

2/19/21

THE STORM IS PASSING OVER
What wondrous words to hear !!!

As we emerge from the crises of 2020, we all YEARN for those words – just as Charles Albert Tindley did when he published his hymn in 1905. Born in Maryland (a slave state) to a slave father and a free mother, Tindley had an uphill road from the start. Although free-born, he was sent to work among slaves. He had no formal schooling, but taught himself to read by gathering scraps of newspaper he found alongside the road or in trash bins.



Charles I Albert Tindley (1851 - 1933)

After the Civil War, Charles married and moved North to Philadelphia, carrying bricks by day and serving as janitor for his church all the while attending classes at night at a Bible institute to prepare for the ministry. After he earned his doctorate (teaching himself Greek and Hebrew through correspondence courses!) he eventually became the minister of that same church where he had been janitor.

Tindley often introduced hymns he had written along with his sermons and under his capable leadership of “influence and passion“ he grew his church to a membership of MORE THAN 10,000!!

Charles was a community leader unafraid to tackle the racial issues of the day. With other clergy he marched through the city in protest against the film “Birth Of A Nation“ and was attacked by a violent and angry white mob. Undeterred, he went on to build solid relationships with influential white political and business people and was able to

raise enough money to open a sizable soup kitchen, giving away over 500 (!) meals every night and allowing homeless folks to get hot baths and clothes from the church basement. He and his parishioners also created a savings and loan organization to help African Americans buy their own homes.

Called the “Grandfather of black gospel music,” Tindley’s hymns focus on God’s promises amid life’s troubling storms. [Click here to listen](#) to a most spirited performance of one of our choir’s favorite anthems and take heart from its message of HOPE!!

Have courage, my soul and let us journey on....
Though the night is dark and I am far from home
Thanks be to God, the morning light appears!
The storm is passing over – ALLELU!!

