



Richard L. Warren

Ph. D., Stanford University

June 12, 1966

TO
DICK
ETHEL
DEBBIE
&
DICK

"UP ANCHOR, SMOOTH SAILING, BLUE SKIES"

Stanford University
June 12, 1966

Dick:

This album contains only a few photos and papers from the rich, vigorous life of Mother and Dad.

It should serve as a reminder of a wonderful past. But it has a deeper meaning and that is the challenge which it holds out to you and Ethel, Debbie and Dick, to carry the torch from one generation to the next.

Congratulations and continued success!

Betty, Bill, Jean and Jane
and families







The Tatler 1914



C. W. WARREN



ASA Q. BURNS

Oratory

THE annual state oratorical contest was held March 5, 1914, with Central College at Fayette, Mo. Mr. C. W. Warren, a Sophomore, won the local contest with "The New Vision of Our Duty to the Immigrant," and therefore represented the College in the state contest. Mr. Warren won second place without any close competition for the rank.

MARY IRENE CLARK - AGE 14 WEEKS - HARVARD, ILL.



Rev. Moulton N. Clark
Mrs. Jennie Lake Clark, his second wife,
Mary Irene Clark, their only child.

His last pastorate was at Dixon, Illinois, where he died in 1912. Mary was a freshman that year at Beloit College.

Howard Beaver and I were selling books that summer in Dixon and Rock Falls, Ill.

The Sunday before he died I attended the Congregational church and had no idea that death was so near. The following Friday he and Mary were at a ball game when he collapsed with a heart attack. Mary phoned me at the Y.M.C.A. I came to the home at once and was present at his final hour. Mary took it bravely but her mother was crushed with grief.

When I came to the home next day, Mary was at the telephone making all funeral arrangements. I was deeply impressed with her calm, strong voice as she called relatives and friends. Auntie Grace, and Ann at Walworth and Jo at South St. Paul. Of course, I had no idea then that some day she would be my beloved wife. Never have I known a person like her, who could face sorrow and tragedy with strength and courage, carrying her burdens and those of others who leaned upon her for help.

I attended the funeral service at the home but did not go to Walworth.

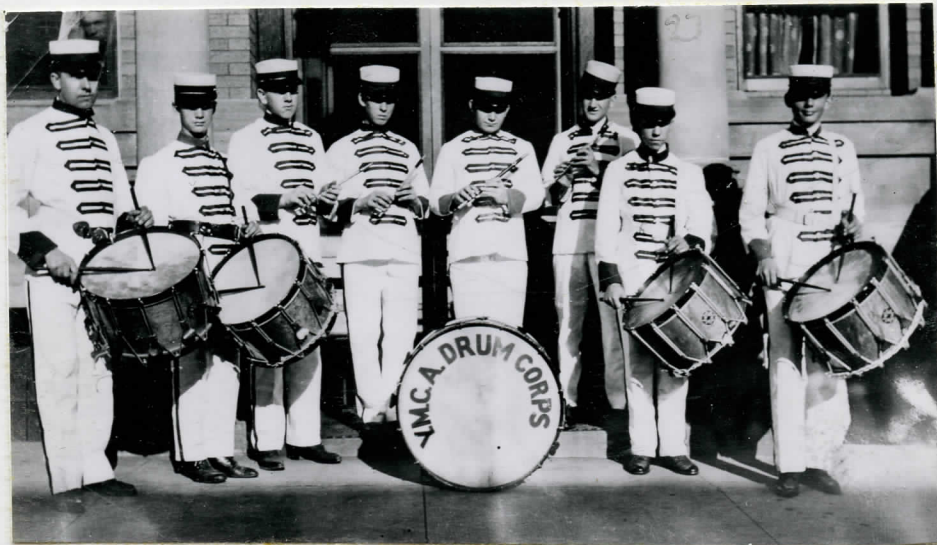


Dear Mary from Dilworth
This is your dear grand
mother on the Dixon. Ill
High School girls basketball
team. I think the
late rose 1911 16





Junior year at Beloit College



A TEN WORD CREED

“The Power of God through Christ will supply my needs”

Repeat this creed each night. If rightly used it will induce restful sleep. You will awaken in the morning refreshed, free from worry, and ready to face life unafraid.

Many who have suffered because of unemployment, loss of regular income, and consequent ill-health, have testified that they have discovered a new source of health and happiness by use of this creed.

It is a simple expression of faith in the creative power of God to meet life's needs. Cast all your care upon Him. Stop worrying. Perform daily some act of faith. Trust in God and do your part. You will receive a blessing greater than you can ask or think.

Yours sincerely,

Rev. Claude W. Warren, Congregational Church,
915 Broadway, Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Read Isaiah 26:3. Mark 5:36. Eph. 3:20. I Peter 5:7.



ORDINATION STATEMENT

WASHBURN MEMORIAL CHURCH

I was reared in a Christian home in a small country town in Northern Illinois. I have always been a regular attendant at church and Sunday School of which my father was superintendent. Mother taught the primary class. Both of my parents sang in the choir.

As a direct result of the influence of my boyhood pastor, Rev. Ernest L. Benson, now of Burlington, Iowa, I joined the church at age fourteen.

I have always prayed since a young boy and do not remember when I did not consider myself a Christian. Joining the church was but the public avowal of what I had always believed. Until my seventeenth birthday my ambition was to study law, but as a result of the influence of Mr. Benson during those formative years I decided to renounce the law for the ministry. The ideal friendship established between us made me want to live the kind of life he lived and do the work he was doing for God and humanity.

At the age of seventeen, I experienced a clear, definite call to the ministry but the call could not be realized at that time. I was compelled to give up my plans for college because of obligations at home. For the next nine years I helped support my parents during which time I entered the work of the railroad Y. M. C. A. as a membership secretary and shop speaker in Marshalltown, Iowa and Chicago, Illinois.

Here I came in contact with hundreds of working men who had become estranged from the church. They were friendly and gave me a fair hearing but maintained an attitude of antagonism toward organized religion.

I became convinced that until the church should be able to win back the good will and support of the working classes, she would not be doing her full duty. If the Y. M. C. A. could not do it, the Church must. As a result of this conviction, I gave up my position in the Y. M. C. A. and began once more my preparation for the ministry. I entered the University of Chicago to complete my undergraduate work, with special courses in sociology, philosophy and economics, graduating there in 1917. I then began my full Seminary course.

This constitutes my two calls to the ministry, the first as the result of the influence of a village pastor, the second growing out of an experience with men of a railroad machine shop.

I will now state my religious beliefs. These also have come out of my experience rather than from the study of books on theology.

I believe in God the Father, perfect in wisdom, goodness and love as revealed in nature, history and in the souls of men.

I believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Saviour of the world, who lived and died and rose again and lives forevermore.

I believe in the Holy Spirit who reveals Christ to us and comforts and inspires us.

I believe that sin is reality in human life and is an opposition to God, as well as injury to ourselves and to our fellow men.

I believe that Christianity is a religion of salvation, not merely a system of high moral teachings that Christ died for the world. His life and death makes it possible for us to enter into a new life and to live according to the will of God.

I believe the Bible is the record of God's progressive revelation to men. It shows how men have found God in the past and how we may find him today.

I believe in the Christian Church, of which Christ is the Head, as the agency which Jesus intended should be used to bring in the Kingdom of God.

I believe in the congregational, democratic form of church government, the autonomy of the local church, and independence from ecclesiastical control, and in fellowship with other churches, with freedom and responsibility of the individual, and the right of private judgment.

I believe the work of the Christian ministry offers the greatest opportunity for service in the world today. It presents a challenge and calls for courage of the highest order, a courage even greater than that manifested on the battlefield. The new world, born out of bloodshed and suffering, needs the gospel of the saving power of the Son of God. The principles of Jesus must be applied to all the relationships of life: individual, social, economic, and international. Only in this way can the Kingdom of God be realized on earth. It is for such a purpose that God calls men to the Christian ministry.

It is for such a crusade that I now volunteer.

Claude William Warren
June 5, 1919





Arriving at camp Salmo Beach on Lake Superior near Bayfield, Wisconsin.

Overland car with folded baby bed in front.

Mary and I on top.

We rented a cabin of the Nourse family, farmers. This family had two children who graduated at Northland College, Gladys and Henry.

On this farm, our boys, Bill and Dick, got the surprise of their young lives when they witnessed the birth of a calf. I shall never forget the look on Bill's face as he described this awe-inspiring sight.

And what fun we had playing with our two collie pups, Jess and Joe, on the sandy beach. We bought these pups from a Congregational minister, Rev. Ralph, at Elcho. Bill paid three dollars for the male; the female was thrown in free just to get rid of her. We kept Jess for many years and she raised some fine pups, especially Mac whom we gave to the Turchis, caretakers on the Chain of Lakes, twelve miles west of town.





The Chicago Theological Seminary

(CONGREGATIONAL)
FOUNDED IN 1855

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TELEPHONE MIDWAY 9263

May 24, 1927.

Mrs. Claude W. Warren,
Ashland, Wisconsin.

My dear Mrs. Warren:

You do not know how much I appreciate your lovely letter of May 14th. You are just as kind and considerate as you used to be, along with all that added perception of fitness which has come through your experience with the church. I do wish I could see the children and sometime I hope I may.

It was a pure joy to have you dear people here and I am so happy that you could come. We want the bond between the graduates and the Seminary to be of the closest kind.

If I was able to say a single word which helped you back there in Beloit, I am more than happy. I am rather old-fashioned in my ideas and find myself occasionally strangely lost in this curious modern world. I believe that people are living most naturally when they fall in love with one another and sometimes when they are married, without all the worldly goods that they would like to have at their disposal and I think that they ought to tell one another so. This cold-blooded reserve which seems to be so popular and all this flippant talk about marriage and home-life simply go against my deepest convictions. Perhaps that's because I have had the happiest kind of a home for thirty years.

Sometime, perhaps, I can come to see you in your new home and in the new church. Give the children a little hug from the old gentleman they never have seen who cares very much for their father and mother.

Yours cordially,

Ozora S. Davis

OSD:C



For several years we owned a cabin on Black Oak Lake where our family with dear grandma Clark spent most of our summers, a place of happy memories, fishing, boat rides and hikes through the forest trails. We kept a small garden there where we raised sweet corn and tomatoes. I was told that the danger of frost on the south side of a lake is not as great as on the north side.

My successor at the church at Land O' Lakes was Fred Babcock, a Boy Scout leader recommended by Morris Chandler of Baraboo. He has been there since 1935 doing a fine job the past twenty-two years. He bought several acres of land on the shore of Lake George to be used for a summer camp for boys, regardless of church connection. Also has been very successful in conducting Vacation Bible schools at Land O' Lakes and Watersmeet, Michigan, nine miles north.

Since we left there three other churches have been started, Baptist and Lutheran in the Community House and a new Catholic church has been erected near the school house. The Ernest Carlsons, formerly members of our church, at once joined the Lutheran church.

Ten words that may change your life:

"I Believe in the Creative Power of the Living God"

This simple expression of faith has instilled hope and courage into the lives of many people.

All who yield mind and heart to the creative power will be changed for the better.

May it bring a blessing to you who read this message.

Repeat it daily and pass the thought on to others.

The undersigned will be glad to hear personally by letter or phone from all who have been helped.

REV. CLAUDE W. WARREN,
Community Church,
Land o' Lakes, Wisconsin.

Read Mark: 9:24.





For several years we owned a cabin on Black Oak Lake where our family with dear grandma Clark spent most of our summers, a place of happy memories, fishing, boat rides and hikes through the forest trails. We kept a small garden there where we raised sweet corn and tomatoes. I was told that the danger of frost on the south side of a lake is not as great as on the north side.

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Warrers and
Wells



MEMORIAL SHRINE
PHOTO BY PARFITT

Land O'Lakes, Wis.
Sunday night after church,
April 7, 1929.

Dear little Madonna:

Well, I just wanted to tell you Richard's bed
time message- "give mamma lots of hugs, love, and kisses" so
said the other two irresponsibles on mounting the ladder to
the upper loft.

Had a wonder^{ful} Easter program tonight. The play,
"From Darkness to Dawn" went over big, Harlen Ina, and Mae Heinig
had leading parts and handled them like veterans. And of course our
darling Betty shown with a gracious charm and queenly presence all
her own. It was beautiful and I wish we could give it again for the
summer friends in August. About 90 were present.

And we had 150 at the Men's Club dance last night
and there would have been a much larger crowd if the roads had
been passable to Eagle River. All had a good time and there was no
booze in evidence. In my talk tonight I congratulated the club. Con-
radsen and several officers were present.

Carlson got drunk again a week ago and was taken to
Eagle. He demanded a jury trial and got it. The jury disagreed and
the case will go to next term of court in May. He almost tipped the
car over hauling the school children home, ran into a ditch and scared
them terribly. When he got home he beat his wife and gave her a
black eye. Schreck, and others testified in court that he was not
drunk, only sick. The wets and drys have now something else to
argue over. When is a man drunk? Is he drunk if he runs children
into the ditch and beats his wife- or only sick.?

We are all watching eagerly for the return of the
runaway wife and her big basket with a baby in it. But I am sorry
it wont be Tuesday. I have a funeral at Watersmeet tomorrow (Mon.)
Mrs. Okert, Mrs. Geo. Keough's mother. Have cancelled the Tuesday
church service and changed it to Wednesday so I can go to Rhinelander
Tuesday and bring my two better halves home Wednesday night. Sorry
but you know I am doing my very best by you and yours. Grandma
and the children are quite disappointed as am I but we will celebrate
all the harder when you arrive.

Much love, hugs and kisses as Richard says.
And I agree with you about undesirableness of single blessedness.

Always yours,

Daddy.

DAY BEFORE EASTER IN NORTH WOODS.

It is Saturday morning, the first day of Spring, and the day before Easter. What a rare combination of time, place and events! It is good to be alive on a day like this!

There is a rap at the front door of the parsonage. We open the door to greet the expected guests. Here they are, some two dozen Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts dressed in hiking costume ready for a day's outing in the woods. Line up, Scouts, we will start at once.

Our objective on this hike is two-fold. This morning we will gather arbutus blossoms at the edge of the swamp on the other side of Bass Lake, three miles distant. After lunch, we are going to build an altar in the woods in preparation for an out-door service early tomorrow morning, Easter Sunday.

The Scouts are lining up eagerly anticipating the day's outing. Do you see that boy leading his troop marching ahead with the ax over his shoulder? He thinks he is a Daniel Boone of the twentieth century. His father is an old-time lumberman who blazed trails all over northern Wisconsin and upper Michigan. ~~His~~^{He} son is the best basket-ball player on the high-school team. He is an expert trout-fisherman and he usually comes home on the first day of the hunting season with his buck deer. A faithful member of our Sunday School, a magnificent specimen of American Boyhood of the North Woods is this boy marching along with ax on shoulder.

See that girl at the head of the Girl Scouts! She is the best singer in the girls' choir, secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society, a leader in all out-door sports, swimming, skating, and skiing. It has been said that the secret of beauty is animated happiness. If so, she has it.

Will you join us, my friends, on this Saturday hike? We hope to learn from these boys and girls some things which are not found in books. It is said that knowledge is found in books, but that wisdom comes from life. What can these youngsters teach us concerning the finest of the fine arts, worship in God's out-of-doors?

We will take that trail thro^{ugh} the poplars and birches that winds around the north shore of Bass lake and then climb the hill yonder, to catch a vision of the sun-lit pines and hemlocks standing like sentinels on the hill-sides, Norways and white pine, spruces and balsams with tamaracks and cedars at the edge of the swamp. How beautiful they look this glorious April morning!

After a brisk hike we find ourselves directly facing a bed of arbutus close to the swamp. Down on your knees, Scouts, and brush aside the fallen leaves and pine needles. There they are, literally hundreds of pearly-pink blossoms peeping out of the moss, rocks and dried leaves and pine needles. Their aromatic blossoms, clustered on short leafy twigs, fill the air with delicious perfume proclaiming the victory of Spring over Winter. They give forth a message of purity and beauty.

What thoughts come to mind, what emotions throng the soul as we kneel reverently before a bed of arbutus! The heavens declare the glory of God, and the cut over lands of Wisconsin and Michigan show forth His exquisite beauty. As we bow in adoration, we seem to behold the form of an angel with flaming sword in hand and we hear a voice, "Tread softly, God is here. This is the House of God and this is the gate of Heaven."

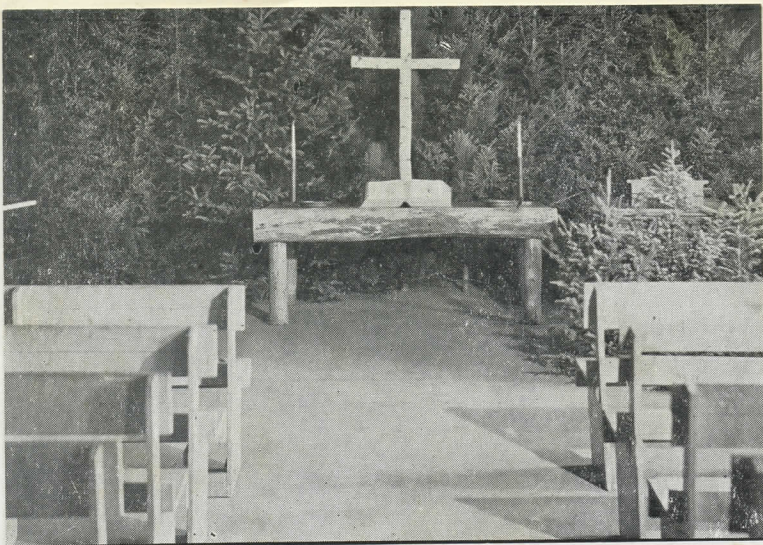
After lunch which we enjoyed near the edge of the swamp with its bed of arbutus, the boys helped the pastor to complete an out-door altar with a white birch cross erected on an old pine stump with a back-ground of hemlocks and spruce trees.

In the foreground we hauled some old abandoned logs left by lumbermen years ago. These served for seats facing the woodland shrine. All was now in readiness for an early Easter morning worship.

Easter morning dawns bright and beautiful. The hour for the out-door service has arrived. The boys and girls who built the altar have come with parents and friends to worship the risen Christ in the presence of the white birch cross. From the little folding organ concealed with evergreen boughs at the right of the altar comes floating thro' forest aisles the first notes of the call to worship. Old familiar hymns recall memories of former days: "Jesus Calls Us O'er The Tumult", "When Morning Guilds The Skies," "When I Survey The Wondrous Cross," "There Is A Green Hill Far Away." Strains from these well-loved hymns played softly on the organ bring the waiting congregation into the exalted mood of worship.

On the opposite side of the altar thro' a forest aisle comes the children's choir garbed in white surplices singing the processional hymn, "Christ the Lord is ris'n today." The congregation stands as minister and choir approach the altar. Then follows invocation, doxology and the Lord's Prayer, the same prayer our fathers prayed in the little village church, the pioneer's cabin in the wilderness and the deck of the Mayflower. In the presence of the white birch cross in the woods ~~as~~ we have come to confess our sins and pledge our loyalty to our common Lord and Master. Once more we survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of Glory died. Our hearts are lifted up in praise and adoration at this altar in the North Woods. It is Easter, April, 1926.





NORTHWOODS ALTAR
COMMUNITY CHURCH, LAND O' LAKES, WISCONSIN



RECONCILIATION OF TWO BROTHERS

While our appeal was in behalf of the cause of good will and brotherhood among the men of the logging camps, August 1926, no one except my beloved wife knew of a deeper and more personal reason which motivated my efforts. This was the hope and prayer that my two older brothers who had become estranged from each other, might become reconciled in some way by means of this tour.

The misunderstanding between my brothers had developed into a quarrel which continued for years causing grief to our beloved parents. I wrote often to each brother appealing for reconciliation and forgiveness for the sake of our parents. My efforts failed; my prayers went unanswered. These brothers never met face to face for many years. At the death of our parents, one brother came to father's funeral, the other to mother's. I attended both.

Years passed. The conviction grew upon me that God had placed upon me the responsibility to bring my brothers together. This was my supreme call as a minister, to preach and demonstrate the power of human brotherhood, the Fatherhood of God, the Lordship of the living Christ, keeping always in mind the family tragedy and a hope of reconciliation.

Then came the miracle. While preaching in the camps, I sat down while my companion sang a charming solo. A vision rose before me as I looked toward the dim light of the kerosene lamp. My two brothers seemed to be facing each other on opposite sides of the lamp. They were smiling and shaking hands. Between them and above the lamp was a vision of Christ who seemed to say, "These are my brothers, go on with your message."

The solo ended and the vision faded. What was the result of this strange adventure in the bunk house that night, thirty-four years ago? When I returned to my Ashland home, I found a letter from my oldest brother in Oklahoma, inquiring about the health of the other brother in Chicago, his first letter in years showing ~~xxxxxxxx~~ brotherly concern. I immediately wrote to both brothers relating my experience in the bunk house expressing the hope that we might have a reunion soon. My Chicago brother invited me to accompany him on a trip to Oklahoma at his expense. It was a happy occasion for us all. On the following Sunday I was invited to preach at the little Presbyterian church in central Oklahoma, where my oldest brother served as a deacon. I chose for my text: "All men are brothers, one is your master, even Christ."

With my two brothers sitting side by side in the front pew, I told the story of our grand parents who in pioneer days started a little Congregational church in the prairies of northern Illinois, a church in which we three boys were later baptized and dedicated to the Christian life.

It was an hour for precious memories and a renewal of boyhood vows. We all were conscious of the presence of our parents and grand-parents watching over us from the ramparts of glory.

After many years of waiting, hoping and praying, the miracle of reconciliation had taken place. The vision in the bunk-house in northern Wisconsin was fulfilled in a village church in far away Oklahoma.





Column Left.

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

**Leaves Rockton Church
After 14 Years There.
Pastor Warren Retires
From Active Ministry.
World Day of Kindness
To Every Living Thing.**

Barney Thompson

ON JAN. 1, 1954, the Rev. Claude W. Warren will be permitted to leave the pastorate of the Old Stone church at Rockton after 14 years in its service.

And in relinquishing the Rockton post, he will be retiring from an active ministry which has covered 36 years and six pastorates in Wisconsin and Illinois.

Mr. Warren will go to the west coast and make home with his oldest daughter, Mrs. Betty Dillaway, at Redondo Beach, near Los Angeles.

His retirement from the active ministry is formal. He will continue in the work as supply preacher, teaching Bible classes, lecturing on two of his favorite personalities, — Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee.

He believes that a man should retire from his job while he still has health and can be useful.

THE OLD STONE CHURCH was reluctant to let Pastor Warren go. But on Sept. 21, last, the members voted a regretful acceptance and their affectionate best wishes.

The Rev. Mr. Warren is a hometown boy. He was born at Poplar Grove where his father, John, was postmaster in the 90's.

His beloved boyhood pastor, the Rev. Ernest L. Benson, who now lives in retirement in Elgin made the gospel ministry seem a very attractive dedication.

So young Claude graduated from the Poplar Grove high school, the University of Chicago,

and the Chicago Theological seminary. He holds a master's degree.

His first settled assignment was at this state's Half Day, followed by four Wisconsin tenures, — at Sturgeon Bay, Ashland, Land O'-Lakes, Baraboo; then back to Illinois and Rockton, an old village not many miles from where he was born.

CLAUDE WARREN never got too far from home. I am reminded of Thoreau's simple and significant declaration that he had traveled much in Concord, — a small world made spacious by wisdom and human understanding.

This steadiness in the life of Pastor Warren likewise is manifested in the fact that all his six ministries have been in the Congregational church.

As a boy it was Claude's wish to preach to lumberjacks and other men for long months removed from church contacts.

Land O' Lakes beckoned him. He organized a church on this Wisconsin-Michigan boundary. In Ashland he also taught Bible in Northland college; at Sturgeon Bay he was president of the Door County Chamber of Commerce for a year.

ALL HIS LIFE Mr. Warren has lived in small towns and rural communities. Largely by choice this has been so.

He thinks there is no greater honor than to be pastor in a village, for that's where so many of the nation's foremost leaders come from.

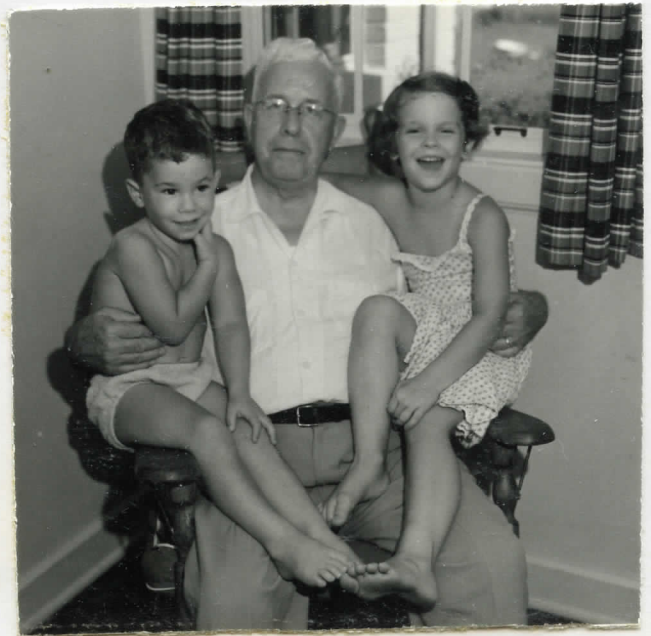
In 1917, Mr. Warren was married to Mary Clark, daughter of a pastor's family at Delavan Lake. The Rev. Dr. Wilfred Rowell (then and again now) of Beloit college performed the ceremony. Mrs. Warren died in 1946, a sorrow heavy upon his spirit to this day.

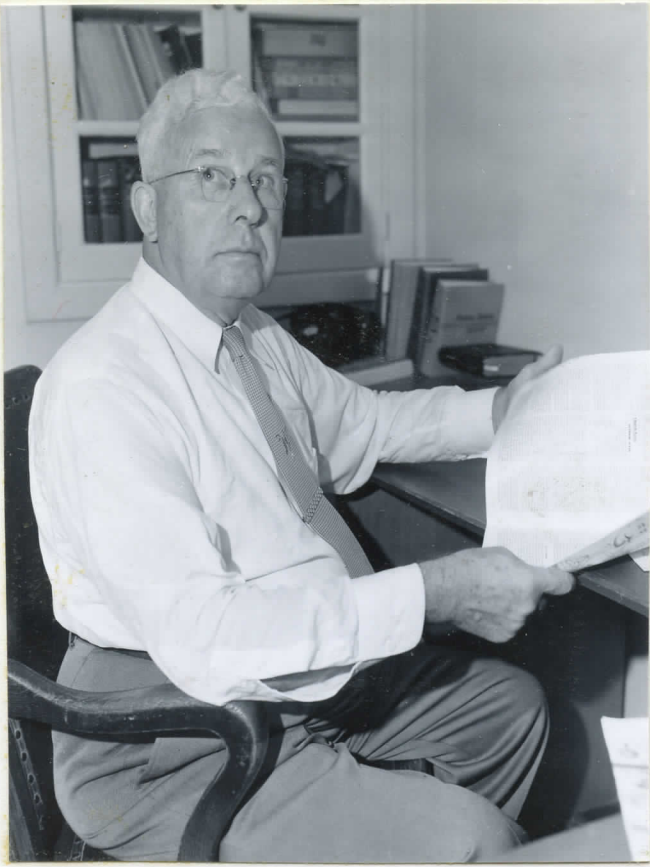
But he and his five children rose above their sorrow and carried on to make the most of themselves.

Such courage and accomplishment are a tender memorial to one who is gone. There are now 10 grandchildren.

In a personal note to Column Left, the Rockton minister gives thanks to the laymen who in every church he has served have given him a supporting strength.

If he has helped folk over rough places they too have helped him.







SOME THOUGHTS ON TURNING EIGHTY

What kind of an outlook should a person have after eighty years? Well, inspite of the cold war, fall-out, social unrest, increased crime rates, traffic jams and death on the highway, I am resolved that life isn't going to get me down!

After more than a half century of labor in the Lord's Vineyard in Illinois, Wisconsin, Upper Michigan, Iowa, California and Alabama I still maintain that life has creative value and the future is bright with hope. I believe in the philosophy of Robert E. Lee who at the close of the Civil War observed that "the greatest lesson of history is hope".

Through the years I have developed rules for health and happiness which I have tried to live by wherever I am and whatever I may be doing. Try some of them you're not too old to begin!

1. Every night take a look at the stars to keep in touch with infinity.
2. Memorize some choice Psalms of the Ancient Hebrews (my favorite is the Eighth Psalm, much beloved by Abraham Lincoln).
3. Memorize a few beautiful Christmas carols (I like best, "Angels from the Realms of Glory").
4. Take a deep breath frequently and walk a few miles each day; better still, ride a bike. I do every day; it is the best recreation in the world.
5. Start each day with a pleasant thought.
6. Look for the good in others.
7. Find time to play with children and associate with young people. Teach them to enjoy the beauty of nature.
8. Try to make the world a little happier, wiser and better because you are living in it.
9. Read good books, learn to meditate, search for the truth.
10. Remember, finally, you are as young as you feel and think.

What I know most of all after four score years is that the search for the creative life is an endless, joyous experience. I invite you to join me.

With apologies to Browning:

The best is yet to be,
To retire is not for me!

Rev. Claude W. Warren
CHAPLAIN, PLYMOUTH PLACE
315 North La Grange Road
La Grange Park, Illinois



THREE LITTLE WORDS AND TEN MORE

Three little words were given to a nine year old girl, Helen Keller, by a dear friend Bishop Phillips Brooks - "God is Love;" I John 4:8. For over eighty years these words have inspired Miss Keller in a life of noble deeds.

The ten words constitute a Ten Word Creed used by many people, as follows:

"I Believe in the Healing Power of God Through Christ."

Repeat this creed each night. Rightly used it will help to induce restful sleep. You will awaken next morning free from anxiety, ready to face life unafraid. Many who have suffered from disappointment, loss of income, and consequent ill health, have discovered a fresh source of health and happiness after using this creed.

Here are a few helpful Scripture passages:

"I am with you always" - Matt. 28:20

"Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" - John 16:33

"Why are you afraid? Have you no faith?" - Mark 4:40

"All things are possible to him who believes." - Mark 9:23

"If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatever you will, and it shall be done for you" - John 15:7

The answer of the three Hebrews to the king: "Our God is able to deliver us from the fiery furnace, but if not, we will not worship the golden image which you have set up" - Daniel 3:17, 18

"Not my will but thine be done" - Luke 22:42

If you have a "thorn in the flesh" like St. Paul, here is the message God gave to him: "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness" - II Cor. 12:7-9

There is a "power at work within us" - Eph. 3:20

"I stand at the door and knock, if any one hears my voice, and opens the door, I will come in to him and eat with him and he with me" - Rev. 3:20

"I will uphold you with my victorious right hand" - Isaiah 41:10. This was one of David Livingstone's favorite Bible promises in all of his twenty-nine years of missionary service in darkest Africa.

"This is the victory that overcomes the world, our faith" - I John 5:4
William Penn loved this passage and lived by it.

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man" - Luke 2:52

Remember Helen Keller's three little words.

Use the Ten Word Creed daily.

If you desire extra copies, please write to

Rev. Claude W. Warren
Chaplain - Plymouth Place
315 N. La Grange Road,
La Grange Park, Illinois.

Final will and testament of Claude W. Warren

I bequeath to my daughter Betty:

My love for Louisa May Alcott,
who loved little children, who glorified the home life
who honored her parents,
who loved God and His world
who learned to worship in God's Out of Doors,
who could out run every boy or girl in her native town,
who made a success of three great professions, nursing,,
play-writing and story writing.
whose favorite prayer for her family each night was,
"Dear Lord, bless us all and keep us for each other."

I bequeath to my son William:

My love for Abraham Lincoln,
whose deep desire was to educate his boys and pay his debts,
who hated slavery and loved the union,
who fought for a cause dearer than life,
with malice toward none with charity for all,
I hope that William may some day visit New Salem, Illinois
the scene of Lincoln's young manhood, where he studied
law and mathematics, worked for the cause of temperence,
and sobriety, earned the love and confidence of his
neighbors, the common people of that day,
maintained his sense of honor, and financial integrity,
was always ready to lead a righteous cause,
even though it meant political defeat,
At New Salem any boy may learn the secret of true
greatness, while kneeling before the fire-place
in the original log cooper shop where young
Abe studied at night,
We see here his mastery of pure, simple English,
his devotion to the cause of law and order, the
Triumph of democracy over anarchy, his mastery,
of the Bible, whose pages to him were as familiar
as the old fashioned spelling book.

I bequeath to my son Richard:

My love for Alexander Hamilton, friend of Washington,
champion of the U.S. Constitution, and the cause
of law and order, who sacrificed a fortune
in the legal profession, in order to serve in
Washington's cabinet, who was able to borrow money
of frugal Dutch bankers in order to finance the new
government on the strength of his own name as Secretary
of the Treasury,

Of Hamilton it was said by Daniel Webster,
he struck the rock of national resources and abundant

streams of revenue gushed forth, he touched the corpse of public credit and it sprang upon its feet. In the service of his country Hamilton climbed the ladder of genius until his forehead struck against the stars. Like Hamilton I hope that my son Richard may become a master of finance and an eloquent orator to plead the cause of righteousness.

I bequeath to my daughter Jean

My love for Harriett Beecher Stowe daughter of a Congregational manse who dedicated her literary talents to the cause of the down trodden and the disinherited, who maintained the highest ideals of New England culture, who believed the strong must help the weak, and that the educated classes are the saving element of society, and that the joy of life may be found in music and song, in the humblest of homes.

I bequeth to my daughter Jane

My love for Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, daughter of the manse, descendant of Solomon Stoddard, preserver of New England culture, author of many inspiring books including the "Story of Jesus Christ" (a book which my own beloved mother greatly loved) Each morning while writing this book she would awaken with the joyful feeling that she had been in the presence of the Most High. I hope that my daughter Jane will experience such exstastic emotions and will be able to express her thoughts with clearness and helpfulness to others. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps had the rare gift of sharing her thoughts and emotions with her readers. She stood in the noble succession of Puritan leaders she gave to the world something lovely and beautiful, out of a heritage that was rich in Puritan tradition.

I hope that none of my children will ever be ashamed of their Puritan ancestry. Someday I hope they will all visit the Old Inn at Northampton, Mass. the colonial home of Rev. Solomon Stoddard, for fifty-three years pastor at First Church, whose daughter married Rev. Jonathan Edwards, famous preacher and metaphysician, the greatest thinker New England ever produced. From the Stoddard family thirty Puritan preachers have been ordained into the ranks of Congregational

ministry, and over twenty daughters of the manse have married ministers. Writers, poets, college professors, judges, military leaders and prominent business men have come from this family. Two have served with the American Board, one a member of the Prudential committee, the other served in Persia with the Nestorian churches. Long is the list and splendid the names in the children of destiny who have come from the Soloman Stoddard family. When I crossed the threshold of the Old Inn at Northampton a few years ago I had a feeling that my beloved mother was by my side entering the old home with me, rejoicing that at last we were entering the Holy of Holies together.

In some such way I hope that all my children may enter their Holy of Holies, that their dreams may come true, their hopes be realized, their highest ambitions be fulfilled that they may shed honor and credit upon the family names of Warren and Clark, of Phelps and Stoddard, of all men and women in whose veins flows the blood of Puritan New England.

As the Puritans saved the civilization of the seventeenth century, so may their spiritual descendants play their part nobly in the saving of society in the twentieth.

Stoddard Family:

Anthony Stoddard come from England to Boston in 1639

Representative for 20 years

His son Soloman (1643 1729)

Graduated from Harvard 1662

Fellow of the House

First librarian of the college, 1667 1674

Went with Gov. of Mass. to the Barbadoes as chaplain

Preached to the dissenters for two years

Pastor of Cong. Church at Northampton 1672 1729

Published many volumes

Man of great influence in colony of Mass. Indians called him the "White Man's God" Died at age 92.

His son Anthony 1678 1760 Graduated at Harvard 1697

Pastor at Woodbury, Conn. for 60 years. His son Gideon, born 1714 deacon in his father's church.

His son Nathan born 1742. Entered Colonial army 1777 as Capt. of Light Infantry, taken prisoner at Ticonderoga carried to Quebec and escaped by swimming St. Lawrence River. Returned to Woodbury raised another company, fought under Gen. Greene at Ft. Mifflin, placed in command at death of Gen. Greene, killed while leading his men into battle.

His daughter Clarissa born 1770 married Capt. Strong of Woodbury, Conn, their son, Alfred Strong.

His daughter Ellen Strong, married Joseph Ludington.

Their daughter Dora Ludington married John William Warren, my parents Rev. Solomen Stoddard of Northampton Mass. was my great, great, great great great great grandfather.