

Lutheran Tidings

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Our Gethsemane

"Vain world, Farewell!" we bravely sing,
But old or young to life we cling
When Death sits down beside us.
No one can take away our fear
But Christ who in his word is near
With life and light to guide us.

Through my last night-watch, Christ be near
And let me feel, in someone dear,
Thyself with peace descended,
And speak to me as friend to friend
Of where we soon shall meet again
All pain and sorrow ended.

—S. D. Rodholm.

From N. F. S. Grundtvig's "At sigte Verden ret Farvel."

Coming To Jesus

First Sunday after Epiphany

V. S. Jensen.

Eph. 6:1—4

Mark 10:13—16.

And then they were bringing to Him little children that He should touch them; and the disciples rebuked them. But when Jesus saw it he was moved with indignation and said unto them: Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not, for such belongeth the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you: Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein. And He took them in His arms and blessed them, laying His hands upon them.

As we all know, this text is read at all baptisms in our Lutheran church. The inference is that by bringing our children to baptism, we obey Jesus' command to let the little children come to Him. This is probably what our Lutheran fathers have meant by ordaining that this text should be read at baptisms. They probably were right in this conception. How else would we now let our little children come to Jesus except by bringing them to the font where He gives them life out of God's life? Jesus is in heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father almighty; how can we bring our children to Him here on earth except by bringing them to where we believe He is present in His Word and in His Spirit? He has told us that man must be born again of water and the Spirit; and He has told us to baptize. We conclude that by bringing our little children to baptism, we thereby bring them to Him that He in a special way may bless them.

And indeed, if baptism is new birth then that is what is needed. If in baptism we get new life, that is, life out of God, then all mankind needs baptism.

God made man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. What life would God breathe into man, if not His own eternal life? And God told

man the conditions for keeping this life: Of all the trees of the Garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, eat not of it; for on the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. (Gen. 2:7 and 16—17).

But man did eat, and he lost the life which God had breathed into him. After the eating he has only physical life. And the life that Adam and Eve no longer have they cannot transmit to their children by natural birth. If man is again to have eternal life, he must get it by special act of God, as by special act of God he got it in the beginning. And when the fullness of time came, God sent His Son, born of a woman, born under the law, that He might redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive sonship (childship). Gal. 4:4.

Childship with God is what we need—not merely adoption; for an adopted child does not have life out of his adopting father and mother; he has it from somebody else. But we need eternal life. Where will we get it except from Him who has life in Himself even as the Father has life in Himself, and whom the Father sent to earth to forgive our sins and give us life?

Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and he does that by giving us forgiveness of sins, resurrection of the body and life eternal. All these gifts are received in baptism.

We need forgiveness of sins. We can never become good, except the Father take us into His arms and says: No matter what you have done, it is forgiven. I take you such as you are; I forgive you all. That melts the heart; then we can begin to do the Father's will.

We need resurrection of the body to begin here and

now; we cannot wait. For our bodies are being corrupted by sin, and how can the new life which He is giving us grow and be strong in a body which we are giving over to corruption? It is as if the farmer would say: It makes no difference if this grain of wheat suffer damage by moisture and mold, for some day I am going to sow it in the ground, and then a new grain with a new life will come forth. No! The grain of wheat damaged by moisture and mold will not grow; for its innermost life has been damaged to such an extent that it cannot come forth out of the ground. We need resurrection from sin and the results of sin for our natural bodies here and now, as we will need it on the last day, so that the innermost core of life, which God gives us by new birth, may not be damaged to the extent that God cannot give us a new body.

And we need eternal life. As literally as we have physical life out of our temporal father and mother, so literally must we have eternal life out of Him "who alone has immortality." We get this life in the new birth. That is why we call baptism a means of grace. If God had not given us baptism we would still be in our sins, would still go on corrupting our natural bodies; we would be without God and without hope in the world.

But now have we been permitted to come unto Him. Our fathers and mothers brought us to Him while yet we were little children. We have been born again of water and the Spirit. The water disappeared, but the Spirit remained. That is what the Apostle Peter means when he says: "Repent and be baptized, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit." (Acts 2:38). And the Spirit is power. He is even called the Power from on high by Him who knows what the Spirit is, because He has it without measure: "Abide ye in the city until ye shall be clothed with Power from on high" (Luke 24:49). And we need power. Even Paul had to say: "The good which I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do" (Rom. 7:19). We are weak and by our own strength we cannot abide by the good and acceptable and perfect will of God. But God gives us the Power from on high, and we can say as Paul said: "I can do all in Christ who makes me strong." "As many as receive Him, them gave He the power to be children of God, them who believe on His name." John 1:12.

Yes, even little children can live the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and life eternal. That is why Jesus is much pleased when little children are brought to Him in baptism.

A Cold Wintry Day

The ground is covered with deep snow. And there are snow drifts here and there. The southeast wind is very cold and penetrating; no sun to be seen; but a gray, hoary, frosty air surrounds us at all sides as a veil. No traffic on the road; not a single car, wagon or sleigh have passed by all day—only a lonely person on foot heading south early this morning. Are we snowbound mother and I?—We still have a long winter ahead of us, unless a chinook should turn in from the southwest and visit us with its warm breath.

That we are not sure of. But there is that which we are sure of. Soon Christmas and the New Year will be here like a key opening up to a wonderful new land.—As I think of Christmas past and future I have in mind also a hymn from our hymnal and with it several passages from the Bible. These thoughts live within me as good friends that visit me again and again.

The hymn is the Scotch Psalter: "My God how wonderful thou art." And especially do I dwell now with the line: "For Thou has stopped to ask of me the love of my poor heart." And then Faber, the author, is adoring the love of God.—We are reminded of how wonderful God is in so many ways as he reveals himself to His children. And how true that is, not least at Christmas time.

In connection with this hymn we immediately think of the first statement in the Bible: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." And then we are told by reading on, how everything came forth: All this is called "The Creation Hymn," a poetic description, in measured, majestic movement of the successive steps of creation, cast in the mold of the oft recurring biblical "seven." In all literature, scientific or otherwise, there is no more sublime account of

the "Origin of things." We know that there are other explanations of the creation but our faith rests securely in this report. It is in harmony with the first article of our Christian faith, "We believe — — —." In accordance with this we find also in the 36th Psalm of David in the 9th verse a very important message: "For with thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light." Many times have I stood beside a spring and noticed how the water uninterrupted, continually poured out of the ground and gave birth to a brook, that again could refresh the growth along its side. I have in this connection often thought of our many Christmas hymns and songs. If we would trace the history of these way back we would see how the fountain or the spring would be found in the first Christian church or rather in the song of the angels that first Christmas night. —

Then we have the gospel according to St. John, also in full harmony with the theme we have here before us. As an eagle wings its way up through the lofty domain, so is the soul of John lifted up and carried back as far as anyone is able to go: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God. All things were made through Him — — — in Him was life, He was the light — —." And then we have here the statement of the most important event in history next to that of creation: "And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us." That is the Christmas gospel according to John. That festival is now celebrated in all parts of the world as no other festival. But we notice how different the first Christmas was compared to many present day celebrations. It often grieves us to see to what an extent Christmas has been commercialized, and con-

sequently to many, means nothing more than a gay celebration.

There is still another word, also from one of the many Psalms of David that I would like to mention: "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! Who has set thy glory above the heavens." There is God's glory magnified by his works and love. The heart of the Psalmist is almost spellbound and ravished with what he sees. I shall never forget one wintry night more than twenty-five years ago coming home about midnight with my oldest boy. I have never before nor since seen so many stars, nor so bright a moon shining across the prairie stretching out far and wide in all directions.—On Christmas eve I like to go out under the open sky—if the weather will permit—and look up into the starry firmament and also out in all directions thinking of the homes near by and those far away where friends and relatives are celebrating the great event.

Thus the psalmist after surveying the firmament raises the question: What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visited him?—What is man? Many answers have been given to this question.—Let us turn to the Apostle John for his answer to the question: "But as many as received him, to them gave he the power to become the sons of God, even to them, that believe on his name"—and "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God—" "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we

know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

The Psalmist speaks of children; and many instances could be recorded where the children have been able to touch people's hearts. We remember the story of the little boy in the basket in the river Nile who touched a woman's heart. And at Christmas time we see mirrored in the children's eyes the experience of a wonderful world, a revelation of God's image. The glory of God may be revealed through nature if we are able to grasp it. St. Paul speaks of that to the people of Lystra: "God left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." But above everything else His love was revealed through Jesus Christ born in Bethlehem.—For what the law could not do, God did by sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin. The angel said unto Mary: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." And to the shepherds the angel said: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

We began our meditation with the stanza: "My God, how wonderful thou art," we will close with the adoration: "O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth." This adoration is addressed to the Triune God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.

P. Rasmussen.

New Year's Day In Assam

"The Tree Planted by the Streams of Waters." Ps. 1:3.

The 1931 New Year's day was an exception to the rule. It was observed in Haraputa.

This is the most northern Mission Station in our colony in Assam. Here we have the largest membership and the biggest church building in our Assam work.

Strangely, the Santal pastor here is a Boro who, however, does not speak his mother tongue. Ratia Pastor, so is his name, was brought up in a Santal home and he received his education in our Santal school at Ebenezer. All this being granted, we must admit the truth of what was objected: "But there are no shade trees at the Haraputa church" (There were none at that time. The Haraputa church had been built on this new compound and dedicated only the year before). Grahampur had previously been host to the New Year's celebration every year.

Some very few, conservative Santals were a bit perturbed about the alleged though not expressed "folly" of thus breaking away from tradition. "New Year's day we have always observed together in worship, but in Grahampur," was a reminder of the value of "custom."

Nevertheless, it was in joyful anticipation we of Haraputa welcomed the friends from near and far to attend communion service in the morning and the open air meeting of the afternoon. And we were not disappointed.

They came in groups. Some groups seemed to take in practically the entire village population. Missionaries and all, seemingly intent on this one thing: Together "in His Name" share the first day of the year. To gather and meet in this traditional New Year festivity has become an integral part of the Christmas activities of the Santal Christians. This seems to be definitely in accordance with the Santal and Boro viewpoint of HOMELIFE, VILLAGE LIFE and CHURCH LIFE.

These Christians will year after year, overcome the difficulties and obstacles that might dampen the enthusiasm of so primitive, though often devout folk, that they be able to meet this one time per year.

They gather at the church. This is a brick church for which the bricks used were made and burned right there at Haraputa.

Will you enter?

You are impressed, favorably or otherwise, according to how well you see with Santal eyes as you behold the church decorations.

The chandeliers are freshly covered with fancy, lacy paper decorations. They loom up as they light up. From these garlands are suspended to the four corners and the walls of the church. The garlands, many, many yards of them, are made from Sal-tree-twigs fastened to twine and interspersed among these

twigs are flowers from Santal gardens or paper decorations.

Are you not clearly aware of the festive appearance of the church? As the congregation enters, quietly to squat on the mats, noiselessly as they wear no shoes, each one bows his head for silent prayer and you sense the audience too, is in the festive mood and for worship.

In India also, mornings, at this time of the year are very short. It is therefore most encouraging to see the thousands of men, women and children hard bent on meeting here to share with Christian friends and perchance relatives with whom they seldom fellowship. Here in the Holy Communion they celebrate it and participate in it together, such as our Lord Jesus inferred by His all inclusive. "... Take eat. Drink ye all of it." This New Year's morning service takes in perhaps 600 to 700 who gather to have a part in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. True, the number is in a measure dependent upon the day, whether it be one of the gloriously bright, sunshiny mornings or how.

After the communion service there is an interim. More and more gather to visit in the spacious out-of-doors where the meeting will be.

Do not, I beg of you, be too insistent regarding 2 o'clock, 2:30 or 3.—It is not easy to tell time exactly by looking at the sun, particularly difficult if—you would like to visit, or something else of great import-

ance. However, some time between 2 and 3 of this afternoon, our program takes form. Let me humbly, joyously state: As I think of this particular New Year's day as on the many others, I thank God for His manifold blessings granted at these fellowships, experiencing His very presence in our midst, as His Spirit willed and wrought.

Folks sit row upon row, 3,000 and some years 4,000 or more. Why are they here?

They are here to visit, oftentimes without many words simply, quietly to be with dear ones. Yes, and to SING, to LISTEN, to SPEAK, and to PRAY and finally to give an offering. This is a great day for us Christians, Missionaries and Indians together, concentrating on the deep Spring from which Life is given the children of God in all lands and climes. The precious Santal hymnbook, as a treasure, is most effectively used; the testifying messages given from the lecturn, warms your soul, and "by the way" the lectrum, did I tell you? It is a camouflaged BULLOCK CART. You will come away with a very real experience of the truth of the great Psalmist's words. And in deep gratitude to God and your fellow Christians, you will think of this vast sea of Christian Santals and Boros—each one. "The tree planted by the streams of waters."

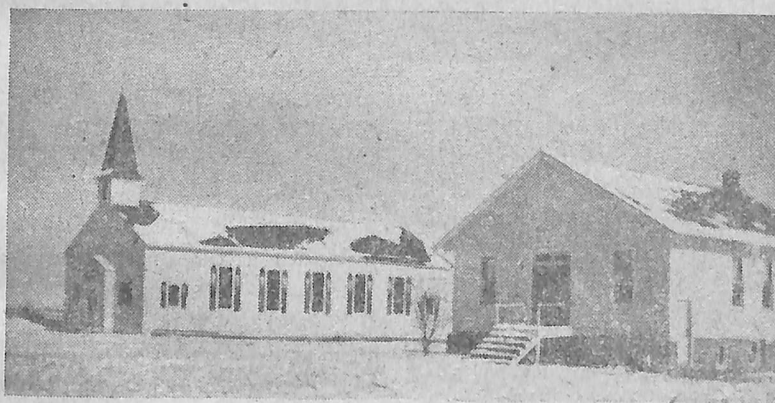
Missionaries, too, have "Mountain top" experiences as you readily conclude from this "New Year's Day in Assam."

Dagmar Miller.

Mirage Flats Dedicates Church

On November 9, 1947, the St. Peter's Lutheran community congregation dedicated to God its new church on the Mirage Flats, south of Hay Springs, Nebr. This was a happy day for many people on the Flats, and especially so for the dozen or so families who for years had kept alive the spirit of Christian fellowship

from the adjoining Niobrara river. Through the help of the federal government a dam and reservoir were built on the river, ditches were dug, and a year ago water was flowing down the rows of corn, beans and potatoes and over luscious fields of alfalfa. A virtual garden spot and oasis.



in the community, and whose faith and vision through the years had culminated in the dedication on November 9, of a beautiful church building.

The fertile Mirage Flats area, which earlier had been the grazing land for large numbers of cattle and, a few years earlier, of huge herds of buffalo, is now dotted with farm homes. Many families are living in trailer houses, awaiting the time when they can build new homes, and some are in the course of building. The miracle that has taken place to transform this area in to a beautiful, productive land is water—water

The earliest families to locate here immediately following the end of World War I came mostly from the congregations of Nysted, Marquette and Looking Glass, Nebr. They organized and are the charter members of St. Peter's congregation. Sunday school classes were held in homes each Sunday for children and adults. Later a community hall was built and services were held whenever a minister from some neighboring church, or from one of our district congregations was available. Through all the years, the vision of a church and a resident pastor was kept alive, but the

flock was too small and the hardships of the depression years made it impossible to support either a church or minister.

A few years ago the Home Mission Council of our Synod took up this project, with the result that in July, 1946, Rev. Erik Moller and family moved here from Omaha to serve the St. Peter's congregation. With the advent of up to one hundred new families of different church denominations into the community in the course of two or three years, both an opportunity and a challenge presented itself to pastor and congregation. Results so far have been gratifying. We are deeply grateful to the Home Mission Council for supporting us in this work, and to Erik Moller and his family for the wonderful work they are doing. Denomination is not stressed, but Christian living and working together in fellowship are stressed. I believe that the secret (if secret it is) of Erik Moller's successful work is the abiding love that he has for people, and they in turn learn to love and reverence him. This has been demonstrated during the past year and a half in accomplishment; the slow but steady and substantial increase in attendance at services, the unity and steadfastness of purpose which marks any undertaking started. As an example, the opportunity to apply for the purchase of a chapel from the Alliance Air Base presented itself. The desire on the part of the congregation for a house of worship immediately manifested itself in united action. There was no dissension or bickering or doubts. After the building was moved, it seemed impossible to have it ready by the date set for dedication. A call for help went forth in the community and as many as forty men and women responded on one single day. All was in readiness the day before dedication.

The awaited day arrived and with it a blinding blizzard and cold. Surely only a few would show up in such weather, but many did. The roomy church building was comfortably filled. Rev. Alfred Jensen, president of our Synod, had arrived the day before to officiate at the ceremony of dedication. Rev. Howard Christensen of Cozad, Peter J. Nissen and James Fowler, officers of the church board, also took part in the ceremony. Rev. Erik Moller preached the dedication sermon. The theme of Rev. Jensen's talk was that the building as such was only material, and that it was we who must dedicate ourselves to God and His service; only then does the building really become dedicated to Him. The service was both impressive and inspiring, and I hope I may say that we all felt deeply the task that has been laid upon us of making it truly a house dedicated to God's service and worship.

At noon dinner was served in the community hall with various after dinner talks, notably by Mrs. Koch of Chadron, Rev. Allen of the neighboring Friend's church.

The Rev. Walter Hanne of Alliance, who has often served the congregation prior to having our own pastor, spoke in the afternoon, as did also Rev. D. E. Springer of Hay Springs Methodist church. Because

of the weather, Rev. Larsen of Bingham, Nebr., was not able to get here. Rev. Larsen has also served our church on various occasions.

In the evening Rev. Howard Christensen spoke about the rural church and Rev. Alfred Jensen gave a very impressive talk to mark the end of a wonderful day.

Everyone enjoyed sharing the day with friends from Nysted, Rosenborg, Potter, Hay Springs and neighboring communities.

Herbert Lang.

"Lest We Forget"

A train ride, I guess, is the most relaxing thing I know. You say your "goodbyes," if there are any goodbyes to be said. The conductor calls his final "all aboard!" The train moves with its steady and determined increase in speed until you feel it in your very being, that you are moving into the unknown. You cannot run away from your thoughts now. You are with them every minute, as they are with you. You can watch people, you can talk to people, if you wish; but how lucky you are, if you get a seat by yourself, and you can sit alone with yourself and with your thoughts . . . and your reveries.

If you, as I was, are lucky enough to board the train at three p. m. while the sun still shines brightly, you can watch Mother Nature at work. You can see the rolling hills and trees and farms change their appearance, as the sun gradually lowers and finally sets in the west. Until, out of nowhere, the twinkle of a wee star tells you evening really is here. You see the transparent, bluish green of the sky, with the orange blush of evenfall, against the hush of the white snow on the barren trees and on the country side. The subtleness of it all makes you feel as though your train has been transformed into a movie projector on wheels, showing only the very best and most perfect pictures.

Human beings are lighting up their houses and you feel that in them is life: a hearth: a home. You sense that this is the American home; the people of our America live in these homes. What are their thoughts? What are their dreams? Have they seen the beauty of this sunset or do they take nature's blessings for granted as we so often do?

Onward through the unknown you roll on toward the little hearth, to which you are going. To the little mother and father, who have lived to the ripe age of

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84 and 87 respectively. They have spent years of labor in this, their America. They came over here from Denmark with many of their sheerest dreams and perhaps most of them were crushed; but ever there were new dreams and new hopes. They were the pioneers, as so many were . . . Yes, they were the pioneers who made life and living so much easier for you and me, young America. Let us not forget to be thankful to those staunch and stalwart people who gave a lifetime of hard labor for us. Yes, they had their joys too. Joys that we of today wouldn't even realize were joys. We of today need some of their simplicity of living. Our lives are much too cluttered up and complicated. We are forever dashing madly off to one thing or another. The home bonds become tattered and torn from this everlasting going, going, gone madness. We need to settle down once in a while with our thoughts, and to spend an occasional evening at home reading good books and eating good apples. We need to enjoy nature more if we are to walk closer to God and to understand his handiwork better.

The train moves on. The shadings of color in the sky are hidden from our view. We are now traveling into the night. I wonder if the people in these houses are watching our lights go by? Maybe they wonder if we Americans count our blessings; we who are fortunate enough to go on a train trip. For some it may be fortunate, but not to everyone; because many are on their way to the Mayo Brothers Clinic at Rochester, Minn., to have their fate decided. A sweet little old lady from Texas says, "I am going to have them check everything from my dandruff to my corns."

I go into the dining car, while I trust the faithful "400" to take me to my destination. Yes, to the dining car where everything is served in style, even the check. An American officer, his wife and little boy are also waiting in line to be served. I speak to them as I did to the American officers who were vacationing in Denmark a few weeks ago, when I was there with my husband. Those officers had told us of hungry and cold old people and little children in Germany where they were stationed. This American officer and his wife have just come back from China and Japan. They say, "Poor China and Japan! Little, thin and undernourished children go begging for food, because they have no choice, they have no food, and they are so hungry." Fellow Americans, how have we forgotten so soon? Forgotten to be thankful for our manifold blessings, that we should share with others.

In the diner we eat our meal, a meal of more than plenty. No ration points for butter, no ration points for bread . . . **REAL COFFEE**. No need of asking now, for we are in America: **WE HAVE ALL**. A spot on the tablecloth at once becomes covered with a spotlessly clean napkin. Napkins and tablecloths are very scarce in Denmark, as is the soap, with which to make them spotlessly clean. A package comes from America and the soap flakes box is broken. Laboriously the soap shavings are salvaged. We would perhaps merely throw it out.

We are so pampered and spoiled in this, our Amer-

ica. We forget so soon! We must have our comforts and we must complain! Who are we to complain? Have we been hungry? Have we been cold? When my husband and I waited at the air terminal at New York for our Chicago plane, the air was so stifling, that we could hardly breathe. In the homes in Denmark people were cold, because they wanted to save on fuel. In the churches there was no heat; people wore overcoats, and some even brought a blanket along inside. Surely, in our railroad stations, our bus depots, our air terminals, we Americans need not have so much heat that we are uncomfortable. This seems to be one logical place to save.

Denmark is considered one of the more fortunate countries of Europe! There was wholesale destruction, there was no hunger! If Denmark was one of the more fortunate countries, what are we? What have we sacrificed? Oh, yes, we did have rationing! Do you remember, way back when we could get only one pound of coffee a month? At the present time, they get one-fourth pound of coffee per month in Denmark and if they get cocoa or tea, they get no coffee. We go into our grocery stores and find them bulging with food. We see them bulging with luscious cans of fruits, vegetables, coffee, tea, cocoa, chocolate bars and gum. We see shelves loaded with flour and breads of all kinds. Surely, if the people in Denmark could peek into these fairy tale stores, their eyes would bulge too. I wonder what the remainder of Europe would do, if they saw them?

I went into one of our bulging dime stores one day; another fairyland! You get a fever, you want to buy this, you want to buy that for those people over there. You recall the day you were in Sweden with your Danish relatives, how they could merely look at all those wonders in the dime stores over there. They were not allowed to spend any money in Sweden. We were Americans, we could use our dollars; the dollar speaks in Europe today! The dollar also speaks in America today! If I have the dollars, I can buy all I need, and all they need too. All those things that we take for granted that we should have. I can buy dolls for their sweet little children, the ones they have do not look like baby dolls, they look old and worried. There is no beginning—there is no end to the things we can buy that they can't. And Denmark is a very fortunate country! But what about all the other countries, France, England, Germany, Japan and China? Poor little, hungry children go begging for food. Poor hungry grown-ups pray for courage and faith! Pray to have fear taken from their hearts! Little Denmark was fortunate, but little Denmark has fear in its generous heart. Fear of more war; fear of all we big ones! What will we do? What will **Russia** do? What **can** Denmark do, what **can** all the little countries do but pray and hope. Perhaps they can do what the big fellow forgets. Perhaps you and I, the people of this, our America, should help them pray. Pray for leadership, for faith, for humanity's salvation. It is your problem and my problem as well as theirs. How can we enjoy our bounty, when these, our fellow humans, are afraid and some are not merely afraid, but hungry and cold as well.

Our soldier boys and their families over there in China, Japan and Germany see it, they talk it, they breathe it. They come back to the states on a furlough. Do they find us understanding and ready to stand by them? Not always! Only too often do they find us grumbling, ungrateful and wasteful in the midst of our plenty.

Little fortunate Denmark has faith in us and in our country. To them America is the land with a future. I say to you fellow Americans, if you and I are to live up to the trust these people have in us, we must become better individuals and citizens than we are. We must become the kind of a people that de-

serves to be admired, that they have a right to be proud of.

Let us, as individuals, help America become a "land of plenty," not merely of money and food, but plenty of faith and courage. The kind of faith and courage of which our pioneer fathers had so much. We need that faith and courage today if we are to lead. We need leaders permeated with that faith. Let us hope and pray for them to come, and that we who are the people, who are America, may have the faith and courage to follow and know what to believe!

Valborg Eve,

7032 Harper Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

THE CHURCH SCHOOL

Why Should I Send My Child to Sunday School?

If I knew your home and your background, I could, probably, give you half a dozen reasons off hand.—But not knowing that I hasten to say: 1) For the sake of your child. 2) For the sake of him or her being able to meet life better as life moves in on them. 3) To teach them to live and be happy.

Taking for granted that the church or the minister is not undertaking to bring up your child in order to fill an empty pew, I should like to add to the first reason: For your own sake, and, for the sake of others.—

Here, then, are the three reasons why you should send your child to Sunday School: 1) For the sake of your child. 2) For the sake of yourself. 3) For the sake of others.

These three reasons came to my mind, because I have read in Luther's Small Catechism that: breaking God's Commandments hurts yourself, hurts your parents, and, hurts others.—

It becomes quite a lesson in life to go to Sunday School;—does it not? — I am still taking for granted, that it is conducted with the benefit of the child in mind—not, necessarily, for the sake of the church as an organization. In due time, in God's own good time, if His word has been planted in the heart of the child in love and humility, which is the responsibility of every good Sunday School teacher and minister, it will start growing spiritually,—you remember the little parable of the green blade—and the child will be glad to come to church and receive the strength and the comfort of which it received an impression as a child.

For the sake of yourself. — Since you ask why you should send your child to Sunday School, perhaps you, yourself, lack the guiding influence of, I shall not say religion but, Christianity, by which I mean believing in and living a life based upon the teaching of Christ, leading to forgiveness of sins and salvation in faith and in grace.

In a day where about half of the population of our country has no church connection, I suppose the question has its merits, but I feel sure that it sounds strange to many ministers, who through their Sunday

School have contacted many children, baptized them, and in that way begun many a good Christian home in their community.

Then, there is the question of juvenile delinquency which can only be successfully corrected by close co-operation of home, school, community and church. None of these agencies are able to cope with this situation, alone. How it will hurt you, mother and father, worthy of the name, to see your child take the wrong direction in life, because you did not do all that you could do to direct it and guide it. Some day you are bound to see, that the fault, first of all, lay in the home and/or the inherited traits of your child—95 per cent according to statistics.

And for the sake of others.—For the sake of the hurts you may cause others through the inherent selfishness and sinfulness in the natural being, when it is not checked through the moral and ethical teaching within the child's understanding, and which it receives in Sunday School, based upon the words of the greatest teacher that ever lived and ever will live, the Lord Jesus Christ.

I will be the last one to contend that going to Sunday School is a "cure all" in life,—but it certainly is a help to find the right foundation to build on.

I am not much of a doctrinarian or exponent of orthodox methods and procedures—but in closing let me say: Send your child to Sunday School that he may be helped to understand, that he should love others because God loved us first in Jesus Christ—do not wait until nature and self-will are firmly entrenched.

Send your small child to Sunday School that it may be taught the foundations of a true and a happy life—for its own sake, for your sake, and, for the sake of others.

Svend Holm.

—CALIFORNIA IN JUNE—



By
BUNDY

Most of us have more in common with a certain foolish bird than we like to admit.

We don't like to see or admit ugly truth. But if one of my sons or daughters falls into the gutter I will have to go in there where they are to get them out. Shaking my shoulders in disgust will not help them; neither will some pious phrases about "how terrible" and "too bad" help them. The grass may be green a few feet away from us but we cannot see that from the gutter.

The world at present does not present a beautiful social nor political picture; we have elected too many men that have no basic principles to guide themselves or us by. It is terrifying to find how few there are who do not see the everlasting stars and the light that shines in the dark world.

At the cremation of H. G. Wells, August 16, 1947, J. B. Priestly said, "This man whose word was light in a thousand dark places, when he was angry, it was because he knew far better than we did that life need not be a sordid greedy scramble."

But Mr. Wells, what are you going to do with polluted streams? It will take a strong current of a redemptive stream to change the pollution.

Democracy and Roman Catholicism do not mix, just read some of the encyclicals of the late Popes and be convinced. Hence it irks me that the new "Democracy" of Japan recently opened its doors to 1,220 Roman Catholic missionaries while the Protestants could only muster 220. Could MacArthur not have given Kagawa and his movement a little more time to catch up with the situation before the philosophers of totalitarianism were allowed to rush in?

We are aware that Roman Catholicism is expedient in a country where there is still Emperor worship. And the Pope has not yet humbled himself as much as Hirohito, who announced to his people that he is not the son of Heaven. The Pope is still "The Vicar of Christ," and all totalitarian systems have their root in Roman Catholicism. It is not nice of us to say what we think against The Papal Kingdom, but I have a few Roman Catholic books in my library and I do not find any flowers for Protestants in any of them.

It's regusted! A book about layman's opinion on the role they should play in the work of the church has just come to my attention. There are good articles in it by men from The Episcopal, The Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, The United Church of Canada and The Dutch Reformed Churches, but not a single contribution by a Lutheran. That may be the fault of the publishers (Association Press) but I wonder if it is not more because they have become fed up with our conventional theology which lacks the consequential approach to the life that men encounter each day.

There is also a new book out about "What Lutherans are Thinking." I have read enough to discover that some of the contributors have not been thinking much for a long time. They have been riding a merry-go-round. Maybe it's because they were afraid that we would be out of place if one of our able theologians had been asked to say something about Grundtvig's contribution to Christian thinking. Milk may be good food but it becomes terribly monotonous when it is served to you for so long. Paul the apostle did not like it either.

Some years ago Columbia University gave their findings of Hollywood in a book called "Our Movie Made Children." I have been too cowardly to say to parents: "Don't let movie attendance become a routine!" Now I read that disillusioned F. Scott Fitzgerald, has become convinced that "movies were providing for Americans and perhaps for the whole world—whatever culture would supplant the traditional one that had suddenly become obsolete." "Well," I mused, "If a thing has become obsolete there must be something better to take its place, and I suppose the debunkers of the 'obsolete' have provided a good substitute." If Americans will no longer listen to lectures, Chautauqua programs and sermons then why not let the movies take over? But by this time I read on and Fitzgerald's conclusion disturbs me: "Hollywood itself, big industry, was in the business of inventing and merchandising the attitudes of life which would enable big industry to perpetuate its dominion over American society. It's a more glittering, a grosser power than had ever before existed—" So far not bad—for surely we must find a counterpart of ourselves somewhere—but I read on and Fitzgerald thinks we have now "found the superior power to seduce and enslave the mass mind." That is not so good!

Looking at the Theologian. I agree fully with the following statement: "To Evangelize is to present Christ Jesus in power of the Holy Spirit, that men shall come to put their trust in God through Him, to accept Him as their savior and to serve Him as their King in the fellowship of His church." And yet as I read this statement attributed to Bishop Wm. Temple, to my mind came several questions which I can generalize in a sentence: Can we put our trust in God irregardless of our other several loves and attachments which I note many of us still cling to? Can we still have a right to the blessings of God when we reject the disciplines which are implied in Christ's words: "One thing is needful."

To me the key word in Dr. Temple's statement is "serve." But what is service in the Christian church? Is it singing in a choir, being an officer in some society, being a Sunday school teacher, is it visiting the sick, giving to benevolent causes, or attending church services? Is it my service plus an exposure to His service to me that we mean by the word "serve?" If so, how do we measure up? How much better could we measure up if we would? I can take into my hands church bulletins that carry lodge announcements, bowling announcements and club announcements. I am not passing judgement, I am just bewildered as much as Abra-

ham Lincoln was when he found people who with their New Testament in their hands could still approve and defend slavery. Can I give myself divided to many things and still serve in a Christian fellowship?

I seem to understand that so many social activities are innocent and even necessary for some people, but are they necessary for people intent upon service? I have noticed many times that church people excuse their absence from church gatherings (which I grant

are sometimes not worth our attendance because we have done too little to make them attractive) by saying, "I had other engagements." I am merely groping to determine what Temple means by the two words, "serve Him?" Or what do tired pastors mean when they quote Christ's words? Frankly I am deeply puzzled by the many loyalties which seem of equal importance to so many of us.

The Confirmation Class

II.

In the Christian Education of Our Children.

The minister is here the instructor; it is presupposed that he himself lives the Christian life. Someone might say, why, of course, he does. If that is what you say then I will have to restate what I want to say: It is presupposed that the minister is spiritually awake, so that he constantly asks himself: What do I want to do with and for these children?

It is with this question in his heart that he begins the instruction in Bible and in Bible history. I ask the children to learn by heart Gen. 1:1, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." If I love these children because they are so and so many possibilities of saved souls in heaven—If I realize that to some extent it depends upon me whether or not I shall come to live with them in Paradise, then I will be spiritually awake. And then the question will come to me: Why do I ask them to learn Gen 1:1 by heart?

The earliest faith that awakens in a child is a God-the-Father faith. I would strengthen this faith by letting them know what God has revealed about himself: God the Father made all things. What you yourself have made, you cherish, protect and preserve: God will cherish, protect and preserve what he has created—even you yourself he will protect and preserve. Children are afraid in the dark; that is healthy; we should fear falling into the grip of the powers of darkness. When our children make acquaintance with him who is the Creator, it will help them to boldness: He who is with us is mightier than he who is against us.

But the answer to the question, why I let the child learn the first verse of the Bible **by heart** can be given only if I believe in the Holy Spirit. It is the Holy Spirit that comforts the child that is afraid in the dark. He does this by making alive to the child the truths about God. One truth about God is that he is all-powerful. And when the child has the words imprinted in his mind, then the Holy Spirit can make these words a living truth in his heart. Then fear vanishes.

Again, my answer to the question why I let the child learn by heart, will determine the manner in which I tell the child the story (A Bible story should always be told to children before they are asked to read it). I will now not be telling them the story merely that they may acquire a knowledge of the Bible; what is on my mind is that these children may come to realize that as they have a father on earth,

so have they a Father in heaven, and that the Father in heaven is so much more powerful than the one on earth, that he even can create—has created all things. The realization that the mighty God in heaven is our Father will give the child that present help which it needs in the dark.

Or I ask the children to learn by heart Gen. 2:16—17: "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Temptations come early in a child's life. They are linked with that which later on in life becomes natural functions: The function to acquire for one's self and the function to give of one's self.

There was a boy, not very old, walking over a plowed field several miles from home. All of the field was plowed, so the owner must have finished with this field. But in the middle of the field lay a pocket knife and a jacket. The boy had no pocket knife; he wanted one desperately. And here lay a pocket knife perhaps forgotten. He wanted to bend down and pick it up. But then he did not do it. There was a voice that said: Do not do it. He knew he would be out of Paradise if he took the knife. He walked away and left it.

It means much that the words which the Spirit can use to tell you the truth, are at hand in your mind for the Spirit's use.

One more example before I turn to the misuse of learning by heart: Gen. 8:22, "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

Security, security! Everybody now is looking for security. The covetous man expects to find security in temporal property. Peoples expect to find security in military power.

There was a time when all of mankind was in, what we would call, quite an insecure position. That was when all of them were in the ark with pouring rain above, with only a plank between them and the boiling deep below. But there was a God who had told them to be where they were; and when they had gone in he had closed the door after them. And exactly those same fearful things about them, the storm and the flood, these things bore witness that that God had known what he had been talking about. They saw before their eyes proofs aplenty that they were much more safe and secure than those who had not listened to and obeyed the word of that God.

And now they are out, once more with solid ground under their feet. Or is it so very solid? There is a rain-cloud. Oh, if it rains now, will it stop raining, or will it keep on as that other time? Or the spring is very late in coming this year. Oh! will it be as that one year in the Ark when there was neither springtime nor harvest?

But he who sent them into the Ark, who again opened the door for them when it was time to go out, "he knows our form and remembers that we are dust." For this reason he makes a covenant with them and gives them a covenant sign, the rainbow, and a covenant Word, Gen. 8:22. In this Word, in faith in the God who gave it, they have a security that makes it possible for them to live human lives on the earth.

To the same degree to which we live in fear for lack of security, to that degree we fail to live human lives. There is no security in any of the things that "pass away"; but the Word of God shall not pass away. He gave Noah His Word, he has given us His Word; we can live in security when we accept it.

It is good for the child to know the covenant Word of God to Noah by heart.

V. S. Jensen.

Square Heads on A Round Trip

By Ellen Nielsen

X.

Queer about cities, they do or do not have personalities.

Aarhus is a beautiful town, a lighter, sunnier Chicago, cosmopolitan, with a softer, bluer lake front.

Hjørring struck me as the most modern, the most progressive of all the smaller cities. (Denmark is full of big **little towns**, compact, miniature metropolises. You can hardly call them small towns, because that, to Americans, conjures up a bleak, single main street with its bleak, stereotyped buildings and crude, utilitarian commerce; Denmark's small towns are bigger than ours, warmer, more varied, more alive. I was amazed at the character and completeness of the small towns of Denmark such as Hjørring, Viborg, Randers, Kolding, Vejle, etc. For instance, hardly a town so small that it doesn't boast a bookstore and china or art shop and that warms and colors a town as much as shelves of books make a room warm and colorful).

The names of the towns are doughty, terse and unimaginative, non-committal. What do they mean, what have they been named **for**? Taastrup, Tovstrup, Tømmerup, Hammel, etc. Are they named with the names of men? There are about a dozen Østerbys, as many Stubberups and at least two dozen Svenstrups. I thought, with faint nostalgia, of the descriptive and axiomatic names of some of our American towns: Waters-Meet, Pear-Blossom, Cascade, Yellowstone, Cadillac, Newaygo (the Indians were there before us)

even . . . and one may well ask: What-Cheer? And the most beautiful name of all: Tucumcari.

But I liked the names of the Danish towns, I liked their dark vowels and no-nonsense air, I liked their age and the way they had dug down to stay.

But I was a stranger in Denmark, a foreigner. I hadn't expected that. Though born in America I had really expected to go **home** to Denmark. But I was that queer, rootless, homeless, coldly-discriminating thing: a newly-arrived foreigner. My every comparison was treason. And all the time, though there was much I didn't like and never would, I liked myself less. Worse than being an ungracious host is being an ungracious guest.

If I could have . . . blown my top! And **then** started over!

For, mingled with the Dane's admiration and interest for America there was also—disdain. And it made me mad. Denmark so often said, in effect, "Oh of course you are used to better things, fine beds, frigidaire, washing machines, all modern conveniences . . . you're used to just pushing buttons." And I'd cheep meekly, apologetically, "Yes, that's right." when I wanted to say, "Yes, we certainly are, and when we've pushed the button you can be sure it's going to work, it's **got** to work, we've **made it work**, that's the way we are, we are **do-ers**."

No, we don't have our soiled clothing lying around for six weeks and then prepare to wash with the outmoded tools of the Stone Age in one long back-breaking day from 6 in the morning until 6 at night, and yes we do have good stoves, and we do all our cooking on ONE stove instead of five little individual gas rings standing in a row on the kitchen table each gas ring fed intravenously and separately via nasty hoses coming out of the wall (gas must have been in for 25 years, at least, in Denmark and we would have found a way in that time to put gas into one 4-burner stove and thus eliminate that coil of serpents slithering around on the table) and though it's nice to know that . . . someday . . . you are planning to put in a bathroom instead of running down three flights to the cold, wet cellar, or out-of-doors (also cold and wet) we wouldn't put it in such a dark, windowless clothesroom. And our bathrooms and all the furniture in it **work**; we wouldn't just set a bath tub on the floor and let the water plop out on the floor and hope that it would find its way to the center of the room where there's a hole that takes **almost** all the water, and we wouldn't show our guests grandly into a bathroom and say oh sure we too have modern conveniences and the guest . . . believing it . . . be humiliated into climbing up on the toilet and jiggling the box, and yanking the chain (in Denmark they have the overhead kind if they have them at all, with chains like conductors pull to stop a train, only they never work . . . in Denmark), and even our ironing boards have covers on them and the board stands on legs in most cases instead of balancing on two chairs and we don't bring an old bedspread or a couch cover and toss over it for ironing and have a lot of stuff dangling underneath and getting in the way, and we do have pretty, bright kitchens if we possibly can and we don't paint them dark blue or purple, and we have screens at windows

and doors because we don't think flies taste good. And if all our modern conveniences don't make for culture or spirituality (I can't see that the lack of them do so either) they do make for convenience.

But I didn't say it for though these things or lack of them are inconvenient and irritating they are not important; not very long ago, when we were first married and desperately poor, we had none of these things and we were very happy. But we were on the way, nevertheless, toward getting all these terribly trivial and important **things**.

And I knew those first few days and weeks in Denmark that if I could only find the heartbeat of Denmark, **discover** Denmark then all would be well, all forgiven. I had to fight my prejudices as fast as I fostered them. I began to be ill. I thought it was my stomach but I found out it was a case of dual citizenship.

If America is aggressive, Denmark is complacent. Serene they fold their hands and wait.

I missed the bright, electric air of America. I missed the snap of decision. I missed the efficiency.

I missed our bright, beautiful girls.

I missed our fearlessness. I missed the height and breadth of America, our large good-nature, our ready laughter, our magnanimity.

I missed being able to eat and **get done with it**. I missed eating as a means to an end instead of, as seems so perilously true in Denmark, an end in itself.

For a non-material people the Scandinavian countries are far more engrossed in food than we are. I abhor the traveler who comes back to America and says, the very first thing, "We sure lived good over there, we sure had all we could eat, we went to one banquet after the other, I tell you we had everything from soup to nuts, we sat there for three hours eating, I've never been so stuffed in my life, etc." Some of them go into painstaking detail. It bores me to death. I am not amused. That is not what I went to Denmark for. It takes too much time to eat so well.

But the Danes certainly have the time **and** the interest. They eat almost **lasciviously**. They eat much and often. They read menus as though they were Sanskrit, they describe the sandwiches they want the way we describe pin-up girls with the appropriate sweeping, rounded gestures. Shopping, sight-seeing, on errands the big moment comes when "and now we must eat." And eat we do, we eat and eat and eat. We keep sitting there. We keep eating. I don't like the eating places in Denmark, they remind you too much of food and chewing and swallowing and glistening eyes and distended stomachs. (Yet one must remember that Denmark takes refugees in from all countries and divides its bread with them).

How is the food in Denmark? I don't know. Bad I guess. I don't like Danish cooking, its too monotonous, not enough snap to it. I missed salt. But it doesn't matter in the least about food. The thing that mattered was that I **had** to eat. You **MUST** swallow, now, I'd tell myself. After you've chewed three more times you **must** swallow. Ask for some water, wash it down. (You never get vegetables, of course. Vegetables would have added a touch of light and color and . . . spirituality. But no. They have "koloni-

haver" where they dig like mad but what they do with the stuff I don't know. Dig it down, I guess, after they've dug it up. I used to snitch green peas out of gardens, crack them open and gobble them down to keep my nails and eyelashes from falling out).

I missed our hard and fast and busy working America. I missed a country where work is almost a sport, a game, a pride, a triumph. Ha! I missed our crass, much maligned Big Business.

I missed the **bigness**. (But I got an answer for that in Askov). The Danes, like any small family, struck me as being too engrossed with themselves. Yet the paradox is that they are much more aware of their neighbors and fellow man than we are! They take them in and minister unto them. But I have never before experienced a people so pleased with itself and its country. The latter (Askov again) I got to understand. And after the first few weeks of inner turmoil I began to understand much more.

After a few days in Horsens we went up to Frederikshavn to get our car. We got to sit next to a window in the train and it was then I saw Denmark—for the first time.

The little fields swept past the window like so many oil paintings, a continuous gallery of framed landscapes. And then something caught my eye, something happened that kept happening as we passed by, a sight so beautiful, so innocent, so young (the youngest thing in the world, really) that I caught my breath in wonder and delight; a colt raised its head to watch the train go by. A colt, you'll say, haven't you seen a colt before? No. And neither have you until you've seen a Danish colt. (The Danish word is far superior: *føl*).

Often the colt would be lying in the sunshine and when the train went by would raise its head so indolently, so proudly, so disdainfully that you felt apologetic for disturbing it; perhaps, too, it would look up in a startled way, its ears pricked forward with sharp curiosity. Whichever it was the movement was one of utter grace and charm, the lifted head only one of its perfect, sculptured poses.

They are creatures that give an impression of both sturdiness and helplessness, they have the protective arrogance of the shy and very young, they are as temperamental as prima donnas, yet, on the whole, placid, contented and sleepy. There's nothing more satisfying to see than a colt walking or standing near its mother, even a calf cannot approach the classical purity of that subject.

Sometimes, when the train thundered by, its tin horn toot-tooting, the colt would feign a pretty terror and rear and plunge and run. But not for long; its fear had a cunning, the colt seemed to know it was counterfeit and only an excuse for acrobatics and sheer **joi de vivre**; the colt knows, too, that nothing in Denmark will harm it. More than the Sacred Cow of India the horse in Denmark is loved, respected and protected. It is part of the family.

For if there is a Valhalla for warriors, Denmark must be the animals' Paradise. Coming from America you see the difference at once. The animals in Denmark are serene and gentle; there, with sudden back-

ward recollection I saw that our animals, like ourselves, are nervous and harrassed, looking back I saw their distrust and unease.

In Denmark you are all mixed up with the animals and the fields, you are right there, among them. It all makes for intimacy and wholeness. The trains and roads seem to wander in a leisurely and aimless way through all the little fields; it is hard to say whether you are in the animal's back yard or they in your front yard, but one thing is certain, you share existence to an extent that is unknown in America where animals and earth are things subject to your aggressiveness.

Even Sweden, a small country and one in many ways superior to Denmark, lacks that gentle intimacy, that at-one-ness so evident in the Danish temperament and Danish earth.

I could live in Denmark for the horses alone! The great broad-backed feathery-footed Belgian and Jydsk horses, the friendly, petted and pampered little colts with the look of perpetual astonishment on their baby faces. And it was with grief as real as that in taking leave of friends that I went out to Karl and Eskild's barns for the last time looking at the rows of horses (their names on plates above the stalls) the colts wedged into the stalls standing cozily and staunchly by their mothers or curled sleepily among her hooves in the straw.

For in Denmark horses are people, too.

Greetings and Comments

I HAVE ENJOYED ELLEN NIELSEN'S ARTICLES

It seems to me that Ellen Nielsen in her articles confers on Denmark one of the greatest compliments that can be given to any people, in this that she compares our machine age with Denmark's lack of this development, and indirectly tells us that because of this Denmark has kept its soul intact. If the world at large contributes Atom Bombs, then if Denmark can produce men with souls to export to the world, she has contributed a valuable part.

It takes courage for a writer to describe, as E. N. does, her father-in-law's home, revealing it to be so close to the soil. Most people would have fixed things up a little.

Ellen Nielsen gives a good account of herself as a second generation American, who recognizes her Danish soul inherited from her forefathers; and she is trying to make this soul—in an American body—shrink back again to Danish size; that is what is so painful; for we all realize that the bigness of the country here, especially out in California, has developed in all of us a bigness of views so that a village in Denmark would appear "lille put" in comparison.

The vacation crowds of people and school children in Denmark are not rush-mad in the same sense as a subway crowd in New York dashing to work. The Danes are great actors; here they have a few days of vacation; and to come back without having been in the turmoil would have been too tame. It is really the smallness of the country that is revealed here again in another form.

Of course her articles reveal so definitely that Ellen Nielsen came to Denmark to find where this split character of a Danish-American could find peace, find something definite for the soul to rest in when back here again.

This split-soul character is the cause of the present tragedy of our Danish-American church people, or rather this condition has caused many of our young people to leave our group. If E. N. could find a solution for the young people on this score, she could render us a great service. Because they all, like her, feel that they are American bodies—with Danish souls.

Christian Warthoe.

I DISAGREE —

Reading the editor's answer to Mr. Dehn's article, "I disagree with Ellen Nielsen," I simply cannot hold my peace. If the editor has had many favorable comments on Ellen Nielsen's articles about Denmark, it is just too bad. Mrs. Ellen Nielsen's articles cannot only be characterized as the type of literature, "where one does not take every word and sentence literally but as a part of a picture being drawn on the canvas," they pretend to give also a picture of Denmark. The editor refers to Holberg and H. C. Andersen, but we must remember that they were great poets writing comedies and fairy tales and not books and articles of travel, in which you are supposed to find valuable impressions of another country. In the latter you expect the author will at least know how to travel in foreign countries.

To Mrs. Ellen Nielsen it must have been a great disappointment to be in Denmark. Mrs. Nielsen has seen a lot of things, surely, but she has not tried at all to look behind the things and grasp a little of what is Denmark. I admit that many of Mrs. Nielsen's experiences are funny, but they are not significant. When I read the last article in Lutheran Tidings, I wondered if Mrs. Nielsen was still "black and blue from Danes." Some day, when Mrs. Nielsen is entering a bus or a train over here, she might be blue and black from Americans. All over the world you will find unpoliteness, yourself first—then people. The editor recommends to try to see the picture in its entirety behind the words. I followed his advice and found a very one-sided and incomplete picture of Denmark.

Jane Hansen,

Grand View College, Des Moines.

THANK YOU, ELLEN NIELSEN

Permit me to express my appreciation for the travelogue appearing in L. T. and written by Mrs. Ellen Nielsen.

Her keen eyes have seen more than the surface, and she gives us a good picture of post-war conditions in Denmark—the land of the fairy tales is unsettled and disturbed physically and mentally; how could it be otherwise.

The run of the mill sentimental stories about Danish "Hyggelighed" appeal of course to the majority of the Danish-American people—we have enough of that.—E. N. writes as an intelligent young American seeing Denmark for the first time.

I would like to hear more, Mrs. Ellen.

A. Th. Dorf.

We appreciate the above greetings. Evidently the articles have registered with different people in various ways. Some see only criticism. To the editor and to many others the author is revealing something far deeper, both in regard to the present post-war status of the Danish people, but especially, as pointed out by Mr. Warthoe and by Rev. A. Th. Dorf, the reactions of a Danish-American in her seeking to find something of the Danish soul-life.

To Miss Jane Hansen we should like to suggest: Try to read a few chapters in your "Dansk Litteratur Historie" again. Yes, Holberg and H. C. Andersen are now considered "great poets," but when they first began to write they were flayed and ridiculed as they in a merciless way revealed the true character of the conditions of the Danish people of their day. History reveals that even when Ludvig Holberg died only the little city of Sorø where he was laid to rest paid its due respects to a leading citizen. But in the capital city where Holberg had had his work at the theatre we are told: "I København var der derimod ingen Festligheder." — Hans Christian Andersen was accused of: "Han manglede Dannelse og Kultur i en betænkelig Grad." (Read "Fra Holberg to Richardt" by Vilhelm Malling).

Ellen Nielsen will likely—upon the request of the editor and others—continue her series of articles. To those who can only see criticism in these articles and who prefer "the run of the mill sentimental stories about Danish 'Hyggelighed,'" we suggest find such stories in other sources.

Editor.

Grand View College And Our Youth

G. V. C.

The shouts of "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" have subsided and have been replaced by "Merry New Year and a Happy Term Paper" to you too. Everyone is busy with last minute term papers and book reports which will be due the last week in January.

The first semester ends January 31 and the new semester begins on February 3. Registration for new students will start the 2nd of February. Approximately 20—25 new students will start the 2nd semester, while 15 students of this year will be leaving Grand View for more advanced studying or for work in their varied fields. The figures of the last semester were: 189 men students and 55 women for a total of 244. The freshmen had 143 students while the sophomore class had 101 students. The expected enrollment for the new semester is 250 which means our facilities and faculty will be taxed to the utmost.

Workers from the International Business Machine Company have been busy installing a new program clock in the main building. The clock, which is fully automatic is connected to all bells in all the buildings, will provide a central bell system for the beginning and ending of classes. It is a very fine improvement which will be appreciated by all students and faculty, I'm sure.

The archives room in the girls' dormitory has now been completed and will soon be turned over to Rev. Enok Mortensen, the Synod Historian, who will move the synods historical material into it.

I think at this time we should give a hearty welcome to Mrs. Norma Jeppesen of Dannebrog, Nebr., who has joined our very fine cooking staff here at the college.

Another change at G.V.C. has been that Marion Mortensen has taken on the added duties as girls' dormitory matron and is now living in the matron's apartment of the dormitory. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jensen, who formerly occupied this position and apartment, have now moved into the apartment in the main building.

Other than the above mentioned incidents, Grand View is rather bare of activity; it is rather a scene of industrious hard-working students swinging into the New Year with resolution and hope for a still better year.

Virgil E. Christensen,
Tyler, Minnesota

Grand View Alumni

(To those who will not receive a letter from us, due to our inadequate alumni mailing list, please consider the following letter to be personally yours).

Dear Alumni:

You are reminded of the decision made at the alumni meeting during Studentfest of 1947 to start a drive to raise the funds for buying a station wagon to be presented to Grand View College at the next Studentfest.

Contributions are putting the drive into full swing. Have you made your donation? Our goal, as you already know, is \$3,000. We would like to reach it by April 1. Please send your contribution to the undersigned.

The station wagon will be used for the transportation of athletic and other activity participants, general deliveries to be made by the school and the many pick-ups that are present in the college operation.

Your part in this worthy project will be greatly appreciated. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

Cora E. Sorensen,

521 East Second St., Spencer, Iowa.

Nurses Wanted

High school graduates who are interested in a nursing career are urged to apply at a nursing school within the next thirty days. Spring classes are never as crowded as those starting in the fall, and consequently it is easier to gain admission before enrollments are closed. Nine nursing schools of this state are now admitting male students.

Illinois nursing schools are striving for 1,000 admissions in the mid-year classes starting February and March. This is one-third of Illinois' 3,000 recruitment quota for 1948, the remaining two-thirds coming in the fall. The national quota for 1948 is 50,000, largest peacetime recruitment program for student nurses ever undertaken.

Opportunities in the nursing profession have never been so plentiful, according to the Professional Counseling and Placement Service of the Illinois State Nurses' Association, which reports 100 different kinds of jobs for nurses serviced through their organization.

The demand for nurses keeps multiplying along with expansion plans for hospital and community health programs. Illinois is making plans for the largest medical center of the world, which alone will open up many interesting new careers for future nurses.

A Directory of the Approved Schools of Nursing in Illinois and information on nursing may be secured free by writing the Illinois State Nurses' Association, 8 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 3.

OUR CHURCH

Mirage Flats, Nebr.—We bring in this issue an article about the dedication of the new church and a picture of same in this Nebraska community. On Friday evening, January 23, the congregation has planned a welcome party in the parish hall for all the "New Comers" in the community since the beginning of the irrigation project in this area.—On Sunday, January 25, Rev. Howard Christensen of Cozad, Nebr., will be the guest speaker at the morning service in the church and again at the Young People's meeting in the evening. Rev. Erik Moller, pastor of the Mirage Flats church, will on that Sunday serve the church in Brush, Colo., and will speak in the Cozad church on Monday, January 26.

Racine, Wis.—Due to the great number of Lutheran churches in the Racine area, our church in this city has many opportunities of attending meetings sponsored jointly by the several Lutheran churches of Racine.—On January 26, the Sunday School Teachers and others interested will have the opportunity of attending a Sunday School Teacher's Institute. The guest speaker will be Rev. R. A. Vogeley of Columbus, Ohio, director of Parish Education of the American Lutheran church. His theme will be: "The High Ministry of Teaching."

Omaha, Nebr.—The Men's Club of the Omaha church gathered on Wednesday evening, January 14, to discuss the topic: "Universal Military Training," a most controversial subject at this time.

The Ladies' Aid of the Omaha church recently installed a "Deep Freeze refrigerator" in the parsonage for the use of the pastor and his family.

Seattle, Wash.—The Junior League sponsored a meeting on Sunday, January 4, in the church parlors where R. Trudeau showed a film from Denmark and played records of Danish music.

On Sunday evening, January 18, the congregation gathered for the monthly sandwich supper, after which the pastor of the church, Rev. J. C. Kjaer, lectured on the topic: "The History of the United States Before 1789."

Los Angeles, Calif.—A lecture series in the Senior Group on the topic, "What We Believe," has been planned for the year with the first meeting held Friday evening, January 16, in the Parish hall, with Rev. Halvdan Knudsen, pastor of the church, introducing the lecture series.

A daughter was born to Rev. and Mrs. Halvdan Knudsen on October 20, the little girl has been named Marianne.

The United Evangelical Church, our sister synod, are at the present time raising a total of \$190,000 in its congregations. \$105,000 from this sum will be used for a building on the Dana College campus in Blair to be used

as an administration-library building. The building is planned to make room for adequate administration office space for the college, a spacious library reading room and stock space for 50,000 volumes, and for eight class rooms. This building is now under construction and according to plans should be ready for occupancy by the opening of the new school term in September, 1948. \$85,000 will be used for a Church Extension Fund.

February 8 commemorates the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rev. Adam Dan. The St. Stephen's church in Chicago, which Rev. Dan served through many years plans to observe this day with a special festival. A committee has been appointed and the committee would like to get all the help possible in pictures, etc., reminiscent of the time Rev. Dan was active in our midst. Please contact the chairman of the committee, Laura Jensen, 8633 Calumet Ave., Chicago 19, Ill.

The Lutheran World Action Quota for the two-year period 1946-47 was reached with 101.4%, or a total of \$57,262. A total of \$10,502,356 was collected by the eight participating bodies of the National Lutheran Council.

An All-Lutheran Youth Leaders Conference was held on Thursday, January 15, at the Palmer Hotel in Chicago. Our Youth group was represented by Rev. Richard Sorensen, president of the National Board of D.A.Y.P.L. and Rev. Holger Strandskov, synod representative of the D.A.Y.P.L. board—Representatives from all the Lutheran groups as well as from the Walther League of the Missouri Synod were present and many stimulating messages were given as well as discussions and exchange of ideas on many various phases of the youth work in our respective church groups. In the evening the entire delegation was entertained at the Walther League headquarters, a beautiful new two-story building, approximate value, \$113,000, housing all the offices of the various leaders, the editors of publications, etc., of the Walther League.

Youth Week will be observed by all the denominations affiliated with United Christian Youth Movement during the week of January 25—February 1. As our synod became a member of the International Council of Religious Education our Youth group automatically became affiliated with the United Christian Youth Movement of forty Protestant denominations. On Sunday, January 25, the Columbia Broadcasting System will carry a program at 2:45 (E. S. T.). A large choir will sing and there will be several speakers from the group of young people that attended the Oslo Youth Conference last summer. Watch your radio program for this broadcast.

LUTHERAN TIDINGS

January 20, 1948

Acknowledgement Of Receipts From the Synod Treasurer

For the Month of December, 1947

Towards the Budget:

Previously acknowledged ----\$ 6,479.83

Congregations:

Portland, Maine	200.00
Bridgeport, Conn.	100.00
Perth Amboy, N. J.	86.94
Brooklyn, N. Y.	25.47
Hartford, Conn.	400.00
Muskegon, Mich.	40.55
Ludington, Mich.	231.00
Manistee, Mich.	132.00
Clinton, Ia.	150.00
St. Stephen's, Chicago, Ill.	135.00
Hampton, Ia.	185.88
Des Moines, Ia.	35.00
Kimballton, Ia.	5.00
Cedar Falls, Ia.	200.00
Askov, Minn.	85.10
Minneapolis, Minn.	113.12
Argo-White, S. D.	60.00
Gayville, S. D.	377.50
Omaha, Neb.	40.00
Brush, Colo.	135.00
Los Angeles, Calif.	43.05
Seattle, Wash.	78.18
Ingemann's Luth. Ladies' Aid,	
Moorhead, Iowa	35.00

Earmarked Pension Fund:

Congregations:

Portland, Maine	20.00
Bridgeport, Conn.	147.25
Perth Amboy, N. J.	99.00
Brooklyn, N. Y.	10.00
Manistee, Mich.	1.00
St. Stephens, Chicago, Ill.	60.00
Clinton, Iowa	1.00
Dwight, Ill.	139.00
Oak Hill, Ia.	14.25
Fredsville, Ia.	25.00
Kimballton, Ia.	110.50
Cedar Falls, Ia.	29.50
Alden, Minn.	25.35
Marquette, Neb.	43.15
Los Angeles, Cal.	68.77
Salinas, Cal.	18.70
Seattle, Wash.	84.20
Ladies' Aid, Detroit, Mich.	15.00
Sr. & Jr. Ladies' Aids, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30.00
Trinity Ladies' Aid, Chicago, Ill.	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. Dixen Sorensen, Dwight, Ill.	10.00
Mrs. Hans R. Hansen, Brayton, Iowa	3.00
Miss Dora Rasmussen, St. Paul, Minn.	3.00
Mrs. Dora Ingemann, St. Paul, Minn.	5.00
Kronborg Ladies' Aid, Marquette, Neb.	25.00
Marquette, Danish Ladies' Aid, Marquette, Neb.	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb.	5.00

Earmarked Home Missions:

Danish Ladies' Aid, Tyler, Minn. Canada Mission	25.00
"In memory of Mrs. Vernon Larsen, Lake Norden, S. D."	
Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Lohr	2.00

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hagelstrom	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Rossel, Merle, Irwin, Floyd	4.00
Bethania Guild, Racine, Wis.	25.00

"In memory of Hannah Knudsen," congregation, Viborg, S. Dak. 4.00

Mr. and Mrs. S. Dixen Sorensen, Dwight, Ill. 10.00

Congregations:

Montcalm Co., Mich.	21.00
Portland, Me. (Pres. travel)	12.09
Hartford, Conn. (Pres. travel)	17.35
Bridgeport, Conn. (Pres. travel)	15.05
Port Chester, N. Y. (Pres. travel)	20.00
Danevang, Tex., (Pres. travel)	83.00
Perth Amboy, N. J., (Pres. travel)	10.20
Hans Olsen, Clinton, Ia. (Luth. Tidings)	5.00

Congregations:

Manistee, Mich., (Reports)	.50
Clinton, Ia., (Reports)	3.00
Cedar Falls, Ia., (Reports)	.25
Fredsville, Ia., (Reports)	4.00
Minneapolis, Minn., (Reports)	.25
Argo-White, S. D., (Reports)	1.00
Omaha, Neb., (Reports)	4.00
Denmark, Kan., (Reports)	1.50
Los Angeles, Cal., (Reports)	3.00
Seattle, Wash., (Reports)	5.00
Enumclaw, Wash., (Reports)	1.50

Earmarked Chicago Children's Home:

Congregations:

St. Stephens, Chicago, Ill.	10.00
Montcalm Co., Mich.	16.00
Junction City, Ore.	20.00
Bethania Danish Ladies' Aid	
Racine, Wis.	10.00
Bethania Guild,	20.00
Ladies' Aid, Kimballton, Iowa	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Minneapolis, Minn.	5.00
Ladies' Aid, Fredsville, Ia.	20.00
Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb.	5.00
Bethania Ladies' Aid, Ringsted, Ia.	5.00
Bethania Guild, Solvang, Cal.	10.00
Senior Luth. Aid, Grayling, Mich.	5.00
Ingemann Luth. Sun. School, Moorhead, Ia.	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. Dixen Sorensen, Dwight, Ill.	5.00

Earmarked Tyler Old Peoples Home:

Congregation, Junction City, Ore.	20.00
Guiding Circle, Ringsted, Ia.	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Kimballton, Ia.	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Des Moines, Ia.	15.00
Ladies' Aid, Minneapolis, Minn.	5.00
Ladies' Aid, Fredsville, Ia.	20.00
Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb.	5.00
Ingemann Luth. S.S., Moorhead, Ia.	5.00

Mrs. Toby Christensen, Cedar Falls, Ia. -----	5.00
Total towards budget to date	\$10,920.98
Received for Items Outside the Budget:	
Lutheran World Action:	
Previously acknowledged ----	\$46,404.08
Congregation:	
Bridgeport, Conn. -----	358.46
Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	267.60
Newark, N. J. -----	50.00
Troy, N. Y. -----	434.50
Port Chester, N. Y. -----	2.00
Germania, Mich. -----	37.00
Montcalm, Mich. -----	199.00
Ludington, Mich. -----	5.00
Racine, Wis. -----	260.00
Clinton, Ia. -----	17.00
Trinity, Chicago, Ill. -----	18.50
Dwight, Ill. -----	183.00
St. Stephan's, Chicago, Ill. -----	55.55
Cedar Falls, Ia. -----	627.41
Hampton, Ia. -----	263.00
Des Moines, Ia. -----	198.50
Fredsville, Ia. -----	88.00
Waterloo, Ia. -----	110.00
Exira, Ia. -----	48.00
Oak Hill, Ia. -----	130.57
Newell, Ia. -----	211.00
Ringsted, Ia. -----	408.25
Alden, Minn. -----	411.00
Canwood, Sask. -----	50.00
Dagmar, Mont. -----	329.50
Volmer, Mont. -----	54.00
Askov, Minn. -----	99.13
West Denmark, Wis. -----	2.00
Gayville, S. D. -----	8.00
Diamond Lake, Minn. -----	196.00
Ruthton, Minn. -----	341.00
Viborg, S. D. -----	16.00
Lake Norden, Badger, S. D. -----	692.00
Cordova, Neb. -----	150.00
Cozad, Neb. -----	75.00
Omaha, Neb. -----	10.00
Nysted, Neb. -----	129.00
Pasadena, Cal. -----	26.00
Salinas, Cal. -----	35.00
Los Angeles, Cal. -----	43.65
Los Angeles, Cal. (Luth. World Relief) -----	20.00
Enumclaw, Wash. -----	45.80
Seattle, Wash. -----	14.00
"Anonymous", Tyler, Minn. -----	10.00
Olav Pedersen, Rosenborg, Neb. -----	100.00
Jens U. Hansen, Brooklyn, N. Y. -----	50.00
Mrs. Kary C. Jensen, Flaxton, N. Dak. -----	12.00
Juhl S.S., Marlette, Mich. for the Child Feeding Program -----	15.71
Luth. Pastor's Assoc., Clark Co., Wis. -----	16.00
"Anonymous", Brookings, S. D. "Food Program" -----	7.00
Danish Ladies' Aid, Manistee, Mich. -----	25.00
From Manistee, Mich. -----	
Mr. and Mrs. Anton C. Larsen -----	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Sophus Jensen -----	3.00
Mrs. Wm. Hansen -----	.50
Miss Thora Hansen -----	4.00
Mrs. Reta Norden -----	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Knudstrup -----	7.00

Mrs. Minnie Jorgensen and Quinten -----	4.00
Ladies' Aid, Solvang, Calif. -----	75.00
Ladies' Aid, Tacoma, Wash. -----	25.00
"Memorial Gift", Andreas, Georg, and Karen Jacobsen, Lake Geneva, Wis. -----	20.00
Philip Larsen, Solvang, Cal., "Food for Children" -----	7.00
Ladies' Aid, Diamond Lake, Minn. -----	25.00
Rev. P. C. Stockholm, Withee, Wis. -----	25.00
Misc. contr. to Luth. World Relief, (July) -----	78.00
"A Friend", Viborg, S. D. -----	40.11
R. J. Borup, Erwin, S. D. -----	25.00
"Anonymous", Tyler, Minn. -----	10.00
"In memory of Rev. A. C. Kildegard", Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Hansen, Greenville, Mich. -----	5.00
Melvin Bornhoft, Tyler, Minn. -----	2.00
S.S. Christmas Program, Viborg, S. D. -----	40.00
Young Peoples Society, Diamond Lake, Minn. -----	40.00
Mrs. Chris Nelson, Cordova, Nebr. "In memory of my Mother" -----	10.00
Rev. Alfred Sorensen, Chicago, Ill. -----	35.00
S.S., Clinton, Ia. -----	35.00
Trinity S.S., Montcalm Co., Mich. -----	10.00
Young Peoples Society -----	30.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Beck, Grantsburg, Wis. -----	10.00
Congregation, Fredsville, Ia. -----	58.00
"A Friend in South Dakota" -----	3,000.00
L.W.A. total for 1946-1947 -----	\$57,188.82
G.V.C. Room Furnishings:	
Received to date -----	\$ 1,110.59
Guiding Circle, Ringsted, Ia. -----	50.00
Total acknowledged to date -----	\$ 1,160.59
G. V. C. Jubilee Fund, Contributions in Bonds:	
Acknowledged to date, (maturity value) -----	\$31,800.00
G. V. C. Jubilee Fund, Cash Contributions:	
Previously acknowledged -----	\$71,796.97
Interest on "G" Bond -----	1.25
Congregation, Portland, Me. -----	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. Jorgen Adamson, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Hansen, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jorgensen, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miller, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Niels P. Nielsen, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Petersen, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Seegar, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Smith, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Christensen, Fords, N. J. -----	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dodge,	

Fords, N. J. -----	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dodge, Fords, N. J. -----	1.50
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mathiasen, Fords, N. J. -----	5.00
Edward Jensen, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	2.00
Mrs. P. Sondergaard, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Viggo Petersen, Fords, N. J. -----	5.00
Miss Nina Mathiasen, Fords, N. J. -----	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Nels Gerlufsen, Metuchen, N. J. -----	5.00
Mrs. Peter Nielsen, Metuchen, N. J. -----	3.00
Mr. and Mrs. M. Laumark, Sayerville, N. J. -----	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Chris Mathiasen, Westfield, N. J. -----	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. Nielsen, Tottenville, N. J. -----	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Petersen, Tottenville, N. J. -----	10.00
Congregat'n, Manistee, Mich. -----	100.00
Interest on Treasury Bond, "In memory of Rev. A. C. Kildegard" -----	12.50
Settlement Trufant Mission Group -----	5.00
Greenville Mission Group -----	5.00
Settlement Church Circle -----	5.00
Trufant Ladies' Aid -----	5.00
Sidney Mission Group -----	5.00
Elaine Henriksen, Chicago, Ill. -----	25.00
Rev. Erik Bach, Brush, Colo. -----	5.00
George F. White, Brush, Colo. -----	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Glochau, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Petersen, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	1.00
Young Pioneers, Lake Norden, Badger, S. D. Proceeds from a "Source of Strength" -----	85.55
Young Peoples Society, Tyler, Minn. Proceeds from a "Source of Strength" -----	16.62
Miss Eline Jensen, Chicago, Ill. -----	5.00
Miss Laura Jensen, Chicago, Ill. -----	5.00
Total to date -----	\$72,297.39
Miscellaneous:	
Eben-Ezer Mercy Institute:	
St. Stephens Cong. Chicago, Ill. -----	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Fredsville, Ia. -----	15.00
Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb. -----	5.00
Congregation, Fredsville, Ia. -----	25.00
Congregation, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	32.45
American Bible Society:	
Alfred Schneider, Germania, Mich. -----	5.00
Fred Heidemann, Germania, Mich. -----	1.00
Frank Wheeler, Germania, Mich. -----	1.00
Walter Wheeler, Germania, Mich. -----	1.00
Wm. Boegner, Germania, Mich. -----	2.00
Mrs. Owen Kilbourne, Ger-	

mania, Mich. -----	1.00
Clarence Gerber, Germania, Mich. -----	1.00
Chris Zeigenhardt, Germania, Mich. -----	5.00
Norman Heusner, Germania, Mich. -----	1.00
Mrs. Frank Peters, Germania, Mich. -----	1.00
S.S., Juhl, Mich. -----	10.00

Danish Seaman's Mission:

Danish Ladies' Aid, Dwight, Ill. -----	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Oak Hill, Ia. -----	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Minneapolis, Minn. -----	5.00
Miss Alice Jensen, Minneapolis, Minn. -----	3.00
Kronborg Ladies' Aid, Marquette, Neb. -----	25.00
Ladies' Aid, Diamond Lake, Minn. -----	10.00
Danish Ladies' Aid, Gardner, Ill. -----	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Perth Amboy, N. J. -----	10.00

Grand View College:

Danish Ladies' Aid, Racine, Wis. -----	10.00
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Old Peoples Home, Des Moines, Iowa:

Ladies' Aid, Cedar Falls, Ia. -----	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Fredsville, Ia. -----	15.00
Jr. Ladies' Aid, Fredsville, Ia. -----	5.00

Womens Mission Society:

Kronborg Ladies' Aid, Marquette, Neb. -----	25.00
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Church Extension Fund:

Congregation, Hampton, Ia. -----	9.78
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Respectfully submitted,

Olaf R. Juhl, Treas.

4752 Oakland Ave., Minneapolis 7, Minn.

Santal Mission**General Budget**

Alice Jensen, Minneapolis, Minn. -----	\$ 5.00
Mission Circle, Manistee, Mich. -----	42.00
S.S. Birthday pennies, Brush, Colo., -----	1.97
Mrs. Just Ammentorp, Des Moines, Iowa -----	3.00
Volmer Jensens, Ruthton, Minn. -----	10.00
Danish Ladies' Aid, Askov, Minn. -----	5.00
Thanksgiving offering, Askov, Minn. -----	39.93
Mrs. Jens Nielsen, Askov, Minn. -----	10.00
Andreas Hansens, Tyler, Minn. -----	5.00
Aage Jacobsens, Tyler, Minn. -----	1.00
Mrs. Thorvald Muller, Kimballton, Iowa -----	2.00
Mrs. Henry Hansen, Kimballton, Iowa -----	1.00
A Friend, Kimballton, Iowa -----	1.00
Anton Christensens, Kimballton, Iowa -----	1.00
Friendship Circle, Kimballton, Iowa -----	5.00
Danish Ladies' Aid, Kimballton, Iowa -----	25.00
Chr. Feddersens, Marquette, Neb. -----	2.00
Danish Ladies' Aid, Withee, Wis. -----	5.00
St. John's Church, Hampton, Iowa. -----	183.00
Mrs. A. Jacobsen family, Chicago, Ill. -----	5.00
Bethania Ladies' Aid, Racine, Wis. -----	10.00
Trinity Ladies' Aid, Chicago, Ill. -----	25.00
Trinity Mission Group, Chicago, Ill. -----	10.00
Volmer Ladies' Aid, Dagmar, Mont. -----	10.00
Rev. Garreds, Hartford, Conn. -----	1.00
Immanuel's Luth. S. S., Troy, N. Y. -----	10.00
West Denmark Ladies' Aid, Luck, Wis. -----	10.00
Soren H. Sorensens, Solvang, Calif. -----	10.00
Hansine Larsen, Seattle, Wash. -----	10.00
Bethlehem Ladies' Aid, Brush, Colo. -----	25.00
Luth. Mem. Ladies' Aid, Des Moines, Ia. -----	20.00
Diamond Lake Mission Group, Lake Benton, Minn. -----	31.75
Andreas Christensens, New Hartford, Ia. -----	2.00
Danish Ladies' Aid, Hartford, Conn. -----	50.00
St. John's Ladies' Aid, Cozad, Nebr. -----	10.00
Marquette Ladies' Aid, Marquette, Neb. -----	40.00
Mrs. Anne Fischer, Fresno, Calif. -----	5.00
A Friend in So. Dakota, -----	1,000.00
Ellids and Alfred Jensen, Bridgeport, Conn. -----	2.00
Henry Petersens, Tyler, Minn. -----	2.00
Jens M. Jensens, Tyler, Minn. -----	5.00
Bethania Guild, Racine, Wis. -----	50.00

Bethlehem Ladies' Aid, Cedar Falls, Ia. -----	15.00
St. Ansgar's Church, Waterloo, Ia. -----	75.00
Hans J. Nelsons, Danevang, Texas -----	5.00
Danevang Danish Ladies' Aid -----	14.34
H. P. Schmidt, Marinette, Wis. -----	10.00
Danish Ladies' Aid, Marinette, Wis. -----	5.00
Guilting Circle, Ringsted, Ia. -----	10.00
Danish Ladies Aid, Solvang, Calif. -----	15.00
Sr. and Jr. Ladies' Aids, Brooklyn, N. Y. -----	25.00
Ladies' Aid, Gayville, S. D. -----	25.00
Denmark Ladies' Aid, -----	10.00
Danish Ladies' Aid, Detroit, Mich. -----	10.00
Immanuel's Friendship Circle, Los Angeles, Calif. -----	25.00
Bethany Ladies' Aid, Ludington, Mich. -----	10.00
Nain Ladies' Aid, Newell, Ia. -----	50.00
Chr. Korsgaards, Chicago, Ill. -----	5.00
St. Ansgar's Ladies' Aid, Parlier, Calif. -----	25.00
St. John's Ladies' Aid, Seattle, Wash. -----	15.00
Wm. Petersens, Ruthton, Minn. -----	10.00
Niels Bonde, Lake Benton, Minn. -----	2.00
Mrs. Bender, St. Croix Falls, Wis. -----	4.00
Mission Circle, Muskegon, Mich. -----	21.00
West Denmark, S.S., Luck, Wis. -----	5.00
Rev. L. C. Bundgaards, Withee, Wis. -----	3.00
St. John's S.S., Seattle, Wash. -----	25.00
Our Savior's Danish Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb. -----	16.18
Bethlehem Study Group, Cedar Falls, Ia. -----	25.00
Dr. Lewis Vidals, Hampton, Ia. -----	5.00
Virkelyst, Minneapolis, Minn. -----	5.00
Alfred Larsens, Tyler, Minn. -----	5.00
East Badger Ladies' Aid, Badger, So. Dak. -----	15.00
St. John's Ladies' Aid, Brayton, Iowa -----	10.00
Danish Evan. Luth. Church, Junction City, Ore. -----	20.00
Willie Jacobsens, Kimballton, Iowa -----	5.00
Chr. Bidstrups, Des Moines, Ia. -----	5.00
Ladies' Aid, Bridgeport, Conn. -----	25.00
Bethlehem Luth. Ladies' Aid Davey, Neb. -----	10.00
Danish Reading Circle, Grayling, Mich. -----	16.00
St. Ansgar's Ladies' Aid, Portland, Maine -----	10.00
St. Peder's Ladies' Guild, Minneapolis, Minn. -----	10.00
Peter Millers, Dagmar, Mont. -----	9.00
Jens Haue, Minneapolis, Minn. -----	10.00
Danish Ladies' Aid, Easton, Calif. -----	10.00
P. J. Petersen, Hutchinson, Minn. -----	5.00
Immanuel's Ladies' Aid, Troy N. Y. -----	50.00
Rasmus Nielsen, Tyler, Minn. -----	5.00
Mrs. Ferdinand Jensen, Flaxton, N. Dak. -----	4.00

(Continued in next issue)

NEW ADDRESS—If you move, then write your name and new address in the space provided. Be sure to state what congregation you belong to. Clip this out so that the old address is included and mail to LUTHERAN TIDINGS, Askov, Minn.

I am a member of the congregation at -----

January 20, 1948

Name -----

New Address -----

City ----- State -----

JENSEN, JENS M.
TYLER, MINN.
RTE. 2,