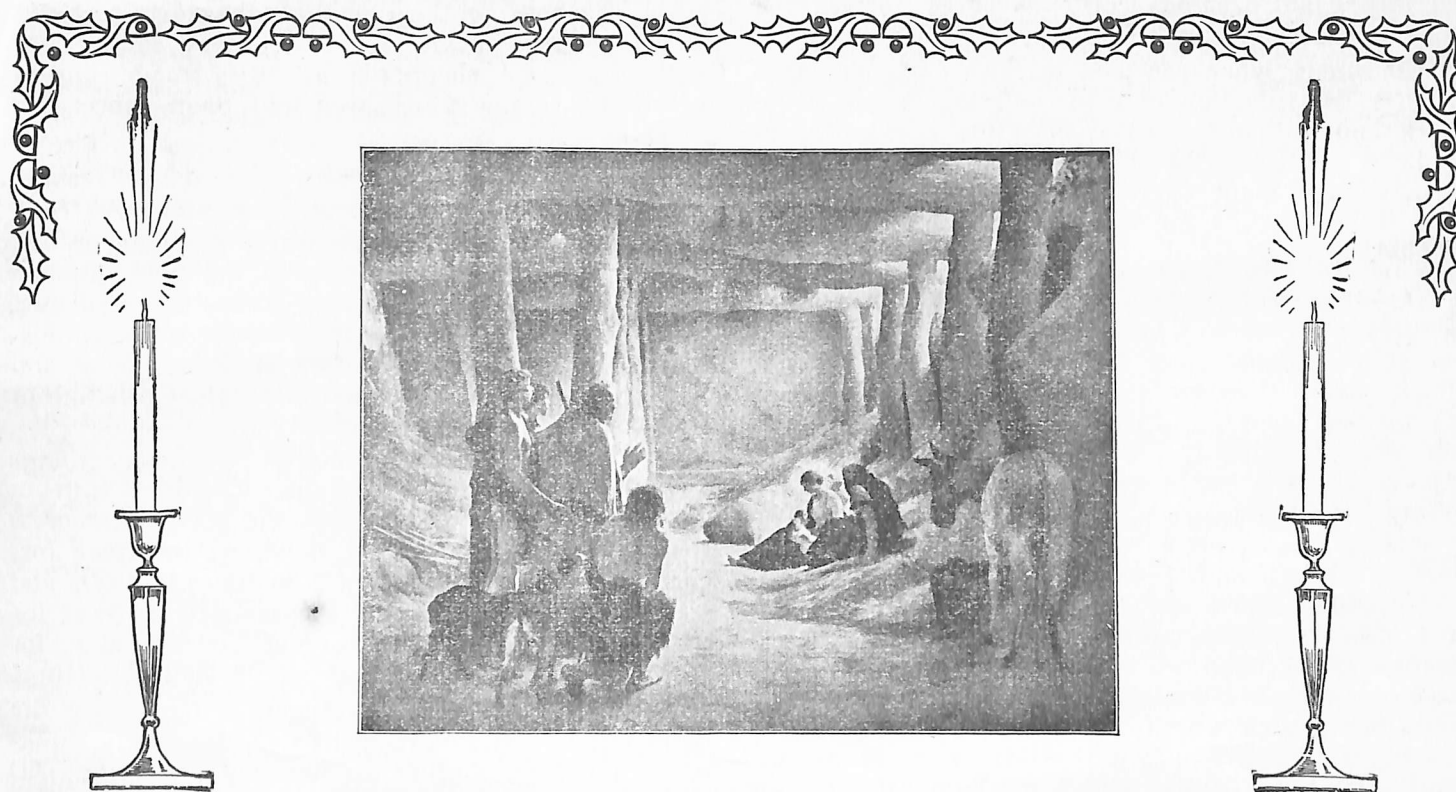


Lutheran Tidings

Volume IX

December 20, 1942

Number 10



CHRISTMAS -- THE PRICE OF PEACE

Christmas stands for the birth of Christ in the minds of all Christians, even though many worldly conceptions may interfere to besmirch this meaning. In this day when a great deal of loose talk is heard about sacrifices it would perhaps strengthen the real meaning of that word, if Christmas was thought of as God's sacrifice for peace on earth and good will among men. God sacrificed, gave, His own son as the price. He was willing to pay for that peace and good will. He saw that only by the sending of His son could He secure in the hearts, thoughts, minds and acts of men the peace He desired.

We are all ready to lay claim to sacrifices as soon as we contribute an ounce of our strength to a cause greatly beneficial to ourselves. Would it not be an act of true Christian humility to admit that none of us can give anything which we have not been given from God. "Without Me ye can do nothing," said Christ to His disciples. God alone can give anything, He alone can sacrifice. When we give, we only pass on to others what He in His goodness has given us. Sacrifice has no meaning except as it pertains to God's giving.

What about the men and women who, often unsung, sacrifice their means and their lives that others may live? We need only to think of those who today give their all in the fight for their country. None of us can judge as to the motives, but this we do know that men can be inspired to sacrifice and give what

God has given them. Human sacrifice is born of divine sacrifice. When God sacrificed for our sake His only son He established His love, mercy, kindness, peace, justice and righteousness among men, for He said: In order that these things may prevail I will sacrifice my son. The angels announced his birth the first Christmas night that men might know what a gift and a blessing God had sent them.

Since then, men have sacrificed and served, labored and died by reason of the Christmas, God provided them, in order that His world of justice and peace, love and mercy should not perish but conquer. First among all was the sacrifice of His own son on calvary's cross. Like Father, like son, the old saying runs. May that also be true when applied to us as the children of God.

* * *

Does Christmas come to us also this season as a testimony of God's sacrifice for us? Or does it merely furnish us with a great deal more selfish pleasure? Would it not be possible that we at this time particularly caught the melody of Christmas as it comes floating to us through the hymns and tunes and words from His church.

We are fighting to have our world survive. God is sacrificing to save the world of humanity. Only as that goal is being approached is it possible for us to have a world worth surviving. Shall we not, therefore, turn always and anew to God's sacrifice and

have our world rebuilt in the cleansing stream of His love, in the sacrificial fire of Christ's passion. We can do this at this Christmas season if we have the faith in our hearts that our own man-conceived and executed sacrifices are worth little. Only as we catch the vision and become saved and inspired by God's sacrifice can Christmas carry us closer toward the goal of peace on earth.

Christmas, when accepted in faith as God's sacrifice for the salvation of man, will thus cause us to work and toil and sacrifice that this world of ours while it is still in the throes of war may be reconstructed and made over to serve as a place where it will be possible for men to live as the children of God.

A happy Christmas to all homes in the Danish Church.

ALFRED JENSEN.

Christmas Again

"This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes." Ps. 118:23.

Christmas again.—In spite of world war and all evil things of today. We need the good tidings this year as never before.

The background of the festival is God's love. "For with thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light." Ps. 36:9. That is as far back as we are able to go, but it is also sufficient. Wonderful stream of love, God's love! As Jesus stated Himself: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have eternal life." As John witnessed in his first letter: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the Sons of God." John is marvelling at this fact.

Of late I have been thinking a great deal of all the messages of cheer found in our Bible. I have not tried to count them, but we know they are numerous. God did not send Adam and Eve out of Paradise empty-handed, nor empty-hearted, but with a promise that some day one should be born that would make everything well again.

I shall just mention a few of these messages. Think of the Virgin Mary in Nazareth visited by the angel Gabriel receiving this message: "Fear not Mary: for thou hast found favor with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shall call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest."

And think of the Christmas message: "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

A Savior taking away all our sins.

A Savior, a helper and friend in all our troubles.

A Savior, a brother preparing a home for us in heaven for all eternity.

A Savior, a little child in need of a mother's care.

And how God in His grace and love helped those people receiving these messages to strengthen their faith in a wonderful way. Mary was advised to go to Elizabeth; the shepherds were told of a babe lying in a manger. Did Mary regret the long journey to her cousin Elizabeth, or the shepherds their trip to Bethlehem? Never, never. Listen to Mary singing her hymn; hear the shepherds as "they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning the child."

So much about the message.

And now a few words about the messengers. They are so different in so many ways: prophets of old, angels from heaven, shepherds in the field, Simeon in the temple, the aged woman Anna, the wise men from the east, apostles, artists, hymn writers, missionaries, ministers, fathers and mothers, young and old. They all bring the same message, a message of love, but in a different way.

It is also wonderful to notice how many things God may use to bring a message. The dove with an olive leaf in its mouth brought the good message to Noah in the ark; the twelve stones by the river Jordan bear witness of God's help in times of trials and so does the Ebenezer stone; the raven with meat for Elias will forever tell the story of God providing for His children; the church bell calling, calling, calling.

Among many other messengers I mentioned the hymn writer. At this moment I am especially thinking of the Rev. Phillips Brooks and his hymn: "O Little Town of Bethlehem." Brooks had spent a Christmas Eve in Bethlehem standing on the same hills where the shepherds heard the message. What a magnificent statement in the first verse:

"Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light; (Jesus, the light of the world)
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight."

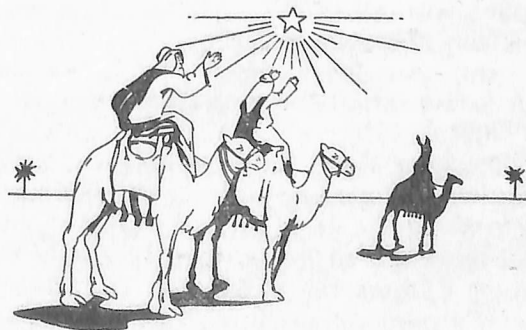
In the third verse we are told in a simple way how we may have a Christmas festival:

"Where meek souls will receive Him still
The dear Christ enters in."

And then in conclusion the prayer of the last verse:

"O, holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel."

P. RASMUSSEN.





Christmas Crowns

By James N. Lund.



Someone who had time to search for Christmas material along the by-ways of history would find that some strange and interesting events have happened on Christmas Day. Some of these were merely coincidence. Others were planned to take place on that day, the birthday of Christ, the Messiah, our King. And a number of events that occurred on Christmas Day have been of decisive importance.

Let us go back through almost fifteen centuries of European history, to the year 496, just twenty years after the fall of the Roman Empire of the West. The armies of Clovis, King of the Franks, are on the march in northern Europe. A few hardy pioneer Christian missionaries from the western parts of the British Isles are pushing through the forests of the continent, bringing the light of the Gospel. All Europe is in a ferment. Goths and Vandals and Huns swept bloody paths across the continent. This unrest was not only political and social, but religious as well. All about the shores of the Mediterranean Christian churches were established. As Christianity made contacts with the pagan world, great doctrinal controversies arose. It is during these early centuries that the great Christian doctrines are taking shape. The Roman bishops were maneuvering for political power. The feudal system was in the making. Most of these early Christians of central and northern Europe were Arians, denying the deity of Christ, and the doctrine of the Trinity.

By the year 496 the armies of Clovis had extended the borders of his empire as far south as the Loire river. Now the great king wants to bring the Alemanni, the Germans east of the River Rhine under his rule. In the midst of the conflict, seeing his armies giving way before the onslaughts of the Alemanni Clovis calls upon Jesus Christ and vows that if he is given the victory in this great battle, he will be baptized and worship the God of the Christians. Perhaps it is the influence of his Christian wife, Clotilde, that is at work on him. At all events his armies won a decisive battle, and the king kept his promise. On Christmas Day, in the year 496, the king and 3,000 of his warriors were baptized by Remigius, the Archbishop of Rheims. It was one of those moments in which the history of a continent seemed to hang in the balance, and even though the act of baptism may not have meant much for the king, in the way of a deep personal religious experience, it tilted the scales in the direction of the Christianization of Europe. The Christians within his empire were all Arians, heretics with whom the Roman bishops could have nothing to do. But with the conversion of Clovis the Roman bishops could negotiate with him as a faithful son of the Church. Here are the dramatic materials for a great Christmas story. A great king and thousands of his warriors become the subjects of the King of Kings.

Come along the dark path of European history another three hundred years, to the year 800. Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, has become ruler over most of Europe. The Church, too, has been planted

over all except the Scandinavian countries. But the Church is weak, and leans heavily upon strong political arms. Her strength is not that of her inner life of faith and love, the strength of Christian character. Kings appoint and remove bishops and archbishops at will. And consequently these are often worldly, unspiritual men, mere pawns in a great political game. (Corruption always seems to thrive where one political group or party remains in power for any considerable length of time. Likewise in the Church, corruption seems to spread when the Church becomes too closely tied up with the political government, or where the priesthood is the undisputed authority). The Popes, who were the Bishops of Rome, had been trying to extend their power and influence, following the pattern drawn by St. Augustine of Hippo. But the Lombard Kings of northern Italy stood in the way of the Pope's ambitions, and for many years harried his domains. Pope Leo III fled for refuge to the court of Charlemagne beyond the Alps. The great king was a friend of the Church and the popes. He promoted Christian missions, for he regarded the Church as the great civilizing agency. Charlemagne led his armies over the Alps, overturned the hostile Lombard monarchy, and restored to the pope the lands allegedly granted him in perpetuity by "The Donation of Constantine." Thus the foundation was laid for the "Church State," and one of the first steps taken toward making the pope the virtual political as well as religious head of Europe. But Charlemagne was in position to issue orders to Leo III, and the grateful pope was glad to do his bidding. On Christmas Day in the year 800, Charlemagne was in Rome. With hundreds of other pilgrims he went to St. Peter's Basilica to attend Mass. During the service Pope Leo advanced toward Charlemagne, and amid the acclamations of the populace, crowned him emperor, and acclaimed him as the successor of Constantine the Sixth. It was a bold gesture. In this ceremony the pope acted as the representative of the Roman people. "On this Christmas Day there emerged two great co-ordinate powers, which did not long remain in harmony, and whose struggle for the mastery, when it came, absorbed the attention of Europe for three hundred years." Viewed in that light, Christmas Day 800 is one of the great days of history. Here, too, is the dramatic material of which great stories are made.

Another Christmas Day stands out brilliantly in the early history of England. In 596 Pope Gregory the Great sent forty monks with Augustine on a preaching mission to the Anglo-Saxons. He had seen a number handsome Angle slaves in the market at Rome, and was grieved that such fair creatures still belonged to the kingdom of the Prince of Darkness. There were seven or eight little Anglo-Saxon kingdoms in southern England at the time. One of these was Kent, ruled by King Ethelbert. His queen was a Christian, the daughter of a Frankish king. Through her influence the mission was kindly received. They estab-

(Continued on page 14)

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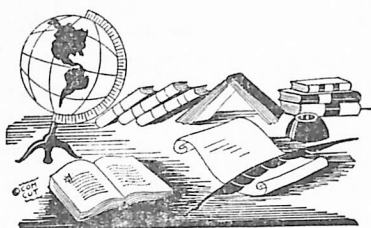
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Across the Editor's Desk

Only a few hours ago we experienced our first "trial blackout" in our town and community.—My guess is that many a family circle in the "nine-state blackout" made use of the scheduled twenty minutes of darkness to share in the singing of songs and the telling of stories known since childhood days.—And undoubtedly many were challenged again to consider the grimness of this entire war-picture.

According to the calendar on our wall, the Christmas season will soon be here. Preparations have been made here and there for the forthcoming festivity. But the constant threat of the shadows of that world-encircling "blackout" which war is, remains in our horizon. Will the "light from on High" be able to penetrate the darkness? Or will the powers that be give the command: "No lights please!"

As we sat in the darkness last evening I am confident none of us felt any sense of fear or doubt about the lights coming on again. It was only a matter of routine for all of us.—What would have been our reaction if we had not felt assured of the lights coming on again? Or if that something had happened that could have blacked out our home, our town, or even our country?

When Christ was born he came to a world that in many respects had experienced definite "blackouts." It was a world filled with hate and fear and persecution under the world emperor Caesar.—The message Christ brought was not for a world in harmony with it, but for a world veiled in darkness. Fortunately there were those who during the blackout periods

had been singing the songs of old, who had retold to one another the promises given to man of the coming of the dawn of a new day. They were confident that the lights would again come on. The gospel of Luke has been called the first Christian hymnbook. There are at least four inspiring hymns in the first two chapters of Luke, hymns sung by the true daughters and sons of Israel who had wrestled in prayer with God and felt in their souls the assurance of victory.

The Christmas festival has not been observed in vain during the 1942 years since that first Christmas star appeared on the dark sky above the city of Bethlehem. And although there will be shadows that will threaten all of us during the oncoming Christmas season, Christmas chimes will ring out against the grimness of war and the Christmas candles will cast their beams of light far out into the darkness. The greeting of the Prince of Peace and the Son of God comes anew to find an humble manger in your heart and my heart, in the heart of every child on earth. Then and only then will the lights shine again.

Wishing all our readers a joy-filled Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The Christmas Seal

In December, 1903, a Danish postal clerk, the late Einar Holbøll, conceived the idea of selling stamps which could be applied to letters and packages and thus make it possible for the public to bring Christmas joy to tuberculous children. The seed that he planted is now a flourishing tree under which millions have found shelter. When his "Christmas Seals," as he called them, were first placed on sale 68,000 kroner was raised—enough to purchase a site for the sanatorium of Kolding. A letter bearing one of Holbøll's seals reached Jacob Riis in 1904. That friend of immigrants saw the possibilities and expounded them, with the result that Miss Emily P. Bissel, then secretary of the Delaware branch of the Red Cross, designed a seal with a holly wreath and placed it on sale. Out of that modest beginning came the annual seal-selling campaign of the National Tuberculosis Association. Now millions participate in fighting a plague with such success that a diagnosis of tuberculosis is no longer a sentence of death. Free clinics, nursing service, preventoria, tuberculin testing, X-ray examinations, rehabilitation, medical and social research—all these testify to the fertility of Einar Holbøll's idea.

GLORY TO GOD

Sound over all waters, reach out from the lands,
The chorus of voices, the claspings of hands;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing the glory to God and of good-will to man!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

GRAND VIEW COLLEGE

Mrs. Aase Skaard, an eminent child psychologist, visited Grand View recently. Mrs. Skaard is the wife of Dr. Sigmund Skaard, former librarian at Trondheim, Norway, and now associated with the Library of Congress. Dr. Skaard, who fled from Norway following the invasion spoke to Grand View students last year. Mrs. Skaard, due to lack of time, did not have an opportunity to lecture to us, but her comment to those who met her was that she felt very much at home in the Grand View atmosphere.

The annual Christmas concert was held here Sunday evening, December 13. "The Child Jesus," a sacred cantata, was presented by the college choir under the direction of Mr. Harry Edwall of Drake University. Both the soloists and the choir did justice to the cantata and gave us a program that will long be remembered. Members of the Des Moines congregation and other guests provided a capacity audience.

Many of the students experienced their first blackout on December 14, when the mid-west had its first large scale blackout. Students were appointed on each floor to see that all lights were out, and all other students gathered in the lobby and the living room. The blackout was short lived, however, and we were all back to our books before long.

THORVALD HANSEN.

Our Homes And Youth

I will attempt, in the following article, to put into words the thought that came to my mind after reading the following paragraph in the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius":

"The example of my grandfather gave me a good disposition, not prone to anger. By the recollection of my father's character, I learned to be both modest and manly. As for my mother, she taught me to have regard for religion, to be generous and open-handed, and not only to forbear from doing anybody an ill turn, but not so much as to endure the thought of it. My governor taught me to put my hand to business upon occasion, to endure hardship and fatigues, and to throw the necessities of nature into a little compass; that I ought not to meddle with other people's business, nor be easy in giving credit to informers."

The problem that I am trying to discuss is probably an imaginary one, that is for you to decide. (I will not attempt to give any positive evidences to prove my conclusions).

Today our minds are centered on the present world crisis, our peaceful mode of life has been interrupted, and it is natural that some of our previous responsibilities have been given the "back seat," being replaced by new responsibilities. We are busy thinking about the necessities demanded of us in order that we might do our share in the war effort, and the responsibility of educating the

younger generation in the home has been subordinated.

Winning the war is of course the primary thing at present, and we Americans are becoming more "war-conscious" all the time. Coffee, sugar, gasoline and tire rationing have brought the war closer to our American homes, millions of men and women alike are working in defense plants, friends and relatives are members of the armed forces; we are all directly influenced by the present world crisis.

It is a good thing that we are "war-conscious," and it is a good thing that we can all see the necessity of giving ourselves completely over to the war effort. Within the American public we can see another healthy sign, I'm thinking now about the individuals and the organizations that are looking forward to the post-war days and are already trying to formulate a feasible peace treaty. We must be careful not to make the same mistake that was made after the last war.

These things are good signs of a healthy nation, but there is another important obligation that demands our immediate attention. It is a responsibility, important as the others, because unless we can make the younger generation understand what it is that demands our becoming so "war-minded," the great war effort now given will prove to be a great set-back in that we will have failed to transfer our democratic ideals to the future builders of the American way. As believers in the democratic way of life, it is our duty to educate the children of our country into the true spirit of democracy. We must not deceive them by letting them believe that our United States is but a great military nation. They are growing up in a time when all the world is at war; their heroes are the great fighters of the day, and the spirit of militarism is being imbedded in their hearts and minds. Everyone is talking about the war, the movies are filled with war propaganda, the newspapers always have many pictures from the battle fronts, every radio program includes a message pertaining to the war all commercial advertisements are built around the war idea, the funny papers are filled with stories about the U. S. Armed Forces, Nazi spies, etc., in many of our schools the students must repeat the oath of allegiance, salute the flag, etc. Toy guns, tanks, airplanes and the like will make up about ninety-five per cent of the Christmas presents for children this year.

This is all fine as far as making the younger set well aware of the world situation, but just as important, is that they learn the true purpose of our fighting this war. I'm afraid that this modern militarism is such a big thing that teaching the essentials of living a good life in times of peace, in times when the important issues in our everyday lives are not concerned with winning wars but rather with such things as solving the problems that help us to live better and happier lives, are

entirely put aside and forgotten. Our grade schools and high schools will continue to function in the same manner as usual (not to say how good or bad that manner is), but what I am thinking about is the change that has, by necessity, come about in the average home and the dangers of this change.

We who know the values of home-life in times of peace are not going to be completely transformed by this war, and when the war is over we will be able to go back to our ordinary mode of life. We know what we are fighting and working for, we know what those freedoms mean, and we will go back to them.

I am firmly convinced that it was mainly in our home-life and our church-life that we learned to love and appreciate this democracy of ours.

Today many of our homes are broken up, and we cannot enjoy the same type of life that we did before the U. S. entered the war. All of us have added burdens and added responsibilities because of the war. We have been deprived of, or rather, we have given up many of the little things that we used to enjoy. Social gatherings, parties, visits, evening drives in our cars and many other like pleasures are but memories until the war is over. Many families are not able to enjoy the happy moments of just being together for meals. Going to church together with loved ones is to many people another pleasure of peaceful days. These things may not seem to be of much importance as far as affecting the character of our younger people. We say that after all, these are not the things that the young people really need in order to make them true Americans. This is no doubt true, but the point that I wish to make is that even though the war effort is primary, we must remember to give to this younger class the essentials of living a happy life. We must be careful not to become "war-minded" to the extent that we forget those things that are closest to our hearts. If our conversation is a continuous line of war talk, if we disregard the values of giving our attention to the ordinary problems of every young person, we will fail to fulfill the obligation that we have to build healthy minds.

We still have to "love our neighbors," "help those in need," "try to see the other persons side of the argument," "be good winners and good losers," "do our part when called upon to help," "finish the task when we start it," etc. These are but a few of the things that a person learns in the home. The environment of early home-life does more to shape the character of men and women than any other influence. In order to be true patriots, we cannot forget to instill our democratic way of life in the hearts and minds of the younger generation. Let us not completely forget how to sing and laugh, we can help the war effort by keeping our morale high, and at the same time pass on to the younger generation the things that we are fighting to preserve.

CHRIS RIBER (The Younger).

OUR WOMEN'S WORK

Mrs. Edwin E. Hansen, Editor, Route 2, Marlette, Mich.

Christmas Snow

Snow, snow, beautiful Christmas snow!
Softly falling, light and airy,
Swarming down like dancing fairies
Over hills and open plains,
Over housetops, woods and lanes.
Snow, snow, beautiful snow!

Snow, snow, beautiful Christmas snow!
With your cloak you cover lightly
All that's withered and unsightly,
Drape the world in ermine white
For the silent holy night.
Snow, snow, beautiful snow!

Snow, snow, beautiful Christmas snow!
Gently falling you remind us
Of God's grace and loving-kindness
As from Bethlehem it came
Covered all our sin and shame!
Snow, snow, beautiful snow!

Snow, snow, beautiful Christmas snow!
May we all like you be gentle,
Cover with compassion's mantle
Faults of friends and enemies,
Spread abroad good-will and peace!
Snow, snow, beautiful snow!

VILH. GREGERSEN.
By S. D. Rodholm.

Christmas In Our Homes

"Goodbye—and a happy Christmas to all!" called my daughter to a group of her classmates that were strolling across the campus of the state university. "—Mary Ellen is going home with me for a Danish Christmas."

"A Danish Christmas," I said to myself with a bit of surprise as the two girls with arms full of bundles hopped into the back seat of our car. It had not hitherto occurred to me that our children in a peculiar sense regarded Christmas in their home as a traditional heritage varying from Christmas festivities held in other homes. I therefore in the days that followed endeavored to discover what there was about it that merited the above named distinction.

Of course Christmas in our home with only slight modification was celebrated as Christmas had been celebrated by my parents as far back as I can remember, with the central emphasis placed on Christmas Eve, at which time it seemed to us that the spirit of the Christ Child of peace, love, tolerance and goodwill toward all men—in a particular sense hovered about and above us. It was reflected in the light of the tapered candles, in the kindly gleam of our eyes, in the gentleness of our speech and action, in our holiday attire, in the fragrance of the lighted Christmas tree of pine or fir, in the winged angels and the white crosses on the tiny Danish flags strung on the tree for decoration. All of this seemed a part of the inexplicable Christmas spirit.

Even the family meal on that evening was almost

a sacrament. It was preceded by the singing of "Det Kimer nu til Julefest," as the family gathered about the festive table; and by the reading of the Christmas text according to Luke, as we all stood in silence with bowed heads and folded hands.

The traditional dish of rice with its prize-winning almond is even now an indispensable first course, although it is admittedly too filling, when roasted goose stuffed with apples and prunes and accompanied by all the other accessories including red cabbage is waiting to be devoured. And there must of course be some room left in our stomach for a dish of the huge, luscious apple cake topped with whipped cream, and for the tempting cookies, the fruit, candy, nuts and the never to be omitted peppernuts.

After supper and before the Christmas tree is lit, the custom prevails in our home of everyone helping with the dishes, so that the otherwise tiresome job on that evening neither becomes sombre nor cumbersome. And soon all young and old are circling around the Christmas tree hand in hand singing the beautiful Christmas hymns which are so much a part of the Danish Christmas that even a skeptic must admit that here at least we have a worthy heritage which it is not only our privilege but our duty to hand down to posterity in whichever language they may serve best. For many of us have experienced that the picture language of those hymns which captivated our imagination at an early age have remained a vital influence in later life.

But let us return to the Christmas in our home, for there are still gifts to be dealt out and games to be played, and a last swift round of "Nu har vi Jul igen" before we sing our goodnight hymn, "Dejlig er Jorden." We must not draw out the evening too late, for there is church service to attend in the morning and a week or two filled with festivities and parties, many of which we will attend.

"... But the major emphasis of your Danish Christmas is Christmas Eve," said Mary Ellen, who seemed to have caught the spirit even though she was not of Danish extraction. "I wish we could make that idea more universal; for commercialized as our American Christmas has now become, we need just such centers of emphasis—on the sacredness of the home and of family worship."

I informed Mary Ellen that at our farm home here in South Dakota, as in Denmark, my parents included in the Christmas spirit even their domestic animals and the snow birds that hovered about our home. For on that evening the animals were provided with an ample supply of fresh straw for bedding, and an extra feeding of grain; and for the birds there were hung sheaves of grain on the barn gables, which had been saved from the harvest for that purpose.

As I now sit back for a moment of meditation, I ask God to bless the homes of all nations. I thank Him for the spirit of Christmas—of sacrificial love one toward the other—that prevails in multitudes of these homes today. And I feel it more urgent now than ever before that we permit this spirit to become a

vital force in our lives. For Christmas, once the spirit is caught, can not really be confined to one season of the year, to a single home, church or nation. It is the life we must live from day to day, the atmosphere we must create.—It is a force eternal and universal.

NANNA GOODHOPE.

Greetings From The Women's Mission Board

Another year gone by, the busiest year perhaps that any of us can remember. But I wonder if that has not been one of the greatest blessings of the year, that we have been too busy to worry too much about all the terrible things of war.

As Christmas and New Year draw near the very same hope and wish as of yesteryears are uppermost in our hearts and minds, the wish that peace may come back before that year too has gone by. And when we pause this year to sing our great Christmas hymns, I believe, they will be prayers to God, more than ever before, for "peace and good will among men." As Christians we know that it will not be in vain. God does hear and answer prayers, even if the answer is not always yes. In times like these the people most to be pitied are those who have not learned to pray. May that be a challenge to our mission group. May we be, more than ever, ready to do all we can to help spread the work of our church, both at home and on foreign fields, so that more and more people may come to share the hope, courage, strength and peace of mind that only faithful Christians know.

In the October 5 issue of "Lutheran Tidings" is a splendid article, "The Challenge of the Hour to Christian Women." In it Mrs. Edwin Hansen quotes: "The call to service today should not mean a dash into the luring new activity, at the expense of the regular work of those bulwarks of American life, the home, the school and the church." And "One of the finest opportunities for active missionary service today is teaching boys and girls at home and in the Sunday school . . ." about what God wants His children to do. "Let us help them to hate the sins of war, but not the sinners. The foundation must be laid today for cooperation tomorrow, when children of the world must work together if we are to have a peace loving God-loving world."

May that be our guide for the coming year. Then I know we shall have a good year.

About our work during the past year I do not need to say much, as quite a number of very good reports have been written lately, which plainly shows that we are working. Our treasurer, Mrs. Ottar Jorgensen, writes that the donations we receive are continually getting larger. For that we are sincerely thankful to the Ladies' Aids, Circles and Mission Groups who send them to us. We shall try to use it as mission money ought to be used.

On behalf of the Women's Mission Board, I wish you all a really good Christmas and New Year, in spite of the sorrow and sadness of war.

Sincerely,

ANNA J. STUB.

God's Forgiveness

A Catholic goes to confession, telling bluntly that he has been on a spree for three days. He is promised forgiveness and he leaves with a light heart. Two months later there is another spree. "Bunk" we then say. If there was anything to it, he would put a stop to his periodical sprees.

Would he? Does a woman cease to get hysterics because she is forgiven after each spell? Does a man who has discovered that he is bestial immediately win a final victory over bestiality? Do I quit being a dual person (hypocrite) after having seen that Jesus, the true man, was not dual? Do I go and love the Negro a moment after God has struck my conscience in regard to my prejudice? The spirit informs me of the fact that I am "wading to the neck in falsity." Do I then step over into a realm of immaculate sincerity?

Is there any hope for us except for the truth that God can forgive 490 times during the day? Are we not barred from "the land of life" if God does not permit me to live my sin-life through and yet be His beloved child?

The Romans do say that the church is not a police station nor a reform school. It is a home in which the forgiving spirit dwells, and there is no limitation. You offend the home by being a hypocrite, a sot and a beast, yet you will always find refuge in the home.

In such a home sin will eventually start to nauseate. The forgiven child may come so far that he tires of sin, he may even come to wish for a better life, yea, he may even find himself in prayer for a true heaven. The one who is proud of being a brute may come to wish that he could become human. Forgiveness can change fleshy pride into a sense of shame, it can liquify the most solid obstinacy. It may build a bridge between peoples who have despised each other for one thousand years.

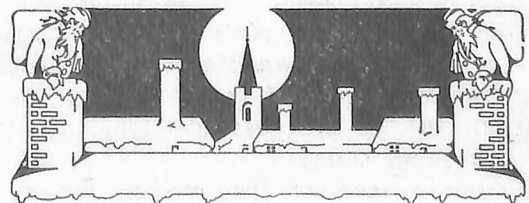
If we, ourselves, have come to the point where we need God's forgiveness more than we need a new tire, we shall be hesitant in throwing stones at the Catholic who is sinning all the time and forgiven all the time.

AAGE MØLLER.

CHILDREN OF GOD

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

—Phillips Brooks.





The Grand View College Jubilee Fund



On behalf of the committee, which was chosen to direct the drive for the Jubilee Fund according to the decision of the annual convention, I can now announce that the drive has started.

The members of the committee are the following: Rev. Alfred E. Sørensen, 2406 E. Spruce St., Seattle, Wash.; Mr. Jens G. Thuesen, Rt. 1, Cedar Falls, Iowa; Mr. Herluf L. Hansen, 1111 Pershing Blvd., Clinton, Iowa; Mr. E. A. Kramme, 2210 E. 32 St., Des Moines, Iowa; Rev. Johannes Knudsen, Grand View College, Des Moines, Iowa.

Contributions to the Jubilee Fund should be sent to these or directly to the treasurer of the synod, Mr. Olaf R. Juhl, Rt. 1, Box 408, Hopkins, Minn. Remember to specify that the contribution is for the Jubilee Fund. Mr. Juhl will receipt for all contributions. It will be remembered that the convention at Dwight passed the following program:

1. A drive for \$100,000 before the convention in 1943.
2. A building big enough to house 75 girls to be constructed for these or part of these funds.
3. A chemical laboratory to be arranged for on the third floor of the present girls' dormitory.
4. The details of the building program to be left to the Board of Education, but to be ratified by the synodical convention.
5. The drive to be under the general direction of the synodical president.

The annual convention furthermore decided that this program was to be considered a statement of general objectives. The Board of Education will in the near future issue a detailed and well thought out plan based on the program adopted by the convention.

May I call to your attention that the Jubilee Committee very gladly accepts contributions in the form of U. S. Savings Bonds. We are all buying those bonds in these times in order to support our country in its fight for freedom and justice. These bonds can help us in our battle for school and church and at the same time help our country in its fight.

When you buy bonds for the Jubilee Fund it should be either Series F or G bonds. The F bond is an appreciation bond, while the G Bond is a current income bond. In either case the bond must be made out to:

Grand View College, an Unincorporated Association.

Even though these bonds are not to be cashed for several years to come, these certificates of indebtedness of our country will constitute the best possible security for the completion of our building program, in fact, they are just as good security as if they were cash money.

It is hardly necessary to state that the Jubilee Committee will accept contributions in form of cash money gifts or of Postal Savings Stamps. If anyone should wish to donate larger or smaller pieces of property, these will, of course, also be accepted with gratitude.

Grand View College will not be able to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary until 1946. Since conditions and future prospects at this moment seem very uncertain as to the time for the commencement of the building program, the committee plans not only to accept contributions in the form of cash gifts, U. S. Savings Bonds and Savings Stamps, but will also accept contributions in the form of pledges. It is the intention of the committee to reach the \$100,000 goal before the convention in 1943 and to have the first one-fourth of \$25,000 paid in and to get the last three-fourths paid in during the next three years or \$25,000 annually till 1946.

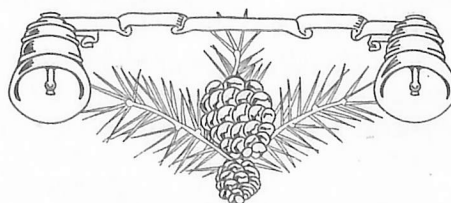
May I remind all the persons who are to pay income taxes to the Federal government this year, that the law permits a deduction of as much as 15 per cent when this sum is used for the support of churches, schools, charitable institutions, literary and scientific societies.

There are a great many more persons paying Federal income tax this year than other years. Why not make use of the opportunity to support these institutions mentioned which the law affords? It will mean a reduction in the taxes to be paid on the part of many persons, while at the same time institutions and activities dependent upon voluntary contributions and gifts receive the support which they must have and which the government knows they need and by this provision prompts people to render. Remember that all such gifts, if they are to be deducted from the 1942 tax, must be donated before December 31, 1942.

It is the hope and prayer of the Jubilee Committee that all the many friends and former students of Grand View College will help the committee to reach the goal which has been determined upon. It is both a difficult and a grand undertaking particularly in view of our limited resources. Let us not be dismayed. It is God who has given us the opportunity and He is greater and stronger than all the difficulties involved. In His Name and with His help can this challenge be met and victory won. As the first and second generation have built Grand View College and gathered its endowment fund, so we, the third generation so to speak in the history of our school, will endeavor to improve the visible and physical circumstances necessary for the adequate functioning of our school in future generations. May God bless Grand View College.

ALFRED JENSEN.

1232 Pennsylvania Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.



IN THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD

Alfred C. Nielsen, Grand View College.

Norway's Free Teachers.

It is neither right nor safe to act against conscience.

—Martin Luther.

It is so easy for us to fall into the belief that all the great deeds were done in the good old days. That is a mistake. Stirring deeds are being done today in many parts of the world. There is the story of the Norwegian teachers. It is as heroic an epic as one will find almost anywhere in the annals of human courage.

Last spring a crisis came in the strained relations between the Quisling government and the Norwegian teachers. The government had ordered that all children between the ages of ten and eighteen must join the Nazi youth organization, and that all teachers must join the Nazi Teachers Association. When the teachers refused to comply the schools were temporarily closed. They were now told that unless they joined, the penalty would be a concentration camp. Still they stood their ground as free men and 1100 of them were arrested.

Five hundred were selected to leave on the first shipment. These were gathered in a camp in southern Norway where they were treated with great cruelty. One of the favorite Nazi sports was to see the schoolmasters go through a degrading form of exercise which required that they creep on their stomachs with hands on their backs through snow, slush and water. While in this camp the teachers were not allowed any letters or packages. But they were to learn that the worst was yet to come.

The next move was toward Trondheim. They were loaded into cattle cars and were packed in so closely that they were not able to sit down. This trip took thirty hours. Since the object was to break their spirits, they were not given any rest when they arrived. They, five hundred of them, were immediately loaded on an old condemned ship. They were packed into the cargo compartment. There was no place to lie down and those who gave in fell on top of each other.

They did begin to give in. There is a limit to what the human body can stand, and some of them were by no means young. Nine were taken on shore because their illness was desperate. Scores more were suffering from serious ailments. People in Trondheim protested. The bishop and priests sent petitions to Quisling. Even the Nazi authorities in Trondheim could not stand this, but these with all the others appealed in vain. The death ship started on its voyage.

For thirteen days this old hulk carried its load of precious human cargo—nearly five hundred men who could have been released by saying just one word. But No! The ship stopped at several towns, but no person was allowed on board with gifts of food. Finally, the survivors were unloaded in Northern Norway near the Finnish border. There in the land of ice and snow they, who are alive today, are working at heavy labor for thirteen hours a day.

Mrs. Aase Gruda Skaard, whose brother-in-law is among these teachers, writes in a recent **American Scandinavian Review**:

Five hundred teachers. Who are they? The reports indicate that they are men, and it is said that many of them are elderly people, some of them in their sixties. They are from all kinds of schools.

Five hundred teachers. I know hundreds of Norwegian teachers. I have worked among them in different parts of the country for years. Faces are haunting me at night, like a movie, one following the other: Are YOU there?

They follow each other, rows and rows of faces of those I admire and love. The same faces come again and again, and new ones join them all the time. Their pupils whom they have helped, their parents, wives, children, come with them. What is happening to them? I follow the old ship from harbor to harbor. Are they still alive?

The story of the death ship is known throughout all Norway. Every teacher who defies the Quisling regime stands in mortal danger. He knows it. But defiantly the teachers fight on. On April 9, 1942, every free teacher in the land read this declaration to his pupils:

On February 9, the Norges Lærersamband (Norwegian Teachers Association, the Nazi organization) was established. A few days later I sent in my resignation because I found that membership in the organization might place upon me duties which I for reasons of conscience could not assume. . . .

One of our dearest national songs tell us that "every child's soul we unfold, is another province added to our country." Together with church and home we teachers have the responsibility to see to it that this unfolding occurs in Christian love and understanding, and in conformity with our national cultural traditions. We have been charged with the task of giving you children the knowledge and training for the thorough work which is necessary if every single one of you is to receive complete development as a human being so that you can fill your place in society to the benefit of others and yourself. This is the duty with which we have been entrusted by the Norwegian people, and the Norwegian people can call us to account for it.

We know also that the sum of the knowledge and will-to-work in a country is the greatest and most lasting of all the country's assets. It is our duty to hold a protective hand over these resources. We would betray our calling if we did not put all our strength into this task, especially during the trying times which we are now experiencing. Every curtailment in the school's activity is an undermining of the foundation upon which our people's future is to be



His Own Did Not Receive Him

By Harold Petersen.



It is night. Darkness covers the earth. Gladness has vanished. Has God also vanished? Perhaps! We remember that dark hour at Golgatha when Jesus cried out, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Is it not possible that there are times when man's own selfish creation defies God so that He retreats until human hearts in misery and despair again cry out for Him to light the way? For a long time man thought he could find his way without God. The result is the darkest age in the history of man.

Hilarious laughter may penetrate through the darkness. But it is only a camouflage for distressed souls. Retreat to some rendezvous of artificial joy is only a vain attempt to close one's eyes to the reality of darkness. It is difficult to be an isolationist now. How can we forget that out in the darkness streams of human blood are flowing, millions of bony fingers reaching for food, men screaming in terror as they sink beneath cold waves, tears flowing, cities and homes in ruin, and dear ones out on the field of battle, death marked targets of the foe?

I look out from my window. It is December—the landscape is covered with clean, white snow. Soon its beauty will be marred by man's determination to plow his own path through it. God's creation must be clean, beautiful and light like the snow. Did God not see that His creation was good? Is it not then true that it is man's self-determined paths which have marred God's creation? So again there is chaos and darkness.

In the beginning darkness was upon the deep.

built.

However, the teacher's duty is not only to give the children knowledge. He must also teach the children to have faith in, and to earnestly desire that which is true and just. Therefore, he cannot, without betraying his calling, teach anything against his conscience. He who does so sins both against the pupils he is supposed to lead and against himself. This, I promise you, I shall not do.

I will not call upon you to do anything which I regard as wrong. Nor will I teach you anything which I regard as not conforming with the truth. I will, as I have done heretofore, let my conscience be my guide, and I am confident that I shall then be in step with the great majority of the people who have entrusted to me the duties of an educator.

Radio Message

Station WTRY, Troy, N. Y.
Christmas, 1941.

It will soon be Christmas Eve again. In the past romantic writings of our poets and prose writers, we find the noblest expressions of what we, perhaps subconsciously, would like this world to be. Would we

And God said, "Let there be light: and there was light." Darkness again covered the earth and God again let the light break the darkness by sending His Son to bring man the lost Paradise. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

But, even sons of God must live in darkness. Man cannot isolate himself from the world in which he lives. The sins of humanity are also our sins. The war is also our war. The despairing millions are our fellowmen. Darkness will reign as long as the world refuses the life of Christ. When the world receives Him, God's eternal light will again dispel the darkness. Christ's love must conquer our selfishness.

It will not be a joyous Christmas. If we have any heart at all, this is hardly possible. But it may well be a Christmas which we will always remember. Perhaps, never before have we felt so poor—and in need of God's grace and mercy. In other years Christmas has been wrapped in traditions and we have been proud of our own giving. Now we realize how much we have to receive which we cannot give unless it first is given to us. Our lights have burned out. We cannot create the heavenly joy and peace. But we may as the shepherds keep watch over that with which God has entrusted us as we prepare ourselves for the first signs of dawn. For when the heavenly light begins to pierce the darkness men and angels sing.

not like to have it something like that expressed by angels over star lighted fields?

In this vein I like to read at this time of the year Washington Irving's "Christmas in England" with the delightful descriptions of holiday festivities, and who does not sense the warmth and sweet romance in these words:

"Stranger and sojourned as I am in the land—though for me no social hearth may blaze; no hospitable roof for me throw open its doors, nor the warm grasp of friendship welcome me at the threshold—yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me. Surely happiness is reflective like the light of Heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of supreme and ever-shining benevolence.

He who can turn sullenly away from the solicity of his fellow-beings and can sit down darkling and repiningly in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas." So far Washington Irving; but here is another picture:

In some of the northern countries of Europe, and this is especially true in some parts of Denmark, it is an old traditional custom to close the places of business in the hamlets, villages and cities, at about four o'clock in the afternoon of the day of Christmas Eve. The man on the farm feeds his animals early in the afternoon, a bundle of oats for the birds has been placed outside most of the dwelling houses; machinery has been removed from the fields and placed in the tool sheds for it is considered bad luck to leave it on the field, and the people are putting on their holiday clothes; the factories have closed their doors for at least three days and the children have come home from school not to return again until after three weeks of festivities in community, home and church.

At the end of day and the settling of dusk over the countryside, which comes early in the northern countries this time of the year, may be seen large numbers of people wandering over trails and roads leading to the village church from whose tower can be heard the pealing of bells reminding mankind to celebrate the coming of the greatest of all earthly rulers, the one of whom Napoleon said: "I have ruled over worlds and nations, but Jesus Christ has conquered over the hearts of men, that is greater."

As we listen again to this old story of Christ's birth, may it again touch our hearts and may it strike us that in this story is concealed the hope and future of the world's civilization.

To speak of the romance of the past seems so much out of place in the words of angels about "peace on earth" when at the present the stars of Bethlehem look down upon the armies of all continents arrayed against each other. But perhaps we have never understood the angelic song: "**Glory to God in the Highest—and on Earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased.**" We have said the last part of these words and it was not so hard to say them in these words: "Good will among men," we have said these words as if the peace we spoke about could be attained without giving glory to God. We have thereby taken the objective away from the source of its dynamic. We have been making peace without God. The name of God was not to be incorporated in the peace treaty of Versailles. Men have asked for a peace to do as we like. **Until this day our history is a rejection of "Glory to God."** We have forgotten that there cannot be a peace in the world where rulers and leaders of nations are refusing that "Glory to God" which is due Him.

The angel's first words were not a declaration of independence from relationship to the source of our being, it was declaration of **dependence** upon Him that has given the stars their course to follow, a dependence upon Him that has filled the sun with morning light.

We may conquer over worlds, enslave men for awhile, we may make nature obedient to our senses of service; but our attempts to renounce ourselves from dependence shall only result in breaking ourselves upon what we called independence. Our forefathers came not to Plymouth Rock and said: we have left our God in England or in Holland. They

came rather here to declare a more sincere alliance with God.

In thousands of cathedrals and churches it will soon be repeated as has already been in churches where they celebrate Christmas before it is here, that magnificent anthem of an Angelic choir. Voices will embrace one another and then glide away, now flowing in majestic cadences and then overtumbling in ecstasy of joy.

But the song of the angels is more than a song, it contains a challenge to mankind which mostly has been overlooked.—When the angels sang "Glory to God in the Highest," they no doubt did homage to Almighty God, whose wonderful works they had admired long before, but whose wonderful love unfolded itself in its most divine beauty in the Baby at Bethlehem. But while doing homage they presented a challenge to mankind to: **do as we do**, give "Glory to God in the Highest!" It is not enough to do it in song and story, that has been marvelously done already, it is left now to do it in joyful submission to His will; it must be done by making Him King of our will, of our destiny, not only by man individually but by mankind collectively.

If mankind would give glory to God in the sense indicated in the angels' song, as exemplified so far between Argentine and Chili in their statue of Christ upon the Andes mountains, if kings and statesmen permitted themselves to be guided by the spirit of God, then the temple of universal peace among mankind **could be** erected on the foundation wall of the universal glory given to God.

L. C. BUNDGAARD.

Contributions To W. M. S.

Women in Askov, Minn., congregation, \$56.10; Mission Group, Manistee, Mich., \$25.40; Mrs. Chr. Stockholm, Marquette, Nebr., \$1.00; Ladies' Aid of Our Saviour's Lutheran Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$15.00; Danish Ladies' Aid, Marquette, Nebr., \$5.00; Danish Ladies' Aid, Danevang, Texas, \$5.00; Mrs. Thorvald Holst, Cedar Falls, Iowa, \$1.00; Ladies' Aid, Alden, Minn., \$10.00; Gertrud Guild, Clinton, Iowa, \$5.00; St. Stefan's Ladies' Aid, Chicago, Ill., \$25.00; Ladies' Aid, Muskegon, Mich., \$10.00; Ladies Aid, Nysted, Nebr., \$5.00; Danish Ladies' Aid, Withee, Wis., \$5.00; Danish Ladies' Aid, Hampton, Iowa, \$5.00; Mission Group, Ringsted, Iowa, \$10.00; Danish Ladies Aid, Danebod, Tyler, Minn., \$5.00; Individual gifts, Tyler, Minn., \$7.00; Ladies' Aid, Badger, S. D., \$5.00; in memory of Mrs. Walter Wansbeck from friends in Hetland, S. D., \$5.00; Mrs. Nels Andersen, Motley, Minn., \$5.00; Ladies' Aid, Fredsville, Iowa, \$5.00; total received, \$215.50; previously acknowledged, \$227.36; total gifts received since June 8, \$442.86.

Sincere thanks.

MRS. OTTAR JORGENSEN,
Treasurer, W. M. S.

1410 Main St., Cedar Falls, Iowa. December 8, 1942.



Pioneer Days in Our Church and Home

"Our fathers landed on Thy shore,
Not rich in gold were these;
They brought a treasure worth much more,
An ancient heritage, a store
Of wisdom, songs and melodies,
Traditions, memories."



"Amidst our homes and children
Our forefathers' church we build."

"True History is not a desert trail
Of war and wealth, of pomp and clever
scheming;
It is a stream of memories, a tale
Of Life and Love at work, of striving,
dreaming."

From Pioneer Days At Tyler, Minn.

By Sigurd Pedersen.

IX.

Church Dedication, Etc.

In addition to what was mentioned previously as to the furnishings of the church, one should not forget the beautiful statue of Christ modeled from Thorvaldsen's original. This fits into the altar and sets off the whole harmoniously. The baptismal font too is unique, as it is hewn out of a solid lime stone. This was hewn by K. H. Duus, who also cut the monument on Mr. Klink's grave.

The cost of the church was \$6,000 and "believe it or not"—it was built without leaving a debt. Father did not fear debt on his own buildings, as on Danebod, for instance, but he always insisted that churches should be built without debt. In those days interest often ran up as high as 20 per cent. A correspondent to Dannevirke estimated that over 200 teams with loads of people came for the dedication on June 16, 1895, and the church was filled to capacity, estimated at 1,000. What a wonderful day, a beautiful clear day with a slight breeze. Nineteen loads of people came from the Hetland-Badger district, South Dakota. They drove 70 to 80 miles. It took them two days and the first night they were guests of the colony at White and the second night at Diamond Lake. How different from now days, when people would make that drive in a couple of hours. But the pioneers were patient and could really make sacrifices for church services and fellowship meetings. (Rev. Faber and Rev. Ravn were pastors of the South Dakota congregations and their enthusiasm likely helped carry the caravan over the long prairie trip).

One thing was lacking on that memorable day, namely the church bell, but as I remember it, the bell on the Parochial school served as church bell for a few years. Six pastors were present for the dedication. The local pastor opened the meeting with a word of welcome and a prayer of deep thanksgiving to God. Rev. Kjølhede spoke briefly and Rev. A. S. Nielsen performed the dedicatory service. Two children were baptized. At the noon period many farmers took guests home, others served dinner in the Stone House and still others gathered around picnic baskets in the grove. All met again in the afternoon

with several speakers and Monday witnessed meetings both forenoon and afternoon.

One writer states, that it was almost unbelievable that this prairie congregation after several years of depression, hail storm and drouth could manage to build such a wonderful church—and without debt. However, those pioneers could "give till it hurt." One writer quotes a verse of one of father's songs written in 1889:

"Ja, saadan er det, der bygges maa,
du skal ej vente paa kæmper stærke,
at stort kan bygges af mange smaa,
det faar du her vel at mærke".

One writer in commenting on the dedication states: "There were 1,000 people present, likely the largest number ever present at a Danish church service in America." One of the hymns sung was "Foragter ej de ringe Dage". Hymns really meant something to the old pioneers, not only the melody, but the words sank deep into their souls and consoled them during the week days.

This meeting was quite a change from the first meeting in the Congregational Church on April 15, 1888, when a hundred people gathered, some driving about fifteen miles with oxen. Now there was a group of 1,000, some from 80 miles away.

From the earliest days I remember that the custom at the church services was to have a deacon read the opening and closing prayers, and Jens B. Johansen served in that capacity, I believe, while father was pastor. It seems to me that it was Rev. Th. Knudsen in 1903 that took over that duty. I remember one time at a meeting in the Stone House, likely a quarterly or annual meeting, a discussion developed as to the wording of those prayers and also the statement in the Lord's Prayer—"Free us from evil." Johansen always read: "Free us from the evil one." Johansen insisted on using his wording, for to him, he said, all evil in the world seemed to be a definite evil spirit, and he thought of such an evil spirit as he prayed. There was no fiery discussion, as was evidenced on other questions both earlier and later in the history of the congregation, but an exchange of views. I think Johansen continued with his wording.

It was from the very beginning the habit of some people to sit at certain places in church. So much

so that father said, that he could make a hurried glance over the audience and would know at once from the empty places who were absent. Today the same custom prevails to a large extent. While the Stone House was used for services my place was generally near the southwest corner. In the Danebod church for years I sat in the gallery in the southwest section. I remember in the summer of 1896, for a number of Sundays, I wondered where I would find a place in some church in Mankato, as my brother and I were to go there to attend school in the fall. From rumors I had heard that in the larger cities and at large schools, young people did not care much for church. I was interested in church and I actually worried as to finding a place in some church. I had heard that many young people went away to school and came back atheists. The Danebod church really meant so much to me even at that age. My confirmation memories go back to the Stone House. We were six boys in the class. That schooling meant something in my life. But the church came to mean more still.

In that church father and mother celebrated their silver wedding and father's ordination anniversary October 20, 1900; from that church they were buried, there our daughter was baptized and also confirmed; there we had attended so many Christmas services. There one Sunday morning in 1904 after services, Rev. Knudsen brought greetings from father who was in the hospital at Sioux Falls, an impressive message never to be forgotten. So many dear ones from the old pioneers have been carried from there to the last resting place; hundreds of young people have been confirmed there, those young people that make the material for the future congregation. I remember when father after fifteen years of service, April 15, 1888 to April 15, 1903, gave his farewell sermon, told us that he found it most difficult to say farewell to the large group of members confirmed in the fifteen years. Possibly he had given to them more of real life, had felt more growth, and felt a greater spiritual fellowship; they were his children of the church.

There were some sad years with internal strife, but the old wounds have been healed, leaving perhaps a few scars, as wounds sometimes do; but the Danebod congregation still lives and flourishes in a many sided activity, people gather for various services and the church bell sends its message to old and young. Severe storms have come close to it as well as fire

that might have destroyed the material church, but it survived its trials and storms, as did the congregation. We hope that the Danebod church shall for generations to come still stand firm as a rock, and that from it shall go forth messages of hope and faith to console and sustain the weary souls and lead them to realms of happiness and peace.

As stated above the church was dedicated before the bell was secured; but the parochial school bell was of very good quality and sent out its message Sundays to call the people to church. The inscription on this bell was composed by father and read:

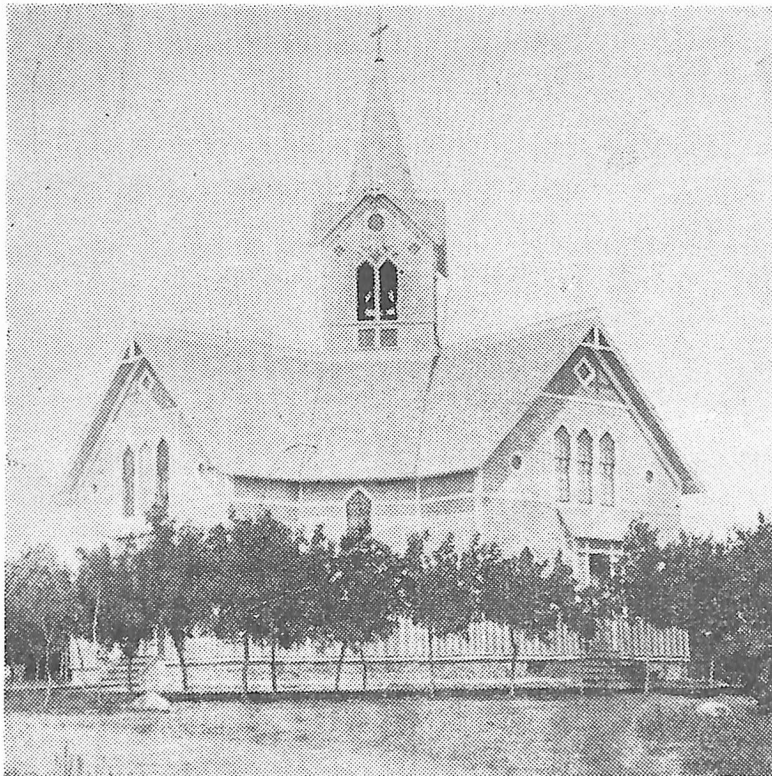
"For Modersmaal of Fædres Tro,
Jeg kalder Børn til Danebod".

But this message served for several years for the old folks as well as the children. A few years later the church bell was bought by the young people of the congregation, which the inscription reveals, also composed by father:

"Som Enhedsmærke paa
fremmed Kyst

gav Danebods Ungdom
mig Mæle og Røst".

When the new century was ushered in, the 20th century, at midnight, Kr. Sorensen, then teacher of the parochial school, and I sat in the church tower for about half an hour chiming in the new year, an event that a person can do only once in a lifetime, unless he hits the 100 mark. So that was an experience not to be neglected.



Danebod Church.

The Danebod church has one of the most wonderful bells, and at times on still evenings, with possibly a little breeze from the north, the deep tones, when the sun is sent to rest, can be heard here at Ruth-ton eight miles away. But the most charming calls are the Christmas chimes. For miles and miles the people in the colony are reminded on Christmas eve at about 4:30 o'clock that the church is decorated in beautiful colors, Christmas trees beaming in all their glory of colored lights and tinsel, sending out a welcome call to all who will gather to start the Christmas season with a service of prayers and hymns as well as a Christmas message. For many years, even from Ruth-ton, have we gathered with the Tyler people for that service. It seems as if the meeting is a proper opening to the later services. We sort of get tuned as a violin is tuned before the melody flows forth in its full message. The heart and soul in this "preview"

(Continued on page 16)

CHURCH and HOME

By REV. M. MIKKELSEN.

"Hallowed church bell not for earthly centers

Wast thou made but for the village small,

Where thy toll, as home and hearth it enters,

Blends with lullabies at evenfall."

The Danish bishop who wrote this hymn of the church bell was born in the country village and spent his childhood days there. His own home, however, was destined to be in the city where he had his work, but somehow his heart was forever in the village. Memories from those happy days of childhood lingered forever with him and would "not let him go." It was to some extent perhaps the church bell that was the reason for this. The stillness at eventide is an essential requisite, he thought, for the toll of the bell to reach out and be appreciated by the people for whom its message is intended. But also the heart must be still before it can appreciate and accept the message it brings. The environment of the city afforded him very little convenience for this type of devotional attitude, and so at the time of toll, day after day, when dusk spread over the city, he found himself mentally removed into the quietude of the country far away from the din of the city which was never to subside, and he heard the bell's toll from the distant village church close to his childhood home.

The first church bell was used in the year 400 when Paulinus, the bishop of Nola, Italy, thought of the plan of putting a large bell on the church roof to call people to services. It was much easier and also more effective than the old method of having bell ringers run up and down the streets.

Nearly all monasteries were equipped with bells for the purpose of calling people to services. All churches have them. A church without a bell lacks one very essential thing which most people appreciate.

It is not only that we need it to call people to worship, but we like to hear it at highly festive occasions as well as in time of deep sorrow. There is music in it for all occasions, it always hits the note for which our hearts are attuned. When we hear the bell we like to think of our loved ones. Bringing their child to baptism parents will detect a festive note in its calling they may not have heard before and they might say, today, it rings for our child.

It keeps us ever alert to our responsibilities and reminds us of God. Our boys are away from home in the service of their country. We do not know where they are today, or what tomorrow may bring. But every time we hear that church bell we will be reminded of them, and think that it is for them it tolls. It tells us that, although we do not know, God knows.

And so let it ring all of us safely

LUTHERAN TIDINGS

through the temptations that assail us, through all dangers, and ring peace into worried hearts.

Lutheran Nurses In Service

The following message from the Rev. Dr. N. M. Ylvisaker, director of the Service Commission, National Lutheran Council, is directed to all Lutheran nurses serving with the nation's armed forces:

"Every Lutheran nurse in the Service wants to know that the Church has not forgotten her. We want her to know that too. But unless she herself, or her home pastor or family and friends inform us of her military address, we have no way of knowing her whereabouts, and our opportunities to be of service to her are nil.

"We realize that these young ladies of the Lutheran Church are making certain sacrifices when they answer this call to serve, and we feel it our duty to provide for their spiritual wants in every way possible.

"Many nurses have replied with gratitude upon receiving the Prayer Book and other literature as sent to them from this office. Here is what one nurse replied: 'I have been serving as a Reserve Army nurse at this post for the past fourteen months and this is the first personal interest any organization has shown the nurses. I wish to congratulate the National Lutheran Council on the splendid work it is doing.'

"We stand ready to do the same for all Lutheran nurses if and when we receive their names.

"Send the name and complete address of any Lutheran nurse you may know who is in the service to: N. M. Ylvisaker, Service Commission, National Lutheran Council, 915 Metropolitan Bank Building, Minneapolis, Minn."

CHRISTMAS CROWNS

(Continued from Page 3)

lished a monastery at Canterbury, and from this center the heralds of the Cross went forth, and in time Christianized the entire island. Since then Canterbury has been considered the religious capitol of England and today its archbishop, William Temple, is one of the great Christian leaders of the world. On Whitsun-Day, June 2, 597, King Ethelbert of Kent was baptized in the presence of his wife and his people. On the next Christmas Day upwards of ten thousand of his subjects were baptized in the waters of the Swale. What a Christmas story someone could make of that!

The year 1066 gives us another Christmas story from English history. Duke William of Normandy with the pope's blessing had crossed the English Channel and was victorious over Harold, the Earl of Wessex, on the fields near Hastings. Soon afterwards a number of influential nobles and several bishops agreed to accept him as their king. London opened its gates to him, and on Christmas Day that same year, Wil-

liam the First, commonly called the Conqueror, was crowned King of England in Westminster Abbey.

Jesus came to be our King, as well as our Prophet and High Priest. His kingdom is not of this world. It does not consist of material things. His kingdom is in the hearts of men, where He is Lord of all—where Self has been dethroned, and Christ has His way over men's thoughts and desires, where men seek to do His will, and carry out His plans. To a war-torn world He comes again, the Prince of Peace, and offers us the only way out. But the rulers reject His way, and therefore our boys are dying in Africa, in Europe and in Asia. He still says, in infinite compassion and love: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!" (Luke 19:42). Do a lot of thinking about Luke 19:42. And somewhere in our Christmas celebrations may we hear, as it were the voice of angels singing: "Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all," and in the innermost sanctuary of our hearts receive and worship Him as our Savior King.

Our Church

The Muskegon, Mich., Church of which Rev. Holger Jorgensen is the pastor was completely destroyed by fire on Sunday, December 6.—An overheated furnace was apparently the cause of the fire. Insurance to the amount of \$5,000 was in effect on the building. This, however, was figured at only about one-half of the value of the building. And with prices on material and workmanship high at the present time it is evident that a new building will be quite costly.—Rev. Jorgensen writes: "But we will rise out of the wreck stronger and better, I am sure. We hope we can get permission to build at least the basement of a new and larger church."

Choir Robes are more and more in evidence in many of our churches in our synod. The Hope Lutheran Church choir of Enumclaw, Wash., plans to have robes to be worn for the first time on Christmas day. The Sunshine Circle of the church has donated the money for the purchase of the material for the robes.

Rev. Einer Romer of Manistee, Mich., has been appointed to be Chaplain in the army with the rank of First Lieutenant. His instructions are that he leave Manistee December 31 to report for training at Harvard University, Cambridge.—Rev. Romer is the second pastor from our synod to enter into the chaplaincy of the army. Rev. J. C. Kjær is stationed at Fort Sill, Okla.

Rev. F. G. Reuter of White, S. D., served the Diamond Lake Church on Sunday, December 13. Rev. Reuter is a former pastor of the Wisconsin Synod

of the Lutheran Church (a sister synod of the Missouri Synod).

Rev. Alfred Jensen, president of our synod, was scheduled to speak in the Nysted, Nebr., Church on Sunday, December 13. His plans were also to visit and have meetings in the congregations at Kronborg, Cordova and Rosenborg, Nebr., and possibly also in Denmark, Kansas.—He will according to present plans, serve the Dagmar, Mont., Church during the Christmas holidays.

A Memorial Service is scheduled to be held on Sunday, December 20, in the Kimballton, Iowa, Church in memory of Folmer Søe and Herluf Jensen, both of Kimballton, who have been killed in action in the U. S. service. Folmer Søe met death in England and Herluf Jensen was killed as he was sailing on a tanker carrying gasoline near the Solomon Islands and the ship was blown up by the enemy.—Rev. V. S. Jensen, an uncle of Herluf Jensen and Rev. Alfred Jensen, their former pastor, will be the speakers at the memorial service.

Prof. Alvin H. Hansen of Harvard University, who was born and reared in the Viborg, S. D., community, is the author of a leading article in the November issue of "Fortune Magazine." The article is entitled "Toward Full Use of Our Resources," Prof. Hansen's plans for post-war economic reconstruction. Within the past two or three years, while carrying on his teaching at Harvard, Dr. Hansen has been spending part of his time each week in Washington as principle economic consultant in some of the most important fields of government activity.

The World of Song is now in the process of its second printing. The books received a year ago have been sold and there are orders waiting to be fulfilled. Might we suggest you order a book as a Christmas present. The printers have promised to have the book ready for distribution by the New Year. We are aware that New Years is after Christmas, but a card enclosed in an envelope will serve the purpose for a week. Due to the rise in the cost of paper and labor the price will be \$2.00 per book. Because of the demand of time taken by the reprinting there will be no Christmas section printed this year.

Miss Edal Jensen, Enumclaw, Wash., district president of the Young People's League of the 9th synodical district, spoke to the youth group of the Junction City, Ore., church on Sunday, November 22.

Willard Garred, theological student at G. V. C., preached at the morning service in St. John's Church, Exira, Iowa, and at the evening service of the Oak Hill congregation Sunday, December 6.

Rev. S. D. Rodholm of Grand View College, Des Moines, Iowa, has returned to his home after convalescing for some time at the home of his daughter in Phoenix, Arizona.



FIRST KNOWN CHRISTMAS CARD, designed by W. M. Egley, and published in England in 1842, the original of which is now in the British Museum in London.

According to Museum authorities, heretofore, the earliest record of a Christmas card was one designed in 1843 by J. C. Horsley.

The Egley card depicts the holiday celebrations of the early Victorian period. The montage of four scenes shows dancers doing the Roger de Coverly, the old English country dance named for the popular literary character; a gay holiday dinner party with the traditional plum pudding very much in evi-

dence; distribution of soup to the needy; and cane-toting, top-hatted ice skaters. In the lower left-hand corner, a crowd mills around a Punch and Judy show, and in the far right-hand corner a street group sings carols.

During the one hundred years since the appearance of this first Christmas card, the exchange of greetings has become an outstanding feature of Christmas festivity. And probably this year, in a war-torn world, more Christmas cards will be sent than ever before as an expression of the deep love Americans have for everything that Christmas represents.

News Briefs

A Dane at Dieppe—A Danish flier, whose name cannot be mentioned as yet, has been given the British Distinguished Flying Cross for his services as Flight Commander in one of the two Norwegian escadrilles that took part in the Allied raid on Dieppe. He has also been promoted from captain to major in the Norwegian air-force and has been given command of an escadrille. The admiral of the Norwegian air-force, H. Riiser Larsen, had earlier, in a radio talk to Denmark told the Danes that the home front could be proud of the Danish fliers now with the Norwegians.—(From "Frit Danmark," London, Sept. 3)

"Dangerous" Words—"Svenska Morgonbladet" reports that it has now been forbidden to sing Luther's famous hymn: "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," in Norwegian churches because of the stanza:

"And were the world with devils filled,
All watching to devour us,
Our souls to fear we need not yield,
They cannot overpower us;
Their dreaded prince no more

Can harm us as of yore;
His rage we can endure,
For, lo! His doom is sure,
A word shall overthrow him."

Quisling suspects that by the words "devils" and "their prince" the Norwegian singers mean the Germans and their Hitler . . . For similar reasons Quisling has prohibited all newspaper mention of the city of Oslo's current rat-exterminating campaign. Two years ago one of Oslo's leading newspapers lent its enthusiastic support to such a drive with a strong editorial entitled "Out With the Rats!" To readers who substituted the word "Germans" for "rats" wherever it occurred, the editorial provided no end of delight, and it was plain that the editorial writer had planned it that way. Even the beef-headed editors of Quisling's official newspaper, "Fritt Folk," caught on, and they wrote an indignant editorial in reply, all to the increased amusement of the general public.

The Position of the Theological Faculties at the German Universities—In an address to scholars of all faculties on "Problem and Progress in Theology," Professor Althaus of Erlangen has made the following statements regarding the position of the theological faculties in the German Universities:

"The position of our faculties was

formerly an expression of the fact that the German nation regarded the preparation of a scientifically educated clergy and the public representation of Christianity in the world of learning as a vitally important concern of its own. Now the religious situation has doubtless become different—the relative Christian solidarity has been lost inwardly, for a long time, outwardly for some little time. We must see this situation and take account of it. But how? Certainly religious controversy will be our lot for some time to come. We must acknowledge that. A religious solidarity of the German people outside Christianity is not to be expected. Christianity will in any case remain the living spiritual home for a large proportion of the Germans, if it maintains the freedom to assert its spiritual claim in public, if, that is, religious controversy in Germany chivalrously remains an intellectual struggle on equal

terms. . . .

"The only arrangement adequate to express this significance of Christianity for our nation would be that it should maintain its place and its full honor at the Universities in the form of theological faculties. If other religious types are also to be represented by professional chairs there, we can only wish that the spirits represented will cross weapons in a knightly way. We shall not fail to be present. The problem of the religious situation cannot be solved by the exclusion of the theological partners from the Universities. We Germans must accept the situation of undecided spiritual conflict—especially we at the Universities. At and from the Universities the greatest battles of our German spiritual history have been fought. May the Universities of the future be worthy of this great tradition."

—I. C. P. I. S. Geneva.



Here Comes Dad!

HE'LL KNOW HOW TO FIX MY BOAT

Yes, Dad, he's got every confidence in your ability to set things right. Today it's easy — mending a broken toy — bandaging a hurt knee! But what about tomorrow? Plan now so that his unlimited confidence in you will never be shaken. Through insurance, you can guarantee him a good education. Insurance, too, is the one way you can secure his important growing-up years in case anything should happen to you. Arrange now for adequate insurance protection.

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PIONEER DAYS AT TYLER, MINN.

(Continued from page 13)

of Christmas become adjusted to the merry Christmas messages to follow.

And now again in just a few days this bell, as well as thousands or millions of others throughout the world, will again call people together for meditation and a blending of voices in the beautiful Christmas hymns. How sad that this Christmas will prevent millions from attending their home churches, kept away by military duties. But how fortunate for so many of us, who still heed the call, and many will go this year to meet in spirit with their sons and daughters in foreign lands or in camps here; for indeed there are many of them who, during Christmas, will in spirit be in their home church. When the church bells ring out the message in 1942, let us make use of our privileges to heed the calls. Millions would like to do so but cannot. They would if they could. We at home can if we will. Let us go to hear the message, to sing and pray. It may not be our happiest Christmas; but to go may make it a happier Christmas, than if we fail to go. May the message of "Peace on Earth" reverberate throughout the world, more powerful than ever, so that soon there may indeed be a lasting peace on earth and good will towards all our fellowmen in all nations and in all races. Merry Christmas to all.

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The school year opens September 14 and closes May 28, 1943.

Write for Catalog

Johannes Knudsen.