebener's description of the benches cited above is consistent with the form of this bench, and the construction details and materials support this time frame. However, a firm attribution of this bench as an original 1787 church bench is somewhat difficult to defend because of the nails and screws used, since both exhibit technology that was only beginning to emerge at the time of the opening of our new sanctuary in 1787.

Two questions arise. Were the Lititz Moravian craftsmen up-to-date with the latest nail and screw making technology? Or, did the new church in 1787 build a limited number of new benches (or recycle benches from the old Gemeinhaus?), but continue to construct new benches as the congregation grew, so that this bench arrived at a later date? It's likely we'll never know the answer to these questions.



The full bench

Glossary of terms:

⁽¹⁾cock-beading – a thin, beaded lip molding that is applied to traditional period drawer fronts, primarily to protect the edges of the decorative face veneer

⁽²⁾chamfered – in carpentry, to cut away a right-angled edge or corner to make a symmetrical sloping edge

⁽³⁾kerf marks – saw marks on wood left by the cutting blade

⁽⁴⁾dovetailed – a joinery technique most commonly used in woodworking and shaped like the tail of a dove

~ Article and all photos by Thomas L. Wentzel

From the Collection:
Is This "High-Backed Moveable Bench" an Original Sanctuary Bench?

For many decades, and possibly over a century, a plain plank bench stood inauspiciously in the hall of the Brothers' House, second floor. The bench, with a removable high wooden back, two mortised legs and no paint, is twelve feet in length. The only adornment is a simple cock-beaded⁽¹⁾ molding planed into the board edges. Four iron brackets are attached to the rear of the bench top to accept and stabilize the back slats. The cutouts at the bottom of each leg are peak-shaped and chamfered⁽²⁾ to give a feeling of lightness. The natural wood has mellowed to a warm honey color over time.



Cock-bead molding

Could this humble and overlooked bench be an original bench from our 1787 sanctuary? An argument can be made to defend that position. In her book *History of the Moravian Congregation* Mary Huebener includes a description of the interior of the sanctuary at the time of some planned renovations in 1837: "There were high-backed, movable benches. The windows were of plain glass with white curtains. There was no carpet and the room was heated by two stoves, and lighted by a tin chandelier hung from the center of the ceiling and equipped with twelve tallow candles." One can only speculate if these "high-backed, movable benches" mentioned were indeed the original benches in the sanctuary when it was built in 1787. But it's not unreasonable to conclude that the Moravians made use of the original sanctuary benches for fifty years.



Chamfered cut-out

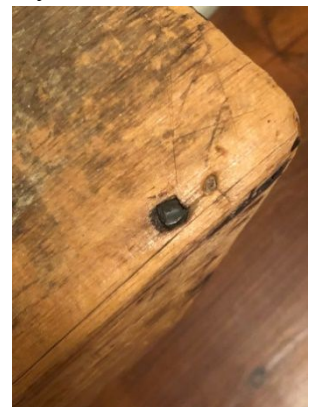
A close inspection of the bench revealed the following:

First, the bench is found in one of our original church buildings, so the odds are good that it was originally created and used somewhere in the Moravian complex of buildings. Second, the length indicates that it was likely used in a large room, so probably not appropriate for the smaller scale rooms of the Gemeinhaus or Brothers' House. Third, examining the underside of the top plank shows saw kerf marks⁽³⁾ left by a pit saw, the type used to cut lumber in the Colonial Era and into the early nineteenth century. These kerf marks are faint, and clustered only around a knotty part of the plank, but quite evident nonetheless. Fourth, the only adornment to the otherwise austere form is cock-beaded molding. Cock-beaded molding was commonly used as adornment in eighteenth and early nineteenth century American furniture. Fifth, the metal brackets to secure the back slats appear to be hand wrought and not factory produced. Sixth, the cutouts on the bottom of each leg are chamfered and the slots to receive the back slat at each iron bracket are dovetailed⁽⁴⁾, indicating careful handwork to construct a sturdy but somewhat pleasing-to-the-eye bench.



Saw kerf marks

Two additional and compelling clues to more accurately date the bench are the type of nails and screws used in the construction. The nails visible on the bench appear to be type-A "cut" nails. This type nail replaced the "wrought" nail in the late eighteenth century. Information on nail technology gleaned from various sources points to the 1780-1790 time period when type-A cut nails were first used. Removal and examination of two of the wood screws from the bench indicates that they appear to be lathe-produced blunt wood screws without any thread or profile taper. Longitudinal scratches indicate the screws were made from drawn wire, and the heads show linear file marks indicating hand finishing. Both appear to be screws consistent with late eighteenth century screw-making technology.



Square-head cut nails