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THE  
VALIANT

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A TRIBUTE TO ANNIE JAEGER

BY

WILLIAM AND CLARA JAEGER



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AND OTHERS OF HER FRIENDS

THE OXFORD GROUP

Annie Jaeger was born in England at Stockport, on 18 May, 1875, and died in Philadelphia on 13 February, 1944. The tributes to her printed here were given informally at the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament at Caux-sur-Montreux, Switzerland, by her son and daughter-in-law, and by some of her friends.

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## ANNIE THE VALIANT

WILLIAM JAEGER

My mother fought to build a sound, united home for every worker across the world. That was always the basic aim of her life after she met Moral Re-Armament. And that is what my wife and I want to do today, because that is the basis for remaking the world

When my mother died services were held in the United States, in Philadelphia and in Sarasota, Florida, in Canada, and in the East End of London, where there was a service for over a thousand workers in Canning Town Hall. There were also services in Sweden, Egypt and Australia. From London, Lady Antrim, her daughter Lady Bicester, and her grand-daughter Lady Rennell, sent me this message about my mother:

“Annie lives. Friends here and throughout Britain, in city, village, factory, farm, lovingly, proudly and gratefully honouring her today. She lives in the hearts of all who knew her and in the lives of thousands reborn through her selfless service. She has shown the world how ordinary folk everywhere empowered by the superforce of God can shape the destiny of nations. She fought fearlessly for a morally rearmed world in an army destined to outmatch and outmarch materialism. She gave everything in the battle, first her only son, then herself, her health and her life itself. She believed that to give all is the privilege and the duty of every citizen of true democracy. She belonged to the classless society of the nobility of the spirit. She had a queenly culture and grace which ever put others and their needs first. Hers was the charm which drew all she met not to herself but to the One she served. Her frail form concealed a lionheart of love, her gentleness a character steel-hardened in the furnace of persecution. Homes and people she met everywhere were rebuilt on firm foundations. They too found the strength which is made perfect

in weakness. Four years of war, bombardment and separation have not quenched their spirit. They are the strength of the nation, they are the steel girders of a new world rising now among the ruins. She climbed the steep ascent of heaven through peril, toil and pain; 'O God, to us may grace be given to follow in her train.' "

She was born in 1875 in Stockport, a textile town in the north of England near Manchester, with the river Mersey going between. Her father had a small hat shop. He used to clean and dye ladies' and men's hats. He also sold in the shop ladies' garments, ties, men's shirts, and all else. That was her background. Her father was a leading Liberal - there was no Labour Party in England at that time. He used to drink too much beer and other things, and my mother, as a small girl of eight, had to go and fetch him out of the public house. That caused her great sorrow. Her mother used to say that her father was ill, but my mother knew better.

My father was a cabinet-maker when he married my mother, but he took over the hat shop with my mother when he married her. The house was small, with the shop attached, with no garden, but a backyard which joined a cotton mill. Over the road there was a brewery and the froth used to blow into our backyard. And all round about there were different public houses, the "Old Ram's Head," the "Flying Dutchman," the "Shakespeare." They were named after racehorses. Others were the "Royal Mortar," the "Star," and the "Blossoms" which was at the top of the street. People went in and out all the time. The industries of the town were cotton mills, hat works, breweries, and chocolate and furniture factories.

At that time the Councillors were always Tories or Liberals. They were usually the publicans who ran the public houses and in their spare time became the Mayors and members of the Council. Later on, when the Labour Party grew, the candidates were usually the greengrocer, the butcher and so on.

Both my parents were good singers. They used to sing at functions in the north of England and that is how they met and how ultimately they married. Their marriage caused a major clash in my mother's home. Although my father was born in Liverpool, his parents came from near Frankfurt-on-Main in Germany. That is why I have a German name. My mother's family were entirely English. They were angry that she married someone with a German background, and there were many battles between them over what my mother's family thought of my father. They didn't want to have him in their home sometimes, and later he did not want her to go to their home, and vice versa.

I remember coming home from school on Thursday afternoons, the early closing day of the shop, and mother often wanted to go and see her family, but father said "No." There was a row and both walked out. I felt deeply inside. I realised what a home with division is. There were other rows which I used to cause! Then there was the issue of money. My father was a very warm-hearted person. He saved to give me a good education and he was always afraid he would die and not leave enough money for my mother. When there was very little coming in from the shop he would give her very little on Saturdays. His fears made him do this and it caused my mother agony. He would then go out and buy a cake or flowers to appease her.

When the first world war began, because of my father's German parentage, some of our neighbours threatened to break our shop windows. That was because we had a German name. I was five at the time, and some of the boys would wait for me on my way home to beat me up.

That was my home background. In 1931 my father died. I had won a scholarship to Regent's Park College, London, and I studied theology for four years. In my first few weeks I met the Oxford Group and I decided to change. I had to write down the four standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, and I filled four pages. I told my mother and it meant that I was honest

with her for the first time in my life about all the things I had not told her before – money, girls, selfishness and many other things. Then she told me the things on her mind. And that was the first time she had ever told anyone what was on her heart. At the age of eight I had played a hymn for her at a public service, “He will hold me fast.” We had had all the words but we had never had the four standards. She told me, “I have been so busy and stubborn and self-righteous.” It was a tremendous time of honesty. In ten minutes we gained a complete new understanding with each other of every fear and everything that had gone on before, through honesty on the four standards. My mother quickly got the point of listening to God. She told me later it was very hard for her to realise I had begun to put God first in my life, even before her, as well as to put God first in her life and to have no human security. She said, “It was as though I had to go down to the very bottom before the Lord gave me the answer. I had such a strong self-will.” She used to say that she had to be willing to lose everything to find what Jesus’s love could do in her life. That she found.

The neighbours saw the effect in her life by looking at her face. When you have a shop you stand in the door in the front and watch people go by. Many people would go by. The baker would go by four times during the day regularly, just like the clock, with a jug of beer. He used to go to the public house. If the froth fell off he would bend down and put it back in the jug. Opposite there lived a charwoman. She used to clean and wash the steps of the shops and houses. She came to my mother after a few days and said, “Mrs. Jaeger, what has happened to you? Your face is different.” My mother took her into the house and told her why. This charwoman had seven children and a husband twice her age. When they drank too much, they used to fight with knives and forks and all else. My mother told this woman how she had changed and in less than half an hour this woman had guidance, got on her knees, and gave herself to God. She went home and



apologised to her husband and children. The children began to say, "What has happened to mother and father? They don't fight any more." That home changed.

And then in the different homes where this charwoman went to clean, the mistresses began to see the change in her and they changed too; and all over the neighbourhood different shopkeepers and different families began to change, through my mother learning the simple truth of guidance and the four standards.

I was still in London, and when I finished my work in the College I had guidance to give my life to the programme of giving the ideology of Moral Re-Armament to the workers of the world. My mother had guidance to sell our shop and home, and our piano and organ (my parents loved music) and all that we had for £40, and she came to live with me in London. She had no home to go to, but a dentist asked her to come and live with his family, and in less than a week she had changed them; so another family asked her to go to them, and in the space of a year or two she had lived in more than a hundred homes in that way. People asked her to go to them because she changed them. I remember a man on the London *Times* and his wife asked my mother to go and live with them for a while. They had fights in their home and one day they locked my mother in the top room of the house while they had a fight downstairs. Then they came up and pushed a note under the door saying, "Mrs. Jaeger, will you come down, our fight is over." But she changed that family.

When she came to live with me in the East End of London - in West Ham and East Ham - we knew nobody there at first. We were a small team, and we used to meet together. We made a list of all the Mayors and Town Councillors in East London and began to go and see them. We knew nobody, so that was the way we did it - we made a list and then said, "We will go and see so-and-so today."

It so happened that year that the Mayors of four large boroughs in the East End of London, in which live one million people, were

all ladies. I remember the Mayor of West Ham, Alderman Daisy Parsons. She gave a dinner one night to which came five other Mayors, and the Mayors began to change. The Deputy Mayor of East Ham, Alderman Fred Welch, went back and apologised to his wife, and to his arch-enemy in the Town Council because when one spoke the other always spoke to annoy him, although they were in the same party. The second Councillor had not spoken to the Mayor of his borough for eighteen years so he went to the Mayor and apologised, and the Mayor almost collapsed. This resulted in a different atmosphere in the meetings of the Borough Council. In the period just before the war, through the change in these men and women, both parties began to fight together for *what* was right instead of *who* was right, for the first time in their history, on the issue of the annual budget. When the war broke out, East Ham received a telegram from the Government, saying that they were one of the best organised boroughs in Britain, because they had learned the art of teamwork through the changes in their leaders.

Another friend of ours was the Mayor of Bethnal Green, Miss Dorothea Benoly. At the service for my mother in East London, she told how my mother used to arrive at her home morning after morning at 6 a.m. to awaken her, until she learned the habit of early rising to listen to God. "Annie Jaeger taught me a completely new outlook on my public work. In those days as now, slum clearance, housing, and public health were my passion. Annie never undervalued the importance of these things, but she did show me unmistakably that if reconstruction was going to be permanent it must begin with you and me."

At the time of my mother's passing I received the following cable from some of the civic leaders of East London:

"We East London civic leaders join with you in honouring your loved mother. Grateful for her front-line service with Moral Re-Armament which is of first importance for our communities and nation. Pioneer and homebuilder, she fought for nation of

sound families to make a sound family of nations. She forged lasting links of respect and gratitude between our two democracies. Hers the larger vision that all who toil should have not only worthy houses but sound homes, love-filled and fear-free, the guarantee of civic happiness and national strength. Her victorious passing will inspire us all in our work for the people.”

Alderman WILL THORNE, Member of Parliament, Plaistow

Alderman Mrs. L. EVANS, Mayor of Dagenham

Alderman Mrs. A. TAYLOR, former Mayor of East Ham

Alderman Mrs. E. PARSONS, former Mayor of West Ham

Miss DOROTHEA BENOLY, former Mayor of Bethnal Green

Alderman JOHN FITZGERALD, former Mayor of Leytonstone

Councillor GEORGE MONCAR, of East Ham

Councillor ROBERT MOGER, of East Ham

Alderman FRED WELCH, of East Ham

One day my mother wrote to Frank Buchman: “Some people have got into this work on the cheap. In East London I used to call on twelve homes a day without a car. You walked or took a bus. Sometimes I would go into the Swan Inn with only 2d in my bag and have a bun, without butter, and tea for lunch. Bill and I never knew where the money was coming from. Sometimes we had only 6d between us. We didn’t have a team in those days. We had to build one. Spitfire Megan was one of them. She was an Alderman, and she had a hot temper – that was why she was called ‘Spitfire.’ I called on her almost every day for a year.”

Tod Sloan was changed at that period, and his wife Liz. We had a mass meeting in the East End and outside the East Ham Town Hall we had a poster with this on it:

“It’s not an institution,  
It’s not a point of view.  
It starts a revolution  
By starting one in you.”

Communists and agitators like Tod Sloan (who always said he was a watchmaker by trade and an agitator by nature) came in to the meeting for a "basinful," to use his term, because they saw the word "revolution" on the poster. It meant my mother went to homes like his - difficult homes, with much liquor and fighting - and there were hundreds of homes like that among the leadership of the four million people who live in the East End of London.

On one occasion in the work in West Ham the unemployed leaders invited those of us in Moral Re-Armament to play them a game of football on the West Ham football ground. Every time they scored a goal one of the Communist leaders rang a bell and they sang "The Red Flag." We were ready to sing "Bridge-builders" but we never scored a goal. We lost the match seven goals to none, but we won the unemployed leaders themselves for Moral Re-Armament.

Then during the period of the King's coronation, mass meetings were held in West Ham and East Ham, and we had the West Ham football ground changing-rooms as living quarters for ninety of the London youth. Every night for two weeks we would go out and call on the Communists, dock workers and civic leaders and ask them to those meetings. The meetings were packed and out of that came the launching of Moral Re-Armament by Frank Buchman in the East Ham Town Hall in the year 1938. That was when Frank Buchman said, "We the remakers of the world. Is that not the thinking and willing of the ordinary man? Every man, woman and child must be enlisted, every home become a fort. We can, we must and we will generate a moral and spiritual force that is powerful enough to remake the world."

That was when the small son of a Communist who got changed said, "If you want to stop war in the world, you must stop war in the home."

Again at that period - and remember it was pre-war - we had many battles with the Communist Party who were furious because we were capturing many of their best leaders. One day we awoke

and found all the pavements all over West Ham marked with chalk, "Down with the Oxford Group, scared of the truth." They used to say we were Fascists and so on, and that we were in the pay of capitalists. At all our meetings we had very strong heckling. People used to shout from the audience and fight against what was said, and my mother in her gentle voice had to answer the hecklers. I remember in several meetings they tried to take control of the platform. There was one famous meeting when we had three hundred people, and thirty-five Communists began to sing "The Red Flag" and to march down the sides of the hall to take over the platform. My guidance was to sing "Bridgebuilders," and we sang that better than they sang "The Red Flag." The meeting ended and we went into personal work with them and they got changed. But it was a real battle. Communism was fighting then to control the masses, but Moral Re-Armament won them and that is why Moral Re-Armament was able to be launched on such a large scale in East Ham Town Hall.

Then my mother wrote Frank a letter which he used in a speech over the BBC in 1938 called "Chaos Against God":

"For me every day in East London is full. It is wonderful to see the fighting spirit of the people in spite of all the difficulties. I have just been to stay with my mother who is eighty-six, and my family. When I arrived they were just as curious as they could be to hear about people being reborn every day in the East End of London. One of those closest to me, who used to ridicule all I did, said, 'After all you have told me I begin to see you are right. I need to be different.' His wife was changed the day before I left and I heard them talking it over before five o'clock in the morning. Now my sister and niece are well on the way to being changed, and also a younger brother and his wife and two sons.

"The crisis has made many of us women think. Tomorrow night all the women of East London meet, and our guidance is that we talk about how to make every home a centre for Moral Re-Armament."

As a result of all the changing of the civic leaders in London, these men were constantly invited to speak to other town councils up and down the country on their experiences of applying MRA in their own councils. Five hundred Mayors and Deputy Mayors signed a cable of support for Moral Re-Armament a year before war broke out. And five hundred and fifty civic heads issued a proclamation after war broke out, calling on their citizens to live by the four standards of Moral Re-Armament and the guidance of God.

My mother and I took a team of changed workers to Sweden. I remember a woman Socialist Member of Parliament for Borlange, the steel area of Sweden, who came to the first meeting we had. My mother changed her; she went into the four standards with her, prayed with her on her knees, and she gave her life to the Lord. She did similar work with workers throughout the area, living in their homes.

Then my mother went to the first World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament at Interlaken, where she continued her work of changing women from many countries. She returned to East London and soon afterwards she received a cable from Dr. Buchman inviting her to join the campaign in America. I remember when I gave her the news I said to her, "Mother, there is a cable for you to go to America from Frank." She said, "When do I go?" I said, "Tomorrow." She said, "Well, if that is guidance, and Frank thinks I ought to go, I will go." She just had time to buy a hat and sailed to America on the same day.

In America she lived in hundreds of homes in the same way as she had done in East London. When she died I heard by letter from over five hundred families of what she had done to unite and change them and make them a force in the life of the country.

A good example of her work was at Christmas, 1939. I was still in England, while she was in Seattle. A girl there had asked her to her home in Victoria, British Columbia, but she had not told her mother. Her mother was annoyed and surprised that my

mother had been asked without her knowledge. So there was my mother on the doorstep with her case. The women said, "I suppose you had better come in." It was hard on my mother's pride. She went in and stayed through a very difficult Christmas with the whole family against her, but step by step she won them and at the end of the time they were so glad she had come. Towards the end of her visit the son in the family said, "Where does the money come from?" She opened her mail and there were five letters, each containing several dollars from people she had helped to change. "That is where the money comes from," she said. This answered the question very clearly.

Then there was one of the leaders of the steel workers in America, a big man three times her size. He and his wife had both been divorced earlier. They became very different through the care my mother gave them, and her patience in going to see them again and again. They changed and their home became united.

During the war years she travelled all over America with the cast of the Moral Re-Armament revue, *You Can Defend America*, and called herself the youngest chorus girl. She was then sixty-six. She always stood in the front line of the chorus at the opening and close of the show.

She was always writing letters and used to write them over several times until she felt they were just right. She always felt that husbands and wives should work together and she used to write "Dear Both," to be sure that both read the letter. She said to one couple, "Don't use such long words. Put it simply. We must show people how to get changed. So many of you are too intellectual and it does not reach people's hearts. Husbands and wives must work together and then people see it."

She used to visit the wives of local labour leaders, State labour leaders and the national labour leaders, as well as hundreds of wives of the rank and file workers. Also she knew Mrs. Henry Ford, Mrs. John L. Lewis, and Mrs. Thomas Edison. Her answer was always above class. She fought for sound homes for every

class. When she died I had messages about her from many national labour leaders, including William Green, President of the American Federation of Labour, and James Carey, Secretary of the Congress of Industrial Organisations.

Raydie Purdy, then aged eleven, went to see her when she was in the Detroit hospital before she died. At Christmas he sent her this message, "To a woman who has given her life to making other people great."

Dr. Irene Gates, a leading New York doctor, looked after my mother for seventeen months in the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. My mother had cancer. Mrs. Ford often went to see her. Dr. Gates made this statement at the service:

"Out of her faith her own spirit rose triumphant over pain and weakness. The doctors were amazed at her freedom from pain. They could not understand the slow progress of the disease and her continued strength. Examinations never disclosed any reason for it except the sheer quality of her own fighting spirit.

"Annie was simple in her faith. She loved the Lord, listened to Him and obeyed Him. Over a week ago when she seemed to be slipping away, she came back, regaining consciousness, and said, 'I almost went home that time, but He sent me back.' If she stayed, she knew she had work to do and a battle to fight. Nothing less than perfection was good enough for Annie Jaeger. There was no sadness in that room. It was a pageant of triumph and joy and constant change. At the end she was triumphant over disease, and not disease and death over her. She fought to stay as long as the Lord wanted her here. She knew she was going home. She listened continually and obeyed her guidance about her family and friends.

"When the time came that she might have had very severe pain, as she had always known He would, the Lord took care of her. Her heart gave out and she went to sleep very quietly and very peacefully. Watching with a person like Annie one sees life in a whole new light. I saw with tremendous clarity how a guided





BILL VISITS HIS MOTHER IN HOSPITAL, IN DETROIT

and victorious person who will go forward to meet and accept suffering, not resisting it but absorbing it, can change even the course of disease and her own exterior circumstances. Eternity was very close to us as we watched with Annie, and the other world very near.

“I saw the simple eternal verities – to love Jesus, to believe Him, to live so as to let Him change me, and to give me a passion, as she had, a passion for people. That is the end of living, and that I believe is what alone can make us what Annie is – a remaker of the world.”

#### CLARA JAEGER

It seems to me this is the story of how a woman who was merely good became a woman who was really great.

One of the last things that Annie said to Frank Buchman was this, “I am going to fight with my last breath for sound homes.” And she did.

I thought I might tell you a little of what she looked like. She was small, just under five feet, very slight and slender. She had white hair and bright blue eyes and pink cheeks. She was always very alert and neatly dressed. I remember when Ros Lombard took her out and they bought a blue hat with pink flowers on it in a Florida shop. She always wore a little brooch at her throat. There was nothing soft or sentimental about her, nor hard. She was full of humour, forthright and tender.

I first saw her sitting on the platform of the big meeting in Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C., on Frank Buchman's birthday in 1939. She was speaking on the transatlantic telephone to Bill and a mass meeting in East Ham Town Hall in London. The next time I saw her was at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where a Moral Re-Armament campaign was in progress. Annie always seemed to have a lot of women and girls around her. I did not

understand her very much in those days. but I felt a force. I remember her saying, "You women must learn to speak. Why aren't you speaking? Why do the men do all the talking?"

At that time I was a frivolous, materialistic, soft American girl. I had given my life to God as best I knew how, but I did not know the depth and significance of the four standards. Annie used to say, "You American women are so tall, you use such big words and talk so loud." Her British or Lancastrian forthrightness astonished me, but during those first months in which I knew her she showed me the greatest care. If ever I felt a little sad - there was Annie, teasing and tender until I changed. I remember one low moment in my life when I felt my world was coming to an end. Annie put her hand on my shoulder and said, "Could it be a little jealousy?" It could be, and it was.

It was about a year and a half later that I was invited to help Bill and Annie in the work with the trade unions. Annie took me on along with three other girls, all of us from very different backgrounds, four of those she was training to go "on the knocker". My first impression was of the many things we had to do. We had to work hard, and I did not like it. Annie was up at the crack of dawn. We had to get lists of the labour leaders, see to the car, gasoline, literature, be sure of what we were going to say, then go up and down the streets, up and down the steps of the workers' homes, in and out of houses, slogging away. Annie loved it, but it was a pace I wasn't used to and would not have chosen. But I seemed to find myself in it.

My pride was constantly being shattered. The first time I went in to call with Annie on a home I remember her walking up the steps to the little home and a strange woman came to the door, and Annie's wonderful smile and friendliness won her right away. Annie introduced herself, she had tickets for the MRA play we were showing in the town, and we went in. Annie chatted away and the woman listened eagerly. When I thought my moment had come I made a speech. Unfortunately my speech was all

about the leaders of the Congress of Industrial Organisations who had backed our work. As soon as we got out of the house Annie said, "That was an American Federation of Labour leader - you were giving evidence from the wrong camp."

Another time we were down South in the States and we were trying to change one of the lady organisers of the Hatters' Union and she was of Spanish descent, a fiery woman. We had been on her trail for some time. So far everything had gone all right and Annie especially had made great progress with her. Then this organiser invited us to come and go through some of the factories where they were making hats. All innocently we went there and I walked into her office outside the factory. She looked at me and said. "But you haven't got a hat on - you can't go into a hatters' plant without a hat!" and she went off and came back with a huge pea-green cart-wheel hat which she pushed on my head. I was so vain and proud that I took it off at once, but she said, "You have got to wear it." We were having a discussion on the point until Annie came along and said, "Stop being so selfish and thinking of yourself," and I had to go through the plant with the hat on my head all to one side. Part of Annie's changing of me was to make me willing to look a fool and to get rid of my stupid vanity.

We travelled up and down many states with Annie. She would start off early in the morning. She must have worked eighteen hours a day. She was sixty-six years old. We did not realise that she was seriously ill and at the same time she was the one who was changing us.

I know now I did not wholly grasp all that Annie was driving at. Often I was uncomfortable in her presence. That was especially true in the hospital in Detroit. I knew my living didn't match up to hers and I knew deep down that she had a quality of faith and courage I longed to have. She often said to me, "Why are you so pleasant on the outside?" Her question finally began to penetrate and was the thing which actually changed me more than

anything else – the dishonesty of a pleasant smile on the outside and down inside the turmoil of selfish thoughts and wanting your own way. The secret of her strength was that she was real through and through.

Annie loved telling us this story – “Once I knew a girl in London. She was wondering why she didn’t feel very happy. I said to her, ‘Have you followed your guidance?’ This girl opened her guidance book and found several places where she hadn’t. No wonder she didn’t feel happy. You have got to follow your guidance.” That was the simplicity of Annie. It was faithfulness in every little thing.

In the last days Annie came to live in our home in Philadelphia. Many of the team were there at that time. There was a great campaign in the shipyards and electrical plants. She arrived from Detroit and we went down to the station with a wheel chair for her. We had a room prepared for her near the head of the stairs where she could see everybody coming and going up and down. You had to go by her door. This was just what she liked, because when Annie came she probably knew these were her last days, but she came to change lives and she turned our family and hundreds of people upside down.

In a world of self-centred, self-concerned and self-conscious women, Annie stood out a radiant force because she never thought of herself. She lived to make other people great. Fatigue, discomfort, inconvenience never stopped her giving all she had to the many who pressed around her and sought her out. Her bright blue eyes, her quick smile were always there.

Single-hearted, and whole-hearted, once she saw the point of giving her will to God, she held nothing back. She saw that men and women were sick from selfishness, and she lived the answer to selfishness in her own life. Her adored only son, she also gave. I remember her saying, “Bill doesn’t belong to me, he belongs to everyone.” And she let everyone share him with her. The result was a love and unity of heart that every mother longs to have but

so often destroys through possessive love. Because Annie gave everything, the Lord came in and filled her with His own joy and peace.

I remember one time she said, "I long for you all to be really gracious, the way Frank Buchman is. I don't mean graciousness that is put on from the outside, but graciousness that comes from inside, that makes other people feel at ease."

I also remember how she fought near the end of her life for parents to understand the real needs of their children. She said one day to a group of parents who were sitting round her bed, "You expect your children to be honest with you about all they do; but are you equally honest with them about your own lives? You must have the same standard for yourselves as your children, if you expect them to respond."

How well Annie understood women, and the damage women can do to men and all those around them through indisciplined feelings and all forms of self-indulgence. She knew we tried to get our own way through our feelings. She told us how it kept our men from being free.

In her last days there were four of us American girls who nursed her; the four whom she had trained to go "on the knocker". Her room was as neat and glowing as she herself. It was filled with photographs of those she loved - her team. There was Frank Buchman, many of the couples, their children, the boys in the Services, Bill, her mother who was 93. Then there were flowers, and books, and her writing case. Everything as neat as a pin. You loved to come into her room. Here was the beauty of holiness. We knew we had to change when we went into her room. Any form of selfishness stood out like a sore thumb.

We took turns bringing her early morning tea. We prepared it at 5.30 in order to get it to her at 6. I remember opening the door of her room and Annie quickly switching on the lamp by her bed. How eagerly she pulled herself to a sitting position by pulling on the bedclothes. She was so thin and small then that her weight

was nothing at all. And how eagerly she reached out for that cup of tea, then sank back on the pillows and looked at you. She always knew in a glance if we were "on the ball" and at peace with the world, and she never let us down, even at the very end. She did fight with her last breath. It was very near the end when she looked at me at 6 o'clock one morning and said, "What is the matter with you? You don't seem your usual bright self." Now the four of us found we were often competitive for Annie's attention and love. When she spoke to me, I knew I was. I went to her later in the day and told her all about it. "Good girl," she said, as quick as a flash, seeing how badly I felt about it. "When we're perfect we'll go to heaven!" To one of the other girls who was feeling the same way she said these great words, "You must never be afraid to take second place."

I remember at that time being willing to accept Annie's hymns, because in a way you have to lose your pride before you understand them - they are so simple.

"Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own way,  
Hold o'er my being absolute sway."

"When I fear my faith will fail,  
Christ will hold me fast;  
When the tempter would prevail,  
He can hold me fast.

"I am precious in His sight,  
He will hold me fast;  
Those He saves are His delight;  
He will hold me fast."

Towards the end when she was very, very weak, strength came to her through two of the girls singing her favourite hymns. They sang to her again and again during the last two days and nights.

One of the hymns Annie asked for was "Moment by Moment," which expresses the secret of how she lived and how she died:

"Moment by moment I'm kept in His love;  
Moment by moment I've life from above;  
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine;  
Moment by moment, oh Lord I am Thine."

In the very end I had to stay away from her for several days because I had a cold, and the first day around again I was just going quietly past her door, which was almost closed and she heard me, or had guidance, and she called, "Is that you, Click?" And I ran in, flung myself on her bed and put my face down to hers. She said, "You will never, never know how much I love you - you and the other girls. I cannot go on the knocker any more. I have set the pace for you and now you have to do the work." That was the last thing she said to me.

I feel about Annie that she was absolute in two ways - absolute in obedience to guidance, and absolute in her trust of God. There was never a question in her mind that if God asked her to do something she would do it. She had no conflict. She was the same with everyone - the high and mighty, the lowly and the humble.

I would like to read you part of a letter she wrote to Frank Buchman:

"The other day Frank, I had a great temptation to try to walk downstairs alone, so that when the bodyguard came in I could say, 'See how well I can walk up and downstairs by myself.' I see how easily I could have given way, and maybe have fallen and undone all that has been done for me. It is hard at times, but how grateful I am, that the Lord keeps beside me, and does guide and direct this will of mine. It shows me more and more not one of us can have this life on the cheap. There is a price to pay every day. For me the hardest was and is my will. It seemed impossible to me that the Lord could take that, for it was my ordinary make-up, and the most dangerous thing about me."



I would like to close with the lines she always carried with her:

“I have no jewels to adorn Thy crown;  
No far-famed sacrifice to make. But here  
Within my trembling hand I bring  
This will of mine; a thing that seemeth small.  
But Thou alone wilt understand  
How when I yield Thee this, I yield my all.”

ROSAMUND VONDERMUHLL

The biggest thing that Annie taught me was how to make friends with people in a very simple and real way. We had travelled all over the eastern part of the States as Clara has just told you. At the end of May, 1942, it was very clear that Annie was not at all well. We were sharing a room together in a hotel in Indianapolis. Dr. Paul Campbell examined her and thought she should go to the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit at once. We took a train and arrived in Detroit first thing in the morning. This was the first time that Annie had been in hospital. She could have been very afraid, but she was not, because every day she had guidance and she felt that Christ was with her. His presence was a fresh experience for her every day. Soon after she came there she had to have an operation. In the morning her guidance was to say two lines of her favourite hymn, “My faith looks up to Thee.” She sang it going into the operating theatre.

One day Frank Buchman came to see her, bringing with him many of the team. Annie was brought down in a wheel chair, dressed in a deep red velvet dressing gown which Mrs. Henry Ford had given her. She looked like a queen. Her guidance at that time was, “First of all, I am grateful for all Frank has given. What a joy it is to meet as a family like this. Be of good cheer, I am not yet ready to come out, but I’m not downhearted.” Frank’s

guidance was, "Go in peace. It is God's first plan to meet like this. This is life eternal. We have got the core of a very powerful ideology here. We need this new philosophy to win the world."

Every day during the months she was there we went in to see her regularly. She was always making friends in the hospital. There was a nurse who one day told Annie that she was going to be married. So Annie asked us to get her something. They were married in the church across the street, and just after the service they both appeared in Annie's room. The nurse so much wanted Annie to meet her husband.

There was an orderly named John, who distributed the MRA handbook *You Can Defend America* throughout the city. His daughter was a school teacher, and the handbook was distributed to all the classes of her school.

One nurse who came to take care of Annie for a short while heard the whole story of Annie's change, and the nurse came back the next day and said to Annie, "I have been dishonest with my mother and last night I told her everything and we have a new relationship." She was so different that another patient noticed it, so Annie was able to tell the patient the story.

Another time a new doctor came to her room. Annie said, "I was kneeling at my prayers. I do not know how long I was there, and when I got up, there stood the doctor." He said he had never seen anything like that before.

When she became stronger, we took wives of labour leaders to see her. They never forgot the experience. Another thing that astonished all the people in the hospital was the amount of mail she used to receive from so many different countries. That was the way she lived. She was always writing letters - she always had a batch for us to put in the box when we came to see her.

The day she got up and first put on her clothes was a great triumph and she walked down the corridor and began to get to know the patients in the other rooms. The first time we took her out in the car for a drive around the city was a special day. The

doctors were absolutely amazed that she was able to go out in this way and they finally decided she was well enough to make the voyage by steamer from Detroit to Mackinac Island. I went with her and it was a wonderful trip. There was a great crowd to welcome us at the dock. When the horse-drawn carriage rolled up to the front of the Island House, there was Frank Buchman standing at the top of the steps, hat in hand, waiting to receive her. She said afterwards that the thing that impressed her most of all was the way Frank Buchman stood there to receive her. She said, "That must be the way people will be received when they go to Heaven."

When we returned to Detroit, the doctors said she was well enough to stay in a home. At that time she had got so thin that one day her wedding ring dropped off her finger and was lost. It was the last of the things her husband had given her which she still possessed, and now even that was gone. The doctors in the hospital said, "If we had more people like Annie we would have to re-write our text-books on medicine. She is so victorious that the course of her disease has altered tremendously. A miracle in every sense of the word." A few weeks later she took an eighteen-hour train journey to Philadelphia to Clara Clark's home, where she began the most triumphant weeks of her life.

#### MARGERY HAINES

My husband and I learned a lot from Annie, especially about fighting as one instead of two separate individuals, and it was from Annie's death-bed in the Clark home that we felt commissioned to carry on her philosophy of sound homes. One of the most impressive things about Annie was that she made God's will her will, especially in the last days of her illness. Many of us would like to run home when we are ill, but Annie was at the heart of the battle for a new world.

Bill shared Annie's last days with all of us. So often when a person is ill and dying, the doors are closed and there is solemn gloom through the whole house. There was a wonderful openness about Annie's going and the doors were open. We were allowed to share with Bill the last precious moments of Annie's life. Many times we would go in and stay there with Annie, hold her hands, and pray with her round her bed and the girls would sing to her. Frank's picture was facing her bed, there were Mrs. Ford's flowers, Warner Clark's and Duncan Corcoran's pictures too, and all the other photographs.

On the last evening, Bill asked for Delia, the coloured laundress, and Mary, the Irish cook, to come in. They came in and stood smiling at Annie for a little while.

One of the girls sang "The Old Rugged Cross." Bill said, "I am proud of all your fight, mother dear, and what you have given." Annie responded to Bill's voice and a faint smile flitted over her face though she was too weak to speak. Bill whispered, "Mother, darling." Annie replied clearly, "I can't give it up." We felt she was referring to the fight and reminded each other of the message she sent to Frank, "I will fight with my last breath."

After the singing of the hymn, Annie was slightly restless and Bill said, "Darling, I am here with you." Annie replied, "Oh, my son. Oh Father." Bill said, "Darling you are doing well." The girls began to sing. Annie responded immediately. Her face lit up with a look we shall never forget and she said, "Oh, oh."

Early in the morning with just a few around her I felt she revealed the secret and passion of her life in her last words, "Oh my Saviour, dear Lord, my son, my mother."

## A MESSAGE FROM DR. FRANK BUCHMAN

She lives. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints." Such is the queenly heritage of Annie Jaeger, who lived the miracle of being poor yet making many rich, of having nothing yet possessing all things.

To you her gallant son our abiding love and gratitude. You have tasted of the springs of eternal life as your mother and you journeyed through life together. I echo your mother's words, "I, too, am proud of you, Bill," as we unitedly are proud of a mother who had the vision to leave such a heavenly heritage to her son and to all who follow in her train.

Where in a frame so frail such shining spirit?  
Where 'neath a head so white an eye so bright?  
Where in a doubting age so clear a vision?  
Where amid skies so grey a heart so gay?  
Where in a world of self so pure a passion?  
Where at a life's decease such perfect peace?

## FOR ANNIE JAEGER

There will be many voices at her passing,  
Many a hand outstretched to greet her light  
Exultant spirit, fearless at the crossing,  
With pure enjoyment of the heavenly sight.

Little White Rose of Lancaster, surrounded  
By all the fairest flowers of history,  
The saints and martyrs, who their foes confounded,  
The simple scholars of Christ's mystery.

True was the setting of her life's direction,  
Christ's love in one sure bond summed up all others;  
A trinity enclosed her heart's affection,  
One loyalty to Saviour, son and mother.

This is her day of triumph; this the token  
Of life immortal that we here rejoice  
In earthly choirs, while the same hymn unbroken  
Rings through the heavens with Annie's free clear voice.

MORRIS MARTIN

God's lavish brush paints every autumn glory  
Ere the leaves settle to their winter's rest,  
And sunset crowns the day's majestic story  
With royal colours flaming in the West:  
So, Annie, these your latest years have been  
A glory such as eye has seldom seen.

BREMER HOFMEYR

## SOME OF ANNIE'S FAVOURITE HYMNS

What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought,  
Since Jesus came into my heart!  
I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,  
Since Jesus came into my heart!

Since Jesus came into my heart,  
Since Jesus came into my heart,  
Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

I'm possessed of a hope that is steadfast and sure,  
Since Jesus came into my heart!  
And no dark clouds of doubt now my pathway obscure,  
Since Jesus came into my heart!

Since Jesus came into my heart,  
Since Jesus came into my heart,  
Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

There is sunshine in my soul today,  
More glorious and bright  
Than glows in any earthly skies,  
For Jesus is my light.

O there's sunshine, blessed sunshine  
When the peaceful, happy moments roll;  
When Jesus shows His smiling face,  
There is sunshine in my soul.

There's music in my soul today,  
A carol to the King,  
And Jesus, listening, can hear  
The songs I cannot sing.

There's springtime in my soul today,  
For, when the Lord is near,  
The dove of peace sings in my heart,  
The flow'rs of grace appear.

There's gladness in my soul today,  
And hope and praise and love,  
For blessings which He gives me now,  
For joys "laid up" above.

Dying with Jesus, by death reckoned mine;  
Living with Jesus, a new life divine;  
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,  
Moment by moment, oh Lord I am Thine.

Moment by moment I'm kept in His love;  
Moment by moment I've life from above;  
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine;  
Moment by moment, oh Lord I am Thine.

Never a trial that He is not there,  
Never a burden that He doth not bear,  
Never a sorrow that He doth not share,  
Moment by moment, I'm under His care.

Never a heartache, and never a groan  
Never a teardrop and never a moan;  
Never a danger but there on the throne,  
Moment by moment He thinks of His own.



Never a weakness that He doth not feel,  
Never a sickness that He cannot heal;  
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,  
Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour Divine;  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou has died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm and changeless be,  
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

