

## N) A SINGLE SISTERS' LABOURESS



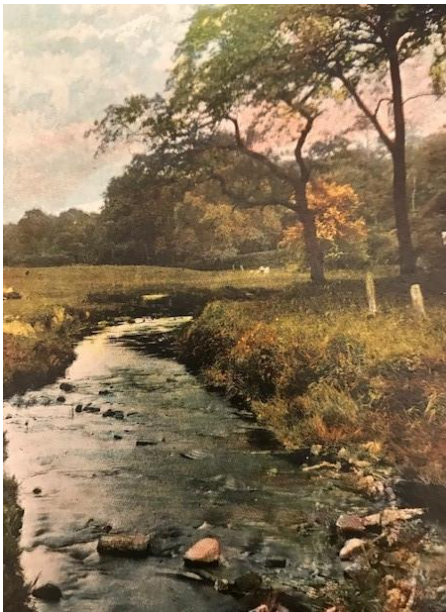
My name is sister Rosina Anderson and I am the single sisters' labouress. This involves leading and organising the single sisters in Fulneck and supervising their welfare. You may have seen my picture here which usually hangs these days downstairs in the Widow's House.

You may notice my accent is not a local one. I was born in 1727 and raised in Berthelsdorf, which is quite near Herrnhut, in Germany. My father died when I was seven and my family was taken in by the Zinzendorfs at Herrnhut and I became a Moravian at the settlement there. At thirteen I took Holy Communion for the first time. At twenty-one I was blessed as a deaconess and received a call to go to Bethlehem (Pennsylvania) in America. So off I went, via London. Then a troublesome voyage with storms and heavy seas. My position in America was also single sisters' labouress but I had much to learn and to organise. Distances between settlements were long and the work was daunting for a young woman. But I trusted in the lord and did my best.

In 1755 war broke out between the English and the French. The local tribes of Native Americans chose the French side and their murders of people in nearby settlements was hideous and frightening. For several months we were in grave danger from marauding bands and we had to stick together for safety. But time passed and things improved.

In 1764 I was called to Europe, back to London then Germany. I visited Fulneck and Bedford before settling down here in Fulneck in my present position.

Life was much more peaceful for me, here in Fulneck. I say peaceful, but the other day we had a scare. Two sisters went for a walk down the valley, when a storm broke. They sheltered in the woods on the other side of the beck and waited for the rain to stop. But it didn't. It went on raining hard for an hour, so they decided to set off home. By then the stream had become a raging torrent.



They tried to cross it but were carried off by the flood. One scrambled to safety - the other was caught in a tree and couldn't free herself. The girl who got out, ran to raise the alarm. The other struggled and cried out for help. Luckily, a brother returning from Tong heard her cries. He got carried away by the flood at first but eventually got near enough to help the girl out of the tree. All were now safe.

It was a relief to me to have all my charges safely in their beds that night. The senior sisters take it in turns to keep a constant vigil in the dormitory throughout the night. Following a



strict rota, we take turns to carry the lighted taper through and around the sleeping area which contains 80 beds. That night I insisted on doing that duty and I thanked the Lord that all was well.

The work we do for the settlement and for the Lord progresses well. Nearly every sister is occupied in spinning or weaving, or they work on the farm. Many of the sisters work in the art of satin stitch embroidery which some of us call

Dresden work, which is a link to my home country.

I hope this talk has been useful to you understanding our life here in Fulneck.

Good morning and may the good Lord be with you at all times.