

OUR SAVIOR'S "G.I.S."

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Our Savior's United Luth. Church

MOTHER'S DAY

It may not be so easy for you who are far away to celebrate Mother's Day this year, but the very fact that such is the case is an indication of values you have received which are far above those things which may be bought with dollars. Let each of us on Mother's Day thank God for what the word MOTHER means to us!

It is a good thing on a day like this to recall blessed memories from by-gone days.

"I love to wander backward to childhood's sweetest charms,
To feel once more I'm safe from any harm;
Away from all temptation and all that would alarm,
And rest again in dear old mother's arms.
I'd love to be again a child on mother's knee;
I'd love to hear the songs she sang to me,
They bring back tender memories of scenes so dear to me,
I'd love to be a child again on mother's knee."

But life must be lived TODAY, not in dreaming about the past, nor in wishful thinking about what we are going to do in the future.

The right thing to do on Mother's Day is to ask for God's guidance to see what you can do NOW to make your mother happy, if she is still alive, or to honor her memory. And then ask Him to give you power and strength to fulfill His holy will.

When we come home to heaven we shall learn, I believe, about God's great plans and understand many of the things that puzzled us while we were on earth. We shall then doubtless also come to see that many a tie between mother and son was strengthened while they were separated from one another.

The radio told a few days ago that the first thing President Harry Truman's mother did when she learned about Franklin D. Roosevelt's sudden death was to pray for her son. Are not most mothers like that? They think first of their children, and in any crisis they turn to the Almighty!

Many, many mothers have, during these last critical years, prayed more than ever for their children, especially for those who are in uniform. Unquestionably many children have also prayed more than before for their mothers and fathers, and on Mother's Day fervent prayers will be sent up to the Throne of Grace from all parts of the earth for American mothers. Here is a beautiful prayer, formed by Van Dyke, that some of you may like to use:-

Lord Jesus, Thou hast known a mother's love and tender care,
And Thou wilt hear while for my own mother most dear
I make this Sabbath prayer:
Protect her life, I pray, who gave the gift of life to me;
And may she know from day to day the deepening glow
Of joy that flows from Thee.

God give you all a blessed and fruitful Mother's Day!

Paul C. Nyholm

FROM THE BOY
by Edgar A. Guest

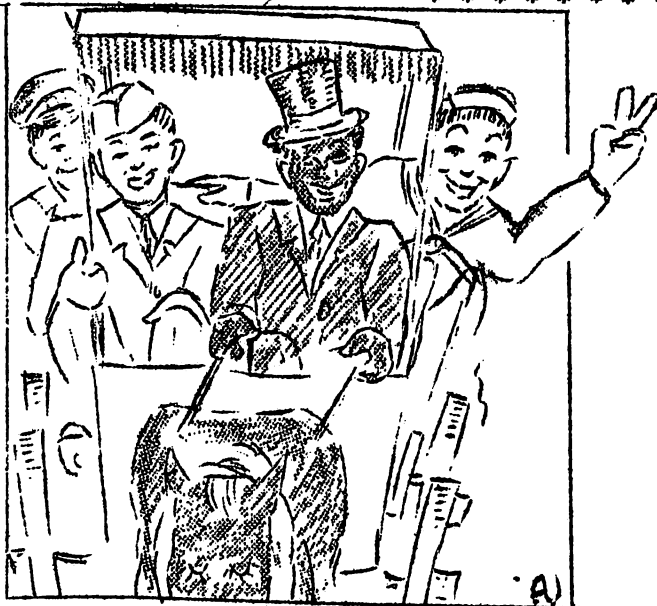
From some outlandish station came his letter today,
We think he's in New Guinea, but he's not allowed to say.
The page is filled with humor, and in spite of dangers grim,
We feel certain that his chuckle still remains a part of him,
For he writes: "Oh, darling Mother, in this filthy place I live,
I'd pass up all promotion for that bath you used to give.

Do you remember, Mother, how I tried to run away
When you said: 'Come on get ready, it's a bath for you today.'
How I battled! How I struggled! How I filled the air with cries
When you covered me with lather and the soap got in my eyes?
Well, tonight I'm fairly wishing you could lead me to the tub.
I would stand there at attention and be glad to let you scrub.

I'm wishing, darling Mother, you could once more probe my ears
With those lovely, pointed fingers that I said were sharp as shears.
I'd be glad to let you lead me by my topknot, and I swear
I would never once start shouting: 'You are pulling out my hair!'
Oh, I wonder, little Mother, in those fits of boyish wrath,
Did you think for one brief minute that I'd ever like a bath?

Oh, we fellows talk things over now we're miles and miles away,
And we count the many blessings that were ours of yesterday,
And the joys we took for granted, let me tell you, Mother dear,
It's for those things we're fighting in these dismal swamps out here.
And there's not a boy among us, trudging beach and jungle path,
But is longing every minute for his Mother and a bath."

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"Bob" Haley, A.O.M.B. 3/C, narrates his travels and sites of St. Augustine, Fla. where he has been for the past three weeks, getting more "stuff and things" to tuck away in the cranium: "St. Augustine is a beautiful little OLD town and very interesting. One thing that seemed so odd to me, was the Indian burial grounds - they are on mounds above ground and the bones are still there. The Fountain of Youth, the oldest home and school and the first place Mass was ever said in the United States and an old chapel there impressed me the most. I went around with a couple of soldiers and we rode with an old colored man in his "Surrey with the fringe on top" - he wore a top hat and a pretty good time was had by all."

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Diner: I can't eat this soup." Waiter: "I'll call the manager." Diner: (when the manager arrives) "This soup - I can't eat it." Manager: I regret that, sir, I'll call the chef." Diner: (when the chef arrives) "I can't eat this soup." Chef: "What's wrong with it?" Diner: "Nothing - I have no spoon."

Lt. (j.g.) Thorwald Larsen was in port, somewhere in the South Pacific when he wrote this: "Yes, we are out here again, busy going from island to island. Ever since our arrival in the South Pacific, we have been at sea almost constantly. Incessant activity keeps our minds occupied on our job, not of the good old state-side times. If rumors run true to form, we shall remain here for an indefinite stay. I had hopes we were to return around this time - apparently my hopes will not hold out. Of course, orders can be changed any moment - this is one of our hopes, too. When I return to the West Coast, shall be due for a thirty day leave. I spend most of my leisure moments writing or reading. We have very comfortable facilities on the officers' deck which include cots for our sleep. All the covering needed for a night's sleep is a sheet to block off the stiff breeze that comes out during the late hours of the night. Speaking of sleep reminds me that it is just about that time now, so will close."

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After some silence, S/Sgt. Frank Rasmussen sent the following message from China: "Just a few lines to let you know that all is well over here. We haven't run into any trouble of late, but one never knows when he will hit it. We have been having a bit of training lately and soon, we will be hard at work. I'm writing this while the ham and eggs I just finished are being fully digested. It's a treat I give myself whenever I can put my hands on some. A couple of weeks ago, I bought a ham for \$4,800 c.n. Pretty high price, but it was worth it. They have some delicious hams. It's nearly midnight now, so will close. Say "hello" to everybody and thanks a million for the paper."

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A navy recruit on guard had strict orders to admit no car unless it bore a special tag. He stopped one whose passenger was a high ranking officer. The guard heard the brass-hat order his driver to go thru, and calmly said: "I'm sorry, sir, but I'm new at this. Who do I shoot--you or the driver?"

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Sgt. John Nasser dropped a line just to say "hello" and to return his Communion card. He writes as follows: "Went to church this morning. We have a new Chaplain from Texas and he preached the best sermon I have heard since being in the Army. Not much else to say except that I'm fine."

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Here's a little poem about our mutual friend, the Censor.

Can't write a thing - the censors to blame
I'll just say I'm well and sign my name.
Can't tell where I came from
Can't mention the date
Can't even mention the meals I ate.
Can't say where I'm going nor where I will land,
Can't inform you if I was met by a band.
Can't mention the weather - not even the rain
All military titles must secrets remain.
Can't have a flashlight to guide me by night
Can't smoke a cigarette except out of sight.
Can't keep a diary, for such is a sin.
Can't keep the envelopes your letters came in.
Can't say for sure just what I can write
So I'll call this a letter and hope it's alright!

By the time you G.I.'s get this issue it will be Spring, but we thought it would be interesting for you to read how Chaplain Rasmussen "winterized" his tent, as he says - "I wake up in my tent at about 5:30, but can get nothing to eat until 6:30 so I turn on a little light I have fixed by my bed. Our tent is winterized by building a board frame around the bottom of the tent, then the inside of this is lined with tin from a certain kind of bomb box. Once we have this tin up it is snug inside, but it is not possible then to build little shelves there, so I hand a fairly large canvas bag on the side of the bed and here I keep little objects that I may want when I am in bed. Once a person gets into bed it is not much fun to get up. We have a sort of bed-roll affair, which is a large canvas envelope with straps that after you get into bed you tighten up so the blankets do not fall off. Not all have these bags - I was fortunate to get one before I left the states and have carried it with me ever since. These cold mornings it is doubly hard to climb out of the thing, but it is snug when you are inside of it. - - I was happy to hear of the fine attendance at the church during the holidays. I had good attendance here too - attendance here has been picking up slowly and steadily which makes me very happy. I guess it is partly because I serve more men now than I did, and also because more are coming. I still have five services every Sunday so by evening I am good and tired. Strange that I never have any trouble with my throat - In civilian life if I was away at Mission meetings and spoke a few extra times, my throat always got sore and hoarse. Guess it is because I sleep in a tent. Bring my best greetings to everyone - Now may God bless us all and hasten the day of peace!"

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We know so many of you boys will remember Carl Toft - at least those of you who attended Siloam Church, and it is with deep regret that we give you the sad news of his death - Carl was killed on March 14th at Iwo Jima. We extend our deepest sympathy to his wife and parents.

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Congratulations - "Ernie" Johnson, A.M.M.P.1/c - Just another step and you'll be Chief, eh what? We're sure proud of you boys. Now, Happy Birthday all in the same breath!

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Here is one of our pen shy boys, Albert W. Larsen, F. 1/c. (Good for you, Albert, we are so glad to hear from you.) "Just finished reading another one of the G.I. News and passed it on to the other boys here in my tent. I'd like for every man in my tent to read it as I think it's wonderful. Am very sorry I didn't write sooner, but have been pretty busy since leaving the states to come out here in the South Pacific, so hope I am forgiven. (All is forgiven, Albert.) I sure would like a Christmas issue of the News. (It's on the way to you now.) I want to thank the staff and all the members for sending me the paper. The lights are soon going out. Yours truly until next time."

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Roy Harris, G.M. 2/c sent the following letter to his Mom and Pop: "Stop everything and hold your breath, cause this is it! Our orders came in yesterday and will be leaving shortly. So you can expect me around the 1st of May. It sure took a long time for them to get here, but now I think our worries are over. Hope you can read this. I'm so excited and nervous, can't even write straight. There isn't any other news, so this is it until I ring the doorbell." We can well understand how excited you must be, Roy, and it will be grand to see your smiling face in church one of these Sundays!