



Beautiful Feet Upon the Mountains

The Elinor Young Story

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Chapter 1

Learning to Stand

Five-year-old Elinor lay in bed, listening to the familiar morning noises of her family down in the kitchen. Outside, the early January snow gently covered the ground of the family farm near Chatteroy, Washington. Elinor was sick and supposed to be resting, but something wasn't right. She tried to sit up, to swing her feet to the floor and to call to her mother. No one could hear her through the closed door at the bottom of the stairs! "Why do I feel this way? Why am I so weak? Why does my neck hurt?" she thought, struggling to the staircase. Had it always been this far to the door at the bottom of the stairs?



Show Illustration #1

Suddenly, Elinor's legs gave out. She tumbled down the stairs and crashed into the door.

Down in the kitchen, Mom was washing the milk buckets while Dad fried up eggs to feed his wife and five children. The loud rattle

of the stairway door latch startled them both. Rushing to open it, they found Elinor huddled on the lowest step.

The next few hours went by in a blur. Dad dashed to the phone to call the doctor, and soon he and Mom and Elinor were on their way to the doctor's office. "It's polio," the doctor decided. "You need to take her to the hospital right now." Polio, that dreaded disease that attacked the muscles so that they couldn't get messages from the brain. The brain couldn't tell the body to run, to walk, to lift a finger, even to breathe. No! God couldn't do this to their little girl!

"Hurry Daddy, I can't breathe!" begged Elinor, before the world went dark around her.

When she awoke, she was lying in a bed surrounded by white curtains. Doctors and nurses with masks over their mouths hurried in and out. "Where are Mom and Daddy?" Elinor wondered fearfully. Her dad had always been there to protect her. Now he was not allowed to be with her in her hospital room. Who would be with her and make everything alright?



Show Illustration #2

As the days passed, Elinor grew worse. The doctors told her parents that she would be an invalid for life, able to move only a little on her own. That is, she would be an invalid if she survived.

Mom and Dad had to learn to trust

God with the life of their little girl. One day, Elinor lay in her white-walled room all alone. She felt death creeping up through her legs. No one in that hospital had the strength to save her. But then she remembered: "God is with me! Please God, please help me!" Peace came over her. The feeling of death was gone. God had delivered her.

From that moment on Elinor slowly began to get better. She still couldn't move even a toe, but the doctors knew that she would not die. And Elinor knew that, no matter what happened, God her Father would always be with her.

Soon Elinor moved to a new room. It was wonderful to see something other than white walls. Mom and Dad and her big sister Margaret could come visit her. Every day a doctor would come in, pull back the sheet from Elinor's feet, and ask her to try to wiggle her toes.



Show Illustration #3

For days and days nothing happened. Her muscles had not healed enough to obey the commands from her brain. But one day, three months after Elinor fell down the stairs, the doctor jumped up with excitement when Elinor

tried. The big toe on her left foot had moved! Her muscles were healing! But Elinor had a lot of work ahead of her. She would need to spend hours in physical therapy retraining her muscles to listen to and obey her brain. God had given Elinor a determined mind. He was with her. With God's help, she could do it.