

Mr. Pipes

and Psalms and Hymns of the Reformation

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Douglas Bond

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Preface

Mr. Pipes and Psalms and Hymns of the Reformation contains more than an interesting story about two young Americans on vacation in Europe. It is a story about the most important subject in the world—the worship of Almighty God.

The worship of God in modern times has too often become shallow and man-centered. Many Christians at the opening of the Twenty-first Century, including young believers, have never understood the importance of approaching God with awesome reverence and majestic praise. As readers move through *Mr. Pipes and Psalms and Hymns of the Reformation*, however, they will not only learn about the fascinating lives of famous hymn writers, but will also be encouraged to cultivate an attitude of humble adoration as they approach their Maker.

Young Christians who grasp the significance of what they read will come to the wonderful realization that their worship is connected with the Church universal—the followers of Christ throughout the world, both past and present. In other words, young readers will understand that true worship is not isolated from believers of the past but is, rather, built upon their godly traditions.

Perhaps the greatest tradition of true biblical worship, aside from scriptural exposition and prayer, is the holy exercise of hymn singing. It is, therefore, the express purpose of this book to rekindle a genuine interest within the lives of young believers in the traditional hymns of the faith once delivered unto the saints. May God be pleased to use this little volume to revive an interest in and appreciation for that which is true and praiseworthy in the realm of Christian worship.

Michael J. McHugh



Chapter One

News from England

The Adventure Begins

Polly was finding the song more and more interesting because she thought she was beginning to see the connection between the music and the things that were happening.

“old your noise, everyone,” said the Cabby.
“I want to listen to the moosic.”

C. S. Lewis

The kitchen door flew open with a bang. Lanky, blond-haired Drew Willis bolted into the house clutching the mail in his hands, his face flushed with excitement.

“Annie!” he yelled, dropping the pile of letters and tearing into a thin, blue envelope. “It’s from Mrs. Beccles!” he said, as his sister came rushing into the kitchen.

“Don’t read it without me,” she said, finishing a braid in her shiny blond hair, while straining to see over her younger, but now clearly taller, brother’s broadening shoulders.

The children had met Mrs. Beccles last summer when they traveled with their mother to Olney, an ancient English market town, where they had expected to spend the most boring summer of their lives. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Mrs. Beccles owned and operated “Beccles Bakehouse,” and Drew didn’t think anyone made pastries as delicious as kindly Mrs. Beccles. From their first day in the village she had become their friend.

Drew read out loud:

My dears, Annie and Drew,

The most astonishing thing happened today in my little shop, and I simply had to be writing you about it, for as near as I can tell, it concerned you both.

Mr. Pipes and Dr. Dudley called in for tea at half-past four—they often do, as you’ll no doubt remember—but very soon their conversation became rather heated, leastwise, heated on Dr. D’s part, as you’d be expecting. Your dear friend and companion, Mr. Pipes, seemed to be proposing some adventure, of which Dr. D clearly did not approve. I couldn’t be hearing the details, of course, not being given to eavesdropping, but I did hear them mention your names more than once, that’s sure, and I’m feeling it in my bones this bodes well for your upcoming summer holidays!

—Oh, you’ll have to hold that thought for a moment whilst I pull some of my jelly-fills out of the oven—My, how I do wish I could send you some, Drew, knowing how much you be liking them and all...

Here, a dark red splotch interrupted the letter. Drew scratched at the splotch, sniffed it, then carefully tasted it.

“Well?” said Annie.

“Currant jelly,” said Drew, scratching again at the little splotch. “Umm-m, what I wouldn’t do for one of Mrs. Beccles’ jelly-fills! What do you think Mr. Pipes has up his sleeve?” he went on.

“Whatever it is,” said Annie, “it’s got to be good if Mr. Pipes came up with it.”

“—And good,” said Drew, “if Dr. Dudley doesn’t like it.”

“Behind his stiff, British way,” said Annie, smiling as she remembered Dr. Dudley’s jutting chin and long, sniffing nose, “he really means well—I’m sure of it. I think Dr. Dudley just cares so much for Mr. Pipes he doesn’t want to see anything—well, you know—anything bad happen to him.”

“I guess you’re right,” said Drew doubtfully.

In the rest of the letter Mrs. Beccles filled them in on all the latest news from Olney:

Beatrice Faulkner won this year’s Pancake Race—the five-hundred-and-fifty-fifth anniversary race—I say, how time does fly! Mrs. Broadwith has new lodgers, imagine it, who flatly refused to eat her stewed tomatoes for breakfast; the local radio station is exerting considerable pressure on the vicar to be placing a ghastly antenna on the very spire of St. Peter and St. Paul’s—our parish church, of all places! What would Mr. Newton have thought! English Heritage has threatened to fine the Cowper Museum 100 pounds sterling for repainting dear Mr. Cowper’s door the wrong shade of red (how they know it’s the wrong shade I’ll never know, that’s sure!). Lambing season for the Howard family is very busy, as always, but the mild spring weather means fewer lambs are being lost to cold. Bentley and Clara send their love....

Annie and Drew’s minds flooded with memories from the narrow, cobbled streets of Olney (cars whizzing by on the wrong side of the street), their fishing and sailing adventures with Mr. Pipes along the Great Ouse, Lulu the white pony, Lord Underfoot the cat, their good friends, Bentley and Clara Howard and all their sheep, the great stone church built so long ago, and Mr. Pipes’s stories told around the old organ. Life in Olney was so unlike their life in America, but how they had grown to love that life. What

could Mr. Pipes be planning that would involve them? They both wondered.



A week later Annie lay on the floor of her bedroom, her bare feet propped up on her bed, a page of her sketchbook—full of crossed out lines—open in front of her. She looked dreamily at the ceiling, took a deep breath, and sighed. Mr. Pipes told her how to begin writing a poem, but no matter how hard she tried the words seemed to have a mind of their own. How did the hymn writers, that Mr. Pipes had told them about last summer, do it? “Remember, my dear,” he had said in his clear, gentle voice, “the rhyme must serve the meaning, not the other way round.” Somehow, recalling Mr. Pipes’s instruction only made her more discouraged as she gazed at her own efforts—

There was a man with whitened hair
Who for his friends so much did care.

—“Ugh!” she groaned.

A clinking sound suddenly interrupted her muse as the mailman dropped letters through the slot in the front door. With regular letters from Clara—some of them written in an elaborate code they’d worked out over months of using dancing paper doll-like symbols, every arm and foot position corresponding to letters of the alphabet—she’d trained herself to listen for the mail every day. After a dash across the hall and a quick shuffle through the pile of mail, she opened, with trembling hands, another blue envelope from England, this one from Mr. Pipes himself. Now, receiving a letter from Mr. Pipes was not so strange. He wrote often, letters filled with reminiscence of their adventures, and filled with encouraging words and helpful solutions to the questions they asked in their replies. But this letter seemed somehow different. Her eyes raced down the page.

“Drew! Oh, my goodness, Drew!” she called, jumping up and down with excitement. She reread the last paragraph of the letter to be sure her eyes had not deceived her.

The piano playing from the den abruptly halted, and a moment later Drew burst into the living room.

“He wants us to come back!” she squealed.

“Who?” asked Drew, scowling at her, irritated that she’d interrupted his practice.

“Mr. Pipes, silly,” said Annie.

Mr. Pipes was Drew’s long-distance music teacher who assigned hymns through the mail for Drew to practice. He’d just been struggling with learning “Minstrel Boy,” the tune Mr. Pipes preferred for Reginald Heber’s hymn, “The Son of God Goes Forth to War.” Sometimes he wondered about Mr. Pipes’s insistence that he begin piano lessons again. It was hard work!

“Let me get this straight,” said Drew, the excitement growing in his voice. “Mr. Pipes is inviting us back to Olney?”

“Not exactly,” said Annie.

“Let me see that,” said Drew, grabbing at the letter.

“Look at the last paragraph,” said Annie.

“Naturally, this is all conditioned upon your mother and stepfather’s approval....” Drew read aloud. He read on, skimming the rest of the paragraph silently. His heart beat more quickly as he read through the paragraph again. Could it actually be true?

“Annie,” said Drew, calming his voice with considerable effort. “Annie, do you realize what this means?”

“You bet I do,” said Annie, spinning around on her heel, her pigtails sailing behind her. “If Mom and Dad let us, we are off to Germany and Switzerland for the whole summer—and with Mr. Pipes! Just think—mountains, cowbells, castles—it’s too good to be true!”

“Don’t forget the Swiss chocolate,” said Drew, his eyes rolling back in his head as he flopped onto the couch with a laugh.

“No wonder Dr. Dudley had another of his heated talks with Mr. Pipes,” he went on. Sitting up, Drew cleared his throat and jutted out his chin. “I say, old fellow,” he began, doing his best imitation of Dr. Dudley’s accent. “My dear man, I’ll be dashed if you take those American children gallivanting all over the Continent—little blighters! They’ll have you in your grave before your time, that’s sure.”

Annie sank to the floor laughing as Drew continued.

“Of course, I’d simply never dream of interfering—” Here Drew, too, burst into laughter.



Their parents did not entirely understand the change that had come over the children since spending last summer with Mr. Pipes. For a time they tried to discourage it, to divert the children’s attention back to their old life and friends, but their mother couldn’t help noticing how positive the old man’s influence had been on her children. Barring the hymns they almost continually sang—*dirges*, as she called them—they quarreled much less than before, were more helpful around the house, and approached their studies at school with much more enthusiasm. But another whole summer under Mr. Pipes’s influence? They did so want their children to be open-minded and freethinking. However, after some discussion—while Annie and Drew

huddled anxiously at their parents' bedroom door—they gave their consent.

The last weeks of the school term seemed to last forever. Annie and Drew spent every spare moment talking excitedly about the adventure that lay ahead. They packed and repacked their knapsacks. Mr. Pipes had written that they needed to travel light, but they would also need sailing and fishing clothes.

“You see, my dears,” he explained in his last letter, “one must make every effort to pack clothing that can be used for more than one purpose. For example, I will bring only two neckties—the best one for church and musical performances, and so forth, and my second best one for sailing, fishing, and generally pottering about the countryside.”

Annie and Drew smiled. It was so like their dear, proper friend, Mr. Pipes. They repacked again. Drew even experimented with packing a necktie—but only one.

“How can time drag by so slowly,” asked Annie the night before their flight to London, “and then all of a sudden what you’ve been waiting for is here? Oh, I’ll never get to sleep tonight.”

“Me neither,” said Drew, trying on his knapsack for the hundredth time. “But maybe we can get some rest on the airplane—I can’t believe we’re actually going!”



Annie and Drew swallowed hard as the powerful jet engines roared and the airplane raced down the runway. Suddenly the plane lifted off, climbing steeply into the blue sky above; Annie gulped as she waited for her stomach to catch up. Drew worked his jaw back and forth trying to relieve the popping feeling in his eardrums. Annie

scrunched her eyes closed and gripped the armrest as the plane jolted through a layer of fluffy, white clouds.

“Another airline seat bites the dust,” said Drew, watching Annie’s fingernails dig deeply into the armrest.

In a few moments Annie relaxed as the plane leveled off and flew more smoothly. Seeing the sunlight flash on the shiny wings of the plane, she managed a smile as it carried them north and east toward England and Mr. Pipes.

With a “pling-pling” the fasten-your-seat-belts sign flicked off. After several minutes, a woman wearing a dark blue suit and matching hat stopped in the aisle and smiled at Annie and Drew. Holding something wrapped in plastic toward Drew, she asked, in Dr. Dudley English, “Might I interest you in headphones for music listening? Here are the selections available.” She handed him a little card. Drew scanned down the list: “Garage Mirage, Pragma Magma, and Mr. Wild-Man Band,” he read silently. He looked again at the headphones. There was a time when an opportunity to sit for hours soaking up music—this kind of music—would have been like eating his favorite ice cream—with all the toppings.

He looked out the window for a moment and thought of a phrase Mr. Pipes once quoted in a letter: “Worldliness makes sin look normal and righteousness look odd.” He turned back to the flight attendant. “No thanks—but—” he hesitated, “—do you have anything to eat?”

Annie scowled at him, “*Drew?*”

But the flight attendant laughed. “I’ll be back in a moment with drinks and a little snack. Dinner will follow shortly, after which time dessert will be served, then tea.”

“Sounds great!” said Drew, licking his lips.

“It sounds like we’ll be eating most of the flight,” said Annie.

The flight attendant laughed again. “We do want our passengers happy!” She disappeared behind a little curtain for a moment then reappeared balancing two trays. Annie and Drew flipped down their seat trays in anticipation.

“Here now, this ought to hold you until dinner,” she said, setting before them several bags of peanuts, a currant scone each, and an assortment of jams and jellies. “I suppose you prefer soda?” she continued, reaching for two cans of pop from the other tray.

“What’s in the pot?” asked Drew.

“Tea—*hot* tea,” she said. “We English can’t live without the stuff, but I’m given to understand you Americans don’t think much of it.”

“Oh, but we like tea,” said Annie, “with milk and sugar, please.”

“How lovely!” said the flight attendant as she skillfully balanced the tray while filling two cups with the steaming liquid.

“May I have more sugar, please?” asked Drew, gazing into his cup before sipping.



Darkness spread rapidly as the airplane raced northeast and the sun raced the other way, finally disappearing over the horizon. Annie passed the time by looking at her drawings and poetry written last summer with Mr. Pipes in Olney. She breathed the faint but still fragrant aroma of the dried flowers she’d gathered and pressed in her book. Chewing on her pencil, she scowled at several lines she’d written. Why couldn’t she write poetry like Mrs. Alexander or William Cowper? She sighed deeply. Oh well, she’d keep trying.

The hours passed as Drew, a puzzled expression on his face, watched a rugby match on the small TV monitor in the back of the seat in front of him. They both fell asleep somewhere over the frozen wastes of Greenland.

“This is your captain speaking,” jolted them awake. Drew stretched and yawned. Annie wiped the sleep out of her eyes with both fists. “Breakfast will be served momentarily,” continued the captain. “Do enjoy. We will arrive at Heathrow about 11:00 a.m. London time.”

“Oh, no!” said Drew, sniffing the air and looking hungrily down the aisle. “You don’t think they’d serve us stewed tomatoes for breakfast, would they?”

“Better get used to it again, Drew,” said Annie, who didn’t like stewed tomatoes any better than Drew, but who also didn’t feel—probably never felt—as hungry as her brother. “Maybe they will ease us back into British cuisine slowly and just serve fried mushrooms and soft-boiled eggs—with a side of baked beans and deep-fried toast. You never can tell.” She seemed to be enjoying his distress.

“Ugh!” said Drew.

Breakfast proved to be much more of an American affair than Drew had feared, and after the trays were cleared away the plane began its steady descent through the broken clouds toward London. Drew grabbed the map from the seat pocket in front of him and studied it carefully.

“Where are we?” asked Annie.

Drew glanced out the window at the red, sandy tideland below. “We must be near the Solway Firth just here.” He pointed to the map.

“What on earth is a *firth*?” asked Annie.

“Don’t know—maybe British for some amount between four and five,” said Drew. “But it’s the name of this notch

of water that marks the western border between Scotland and England—a firth must be like a bay, I'd guess."

Annie looked more closely at the map. "So, if we stay on this route, how close to Olney will we come as we fly toward London?"

Drew traced a line from the border of Scotland and England down to London. "It looks like this time we'll go almost right over Olney!" he said, his excitement growing.

Annie and Drew sat with their faces plastered against the window on the left side of the plane. Green pastures, separated by hedges and low stone walls, stretched below. Sunlight shone through the broken clouds in bright patches on the checkered scene, and tiny, ant-sized cars made their way slowly along winding country lanes.

"Isn't this fun?" said Annie. "I feel like a giant looking down on a miniature world. Look at that little village—it's made all of dollhouses. Everything seems even more beautiful from this angle, don't you think, Drew?"

"Sure, but they still drive on the wrong side of the road," said Drew with a laugh.

"The *other* side of the road," said Annie. "What's that narrow strip of dark green trees zigzagging through the fields?" asked Annie. "Wait! Did you see that flash of sunlight in among the trees?"

Drew scanned his map, calculating how far they might have traveled in the last half-hour. He strained to see below.

"The village is huddled around a doll-house church," squealed Annie, gripping his arm. "Drew, I think it might be—it couldn't be—"

"It's Olney!—maybe," said Drew, "and Newton's church! Remember meeting Mr. Pipes at the organ that first

day last summer?—that’s the river—The Great Ouse!—I think.”

Almost frantic with excitement, and amidst tongue clicking and disapproving glares from nearby passengers, the children searched the scene below for more familiar landmarks.

“I see the bridge—remember when Dr. Dudley watched you get walloped by *Toplady’s* boom and fall overboard just below it?” said Annie, only with great effort restraining herself from laughter at the memory.

“Yeah, yeah,” said Drew good-naturedly, “and who was at the tiller not watching the wind direction? I certainly never heard a ‘Jibe ho!’ from you before the sail came swooshing around and the boom thonked me. Boy! How I’d love to go sailing with Mr. Pipes again!”

“Hey! That must be Mr. Pipes’s cottage—it has to be!” interrupted Annie.

“No way!” Drew bumped his forehead on the window in his eagerness to see. The village faded into the rolling green fields and hedgerows as the plane sped toward London—and their friend, Mr. Pipes.

Crisscrossed with bridges, the Thames snaked its ancient way through the jumble of church domes and spires, stately buildings, and the sprawling bustle of London. The engines slowed and hissed as the plane, wings dipping, dropped several hundred feet toward the city. Annie looked straight ahead, digging her fingernails into the palm of her hand. She screwed her eyes tightly closed and swallowed.

“We’ll be down soon,” said Drew, comfortingly. He looked out the window and continued, “Wow! What a view from up here, though. And to think, Mr. Pipes and Dr.

Dudley are down there somewhere in among all those grasshoppers!”

“Dr. Dudley would be deeply offended at you calling him a grasshopper,” said Annie.

As the runway grew closer below them, the plane seemed to go faster. With a “squilch, squilch,” the tires touched down on the tarmac, and the plane taxied to the terminal. After standing in line “forever,” as Drew described it, they cleared customs and passed through a security checkpoint. Annie caught sight of Mr. Pipes first, dropped her knapsack, and broke into a run. Drew gathered up her bag and hurried after his sister. Mr. Pipes, wearing his brown tweed suit and necktie, smiled with pleasure at the sight of the children. Annie threw herself into his open arms.

Drew, trailing behind under the weight of their carry-on luggage, arrived a moment later. Looking at Mr. Pipes’s sparkling eyes rimmed below by his narrow, little glasses perched on his nose, and crowned above by his white, billowing eyebrows, Drew realized just how much he had missed the old man all these months. Mr. Pipes planted a fatherly kiss on Annie’s cheek.

“Words fail me,” he said, “in expressing my deepest joy at seeing you. And, my dear Annie, how you have grown!”

Here Mr. Pipes turned to Drew. “And the *little* brother,” he winked at Annie, who used to enjoy referring to Drew as little, “one no longer need look closely, Drew, to see that you have grown taller than your older sister. You stand almost a head taller than she.”

Drew set down the luggage and extended his hand. Mr. Pipes grasped his hand and with his left arm enfolded Drew’s broad shoulders with a hug. A flood of recollection came over Drew as he caught the scent of wool, Earl Grey tea, and something that reminded him of the pipes and keys

of the organ surrounded by the ancient stone arches of the parish church where Mr. Pipes had been the organist for more years than Drew knew. He even thought he caught a whiff of the river—and of fish.

“Mr. Pipes,” said Drew, looking up at his balding forehead and flowing white hair, “I’m so glad to see you, and we can’t wait to see what you want to show us in Europe.” Drew paused. “Fishing been good?”

Mr. Pipes threw his head back and laughed. “You’re not one to beat around the proverbial bush.”

Before Mr. Pipes could answer, a loud and deliberate “Ahem!” came from a tall, dark-haired gentleman standing protectively close to Mr. Pipes.

Annie looked at the man and squealed, “Dr. Dudley! It’s so good to see you! And thanks for bringing Mr. Pipes to the airport.” She hesitated as he looked coolly down his long nose at her, then timidly extended her hand.

“Delighted, I’m sure,” he said with a rather stiff bow as he briskly took her hand. “It has been ever so long since last we ...” he broke off searching for words, “... since last we met.”

Mrs. Beccles’s letter was right. Dr. Dudley was clearly not pleased about Mr. Pipes taking them on another adventure, thought Annie, looking out of the corner of her eye at Drew. Dr. Dudley had never really gotten over them going with Mr. Pipes on the sailing voyage down the Great Ouse last summer. “But why did he have to always blame us?” she thought. Oh, well, Annie reminded herself that Dr. Dudley only wanted to take good care of Mr. Pipes. She’d do her best to cheer him up.

“And greetings to you, Drew,” said Dr. Dudley shortly, and with an impatient twitch of his mustache. “Now then, we must get your things together and into the boot if we are

ever to make it out of London and to the boat for your crossing of the channel—that is if you still intend on going through with this ridiculous notion. It’s not too late to come to your senses, my dear fellow,” he concluded with a sniff and a penetrating stare at Mr. Pipes.

“My dear friend,” began Mr. Pipes, “Annie and Drew have not come such a great distance merely to receive a lukewarm welcome from you.”

“Oh, mind you,” said Dr. Dudley looking more kindly at the children, “mind you, it is nothing, to be sure, of a personal nature toward you, not in the slightest. And I would never dream of interfering—I simply don’t approve of elderly gentlemen gallivanting around the countryside when hearth and home would be so much more conducive to—well—to their best interest, shall we say.”

Dr. Dudley, nevertheless, called a valet to wheel their belongings toward the exit of the airport, while Mr. Pipes walked ahead, an arm each around Annie and Drew’s shoulders. After the luggage was stored in the trunk, Dr. Dudley glanced at his watch and said, “We must be off at once.”

“Martin, my friend,” said Mr. Pipes after glancing at his watch, “if we departed now for Dover we would arrive hours before sailing time—may I remind you, our tickets are for the evening boat. We have time to see a little something of London, that is if you children are feeling well enough for a bit of sight-seeing?”

“We’d love to!” said Annie and Drew.

Dr. Dudley rolled his eyes, adjusted his lapels with a jerk, and said deliberately, “If we must, we must. But I propose we leave my car in the car park and take public transport to the heart of the city. That way I’ll not be required to scour the entire city for a place to park the car.”

Moments later Annie and Drew found themselves in the top front seat of a bright-red, double-decker bus weaving its way through the narrow, bustling streets of London. The driver steered the tall bus within inches of the black-iron lampposts lining the way. Drew plastered his face against the cool glass and felt his stomach leap into his throat as the bus careened into a round-about intersection—the on-coming traffic all driving on the wrong side of the road. Annie nearly jumped from her seat as a low-growing branch from a yew tree bordering the street slapped against the roof of the bus just above her face.

“Whoa! That was close,” said Annie. “I hope it didn’t scratch the paint. Doesn’t it seem like he’s going a little fast?”

“Chap’s been doing this for years, no doubt,” said Dr. Dudley. “We all have our place—this fellow’s place is clearly behind the wheel of one of her Majesty’s buses. It is all for society’s good when each person dutifully fulfills his role.” With this last comment he looked reprovably at Mr. Pipes, who simply smiled and said:

“Indeed.”

“What river’s that?” asked Drew as the bus raced along a broad river lined with tall, stately, and, Drew thought, very *old* buildings.

“The Thames, my boy,” said Mr. Pipes, smiling at him, “and, yes, it does have fish!”

“But I’ve left my pole with our luggage,” Drew moaned.

“We’ll have plenty of time for fishing later,” said Mr. Pipes, chuckling. “Today, I want to show you where some of the great hymn writers I told you about last summer went to school.”

Just then the bus screeched to a halt in front of a gray stone building with two massive towers rising above. Annie and Drew followed Dr. Dudley and Mr. Pipes down the narrow, winding staircase from the upper deck of the bus and onto the pavement in front of the imposing structure. Drew looked up at the Gothic arches rising into the sky. He rocked back on his heels, and his neck began to ache.

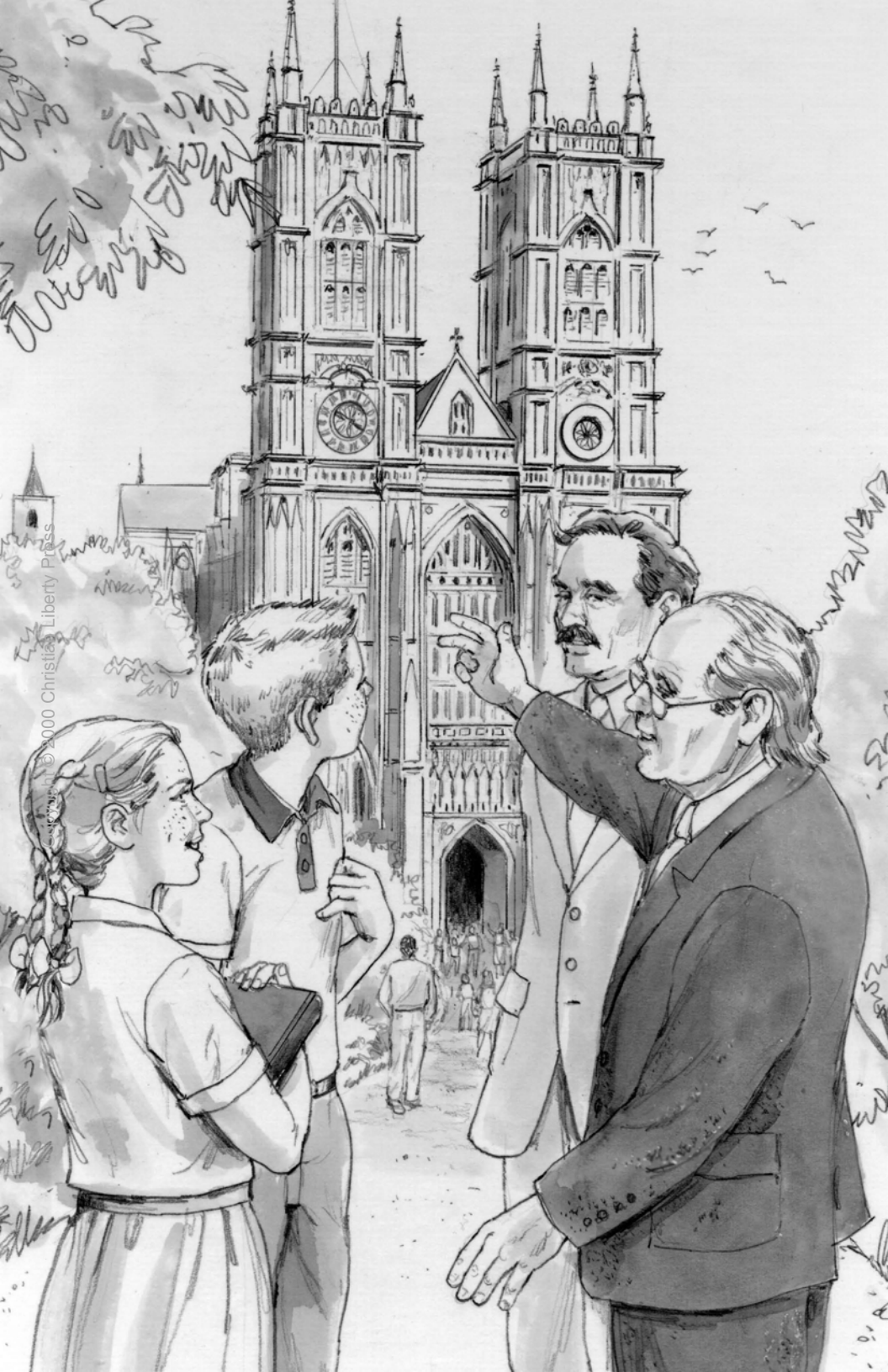
“This makes St. Peter and St. Paul’s back in Olney look pretty small,” said Drew.

“It is so—so—majestic,” said Annie, gazing at the intricate stone carvings adorning the church. “But *your* church back in Olney, Mr. Pipes, is still my favorite.”

“I do love our parish church,” said Mr. Pipes, gazing upward at the row-upon-row of flying buttresses supporting the walls and heavy stone ceiling. “But, my dear, it is not *my* church, it is the Lord’s. This church, though really not a church but an abbey—Westminster Abbey—is very important, indeed, to English history. Let’s go inside and I’ll explain why.”

They passed through a massive Gothic door surrounded by sober, saintly-looking statues peering down on them.

“Oh, it’s more lovely than I could have ever imagined,” said Annie breathlessly, halting just inside the doorway. The nave was lined with dark-ribbed columns, looking more like a cluster of smaller columns than one single one, each holding up enormous Gothic arches shaped from lighter stone. Further up, smaller arches stood pointing to rows of stained glass windows, the light filtering through, illuminating delicate crisscrossing ribs supporting the highest ceiling Annie or Drew had ever seen. Light from rows of sparkling chandeliers reflected on paving stones worn smooth by the feet of centuries of worshipers.



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Drew looked around at other visitors gazing about the great abbey; an occasional door shut with a thud that reechoed throughout the massive interior.

“Why does everyone look up in English churches?” asked Drew, almost losing his balance as he tried calculating the weight of the fan-vaulted ceiling.

“The Medieval designers of Gothic cathedrals,” said Mr. Pipes, ushering them down the central aisle and past the ornate, gilded quire screen, “wanted everything about the building to point upwards. The narrow nave and magnificent one-hundred-and-three-foot-high, fan-vaulted ceiling compel our eyes, and with them our hearts, to God above—from whence all our blessings flow....”

“Ken! Thomas Ken, the fisherman!” said Drew.

“From the doxology, that’s right,” chimed in Annie. “Remember singing it around your organ last summer the day we arrived in Olney? I’ll never forget that first day we met you, Mr. Pipes.”

Mr. Pipes laughed softly. “Of course, I remember that day, my dear, and I’m so very glad you remember my little stories.”

They moved down the south transept and into a side chamber surrounded with statues and monuments. Drew studied the many names carved into the paving stones at their feet.

“Who are all these guys?” asked Drew.

“Westminster Abbey is, in actuality, an enormous tomb,” said Mr. Pipes. “Nearly all of our great men and kings and queens are buried here. The entire history of England could be told merely by walking through these sacred halls. Ah, yes, and this is the Poets’ Corner, where many of our great writers are remembered.”

“Great writers,” said Annie, “like hymn writers?”

“No, my dear, I’m afraid that most of the hymn writers’ bodies rest elsewhere,” said Mr. Pipes, “though centuries after their death, their hymns continue to rise in this grand place.”

Drew chewed the side of his mouth in thought. “Bunhill Fields had some of them,” he said.

“Watts and Bunyan,” said Annie, getting their names out before Drew.

“Yes,” said Mr. Pipes. “Bunyan is commemorated in stained glass in the north transept—just over there.” He pointed off to the left. “And at least three great hymn writers actually studied here at Westminster School—do you remember which ones?”

“Ah, let me see,” said Annie. “‘The bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower’—Cowper—William Cowper!”

“Indeed,” said Mr. Pipes with a smile.

“And Charles Wesley—I love his organ!” added Drew.

“Now let me see,” said Dr. Dudley, pulling on his ear, his eyes searching the shadows above, “It’s coming to me now. Yes, if my memory serves, was not Charles Wesley the King’s Scholar at Westminster School?” He looked smugly at Mr. Pipes. “And you thought I never listened to your stories.”

“And didn’t Augustus Toplady study here, too?” asked Drew.

“He did,” replied Mr. Pipes.

“Say, how is *Toplady*?” Drew continued, referring to Mr. Pipes’s little sailboat on which he and Annie learned to row, fish, and sail last summer.

“Oh, I’m afraid the other *Toplady* will be rather lonely with us away. Perhaps you, Martin, will keep her company with an occasional fishing or sailing excursion?”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said Dr. Dudley, “but I do not *do* boating—it simply is not the thing—why, man, people drown when boating, you see, and, I say, a considerable number don’t live to tell about it either. Taking care of Lord Underfoot, your over-indulged cat, now that I can manage.”

“That’s quite all right, my friend,” said Mr. Pipes. “*Toplady* is resting snugly on the staithe out of harm’s way.”

“You will be sure Lord Underfoot gets plenty of warm milk,” said Annie. “He especially likes it in a tea saucer—and warm to the touch. Oh, Mr. Pipes, it must be awful leaving Lord Underfoot for the summer. Couldn’t you bring him along?”

“No, I’m afraid that would never do with the various countries we will pass through,” said Mr. Pipes. “Customs agents, curiously, don’t appreciate tourists bearing all their household pets with them.”

“Too bad,” said Annie.

The sound of chattering voices and shuffling feet caught Drew’s attention. Turning, he watched a procession of boys, some his own age, each wearing a suit, white shirt, and tie, filing through the gates into the quire, a sort of sub-chapel in front of the nave.

“What’s going on?” he asked.

“It looks as if the students are assembling for a service,” said Mr. Pipes.

A clergyman in a blue robe closed the gates after the last boy, and Mr. Pipes, Dr. Dudley, and the children crept closer to watch through the ornate lace-work of the gates.

Annie and Drew pressed their faces against the cold metal, watching the boys settle—some restlessly—into rows of elaborately carved wooden seats lining either side of the room. Gold-gilded spires rose above the seats, and brass candles with little red shades cast a warm glow on the boys' faces.

"I've never seen anything like it," said Drew in hushed tones.

"Like what?" whispered Annie.

Before Drew could reply, the rumbling of a pipe organ filled the sanctuary and rose beyond to the heraldic symbols adorning the vaulting above. He continued gazing back and forth at the rank-upon-rank of gilded pipes lining both sides above the seating in the quire.

"Ah, lovely," said Mr. Pipes, his face glowing as he listened to the organist play.

Drew shook his head in wonder. "It's huge!"

"Indeed," said Mr. Pipes. "Eight thousand pipes does make this one of the largest organs."

"He's playing another tune," said Annie. "Wait! It sounds like—"

The boys suddenly began singing with the organ, "Who would true valor see...."

"It's Bunyan!" cried Drew.

The singing continued: "No lion can him fright, he'll with a giant fight...." The boys' voices echoed off the high-vaulted ceiling; Annie desperately wanted to join them.

“Aren’t these guys Anglicans?” asked Drew. “Why are they singing Bunyan’s ‘Pilgrim Hymn’? I mean, didn’t Anglicans throw Mr. Bunyan in jail?”

“Indeed they did,” said Mr. Pipes, smiling. “Ah, but nowhere is Christ’s church so united as she is in her hymnal. It is glorious testimony to the power of ‘psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,’ which God calls us to raise to Him in worship, that the Christian church meets in her hymnal.” He stooped and peeked through the gate again.

“Do you think they would mind if we joined them?” asked Annie, her eyes wide.

“Splendid idea!” said Mr. Pipes.

Inside the same ancient walls wherein long ago Wesley, Toplady, and Cowper sang, Annie and Drew joined Mr. Pipes, Dr. Dudley (who sang only after some considerable throat clearing), and the Westminster School boys in:

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
 Can daunt his spirit,
 He knows he at the end,
 Shall life inherit.
 Then fancies fly away,
 He’ll fear not what men say,
 He’ll labor night and day
 To be a Pilgrim.

The last chord faded into silence ... when suddenly they heard, from outside the abbey, Big Ben begin its ponderous gonging of the hour. Mr. Pipes glanced at his watch. “I say! We must away! We’ve a boat to catch in Dover in less than three hours!”

“An absolute—most dashed absolute—impossibility,” said Dr. Dudley with a sniff and a hopeful glint in his eye. But he fell in behind the children as they scurried to keep up with Mr. Pipes.

How could someone be so old—Drew wondered, with a backward glance at the nave—and be so hard for a kid to keep up with?

He Who Would Valiant Be

Anyone who does not take his cross and follow me is not worthy of me. Matt. 10:38

1. Who would true val - our see; Let him come hi - ther
 2. Who so be - set him round with dis - mal sto - ries
 3. Hob - gob - lin nor foul fiend can daunt his spi - rit

One here will con - stant be, Come wind come wea - ther.
 do but them - selves con - found, his strength the more is;
 he knows he at the end shall life in - he - rit.

There's no dis - cour - age - ment Shall make him once re - lent
 No li - on can him fright, he'll with a gi - ant fight;
 Then fan - cies fly a - way, he'll fear not what men say;

His first a - vow'd in - tent to be a pil - grim.
 but he will have a right to be a pil - grim.
 he'll la - bour night and day to be a pil - grim.

Chapter Two

Martin Luther

1483 – 1546

Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light ...
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise!

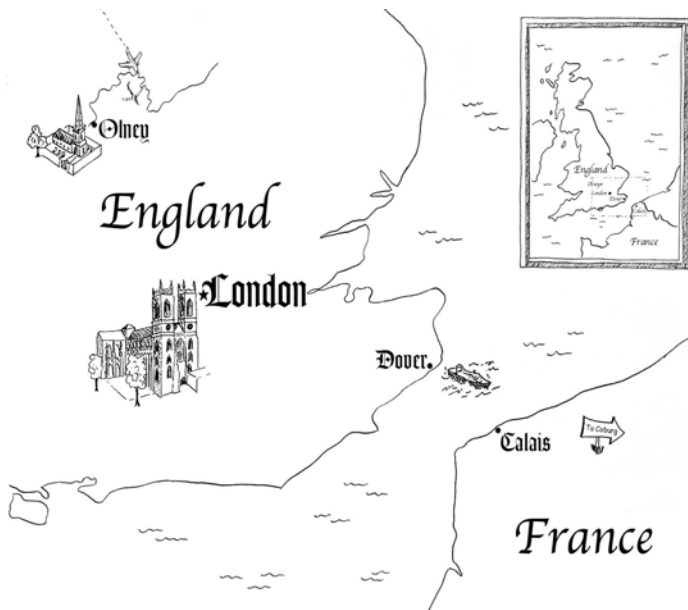
After a hair-raising dash through the crowded streets of London, Dr. Dudley, coaxed gently by Mr. Pipes to “do get on with it, dear fellow,” drove through the countryside. Seagulls screeched and dipped overhead as the travelers arrived at the pier in Dover only moments before their sea-going ferry slipped her moorings for France.

Dr. Dudley stood forlorn on the quay, his face etched with concern for their safety—well, for Mr. Pipes’s safety. He called after them, “Do be careful, old man. Many depend upon him, dear children—” Had the wind not swept his words away they might have heard him add, “—little blighters!” and then something about, “my most troublesome patient. So dashed inconsiderate of his own well being. Oh, why didn’t I become a veterinary surgeon?” The children felt pangs of regret as the large ferry gained speed and Dr. Dudley’s lone figure grew smaller.

Once around the protection of the stone breakwater guarding the harbor, the ferry seemed to shrink. The white cliffs grew smaller behind them, and the rolling seas grew higher. The waves, bursting into white on their tops, hissed irritably at the intruding bow of the little ship.

Mr. Pipes leaned easily on the rail, his white hair twisting and turning in the breeze. Drawing in a deep

breath of salt air, he sighed. “Ah, there is simply nothing to compare with the briny main! And this wee stretch of water—The English Channel—God placed here to protect our sceptered isle, our jewel set in the silver sea, from any who, envious of our kingdom, might pass this way to our harm.” He seemed completely absorbed in the poetry of the moment. “She merely kicks up her heels a wee bit when foes might pass through her to our hurt—Ah, yes, few have had the stomach for her fury.” He chuckled and took another deep breath of the sea air.



Annie said nothing. She looked at the gray water swirling below, the wind blowing the frothy tops from the seas, sending splashes of it onto her lips and tongue. The boat lurched under a large swell then dropped into an awaiting trough—then it happened all over again. Twist, roll, lurch, kur-thunk. Twist, roll, lurch, kur-thunk. From bow to stern, the entire boat shuddered in protest. Annie’s knuckles turned white as she gripped the rail. A creeping, uneasy feeling rose in her throat.

Meanwhile, Drew had disappeared below decks in hopes of seeing the engine room. Oblivious to Annie's rising discomfort, Mr. Pipes continued. "Oh, the heady days of 1588 when God sent 'Protestant winds' raging over this our grand little moat and the—" His reminiscence was suddenly interrupted when a nearby oval-shaped steel door burst open, and Drew, a green tinge to his face, stumbled onto the deck.

"Oh, I say, my dears," said Mr. Pipes, looking from Annie to Drew. "How inconsiderate of me! I've failed to prepare you for one of England's greatest allies: *mal-de-mer*—the terror of the tummy, the dreaded seasickness. I'm so very sorry. But follow me; there's hope. We'll go amidships—the motion will be least there—and I have bottles of ginger beer." He hurried the staggering children inside. After drinking cautiously from bottles of the spicy liquid, Annie and Drew lay down on seat cushions and escaped from the rumbling nausea into a fitful sleep.

Awakened sometime later by the blast of the ship's horn as it entered the port of Calais, Annie sat up slowly and carefully. She never wanted to feel that way again. Drew lay on his stomach, his head propped on his chin, his jaw set and eyes squinting tightly closed as if sleep under these circumstances required enormous concentration. His left arm and clenched fist extended to the floor for balance. The horn blew again; Drew groaned.

"Is it over?" he asked, without opening his eyes.

"Though often a violent crossing," replied Mr. Pipes, "the passage to Calais, France, is a short one. We have arrived."



The salt-sea air mingled now with the sweet smell of cut flowers and the savory aroma of roasting chestnuts.

Their seasickness nearly forgotten, Annie and Drew, as if in a dream, gazed around at the bustling port city of Calais. Everything looked and sounded so strange. Drew at first thought it sounded like people spoke through their noses, but Annie thought it sounded like a tender, soft kind of music. To their amazement, Mr. Pipes suddenly started speaking just like the locals.

“Bonsoir, Monsieur,” said Mr. Pipes to a uniformed gentleman standing on the pier. “Je voudrais une taxi, s’il vous plait?”

By this time Annie and Drew felt so numb from jet lag and the aftereffect of seasickness that much of what they saw and heard that evening remained a blur. Mr. Pipes hired a taxi and took them straight to the train station. He had already booked a sleeper car on a train bound for Germany and soon had the children snugly tucked into their bunks. Amidst much hissing, whistle blowing, and general hubbub, the train lurched forward. The great steel wheels gathering speed on the iron rails had a hypnotic effect.

“Where are we going?” asked Annie with a yawn.

“Germany,” replied Mr. Pipes. “Just when you awaken, all rested and refreshed in the morning, we’ll be there and our adventures will begin. But for now you simply must go to sleep and rest. What a busy day you’ve had!”

He smiled; the children made no reply.



Drew woke with a start to the screeching of brakes on the rails. The train stopped. Drew bolted out of his bunk, landing on the narrow aisle with a thump, and looked eagerly out at the sun-drenched railway platform.

“Oh, my, dear me,” said Mr. Pipes, sitting up and groping for his glasses. He positioned them on his nose and

looked at his watch. “Drew, what does the sign say on the station house?”

“I can’t make it out for sure,” said Drew from the window.

Mr. Pipes opened the compartment door and called to a porter, “Bitte, Wie heist dieser Ort?”

“Coburg. Beeilen Sie sich bitte!” came the crisp reply.

“Yeah, *Coburg Bahnhof*—or something like that,” said Drew, stumbling over the German name for the railway station. “What else did he say?”

“This is our stop and we must hurry. We’ve overslept,” said Mr. Pipes matter-of-factly. “Very well, then. Can’t be helped. We’ll just have to get ourselves off the train quickly. Annie, dear, I’m terribly sorry to rush you. And Drew, do let’s not leave anything on the train this time. How do you get all of your luggage so scattered about, and in such a short time?”

Just as the whistle blew and the train lurched away from the platform, Annie, Drew (stuffing a pair of socks into his knapsack), and Mr. Pipes stepped off into the sunshine.

Mist drifted above the steep tile roofs of the ancient Saxon village.

“Everything’s old,” said Drew. “But not old in quite the same way as England.”

“It reminds me of an old fairy tale,” said Annie, a flush to her cheeks as she spun around taking it all in. “Couldn’t you just see Hansel and Gretel walking hand in hand down this winding street? And the front of the houses with all that fancy carving and the little towers on the pointy part of the roofs makes them look like gingerbread cottages. It’s all so beautiful.”

“I wish they were made of gingerbread,” said Drew, rubbing his stomach. “Or anything edible; I’m starved.”

Drew thought the ancient buildings lining the narrow streets looked taller and more decorated with fancy trim than the stone cottages of Olney. Almost all of the houses were topped with dull red tile instead of the glassy slate roofs in Mr. Pipes’s village.

“Check this out!” said Drew, gazing hungrily through the rippling glass circles of a restaurant window at a couple eating breakfast. The man halted mid-bite, his fork speared into a large bite of sausage, and scowled back at Drew.

“Drew!” said Annie. “It’s not polite to stare—even when you are hungry. Yum, it does look good,” she added, gazing at the golden bread and butter on the woman’s plate.

“Come, my dears,” said Mr. Pipes with a laugh. “Let’s drop our bags at the hotel, have a bit of a wash, and find a nice place to dine for our breakfast. The hotel is just across the street.”

He pointed to a large whitewashed building, crisscrossed with reddish brown timbers, its windows lined with bright red geraniums. A man wearing blue overalls and thick boots vigorously pushed a broom—swish, swish, thud; swish, swish, thud—before the black paneled double door, set deep into the thick-walled entrance.

“We get to stay here?” said Annie, admiring the tidy old building.

“Indeed, my dear, that is the plan,” said Mr. Pipes, looking right before leading them across the narrow street.

Weary from their long journey, the travelers tidied up, ate their breakfast, strolled only briefly around the little village, then took a long nap in overstuffed—and very comfortable—beds.



“Is that a real castle?” asked Drew later in the afternoon as they paused in their walk at the edge of the village. “It sort of sprawls all over the hilltop,” he went on, “and that tallest tower on the left looks more like it’s topped with a giant knight’s helmet—or maybe a huge metal onion. Come to think of it, the other two towers look almost like church steeples.”

“Coburg Castle, built in the twelfth century,” said Mr. Pipes, “suffered from fires, enemy sieges, and the ravages of time.” He smiled, running his hand over his balding forehead and snowy white hair. “The irregular shape, though, actually makes the castle more difficult to conquer. But, follow me! We’ll march up this grassy hillside, through that little wood, and take her by storm! Onward, noblest English!—I mean to say—English and American!”

The children laughed as they trotted to keep up. Dusky gray jackdaws scolded from tree branches, and several of the birds swooped mischievously near the threesome as they approached the wooded border around the castle.

“Can we go inside?” asked Drew in a husky whisper as they passed underneath a canopy of rustling leaves and neared the massive stone walls of the fortress.

“I’ve forgotten my timetable,” said Mr. Pipes, pausing to look upward at the towering Stone Bower rising above them. “But we’ll enter at the main gate and see.”

“How could any army ever have broken into this place?” asked Drew. “If I were inside, I’d be shooting at us right now, and I bet the soldiers on that wall would have the upper hand.”

“Indeed, they would,” said Mr. Pipes. “What with bolts from crossbows raining from those ramparts, the odd boulder thrown in for variety, and your occasional cauldron

of boiling oil showering down upon us. Yes, yes, I'd much prefer their position to ours."

"That sounds awful," said Annie, with a shudder.

"A true fortress, this is," said Mr. Pipes. "She has a long—hundreds of years—and quite successful history of protecting her occupants most jealously indeed."

Several tourists emerged from the labyrinth of the castle as Mr. Pipes tried getting the attention of a man sitting in the gatehouse wearing headphones, his head bobbing up and down as he read the newspaper.

"Guten tag," Mr. Pipes greeted the man. "Wann schliest es, bitte?"

The man looked up irritably, pulled one of the headphones away from his ear, said something that sounded like, "Ja, ja. Beeilen Sie sich," and waved them impatiently toward a rough stone walkway. They passed under an arch leading through the massive wall and into the sprawling fortress courtyard. It seemed strangely deserted.

"We don't have much time, I fear," said Mr. Pipes. "So follow me to the north side of this massive stone building." It took some concentration to walk on the large stone pavement. Mr. Pipes led them through an open doorway and up a narrow staircase. Their steps echoed against the ancient walls of the winding stairway as they climbed round and round, and higher and higher up the castle bower.

"Whew!" said Mr. Pipes, wiping his brow as they left the stairway and entered a large room. Late afternoon sunlight shone warmly through the rippled glass of the narrow windows, casting long shadows on the polished timbers of the floor.

"It's like someone's bedroom," said Annie. "Everything is so—so massive. I love this writing desk, and look at the

carved legs on that bed. And that fireplace looks tall enough to stand up in.”

“Walk-in fireplace, huh?” said Drew, poking his head up into the chimney. “I can see some light at the top of the chimney,” he went on, his voice sounding hollow.

“And these blankets hanging on the walls,” said Annie. “They have people, horses, dogs, and castles sewn right into them. What a place! Oh, I could get used to this room.”

“They’re called tapestries,” explained Mr. Pipes. “Castles do have a certain charm to them, but I’m afraid they were not the easiest places in which to live. During the winter and at night time they could be dreadfully damp and cold—these lovely woven wall hangings served as a kind of insulation to help keep the chill off. Naturally, the big fireplace helped, too.”

Drew had been silently looking around the room and out the narrow windows. “Check out this armor—it’s the full suit—and it’s holding a real battle-ax. Looks like there might even be a guy inside it.”

“Oh, Drew,” said Annie, “don’t even say things like that.”

“Mr. Pipes,” said Drew, cautiously testing with his thumb the sharpness of a sword hung on the wall next to the bed, “somebody important must have lived here or you wouldn’t have brought us. Who was it?”

Before Mr. Pipes could answer, Annie called from a window, “Look at this view! Whoever lived here had a great view of those mountains and the forest leading to them. I love how the light plays on those shiny leaves.”

“It is a lovely spot,” said Mr. Pipes. “Drew, you’re right. Someone very important did live here for a short time. Do you remember whom Charles Wesley met on the ship to America?”



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“Sure,” said Drew. “It was some German Christians who sang hymns all the time.”

“That’s right,” said Mr. Pipes.

“And you said the German Christians had been singing hymns for over two hundred years,” said Annie, smiling at her brother, “*remember*, Drew?”

“I didn’t really think those *same* Christians lived for two hundred years,” said Drew, his cheeks flushing.

“Of course, you didn’t,” said Mr. Pipes. “The leaders of the Protestant Reformation brought the singing of hymns back to Christian worship. And no one man could be more credited with starting the Reformation than Martin Luther.”

“So this was Martin Luther’s room?” asked Annie, running her hand over the hand-stitched cushion on a trunk at the foot of the massive bed. “Is this his bed—I mean did he actually sleep in it?”

“As far as I know, it is,” said Mr. Pipes, glancing uneasily at his watch. “Oh, I do wish we had more time to see it all, and I simply must tell you his story. But it grows late. We must be going.”

Annie and Drew reluctantly followed Mr. Pipes to the winding stairway for the long descent to the courtyard below.

“I wish we could stay,” Annie’s voice sounded hollow against the stone walls.

“Where is everyone?” asked Drew, peering through a narrow opening at the vacant castle ground below. “Hey! There’s that guy who was sitting at the gatehouse—he’s carrying a huge ring of keys and still wearing his headphones—but I don’t see anybody else around.”

The uniformed gatekeeper suddenly shook the key ring, spun around, and skipped on one foot backwards across the

cobbled castle yard. He threw his head back and sang the way someone sings when no one else is around. It sounded something like, “Darf ich Sie morgen wiedersehen?” He shook the key ring throughout—even throwing it into the air, spinning around, and catching it behind his back—singing louder as he strutted and stomped toward them.

“Can you believe it!” said Drew, about to burst with laughter. Annie crammed her head next to Drew’s at the window. Mr. Pipes couldn’t help himself—though he tried holding it back—and burst into laughter with the children until tears came to their eyes.

“I say,” said Mr. Pipes, “he is having quite a foot rollick.”

The dancing German disappeared out of sight directly below them.

“He doesn’t know we’re watching,” said Drew, holding his stomach and wiping his eyes.

“Yeah,” said Annie, “he thinks he’s alone.”

“Indeed, he does, poor chap,” said Mr. Pipes. He suddenly grew very serious. “I say, there’s the rub. We must hurry. He’s forgotten we’re inside, and he’s locking the castle for the night!”

The patter of their racing feet on the stone steps was suddenly interrupted by an ominous groan as the door turned on its ancient hinges. A loud clang came from directly below. The keys rattled; a pause followed. Then came a decisive “click” as the key turned in the lock.

“He’s shut the door to the tower,” said Mr. Pipes, halting abruptly. “Quickly, back to the little opening. We’ll try to get his attention.”

They turned and raced back up the stairs to the window.

“Helfen Sie mir, bitte!” called Mr. Pipes.

“Help! Wait! Don’t leave us!” called Annie and Drew, their heads together as they strained to be heard through the little opening. The gatekeeper didn’t seem to hear as he spun and sang his way toward the outer gate of the castle.

“Why doesn’t he stop?” asked Annie, almost in tears as she watched the man moon-walk toward the exit.

“It’s the headphones,” said Drew quietly. “You miss a lot wearing those things.”

The clanging of the outer gate of the castle echoed decisively across the courtyard. Then, a mysterious silence hung over the ancient fortress. Annie bit her lower lip. No one spoke for several minutes.

“Well, then, my dears,” said Mr. Pipes at last. “It looks like we may be spending the night where Luther slept.”



Back in Luther’s room, the streaks of light from the narrow windows cast longer paths of fading light across the polished timbers of the floor.

“Now, then,” said Mr. Pipes, sorting the contents of his knapsack on the stout table in front of the fireplace. “We must evaluate our position. Annie, Drew, open your knapsacks and let us determine just what is at our disposal for making a meal. Ah, here are three chocolate bars—”

“—That’s a good start!” said Drew, digging in his knapsack.

“—an apple, one bottle of mineral water, and two tins of sardines. Not a great deal—and no tea—however, better than nothing at all,” concluded Mr. Pipes.

“And I have a package of crackers,” said Annie. “That should help.”

“What’s in this?” asked Drew, picking up a plain package from the contents of Mr. Pipes’s knapsack.

“Oh, that is the wee kit Dr. Dudley insisted I keep with me at all times,” said Mr. Pipes. “I don’t suppose it has any food in it, but let’s open it and see.”

A letter inside insisted, in rather irritated terms, that Mr. Pipes get plenty of rest, take his medicine faithfully, and avoid exposure to excessive sunlight. They found bandages, antiseptic, aspirin, sunscreen, a box of matches, a fat candle—“With all these candles about the castle, we’ll save Dr. Dudley’s candle for another time,” said Mr. Pipes. “And what have we here?” He held up a small package. Sniffing the package, he exhaled a satisfied “Ahhh,” and with a little smile opened it carefully.

“Three tea bags?” said Annie and Drew together.

“Earl Gray, no less. Bless you, my good doctor,” said Mr. Pipes, closing his eyes and breathing in the spicy aroma. “It is not loose-leaf; nevertheless, things are looking much brighter, my dears. Now let’s do our best to make tea and have our supper.”

“There’s wood in the fireplace,” said Drew.

“And we can boil water in this old kettle,” said Annie, lifting it off its hook and wiping the inside with a clean handkerchief. “Luther’s kettle!”

Bustling about their castle, Drew and Mr. Pipes started a fire while Annie lit candles and arranged their evening meal on the thick planks of the ancient table. A warm glow soon came from the old fireplace, the dry wood crackling merrily as the last daylight faded over the Thuringian Forest outside.

“This is downright cheery,” said Annie.

“What could be better!” said Drew. “We’re actually going to spend the night in a real castle.”

After Mr. Pipes gave thanks to God for the meal, he said, “Now, eat slowly. We must beguile our stomachs into thinking there’s more to eat than there actually is. Annie, let me help you open that sardine tin, my dear.”

Annie felt a wave of nausea as Mr. Pipes wound the key around the flat container. A fishy smell spread throughout the room.

“Oh, my dear,” said Mr. Pipes, looking from the sardines, laid snugly head to tail in a bed of oil, to Annie’s pale face, “are you well, my dear? I say, perhaps you’re not accustomed to tinned fish. They’re really quite lovely, and you must eat something. Oh, how very unfortunate. I do wish I had something else to offer you, Annie.”

They looked anything but “lovely” to Annie.

“Here, my dear, try one between two of your crackers,” said Mr. Pipes. “Best way to embark on a new delicacy. Yes, yes. Put one between crackers.”

“The poor things,” said Annie. “Couldn’t they have at least waited until they grew up? And, look,” she continued with a shudder, “they were in such a hurry they didn’t even take time to remove the skin.”

“Try ’em, Annie,” said Drew, his mouth stuffed with cracker and sardine. “They really are great.” He held another slimy little fish by the tail and plopped it into his mouth.

“Water’s boiling,” said Annie, jumping up and carefully removing the pot from over the fire. “How about if I make tea. I think a cup of tea with—with just crackers—sounds delicious.”



“We will have considerable explaining to do come morning,” said Mr. Pipes, with a chuckle, after they cleared away the remains of their meager meal. With a sigh of satisfaction he settled comfortably into a chair in front of the fire. Annie wriggled into an old quilt on the floor, and Drew straddled a footstool and gazed into the crackling flames.

“So Martin Luther actually lived here?” said Drew, slowly chewing the last bit of his chocolate bar.

“For several months, yes,” said Mr. Pipes. “And thirty well-armed soldiers stood guard to protect him.”

“Did one of them use that suit of armor?” asked Drew, watching flickers of light play on the shadows surrounding the standing armor. He imagined a real knight behind the visor ready to defend Martin Luther with his life. “The sword and battle-ax might have been one of theirs, too,” he concluded with enthusiasm.

“Wouldn’t know about that,” said Mr. Pipes. “Though you may very well be correct.”

“Why was he so important?” asked Annie.

“Yeah, armed guards and all,” said Drew. “He must have been some big shot.”

“He certainly didn’t start out his life as one,” replied Mr. Pipes with a chuckle. “Luther was born in 1483 to peasant stock—the working class. Enormous changes, however, were afoot in the world, and nowhere would those changes affect Martin Luther so profoundly as in his education. Only a few years before Luther was born, a chap by the name of Johann Gutenberg converted a winepress into the first European printing press. The rebirth of interest in books and learning was underway with a vengeance.” Mr. Pipes swallowed the last of his tea, frowned into the empty mug, and continued.

“After completing his Master of Arts degree, and while walking home to see his family, Luther found himself caught in a violent thunderstorm. The thunder rumbled angrily, and bolts of lightning flashed terrifyingly close to Martin. He fell to the ground, certain that God would strike him, and cried, ‘St. Anne, help me! I will become a monk.’ His father wanted Martin to make lots of money as a lawyer and disapproved when he kept his vow and entered the Augustinian cloister at Erfurt. There, Luther embarked on a quest to cleanse himself from his sins by all the good works the Roman Catholic Church demanded. Martin later said, ‘I was a good monk.... If ever a monk got to heaven by his monkery it was I. If I had kept on any longer, I should have killed myself with vigils, prayers, reading, and other works.’ Sometimes he fasted without a crumb for days on end and even lay in his icy cold, monkish cell all night without blankets—all futile efforts to rid himself of his many sins.”

Drew’s stomach growled and Annie shivered under her quilt.

“He sure understood how sinful he was,” said Annie. “But it sounds like he didn’t understand the word ‘grace.’”

“That’s right, I think,” said Mr. Pipes. “He never could balance the ledger; the sin column seemed to grow longer the more good works he performed. He neared despair and came to feel that God hated him and would never forgive his sins.

“His confessor at Erfurt, wanting to help Luther find peace with God, sent him to teach theology at the new university in Wittenberg. While teaching through the Psalms, Luther read Psalm 22:1, ‘My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?’ These words, which Christ later cried while dying on the cross, puzzled Luther. *He* felt forsaken by God for *his* sins, but why would sinless Jesus feel forsaken by God? Finishing his lectures through the

Psalms, Luther began studying Paul's epistle to the Romans. There, God opened the eyes of his faith. In Romans 1:17 Luther stopped at the words, 'the just shall live by faith.' Understanding came like a flood: man is made righteous not by good works but by faith in God's righteousness, and that faith is not man's work but God's gift. Luther wrote, 'Thereupon I felt myself to be reborn and to have gone through open doors into paradise.' Once the truth of the gospel seized on Luther, he suddenly looked around at the corrupt Roman Catholic Church and could not keep silent about her errors. The pope in Rome loved luxury and worldly pleasures and taught that salvation could be bought with money!—especially if it went to support St. Peter's, his new church building project.

“Outside the borders of Wittenberg, a monk named Johann Tetzel sold papal indulgences, assuring poor peasants that, ‘as soon as the coin in the coffer rings, the soul from purgatory springs.’ Pope Leo X promised, in writing, that anyone who purchased a certificate of indulgence would relieve the suffering of some loved one in purgatory. Soon people purchased the indulgences, believing they could now sin without repentance. From studying his Bible, Luther knew that indulgences could do nothing to take away sin; moreover, indulgences gave sinners a false security and encouraged further sinning. He sharpened his feather pen and drafted Ninety-five Theses, detailing his biblical objections to this practice. On October 31, 1517, Luther—hammer in hand—marched to the Castle Church and nailed his challenge to the door. After a public debate, wherein Luther was denounced, Luther's views came to the attention of the pope. Eventually, the Holy Roman Emperor, in league with the pope, ordered Luther to the imperial Diet of Worms—”

“—A diet of *worms*?” asked Annie with a grimace. “Why were people so cruel in those days? I’d actually rather eat sardines than worms.”

“Let me get this straight,” said Drew. “They made the poor guy eat worms?”

Laughing, Mr. Pipes held up his hands for them to stop. “Worms is a city—not too far from here—and a diet was something like a trial. Luther was called to a trial before Charles V, the Emperor, in the city of Worms.”

“I’m glad I’m not from a city named Worms,” said Annie.

“Might have good fishing bait in a place with a name like that,” said Drew. “But, what did the emperor do to Luther?”

“He demanded that Luther recant everything he had taught against the pope and the church,” said Mr. Pipes.

“Or what?” asked Drew.

“They would declare Luther a heretic,” said Mr. Pipes. “And he would be condemned to death.”

“W—what kind of death?” asked Annie.

“Well, burning at the stake was popular then—,” said Mr. Pipes, “—alive.”

“So, what did Mr. Luther say?” asked Drew.

“Wondering how he could be right and everyone else wrong, he asked to think about it for the night,” said Mr. Pipes. “Then, next day he stood boldly before the emperor and the hostile Roman Catholic clergy and declared, ‘Unless I am convinced by Scripture and plain reason—I do not accept the authority of popes and councils, for they have contradicted each other—my conscience is captive to the Word of God. I cannot and will not recant anything, for to go against conscience is neither right nor safe. God help

me. Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. Amen.’ Luther threw up his arms like a knight who has triumphed over his enemy and slipped from the great hall to his room.”

“Bravo, Luther!” said Drew. “Man, I wish I had been there.”

“Me, too,” said Annie. “What happened next?”

“Too popular among the German people for the emperor to execute, he allowed Luther to leave for his home in Wittenberg. His followers, however, feared the Catholics might try to kill Luther, so the Duke of Saxony arranged for armed knights to ‘capture’ Luther and take him to the Wartburg Castle for safekeeping. They played hostile abductors well, cursing and wrestling Luther to the ground. Then, leading him on horseback through the dense forest, they deposited him in what would be his ‘dungeon’ for an entire year. Though not happy about his exile, Luther made good use of it, writing letters, pamphlets, a German catechism, and translating the New Testament into German. Not at all bad for a year’s work!

“When released, Luther set about reforming the order of church worship. Luther replaced his priestly robe with a plain black gown, and conducted the service facing the congregation while speaking in German instead of Latin (which few of the common folks had ever understood). He made preaching from the German Bible the central feature of the worship service, and taught the people to sing hymns both in church and in their homes. It is said that Luther gave the German people the Bible so that God might speak directly to them in His Word, and he gave them the hymnbook so that they might answer Him in their songs.

“Luther loved music and said, ‘Next after theology I give to music the highest place and the greatest honor.... Next to the Word of God, only music deserves to be extolled as the mistress and governess of the feelings of the

human heart. We know that the devil's music is distasteful and insufferable. My heart bubbles up and overflows in response to music.' He sometimes used rather strong language to make his point: after describing the 'perfect wisdom of God in His wonderful work of music,' Luther declared that 'He who does not find [music] an inexpressible miracle of the Lord is truly a clod and is not worthy to be considered a man.'"

"That's telling them!" said Drew.

"Luther, I dare say, always spoke his mind," said Mr. Pipes, crossing his legs and clasping his hands around his knee before continuing. "Called by some 'the nightingale of Wittenberg' for his own skillful singing, Luther wrote thirty-seven hymns and even wrote the musical score for some of the poetry. He played beautifully on the lute and may have plucked out his tunes on catgut strings, pausing between phrases to write them down on paper."

"What's a lute?" asked Drew.

"*Catgut* strings?" questioned Annie. "You don't really mean they used some poor cat's insides for the strings? What if it was Lord Underfoot's?"

Mr. Pipes chuckled. "M'Lord's insides would never do—entirely too unyielding. No, I dare say, it would require a considerably more compliant cat for good lute strings." He rose from his chair in front of the fireplace and reached for a lute hanging against the wall. "This is very like Luther's lute, no doubt," he said, gently fingering the double rows of strings on the wide neck of the instrument. "I say, she's no museum piece; she's fit to play," he said, cocking his head to one side, listening to each string as he twisted the tuning screws.

"It looks like a giant pear—well, half a pear," said Annie, scooting closer to Mr. Pipes, her curiosity overcoming her revulsion at the origin of the strings.

“Please, Annie,” said Drew. “You’ll make me hungrier. Can you play it, Mr. Pipes?” he asked, pulling his stool closer.

“I might be able to coax a wee tune out of her,” said Mr. Pipes, sitting in his chair, the lute resting on his knee. As he plucked, the castle room filled with mellow strains that made Annie and Drew feel transported back in time. “Some historians suggest that Luther wrote his finest hymn right in these walls, perhaps in this very room. It’s all about castles, mortal combat, powerful enemies, and great triumphs—but not physical ones. We know for certain that during his stay in this fortress, he often sang in his private devotions the hymn that became the battle hymn of the Reformation.”

“What’s the hymn?” asked Annie, eagerly.

Mr. Pipes paused for a moment, looking at the beamed ceiling while fingering the strings until he found the right key. “I’ll do my best to teach it to you. Listen to the tune; I’ll sing the grand words through, then you join me. It goes like this:

A mighty Fortress is our God,
 A Bulwark never failing;
 Our Helper He amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and pow’r are great;
 And armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right Man on our side,
 The Man of God’s own choosing.
 Dost ask who that may be?

Christ Jesus it is He,
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure;
One little word shall fell him.

That Word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth;
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is for ever."

After listening to Mr. Pipes's clear voice, and his energetic playing on the lute, they sang the ancient hymn through with him. After a pause, they sang it through again.

The fire hissed as they fell silent. Suddenly Drew, with a set to his jaw, leaped up, grabbed the battle-ax out of the hands of the empty armor, and—swinging it wildly around—jumped up on the table. "I defy that ancient foe—look out, Buck-o; your doom is sure! I'd have fought for God's truth," another swipe of the battle-ax, "I'd have been on his side. Let's sing it again; I'd—I'd shed every drop of blood in my veins for Christ's kingdom!" After a last flourish of the battle-ax, he abruptly stopped; his face grew crimson.

Mr. Pipes raised his eyebrows and smiled. “Many did, my boy. The Protestants not only sang this hymn in worship, more than one battle—real battles with sword and battle-ax—began with several thousand men singing these very words—‘His kingdom is forever; we must win the battle!’ But, Drew, your battles are no less real. In some ways it was easier in Luther’s day when the enemies of God’s truth jeered from across the battlefield. But the devil still seeks whom he may devour, and only those who confide their strength in Jesus Christ—the Word above all earthly powers, the mighty Fortress—only through His strength can we defeat the enemies of our souls.”

“I love the poetry in our—I can say *our*, can’t I?—our English hymns,” said Annie, gazing into the fire. “But there is a—a—strength to Luther’s poetry—like no other.”

“Yeah,” said Drew, “I sure see why they called it a battle hymn.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Pipes. “Of course, these hymns are for all the church—‘from age to age the same.’ And as members of Christ’s church you must add Luther’s hymn to the collection that you claim as your own—his is among the best.”

Annie and Drew listened as Mr. Pipes softly played variations on Luther’s tune. How amazing, thought Drew, watching Mr. Pipes’s fingers skillfully press the strings against the neck of the lute. Luther might have done the same thing in this same room nearly 500 years ago.

“Luther’s hymns,” Mr. Pipes went on, “played such an important role in the Reformation that one Catholic priest later complained, ‘the hymns of Luther killed more souls than his sermons.’”

“He had it all wrong,” said Drew. “I bet God used the hymns to save souls—I know He did for us.”

“I think you are right, Drew,” said Mr. Pipes, strumming a final chord on the lute for emphasis. “Now, we must be off to bed—well, at least Annie will have a bed, Luther’s bed.”

“I’ll take the floor,” said Drew. “Mr. Pipes, you can have the cushioned bench—”

“—And my quilt,” said Annie. “The bed has plenty of blankets.”

“Good night, my dears,” said Mr. Pipes, when they’d settled. “It may not be the most comfortable sleeping arrangement, but I’d venture to say we’re the first to sleep in this room in—in perhaps several hundred years!”

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

God is our refuge and strength, an ever-present help in trouble. Ps. 46:1

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev - er
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be
 3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -
 4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them, a -

fail - ing; our help - er he a - mid the flood of
 los - ing; were not the right man on our side, the
 do - us, we will not fear, for God hath willed his
 bid - eth; the Spir - it and the gifts are ours through

mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe
 man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be?
 truth to tri - umph through us. The prince of dark - ness grim,
 him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go,

doth seek to work us woe; his craft and pow'r are great;
 Christ Je - sus, it is he, Lord Sa - ba - oth his name,
 we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,
 this mor - tal life al - so; the bod - y they may kill:

and armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.
 from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.
 for lo! his doom is sure; one lit - tle word shall fell him.
 God's truth a - bid - eth still; his king - dom is for - ev - er.

All Praise to Thee, Eternal Lord

You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor. 2 Cor. 8:9

1. All praise to thee, e - ter - nal Lord, clothed in a
 2. Once did the skies be - fore thee bow; a vir - gin's
 3. A lit - tle child, thou art our guest, that wea - ry
 4. Thou com - est in the dark - some night to make us
 5. All this for us thy love hath done; by this to

garb of flesh and blood; choos - ing a man - ger
 arms con - tain thee now: an - gels who did in
 ones in thee may rest; for - lorn and low - ly
 chil - dren of the light, to make us, in the
 thee our love is won: for this we tune our

for thy throne, while worlds on worlds are thine a - lone.
 thee re - joice now lis - ten for thine in - fant voice.
 is thy birth, that we may rise to heav'n from earth.
 realms di - vine, like thine own an - gels round thee shine.
 cheer - ful lays, and shout our thanks in cease - less praise.