



Teacher's Guidebook to

Charles Journeycake: A Light for His People

Living History/Literary Lessons for 1st–12th Grade

“We have been broken up and moved six times... despoiled of our property.... We had schools for our children and churches **where we listened to the same Gospel the white man listened to.** If our people followed [the white man] they got killed. We try to forget these things, but **we would not forget that the white man brought us the blessed Gospel of Christ, the Christian's hope. This more than pays for all we have suffered.**”

—Chief Charles Journeycake

Virtue Paths Publishing

Charles Journeycake: A Light for His People (1st-3rd grade)

Literary Term Spotlight: Onomatopoeia

*Show the children a **map** of the United States. Point out Indiana, in the Wabash and White River valleys, where Charles Journeycake was born. Trace with your finger the long path the Delaware people traveled: first from Ohio, then to Missouri, then to Kansas, and finally to Indian Territory, which is now Oklahoma. Explain simply: “Charles and his people had to leave their homes many times. Each time, they walked to a new place, carrying sorrow in their hearts but still trusting God.”*

Then, point out Washington, D.C. on the far side of the map. “When Charles grew older, he traveled all the way to Washington, D.C., to speak for his people and ask the leaders for help.”

The sun dipped low over the prairie, painting the sky purple and gold. Shadows stretched across the Delaware village, nestled along the Wabash and White River valleys. Thin trails of smoke drifted from the wigwams. Inside, each family gathered around a central hearth—corn hissed on the flames, beans bubbled in pots, and squash sizzled over embers. Outside, laughter tinkled in the twilight air as children chased one another through the tall grasses. Older people mended baskets or carved tools. Birds trilled from the nearby trees, adding a soft harmony to the evening chorus of the village.

Near one wigwam, a boy of fourteen sat quietly by the family fire. His name was Charles Journeycake. He watched the flames **snap** and **sizzle**, as he listened to his mother, Sally, pray. She had not been born into the Delaware tribe, but she loved God with all her heart—and she loved the Delaware people as her own.

Sally took Charles's hand and looked into her son's eyes. “Charles,” she said softly, “you've heard the stories of Jesus—the Son of God who died and rose again. But have you personally repented of your sins and trusted Him for salvation?”

Those words sank deep into Charles's heart. For many months, he thought about his sins and felt a deep sadness. Yet, his mother's gentle words stayed with him, stirring a longing he couldn't ignore.

Then, one day, something wonderful happened. Charles understood the stories for himself. He turned to Christ and was “gloriously saved.”

Two years later, Charles waded into the river with missionary Johnston Lykins at the Shawnee Baptist Mission. The water **splish-splashed** around his ankles, and the

reeds **rustled** in the gentle breeze. He was baptized by immersion—the first Delaware boy known to do so, and one of the first people baptized in what is now Kansas. Soon, his parents followed, and together they helped start a Baptist church for their people.

One night, as Charles sat by the fire, the flames **crackling and popping**, sending sparks into the dark sky his heart was full of love for Jesus Christ, and he whispered a prayer, letting it rise like the smoke from the fire: “Lord, open the hearts of my people. Bring them to You.” Even as a boy, Charles longed to see his people know the Christ who had saved him. The wind **whistled** through the tall grasses, and somewhere nearby, a bird **chirped** its evening song. Charles felt the sounds of the prairie listening with him, joining his prayer in their own voices.

As he grew, his heart followed the same path—faith deepening alongside each passing season. Morning after morning, he rose to follow the familiar trails of the Delaware, moving from village to village with quiet purpose. Traveling had become as natural as breathing, and when he traveled, he prayed: “God, let the Shawnee hear. Let the Wyandot know. Let the Seneca and Ottawa see Your love.”

From a young age, Charles Journeycake spoke of Christ and His mercy. His words were simple, but they were full of love. Even when people were angry, he refused to grow bitter. Instead, Charles kept praying and helping.

When he spoke to his people, they gathered around him on the soft earth, listening with quiet attention. A branch might **crack** underfoot, or a child tug at a parent’s sleeve—but Charles’s voice carried clear and steady, like an eagle’s cry across the valley. He shared God’s Word with those still lost in darkness, shining light into hearts that longed for hope.

As he grew older, Charles faced the heavy hardships of his people being forcibly removed from their homes. First, they left Ohio for Missouri, then Kansas, and finally Indian Territory—which is now Oklahoma. Each time, they had to leave behind the fields, forests, and villages they knew and loved. The paths they walked were full of sorrow, and the ache of parting tugged at their hearts like a cold wind through bare trees. Yet through it all, Charles held fast to hope and prayer, carrying the dreams of his people in his own heart.

Charles Journeycake traveled far from home, carrying the hopes and prayers of his people with him. Many times, he journeyed to Washington, D.C. The roads were long, the journeys hard. Snow **crunched** under his feet across the plains, and cold wind **whistled**

through the bare trees. Rain **splashed** and **pattered** against the paths, making the trails slippery and treacherous. With each step and each meeting, Charles felt the weight of his people's struggles—but he never wavered.

In the bustling city, he met with leaders to speak for the Delaware, explaining their needs and dreams with care. He worked to help his people secure land, protect their lives, and guide them toward the Savior he loved.

Even far from home, Charles lifted his voice in prayer: “Lord, may my people live. May they have land for their children and life in Christ. May their hearts be Yours.” It would have been easy to feel anger or bitterness, yet he chose prayer instead.

Through many trials, Charles Journeycake remained faithful. He guided his people with prayer, love, and forgiveness, pointing them to the Savior who had saved him. From quiet nights by the fireside to long roads leading to Washington, D.C., his heart stayed gentle and steadfast. He longed for his people to know Christ, and he worked to care for their homes, their safety, and their future. His life became a bright example of faith and service, showing how one heart devoted to God can shine for others.

Copywork & Memory

- *“Charles’s voice carried clear and steady, like an eagle’s cry across the valley.”* – Story text

For Narration & Reflection

1. Tell the story of Charles Journeycake as a boy around the fire with his mother.
2. What question did Sally ask Charles that stayed in his heart?
3. Describe the scene by the river the day Charles was baptized. What do you see and hear?
4. How did Charles pray for his people when he was young?
5. What happened each time the Delaware people were forced to move?
6. Picture Charles speaking to his people on the soft earth. What might it have been like to listen to him?
7. Why did Charles travel to Washington, D.C., and what did he do there?
8. How do you think Charles felt walking through rain, snow, and cold to speak for his people?
9. What made Charles choose prayer instead of bitterness when his people suffered?

10. How did God help Charles be faithful and gentle, even through many hardships?

Time Line Entry: 1833 – Charles Journeycake, a Delaware boy, baptized at the Shawnee Mission.

Charles Journeycake: A Light for His People (4th-6th grade)

Writing Focus: Perspective & Point of View

Show the students a map of the United States. Point out Indiana, where Charles was born among the Delaware people in the Wabash and White River valleys. Trace the long path of removals: from Ohio to Missouri, then to Kansas, and finally to Indian Territory (now Oklahoma). Then point out Washington, D.C., where Charles later traveled to speak for his people.

The sun dipped low over the prairie, painting the sky purple and gold. Shadows stretched across the Delaware village along the Wabash and White River valleys. Thin trails of smoke curled from the wigwam fires, their sharp smell stinging the air as sparks floated up like fireflies. Children darted through the tall grasses, their laughter carried on the wind, while elders wove baskets and carved tools with practiced hands. Grasshoppers buzzed like tiny drums, adding their rhythm to the evening song of the prairie.

Near one wigwam sat a boy of fourteen—Charles Journeycake. The fire spat and crackled before him, and smoke clung to his clothes. He listened to his mother, Sally, as she prayed beside him. She had not been born into the Delaware tribe, but she loved these people as her own and longed for them to know Christ.

Sally turned to her son, her eyes steady. “Charles, you have heard the story of Jesus—the Son of God who died and rose again. But have you repented of your sins and trusted Him yourself?”

Charles’s stomach tightened. *Could God really hear a Delaware boy like me? Would He forgive me, too?* He wondered.

For many months those questions stayed with him, heavy as stones pressing on his chest. Until one day, the burden lifted. He believed on Christ and was, as he later said, “gloriously saved.”

Not long after, Charles waded into the stream near the Shawnee Mission with missionary Johnston Lykins. The reeds whispered in the breeze, and the river’s chill bit into his skin. Yet his heart felt warm as sunlight. He was baptized—the first Delaware boy known to take that step, and soon his parents followed. Together they helped start one of the first Baptist churches in Kansas.

One evening, Charles sat again by the fire. Sparks drifted into the night, the prairie hush falling around him. “Lord,” he prayed, “open the hearts of my people. Bring them to You.” The crickets seemed to pause, the grasses bent in the breeze, and the prairie itself seemed to listen.

As he grew, so did his prayers. He walked the trails of the Delaware, then farther—through Shawnee, Wyandot, Seneca, and Ottawa villages. Sometimes people grew angry. Sometimes they turned away. Yet Charles whispered to himself, *Even if they will not listen, I will keep speaking.*

Then came the sorrow of removals. First Ohio, then Missouri, then Kansas, and at last Indian Territory. Charles remembered the warmth of fires left behind, but each move felt colder, emptier, as if the flames had gone out. Yet he prayed still: “Lord, may my people live. May they have land for their children and life in Christ. May their hearts be Yours.”

In time, Charles became chief. Again and again he traveled to Washington, D.C., to speak for his people. Blisters burned his feet, and his blanket grew heavy with ice. Snow crunched beneath his moccasins, and the wind whistled through the bare trees like a mournful song. Still he pressed on.

At last he stood tall in the crowded halls of government. His voice was steady, though his heart ached:

“We have been broken up and moved six times... despoiled of our property... We had schools for our children and churches where we listened to the same Gospel the white man listened to. If our people followed [the white man] they got killed. We try to forget these things, but we would not forget that the white man brought us the blessed Gospel of Christ, the Christian’s hope. This more than pays for all we have suffered.”

These were not words of anger, but of grace. From the quiet fire of his boyhood to the snowy roads of Washington, Charles Journeycake chose prayer instead of bitterness, forgiveness instead of anger, and faith instead of despair. The same prayer that rose with the smoke of a campfire guided him still: “Lord, may my people live. May their hearts be Yours.”

Copywork & Memory

- *“We have been broken up and moved six times... but we would not forget that the white man brought us the blessed Gospel of Christ, the Christian’s hope.”* – Charles Journeycake

For Narration, Reflection, and Writing

1. Tell the story of Charles Journeycake in your own words.
2. What question did Sally ask Charles that stayed in his heart?
3. Describe the scene by the river when Charles was baptized. What do you see, hear, and feel?
4. How does the story show imagery (picture-words) in the way the fire, smoke, or prairie is described?
5. What kinds of prayers did Charles pray for his people? How do his words show his heart?
6. Imagine the sorrow of leaving home again and again. How would you describe that feeling in your own words?
7. Why do you think Charles chose to keep speaking and praying even when people were angry or turned away?
8. Picture Charles traveling through snow and wind to Washington, D.C. How might he have kept going when it was hard?
9. What stands out to you in Charles’s speech to the government? What does it show about his faith?
10. Write a short paragraph explaining why you think Charles’s choice of prayer instead of bitterness made him a strong leader.

Time Line Entry: 1833 – Charles Journeycake baptized at the Shawnee Mission, the first Delaware boy known to take that step.

Charles Journeycake: A Light for His People (7th-12th grade)

Writing Focus: Persuasive Reasoning

Show the students a map of the United States. Point out Ohio, Missouri, Kansas, and Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), tracing the removals of the Delaware people. Mark Kansas, where Charles was baptized, and Washington, D.C., where he traveled to speak for his people. Ask: “As you look at these journeys, what stands out to you?”

The prairie stretched wide, a sea of grass bending in the evening wind. Smoke curled from the wigwam fires of the Delaware people, carrying the sharp scent of ash across the Wabash valleys. Amid the laughter of children and the low murmur of elders at work, a boy sat by the fire, his eyes fixed on the sparks that leapt upward like prayers. Fourteen-year-old Charles Journeycake listened to his mother, Sally—a woman who had embraced the Delaware as her own—speak of the Christ who died and rose again.

Could such a Savior hear a Delaware boy? Could forgiveness reach across cultures, across centuries, across sin itself? The question pressed on Charles like a weight. In time, the weight lifted. He trusted Christ. Later, in the cold waters of a Kansas stream, his faith was made public. That stream, like a new Jordan, carried not only his own confession before men, but also the hope that his people too might pass from death to life. He was the first Delaware boy known to take this step, baptized in 1833 by Missionary Johnston Likins. Within two years, his parents followed, and a Baptist church began to grow among his people.

History, however, would not leave the Delaware at rest. Removal followed removal: from their Ohio homelands to Missouri, from Missouri to Kansas, and at last from Kansas to Indian Territory. Each move left behind a trail of loss. Fires once warm with family laughter were left cold and silent. Fields where corn had grown high in summer stood abandoned, their furrows overtaken by weeds. Even the graves of loved ones—solemn mounds once tended with care—were left untended, a painful reminder of the ties cut short with every march westward.

Yet, though the Delaware were broken and scattered, Charles’s prayers only grew stronger. He lifted his voice—not with bitterness but with pleading, laying the sorrow of his people before God. He prayed for land where their children could walk without fear of being driven on again and for hearts that would find their true home in Christ.

In 1867, after unrelenting pressure from railroads and lumber companies that hungered for Kansas land, the Delaware were pressed into signing what would be their final treaty. With heavy steps, they moved once more—this time into land purchased from the Cherokee in Indian Territory. It was a hard bargain: hope mingled with weariness, survival mingled with loss. *“If this is the place You give us, O Lord, let it be a place where faith may grow,”* he prayed.

Through it all, Charles carried a new burden. Again and again, he journeyed eastward to Washington, D.C.—not once or twice, but twenty-four times over the years. There, in the marble halls and crowded offices of the nation’s capital, this Delaware chief and pastor spoke with quiet strength for the survival and future of his people. He was a man between worlds: carrying the memory of cold fires and abandoned fields, yet determined to keep the Delaware flame alive before God and before men.

At last, he stood tall in the crowded halls of government. His voice was steady, though his heart ached: “We have been broken up and moved six times... despoiled of our property.... We had schools for our children and churches where we listened to the same Gospel the white man listened to. If our people followed [the white man] they got killed. We try to forget these things, but we would not forget that the white man brought us the blessed Gospel of Christ, the Christian’s hope. This more than pays for all we have suffered.”

In that moment, Charles revealed the anchor of his life. Though grief sat heavy on his people, he refused to give way to despair. Instead, he lifted high the Gospel—the treasure he insisted was worth more than all they had lost. His witness reminds us that faith is not the absence of pain, but the decision to let hope outshine mourning, to let truth speak louder than sorrow, and to believe that God’s promises stand firm even when lands fade away.

Copywork & Memory

- *“We have been broken up and moved six times... yet we would not forget that the white man brought us the blessed Gospel of Christ, the Christian’s hope. This more than pays for all we have suffered.”* – Charles Journeycake

For Narration, Reflection, and Writing

1. Retell the story of Charles Journeycake’s baptism at the Shawnee Mission. Why was this step significant for the Delaware people?

2. What image in the story best shows the sorrow of the removals (cold fires, abandoned fields, untended graves)? Explain why it stands out to you.
3. Trace the removals of the Delaware people. What pattern do you notice, and what effect might such repeated loss have had on their community?
4. Charles prayed for his people throughout his life. What do his prayers show about the kind of leader he was?
5. Look closely at Charles's words in Washington, D.C. What feelings or convictions do you hear in them?
6. Identify one example of **ethos** (his credibility as chief), **pathos** (emotional appeal), and **logos** (logical reasoning) in his speech. How do these strengthen his message?
7. Compare Charles's response to hardship (choosing prayer over bitterness) with how another leader you know—biblical or historical—responded in difficulty. What do you learn from the comparison?
8. Imagine you were a Delaware youth during one of the removals. How might Charles's prayers have encouraged you in that moment?
9. Charles said the Gospel "more than pays for all we have suffered." What does this statement mean to you? Do you agree or disagree? Give reasons for your answer.
10. Looking at his whole life, what one principle from Charles Journeycake's example would you most want to follow? Why?

Time Line Entry:

1833 – Charles Journeycake baptized at the Shawnee Mission, the first Delaware boy known to take this step.

1867 – Delaware removed again under treaty, moving into Indian Territory.

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