

THE USE OF THE STORY IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649720286

The Use of the Story in Religious Education by Margaret W. Eggleston

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MARGARET W. EGGLESTON

**THE USE OF THE
STORY IN RELIGIOUS
EDUCATION**

THE USE OF THE STORY
IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

MARGARET W. EGGLESTON

THE USE OF THE STORY IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

BY

MARGARET W. EGGLESTON

INSTRUCTOR IN STORY TELLING,
SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION
AND SOCIAL SERVICE,
BOSTON UNIVERSITY



NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1920,
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER
WITH WHOM I HAVE HAD MANY
A PLEASANT STORY-HOUR

FOREWORD

LOOKING back through the years, I can see a man of middle age and on his knee a little girl. 'Tis evening time and story hour—the best time of the day. The little girl is waiting for the father to settle himself so that she can begin the story. “Once upon a time, long, long ago,” she begins, “a dear little baby came to live in a home that was far away across the big sea.” The father smiles and pats her head as the story runs along, and when it is done he whispers, “That was well done, daughter. Do you know that I think perhaps some day you may tell stories to boys and girls as father does now.” Then, because she had been able to tell the story that he had told her the day before, he would tell her a new story—perhaps two, one from the Bible and one from fairy land or the time when “daddy was a little boy.” When the twilight had at last faded, the child was far away in storyland.

Little did my father realize what a gift he was giving to me, but as the years have gone by I have realized it more and more, for in my twenty years of work with young people it has been my greatest asset. As I have told stories to the boys and girls, I have learned to know their needs, their dreams, their longings and their weaknesses which needed help from me. As I have seen teachers and workers struggling with their classes, especially in the matter of discipline, I have wanted so much to “take them

apart" to study awhile, for the story would have solved so many of their problems.

Some years ago I was invited to the home of a friend for supper. As soon as I entered the house, she apologized for the noises which were coming from the upper floor of the house. "John simply had to be punished," she said. "He disobeyed me over and over and so I have given him a good whipping and sent him to bed." The time went by and the noises grew worse and worse—kicks and screams and yells. Finally when she and I were both unhappy over it, I asked if I might go upstairs. "Yes, you may go, but he can't come down and he can't have any supper," she said, after I had begged to be allowed to go up to the little six-year-old.

I found John in a heap at the foot of the bed, not willing even to look at me. But I sat down and said, "I thought you might like a story and I think I'll just tell it anyhow. You needn't listen, of course. Away in the far north where it is very, very cold, there lived a little boy who had a sled, but he didn't draw it with a rope. Oh, no, he had four little dogs that he hitched to the sled, and then how he did go over the snow." By this time, the face was around and the kicking had stopped. Slowly and quietly, I told him the story of Jimmie Standby of Labrador, who stood by the dogs all through the night and the day in the bitter cold because he had told Dr. Grenfell that he would "Stand by." 'Tis a wonderful story and the little body crept nearer and nearer and then into my lap. When I had finished, the anger had gone from the face, the quiver from the body, and the little face was up-

turned to mine all full of eagerness to follow Jimmie to the very end.

When I turned to go downstairs he said, "Couldn't I please go downstairs and speak to mother? I want to tell her something." "But mother said you could not come down tonight," I replied. "I just want to come for a minute. Please ask mother to let me come for a minute." So I asked the mother, and her reply made me fear for the child, "Yes, he can come for a minute, but it won't do a bit of good to ask me to stay. He has to be punished," and her face was little like that of the child.

Then down he came, streaks of dirt on the little red face. Straight to his mother he went and looking into her face, he said, "She told me a nice story, and I am going to have a name like his. I am going to be Jimmie Standby too." And he went upstairs like a man.

Because I have longed to help the teachers and workers with boys and girls in our religious education work, I have written this book. It is not designed for those who already know the principles of story-telling. It contains much that has already been written but with this difference—it is for those in religious work who are eager to know "how." I have given lists of stories, but I have told few, for libraries are plenty where the stories listed may be found. I have divided it in such a way that it can be used in the classes in story-telling work in our community schools and colleges where the demand is growing for such classes. I have included chapters on many kinds of stories not needed in the secular work, such as Missionary Stories and Junior