

**George Danker**  
**1791-1861**

George was a Methodist preacher who, with wife Anna and children, emigrated from Germany in 1836 and settled in Marietta, Ohio. The four children of George and Anna were: Margaret Danker, who married first J Henry Willbrook in 1851 and second William R Armstrong; Henry J Danker who was born October 29, 1820 in Tueschendorf, Hanover, Germany, and died May 12, 1881 he married Catherine Schrader in 1841; Caroline Danker who married Joshua Cissler in 1853 and Anna Danker who married Daniel Lewis in 1839.

In 1859, Reverend Adam Miller, M.D. collected, arranged and published a book of stories entitled "Experiences of German Methodist Preachers". The information below is copied as written by George Danker.

In the year 1824, when I was about thirty years old, the Lord awakened me from my sleep of sin. I lived in the kingdom of Hanover, about fifteen miles from Bremen, Germany. Nothing was heard about conversion in our country, and consequently nothing was known of converted people. People were satisfied to hear a sermon once in two or three weeks, but this was nothing except a dead morality. Every three months we made confession of past sins, and took the sacrament of the Lord's supper, which we considered would render us free from sin. This was the custom there in the Lutheran Church, to which I belonged.

I was not awakened through the instrumentality of a pious preacher; it was the Lord himself who awakened me. It was a severe penitential struggle, continuing for more than a year, through which I passed. I had no teacher but the word of God, which made me more sorrowful than joyful. I tried to better myself, and prayed earnestly with tears to God for power to do so. I endeavored, in my own strength, to live without sin, and knew nothing of that faith by which we are saved through grace. As I was at Bremen in the summer, there came a young man to me, in the good providence of God, who took me the next morning to the St. Michael's Church, where I heard a sermon from F. R. Mallett, such as I had not heard in all my life. It was penetrating, spiritual, and full of life. All my self-righteousness was taken from me, and, at the same time, I was directed to Jesus, as the Lamb of God. The same evening, by perseverance in prayer, I obtained the pardon of my sins and peace with God.

After my conversion, When I became more intimately acquainted with the preacher, Frederick R. Mallett, he requested me to hold meetings. Following his good advice, I commenced to preach the word of God to others; but opposition arose, and an officer was sent to disperse our meetings. I was brought before the civil authorities; but this did not result in any thing serious, and we finally obtained liberty to preach when we pleased. The number of those that believed was increased, so that, in a short time, meetings were held in four places.

In the year 1836 I came to America, not with a view to preach, or to say any thing to others about conversion, but from a desire to live piously with my family, and so keep my religion to myself. I settled at Marietta, Ohio; but soon commenced preaching again, and have continued to do so ever since. Sinners were awakened and converted; and although I had the name of Lutheran, my people were called Methodists. About this time the Methodists commenced their work among the

Germans in Marietta, where I had my society.

On one occasion I preached in the English Methodist church. Under the sermon some began to cry aloud for mercy; some fell down beside their seats and began to pray; and this was the first time I ever prayed with the penitents in the Church. It caused some disturbance in the Lutheran Church, so that two weeks afterward I withdrew, and delivered my farewell sermon. Rev. C. Best, preacher in charge, and N. Callender, presiding elder, extended the hand of friendship to me; and after seven weeks' serious reflection and prayer, I joined the Methodists, and was received as local preacher in the quarterly conference. Brother Callender appointed me to the Marietta mission, and forty-two of my members went with me to the Methodist Church. This was in the year 1839. In 1840 I was sent to the Monroe mission in Ohio. In 1841 I was ordained deacon, and in 1842 I was ordained elder in the Church. Since my connection with the Methodist Church I have seen many souls converted, among whom are a goodly number who came to this country as Roman Catholics. I thank God that the Methodist Episcopal Church ever sent her missionaries to the Germans. May the blessing of God rest upon the Church for this labor of love, and reward her members in time and in eternity!

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