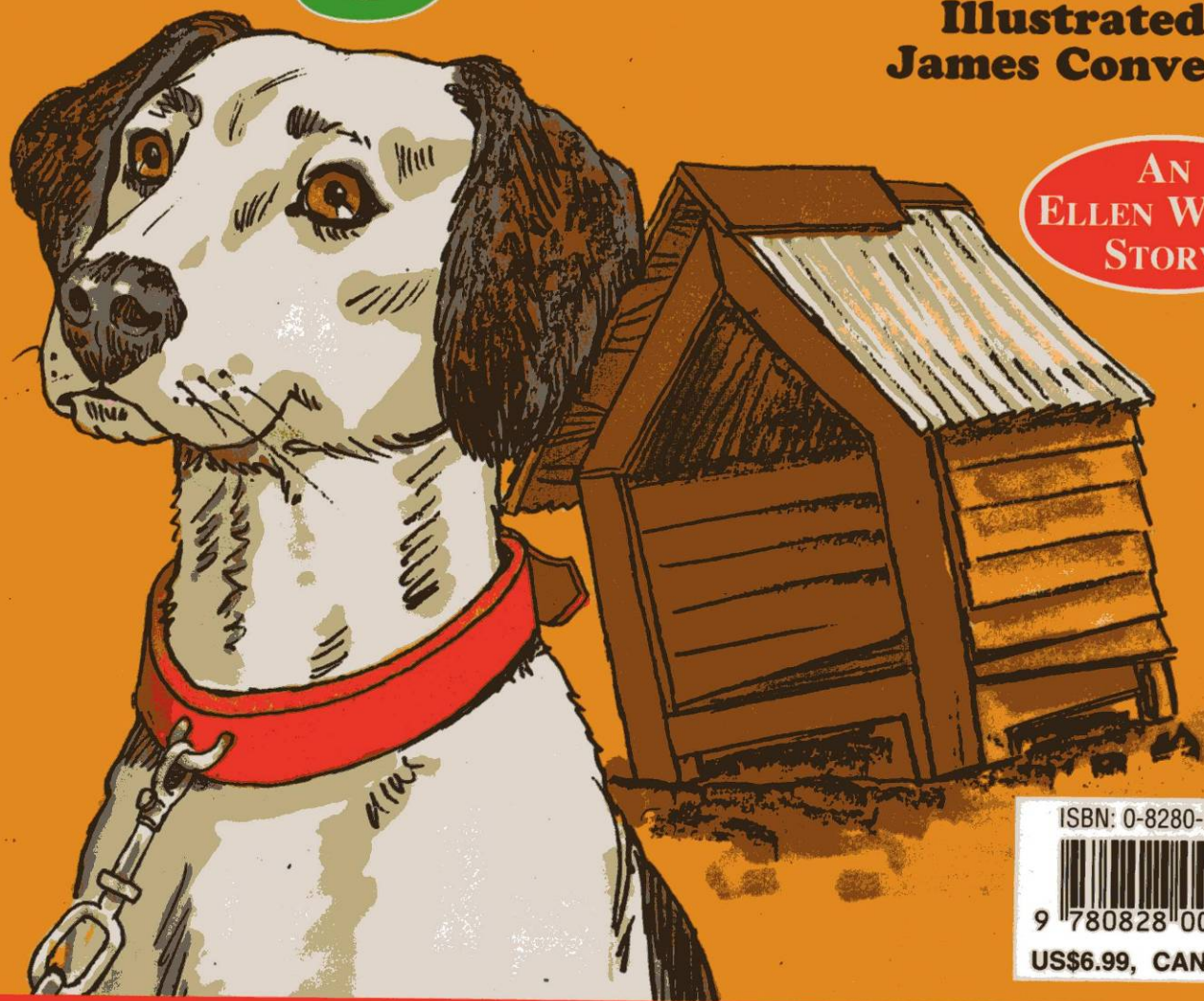


Paul B. Ricchiuti

Tig's Tale

**Illustrated by
James Converse**

AN
ELLEN WHITE
STORY



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"TWO BOOKS IN ONE FOR DOUBLE THE FUN! TURN ME OVER."

Tig's Tale



Tiglath-pileser (tig lath pi lee zer) was a king who lived a long time ago. Tiglath-pileser was also the name of Ellen White's dog.

It all happened in Australia, at Sunnyside. Sunnyside was the name of Mrs. White's home. It was Tig's home too.



Late one night dark shadows moved near the house. People were sneaking around out there—strange people. Then they left.

The next day one of Mrs. White's workers ran up the steps and into the house, shouting. "The washing is gone! The clothesline is empty! They did it again!"

Everyone in the house was upset. Someone was stealing their clothes right off the line.

Other things had been missing too. It wasn't safe to leave anything outside. Even the garden tools were gone.

Secretaries, house workers, even the gardener gathered around Sara, who was one of Mrs. White's closest friends and a nurse. And they complained to her about the stolen things.

Everyone was talking at the same time. Their voices grew louder and louder as each one wanted to be heard.

"We know who did it!" called one.

"We sure do!" another said.

"Let's go get our things back!" someone shouted.

They all agreed.

And Sara could do nothing to stop them.

Then, just as they reached the front door, they heard a voice from upstairs.

"Sara," it said. "What is the trouble?"

"It's Mrs. White," someone whispered.

"Wait here," Sara told them. "Don't do anything until I get back." And up the stairs she went.



Everyone waited for a long time. Finally Sara came back down the stairs. And she was smiling. "We are going to get a watchdog," she announced. "And that will take care of everything from now on."

So that is how Tig came to live at Sunnyside.

Some still grumbled about their lost things. But with Tig around, *well, maybe*, they thought. *Just maybe things will be better.* At least they hoped so.

Tig—short for Tiglath-pileser, of course—was a happy dog. He had his own little house, and a long chain that tied him to a stump. But at times it rained so hard his house got flooded. And that wasn't good. So one time when that happened, someone got the bright idea of tilting Tig's house on an angle. That way the water would not be so deep when it came in. Anyway, he was happy with everything that happened to him, even a tilted house and a wet floor.





But those strange shadows still sneaked around the house at night. And things kept disappearing.

And what was Tig doing about it? Well, he wagged his tail. And once in a while he would give a little bark, but not very loud. That was all he did.

"It doesn't work," someone mumbled as she glanced at Tig. "That dog! He doesn't watch anything."

"Oh, yes he does," came an answer. "He watches the thieves."





Then things really got bad when the Sabbath dinner disappeared. That was just too much. On Friday night the cook had placed it outside on a covered porch, ready for Sabbath. Now it too was gone.

Everyone knew who was doing the stealing. The sheriff had come out from town to tell Ellen White about a group of people living on the other side of the hill behind Sunnyside.

"They are bad," he said. "And they will give you lots of trouble."

"We will take care of it," Mrs. White replied. "The Lord picked out this place for us, and we will stay. He will take care of us."

The sheriff just shook his head and walked away. "I don't believe this," he mumbled. "There will be trouble here. I know it."







To stop her secretaries, the workers, and everyone else at Sunnyside from getting into trouble with the neighbors, Mrs. White took over. She decided to go and talk with them herself.

So she and Sara traveled up and over the hill behind the house. They went with a little horse and buggy. Tig and everyone else watched them leave.



But when they got to the other side, the people living there slammed their doors shut. They wouldn't talk with her. So it was back up and over the hill to Sunnyside.

Yet things kept disappearing. And Tig just kept right on wagging his tail. Every day Mrs. White went to speak with the people on the other side of the hill, but they would not talk to her.

Then one day, as Sara and Mrs. White came down the hill, they found a door to one of the houses was open.

Mrs. White knocked.

"Go away," came the answer. "There is someone sick in here."

"But I am your neighbor," Mrs. White assured them. "And I have a nurse with me."

The door opened wide. A voice said, "Come in."

Sure enough, someone was really sick in that house. So Sara went to work. And that person got better. Sara was a hero.





The news spread fast. And those people thought Sara could heal anything. So the next time the little buggy appeared on top of the hill, all the doors were open. It seemed that every house had someone sick inside. Sara worked on them as hard as she could.

But in time, the people didn't wait for the buggy to come to their side of the hill. They started bringing their sick to Sunnyside.

Now Mrs. White and her family had a whole new set of problems. But good old Tig just kept wagging his tail through it all. He liked everything that went on. And he even got a few pats on the head once in a while.





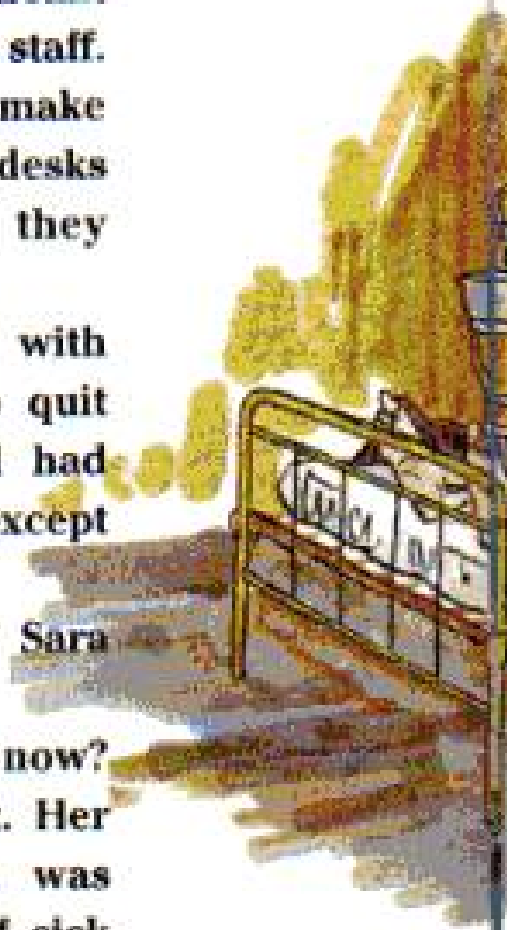
Some of the sick were so bad off that Sara had to put them to bed right away. She did what she could. Then finally with a deep sigh she said, "We need a doctor around here."

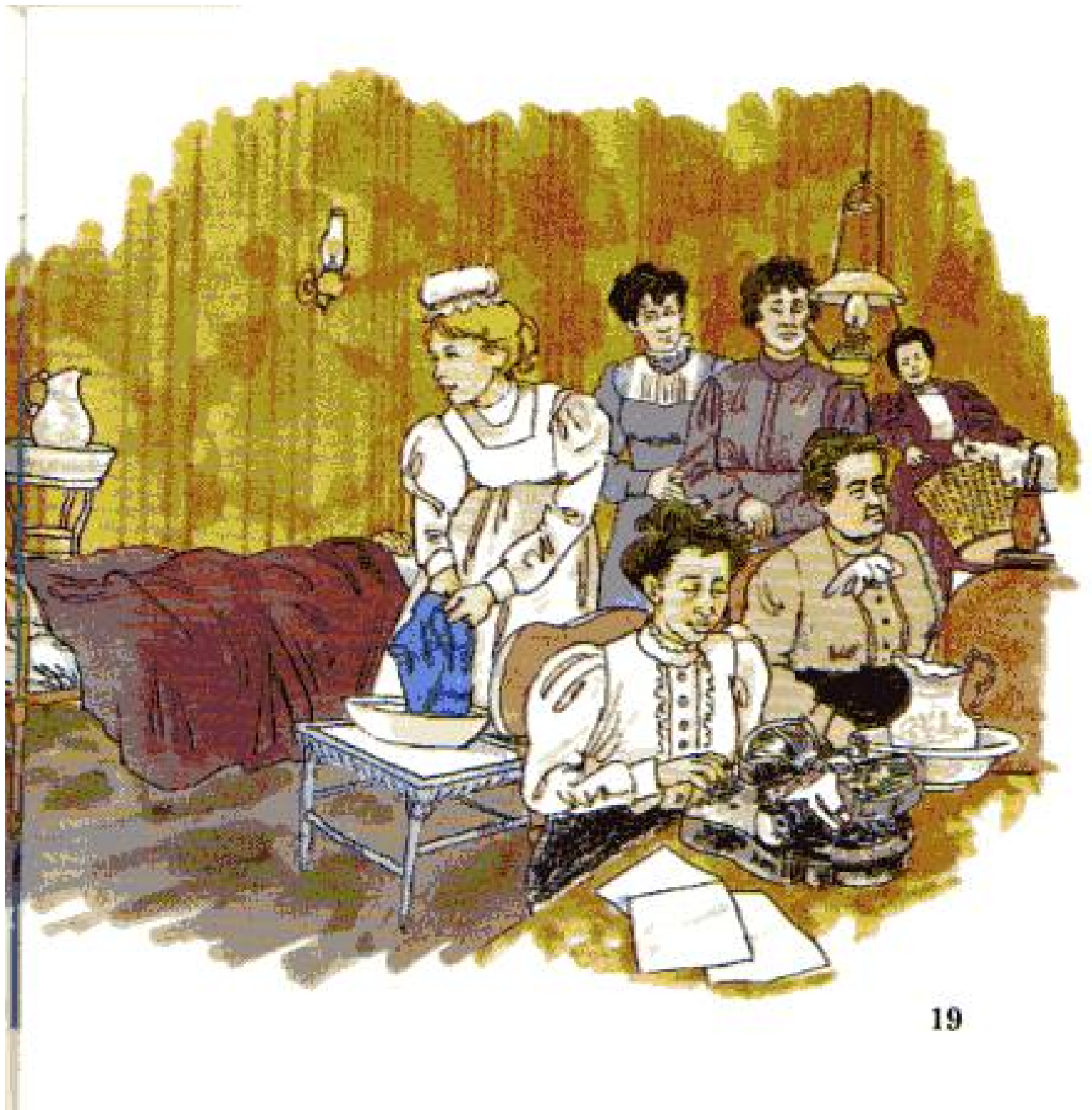
Still more and more sick came. That meant bad news for the secretaries and house staff. They had to give up their rooms to make places for the sick. As they pulled their desks and typewriters out into the halls, they weren't too happy.

When the halls started to fill up with hospital beds, everyone was ready to quit work and leave Sunnyside. They had had enough. Not one of them was happy, except Tig. He just kept on wagging his tail.

"We need a hospital with doctors," Sara announced. "We can't go on like this."

What was Mrs. White going to do now? Things at Sunnyside were falling apart. Her workers were ready to leave. Sara was overworked. And there was no end of sick people coming for help.





She prayed, then walked back and forth in her room. As she did she thought of all kinds of things. But she could think of no solution to the problem.

Once, as she saw Tig through her window, she noticed how happy he was and smiled as she saw his tail wag. That made her feel better, and she began to relax. Then she had an idea.

She went to her desk and began to write. Several hours later she had a large pile of letters to mail all over the world. In them she asked for money to build a hospital.





Something new and strange now began to happen at Sunnyside. The house was still full of sick people. The secretaries were busy working in their little corners. But smiles began appearing on everyone's face. All seemed happy. And people reported that the stolen things were now coming back.

What had happened?

The answer is simple. Ellen White's helpers were Christians. To her delight, she found they were studying their Bibles with the sick people.

And in time, many of the people from the other side of the hill became church members. Their lives changed as they found Jesus.





Next came letters with money—lots of money from all over the world. Enough to build a hospital.

But what about Tig? Well he just kept right on wagging his tail. He was such a happy dog.

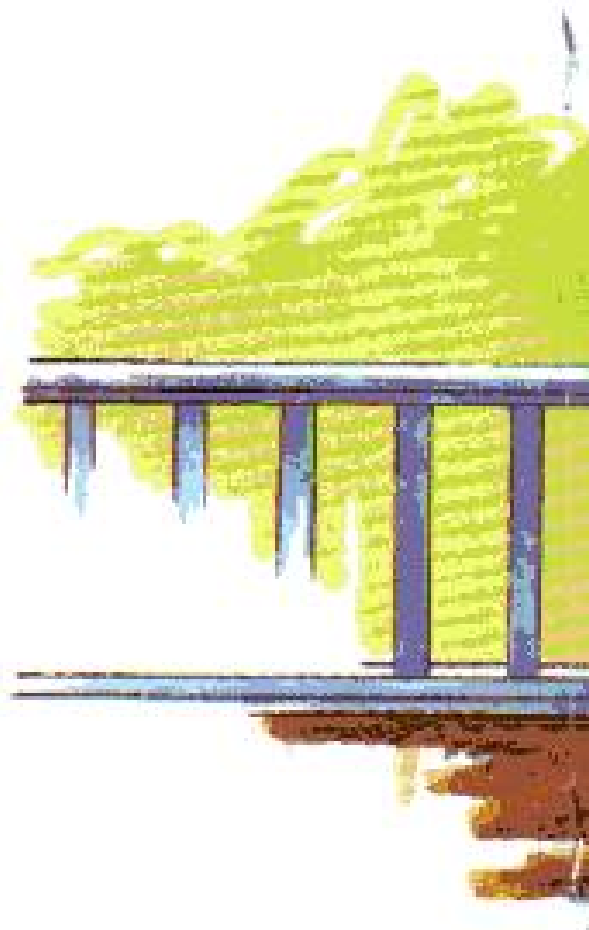
“Oh,” Mrs. White sighed, “now we have a new problem. There is enough money to build the hospital, but we need someone to build it.”

Sara smiled. “That’s no problem,” she said.

“What do you mean by that?” Mrs. White asked.

“Our new church members from the other side of the hill,” she replied. “Many of them are carpenters, bricklayers, cement mixers, and craftsmen. They will build our hospital for us. Just you wait and see.”

Sara was right.





And that is the story of how the first Seventh-day Adventist hospital was built in the beautiful land called Australia.

It is also the story of Tig, the happy little dog in the tilted house who loved to wag his tail even at thieves.



