



FANNY CROSBY

The Blind Poet

Authors: Doris Stuber Moose, Karen E. Weitzel

Illustrator: Vernon Henkel

Computer Graphic Artists: Ed Olson, Melody Mayer

Proofreader: Sharon Neal

PowerPoint Presentation, and Download: Mark and LaRue Bowser

Typesetting and Layout: Patricia Pope, Charity Taft

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NOTE TO THE TEACHER

Display each illustration as indicated at the appropriate time. Lay volume aside when illustration does not correspond to story. The extra activities and review questions on pages 13-14 are correlated with each chapter and encourage student involvement. You may wish to make a copy of the memory verse token on page 15 for each student.

One of Fanny Crosby's songs, "To God Be the Glory", is available from the publisher of this volume. This is a song of praise which glorifies God for the redemption He has provided through His Son. A suggestion for introducing this song is found on page 14 under "Making Music."

Chapter 1

The aim of the chapter: To discover that God sometimes allows us to go through difficult circumstances we don't understand, but He can use them for our good.

Brush, one ... brush, two ... brush, three ... brush, four ... brush, five ... brushing and counting at the same time kept four-year-old Fanny busy for a while. And, Grandmother was glad. Brush, six ... brush, sev The brush slipped out of the little girl's hand and clattered to the floor.

Fanny got down on her knees and felt the floor around her. "Grandma, where's my hairbrush?"

Grandmother left her rocker, picked up the brush and placed it in Fanny's hand. "Here, Fanny. Now, start again," she said, as she guided the child's hand.



Show Illustration #1

Fanny was tired of brushing. She wanted to talk. "Grandma, why can't I see?" It was a question she had often asked before, and a question Grandmother had often answered.

"Fanny, you could see at one time, but only when you were a tiny baby," Grandmother replied. "I've told you before what happened to your eyes."

"But I want to hear again, Grandma," Fanny interrupted. She leaned against Grandmother's rocking chair waiting for the story she knew would come.

"It was a cold March night when you were born right here in this cottage." Grandmother knew Fanny enjoyed hearing about the storm, so she always made it fierce. "The wind swirled around our house. It rattled the windows and squeezed through the cracks. We wrapped you snugly in a blanket and your mother held you close. Guess who wanted to hold you the next day?"

Since Fanny knew the story almost well enough to tell it herself, she said, "It was Polly!"

"Yes," Grandmother said, "it was Polly. She was only three years old, but she wanted to hold you. When I placed you in her arms, she asked, 'Can I play with her?'"

Fanny laughed. "I play with Polly now," she said, "when she's not in school."

Polly was Grandmother's daughter, and so she was Fanny's aunt, even though she was not much older than Fanny.

Grandmother continued her story. "Your father always rocked you in this chair at night. It was hard plowing the rocky ground in our fields and he was so tired. But he was not too tired to play with you. He and your mother played a game. They wiggled their fingers in front of your face until your eyes followed them.

"When you were six weeks old, you became sick with a cold. Your eyes turned red and sore. And you cried loudly and waved your tiny fists. We tried to find the doctor, but he was away. Another man, who said he was a doctor, came to treat you. We watched this man put hot cloths over your eyes. He said they would draw out the infection and wouldn't hurt you."

"Did I cry, Grandma?"

"Yes, Fanny, you cried. After the treatment, you improved every day. But white scars covered your eyes. The hot cloths had injured them."

"I couldn't play Daddy and Mamma's game anymore 'cause I couldn't see their fingers," Fanny stated. "But I can play other games now without seeing. I'm going outside to wait for Polly."

Fanny had learned her way around the house and yard by touching every object she bumped into as she walked. Over and over she had practiced and memorized where everything was located. Now she confidently skipped across the room and stood in the open doorway. With a hop she landed on the doorstep. And then she was running toward the stone fence.