

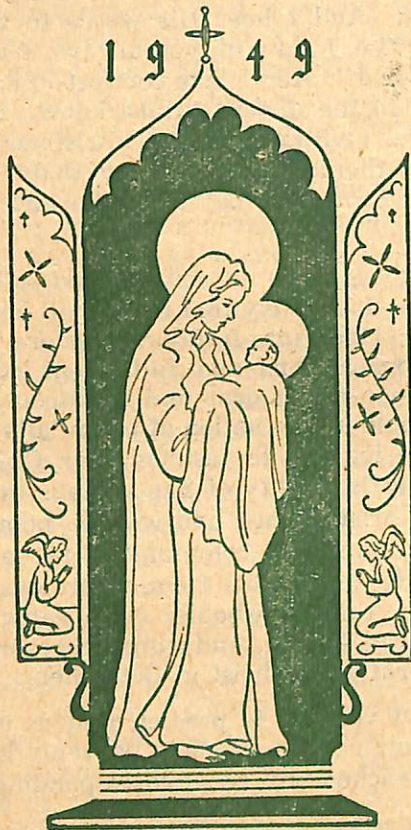
Lutheran Tidings

PUBLISHED BY THE DANISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH OF AMERICA

Vol. XVI

December 20, 1949

No. 10



The divinity
of the season
is surpassed only
in the joy it brings
to the hearts
of men.



Merry
Christmas

Glaedelig
Jul

Expectancy and Fulfillment

"For Christmas is the theology of a civilization yet to be. Like the early Christians, we must live in an air of expectancy, as of something immense, impending, of a profound change to take place . . ."

So wrote Joseph Fort Newton twenty-five years ago. Looking back over these years it can be said very definitely, that they did not bring any profound change in the direction of a civilization whose theology would be Christmas. We are still living in an air of expectancy and the fulfillment seems perhaps even farther off than in 1925.

There are those who have lost hope during these years that there will ever arrive any Christmas civilization. Unmistakable signs point in the other direction. Hard, cruel, even sadistic materialism, ignoring God and Christ, seems to have conquered large areas of the earth, Man's reliance upon force, violence and

weapons of destruction is in evidence everywhere. Peace on earth is purely a will-o'-the-wisp. How much faith in Christ's way of life and His kingdom of love and neighborliness is there among us, after all. Have we still with us as a driving motivation an expectancy of a Christmas civilization: Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Men?

Perhaps we should be reminded at this point that Christmas according to the traditional Biblical presentation was two thousand years in coming, for was not Abraham the first historical personality that dimly saw and felt the possibility of the redeemer as the channel of God's blessing upon all the world? From then on many weary steps were taken and a great many reverses suffered by the people of his faith before it became possible for the angels to proclaim the birth of the Christ Child. Nevertheless, the hope was not

abandoned; it had its brilliant exponents in the prophets of Israel, who evermore clearly saw the features of the Messiah and the kingdom He was to establish. How utterly tragic would it not have been for the life and history of the chosen people should there have been no messianic promises and prophetic proclamations of His reign during Old Testament times.

While this light was shining, often very dimly and threatened with extinction, great empires and world powers moved across the world scene of events. Little attention was paid to the worship and religion of an obscure little nation tucked away in a corner of Asia. And even inside this nation and its devoted worshippers rebellion and apostasy were current. Literally only seven thousand in Israel had at certain times not bowed their knees to Baal. Yet, through exile, persecution and dispersion the expected Messiah became more and more a reality in the minds of these oppressed people. Therefore, when the hour of His arrival struck it naturally came in the midst of the most adverse circumstances possible. Not even a decent place could be found for the birthplace of the Son of David and Son of God. Expectancy was replaced with fulfillment in the minds of the people attending in one way or another the first Christmas: Maria, Joseph, the shepherds, Simeon, the wise men and perhaps more than these. And we of the Christian faith today rejoice in such fulfillment of God's promises as we hear and read and sing about these Christmas days.

Yet, it is true, that in a larger sense the expectancy is still with us, we are still looking for fulfillment, even as generations throughout nineteen centuries of Christianity have been. Many agree with Longfellow:

And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth" I said:
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."

And even if we go on and continue with the poet:

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men."

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

we are still left with fulfillment of Christmas in the future tense.

I know full well and rejoice therein as much as anyone that Christ Immanuel—God with us—has come and He has lived, died on the cross for our salvation. Yet I am still looking for Christmas everywhere:

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred for sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love for the light,
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

And I am thankful that there has been an Easter morning with an empty grave and a day of Pentecost with the power of the Holy Spirit. And I am

ever grateful for His church where we may gather under the stirring, saving, inspiring Word of God and His sacraments. Yet before us, I find still this quest as of the Holy Grail, this "Excelsior," and I find myself moving between the two poles of expectancy and fulfillment.

It is for that reason I have cast a backward glance over history. I find that so it has ever been, before and after Christ. And I hear His words to all true disciples of His: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And I take comfort in knowing that somewhere in the distant future known only to God shall be the civilization with Christmas as its main theological theme. And I know that He will continue His good work in us "until the day of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Most everybody is in an expectant mood right now before Christmas. It is likely that many will be seeing their expectations ripen into fulfillment before Christmas is over. Expectations and fulfillment go hand in hand even in our rather drab and humdrum world. Far too many people in this nation of potentially Christian people have learned to fashion their Christmas expectations upon the ability of Santa Claus to fulfill. It is our job as Christian men and women, homes and families, congregations and communities to endeavor to have people lift their sights from a fictitious Santa to a living God, from perishable, even vainglorious expectations, to the lasting, enduring peace and joy, born into the world with Christ in Bethlehem.

We will find, I venture to predict, that as our expectations rise from earthly levels to heavenly heights, the fulfillments reached will be of corresponding character.

May God bring Christmas Cheer and His peace to our hearts and homes.

Sincere best wishes for a Happy Christmas.

Alfred Jensen.



Lutheran Tidings -- PUBLISHED BY THE DANISH
EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH OF AMERICA

Office of Publication: Lutheran Tidings, Askov, Minnesota.

Editor: Rev. Holger Strandkov, Kimballton, Iowa.

Circulation Manager: Svend Petersen, Askov, Minnesota.

Subscription price: 1 year, \$1.25; 2 years, \$2.25

Published semi-monthly on the 5th and 20th of each month. Entered as second class matter September 16, 1942, at the post office at Askov, Minn., under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Heart Of Christmas

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."—(Proverb 4:23).

From early childhood we have heard the Christmas story filled as it is with marvelous events. The decree sent from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. And according to that decree we have the great movement, as all went to enroll themselves every man to his own city. We followed the obedient and faithful Joseph on his journey to Bethlehem and wondered at Mary's glorified Motherhood, as she brought forth her first born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger. Sadness gripped our hearts when we read that there was no room for them in the inn. Then we were out on the field with the shepherds. We understood their awe and learned how they became missionaries by telling their wondrous story. Last but not least was the angelic song and announcement, "Glory to God in the highest." And from early childhood we have sung the Christmas carols and hymns, have taken part in festivities in our home around the Christmas tree with pretty decorations. We have so many times enjoyed the service at church decorated in the most beautiful manner. At this moment I am looking at Corregio's famous masterpiece, "Holy Night." It has been interpreted as follows: "What could be more lovely than the beautiful Mother and Child, with the shepherds attending, and the angels overhead? Although it is early morning and the dawn is just breaking over the hills in the distance, the soft radiance which comes from the Baby lights the picture—Above in a cloud of glory are the beautiful angels. They show us that Heaven itself was rejoicing at the event. But our main interest is in the Mother with her Child. How tenderly she holds the little one in her arms as she kneels beside the manger. There may be angels singing and shepherds watching, but the thoughts of the mother are centered upon her baby." As I think of all this and look at the picture I ask myself the question: "What is the Heart of Christmas?" And I come to this conclusion, "Love, Heavenly Love." For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son—.

That is the background, the source of it all. This love was revealed through Jesus Christ, the royal descendant of David. But I must also think of Mary's love as we see her there in the picture. When on Christmas I got out into the peaceful night for a while and think of all my friends in this land beyond, when I am surrounded by children and grandchildren in the house, when I sing with the congregation in church and have the privilege to tell the old story of Jesus and His love I am in touch with the throbbing heart of Christmas. And therefore I can fully understand what I read the other day that in the United States under the leadership of The Federal Council of Churches, thirty-seven denominations have embarked on a fifteen months evangelistic program. One of the aims of the campaign is to "spiritualize Christmas. The time has come when we must save Christmas to the real mean-

Christmas Greeting

With gratitude for the love and fellowship we met everywhere we went in America, we send our best wishes for a Happy Christmas and New Year to all friends in Church and Home.

May His grace and blessing be with you, especially at this Christmas season.

Galina and Hans Fuqhsang-Damgaard

ing and purpose of the celebration—the birthday of Jesus Christ.

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

P. Rasmussen.

Christmas—Spend Or Keep

As we approach the Christmas season, I am reminded again about the decision of an elderly lady. As she was reminiscing about bygone holiday celebrations with children and friends, she was filled with a great longing. She made the decision that instead of **spending** Christmas as formerly, she would, if she might be allowed, **keep** the Christmas with its blessed promises.

A great question: How to keep Christmas.

Much effort is put forth to make the season a great event. Parades are arranged. Churches have big programs before and during the holidays, young and old are busy with many things, all around you see people in a feverish haste to get ready. There are gifts to be selected, letters to be written, work to be done in and about the home, but in all the hurry there is lacking that inner joy which in olden times united the entire household in the work of getting ready. Now, when the day arrives, the average person is so tired and nervous, that he is unable to enter into the joy which the day signifies.

Would it not be possible to prepare for Christmas in such a manner that we might be able to keep the treasures it has in store for us after the season has passed. Is it perhaps so, that we are too busy to listen to the longing within the soul?

True, this day is given us that we may rejoice in body and spirit, yes, leap with joy, as Martin Luther says. Joy to the world we sing and rightly so. A gift, that never grows old or worn, that becomes brighter and dearer as it is cherished, is given to all mankind fallen from grace but with longing to be restored. Let us with all our abilities sing and dance

and give thanks to Him who has sought us and reclaimed us as His own.

How to keep Christmas!

We can let the bells ring, we sing the carols, we tell the stories of the angels, the star, shepherds and the child in the manger; yet, if we do not yield our hearts as humble vessels to be sanctified by the Holy Spirit, I dare say our songs, prayers and admonitions will be mere sound.

To be able to carry glad tidings, the tidings must be received and allowed to do its work. In a Christmas story by a Danish author we see the people on a farm gathered and enjoying a meal and sharing various gifts. In closing a little boy bows his head and says: "Now the good Lord shall have thanks, and all good people shall have thanks, and also little Laust shall be thanked." One of the farmhands says in de-

cision: "And for what shall you have thanks?" "Because I would receive these gifts," says the boy. And the farmer said: "Little Laust is right. The good Lord gives to us all good gifts and where he sees His gifts received with joy and thanksgiving, there He sends everlasting peace and blessing."

Would that not be the hint for us all to follow? Acknowledge what we are: Empty vessels, yet longing to be taken into His presence and be filled with Love and Light.

I believe that we may by the grace of God be able to **keep** Christmas with the glad tidings of peace, redemption and release; **keep** it with us in all walks of life, in the days of sorrow as in times of pleasure. He has promised to be with us, and His promise is to be trusted.

Hans O. Jensen.

Dagmar, Mont., Welcomes DP Family

The Dagmar women are always launched on some project. The one which has received the greatest attention in the last month is preparation of a home for our DP family. A concerted effort is under way to welcome them and help them become a part of our community.

The congregation is letting the family live in the old parsonage. The women did a thorough job on housecleaning after the men had done some plastering and painting. There was a "gift evening" before the family arrived which resulted in a full larder, a supply of household articles, linen and bedding.

September 14 the family arrived at Williston by train. Rev. Nielsen, Aage Andreassen, my husband and I met them and took them to their new home. They

two sons, Ilmars and Olgerts and Bille Garoza, the grandmother, who is 78.

They were driven from their home in Latvia by the Russian and German invasion. At first they were separated and made to work in different parts of Germany. Later they were united at a displaced persons camp. Mrs. Garoza's husband and two sons were sent to Siberia and are among the missing. Her two daughters and son-in-law, now in the DP camp in Germany, are arranging to go to Palo Alto, Calif.

Our family is very much interested in their new surroundings. They have a dozen chickens and get five eggs a day—a coincidence that there's one egg per person! (Remember, eggs are a luxury in Europe these days).

They were anxious for their baggage to arrive so they would have their work clothes and tools. Mr. Krats is a mechanic. They have a car now and he and the older boy are working. The younger boy is enrolled at the Medicine Lake high school. Mrs. Krats and her mother have launched upon the job of home-making in a new land.

There are many things here that are different. One important one for women is cooking and baking. Mrs. Krats was concerned as to how she should use our flour. She came to my home one day and together we baked light and dark bread and rolls. She got my recipes and was eager for information. We visited and she told me much about her land and their experiences after they had to leave there.

The Dagmar people hope to make these people feel that they are an important part of this community. We think they will help us too, these people who have so calmly suffered hardships and are so ambitious, gracious and appreciative. They are from a country that in some respects exceeds ours in culture and progress and given the right opportunities, have much to contribute to us in Dagmar and to America.

Blanche Madsen.



The Krats family. Standing are Ole and Ilmars. Seated, left to right, Mike Krats, Grandmother Garoza and Lena Krats.

spoke some English and understood much of what we said. They were happy to reach their new home and be able to rest after their long journey.

The family consists of Liva Mikelis Krats and their

Night Watch

(A Story by Olfert Picard)

If one had searched the entire land, one would not have been able to find a shepherd as faithful as the one named Eljada. Anyone could tell you that.

"Eljada, will you keep an eye on the sheep?" and "Eljada, will you take my watch for tonight?"—that was the constant chorus; and Eljada never grumbled about that. Eljada was not as young as he had been, and one could be sure that in this way those tasks came into sure hands. He had herded sheep for almost 40 years and for some reason didn't seem to need much sleep anymore.

Not that Eljada was not well acquainted with temptation. "Eljada, where will it all get you? What will you gain from steadfastness? Haven't you any ambition or thought for tomorrow?" A little voice would whisper such thoughts to him when he was tired or lonely. "They are only taking advantage of your good nature; you are so gullible, and no one ever really thanks you for that."

It was mostly on the dismal, rainy days that such thoughts came. But then he shook himself and spoke warmly to his little dog. That helped restore his own courage, and his own faithfulness was never really in danger.

"Eljada, look at me," said the moon, "You are fast becoming gray—hurry, go find yourself a bride! As for that one whom you have been thinking of all these years, you will never see her again. She has long ago forgotten you—but there are as many fair ones on the earth as there are lilies in your field. Did you see her who was walking with bowed head along the wayside just at sunset, looking for that little love herb, Duraim? You could show her where it grows, you strong and handsome man, who to this day can lift unaided the heavy stone lid from the well. She dreams of you as I shine upon her—stand up, let sheep-flock be sheep-flock and old love be forgotten. Her door stands open only for you—listen, someone calls: 'Eljada, Eljada!'"

Thus spoke the full moon, and laughed softly to herself. But to change or waver, even in the slightest, Eljada's constancy—this she never could manage.

The darkness had also tried to overwhelm him when he could see the sheep that were close by but had no way of knowing what was happening on the outer fringes of the flock. All sorts of queer noises mocked and teased him. There it was—the terrified bleat of an animal in distress. But where? If he ran in that direction and struck a fire, they would be lying there tranquilly and would only turn their heads to look at him as if to say, "Well what in the world do you want here, Eljada?" Then over to the opposite side of the camp, ready with sling and knife, but no, there was nothing there—nothing at all. A little later the roaring flap of an eagle's wings, as if in search of a young lamb;—and he, up and on the run to the disturbance; but no, there was no eagle. They are fooling you, Eljada, these noises of the night. But then: Clearly the sound of whispering voices and small pebbles rolling under stealthy feet—THIEVES—and you are one against the many!—Bah—no sign of thieves—and yet—shhh—there it is again! Only the dragging bear could sound like that. "Up, Eljada, your life and that of the flock depend upon it." But no, there is no bear—only the hammer blows of his own pounding heart—ah, will this night and this bustling pitch-black darkness never come to an end? Yes, at last also this came to an end together with all its terror—but never Eljada's faithfulness.

But in this particular night, it was the biting indignation that tempted him to desperation and revolt. It was as if the entire world were afoot tonight. Tramp, tramp, tramp—unceasingly, small groups of dead-tired menfolk with their wives—bowed down, drunken with weariness, stumbling on and on. His people, his countrymen, whom the Roman despots clad in iron and themselves made of iron, had routed from their

homes to be enrolled in the census, each in his own ancestral town, even as Cæsar had commanded. Way over on the other side of the sea did he live—and yet his tyrannic power reached clawlike even to the land of the Heritage—the land of the Kings of David.—Especially those two, who even yet stood clearly before his eyes as if they were just now passing by; he looking so genuinely good natured and with his kingly bearing—and she, so angelmild and with her childlike gentleness. Yet there was the ancient wisdom in her eyes. And she was with child, that poor young woman who had to travel so late at night on this common way because a Cæsar in Rome had so ordered. Eljada had given them goatsmilk from a leathern flask, and tears had come to his eyes at the thankful glance that she had given him . . . But look, more and more and even more pass by—ever that constant tramp, tramp, tramp. And this we have to stand for—we, the Lord's chosen people, we the children of David. Eljada, arise! Take the banner of freedom and rebellion, gather about you your brothers from the desert and level Cæsar's city to a sheep pasture!

Ah, but look, there!

Over the housetops of Bethlehem shone a new star, marvelously clear and mild, as if newly lit by the angels. It glittered like a diamond, sending long bright rays out to all corners of the wind, like a large shining cross.—Are you dreaming, Eljada?

He looked about him—no, the flock lay there as always. He knew every single one. Most of them slept. In the bright new light of the star, their woolen coats shone like silver.

"Ah, what a glorious sight for sinful eyes such as mine," thought Eljada. "This the others must also see—Comrades! Men! Brothers!"

They are lost, most of them, in untimely drowsiness. Reluctantly a few of them stir. A very young boy in his first year of service springs to his feet with lightning haste, grabbing his sling. He thinks there is danger.

"See the star, good friends!" Eljada begs.

They gather excitedly in small groups, some up on the piles of stone. Never has the like of this been seen in Israel. Then a roaring in the heavens is heard, like a great flock of large birds. Now the distant music of silver harps is added. They look up—yes, there it is, but what kind of bird is that? They are white as snow and as large as eagles! Quiet, listen! They sing in the voices of human beings, yet the voices are heavenly!

It is not birds—it is the angels of God. Yes, Eljada, you see rightly. They are angels. And you see them because you are faithful!

Here are the angels on the fields of Bethlehem, and they sing their Christmas carols and bring their joyous tidings.

You shall go with this great news to David's town, Eljada, for you are sincere and true. You will not alter or change the story on the way as the scribes and the theologians might. Tell them the story just as it is. Tell them that it is for the entire world. Tell all that he who is true in his long night watch will one day share this miracle.



IN THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD

By Alfred C. Nielsen

AMERICANS ALL

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Almost from the beginning this country has been one of many peoples. The Indians were here, and the negroes were brought in by the white men very early. The English settled in New England, the Dutch around New York, the Germans in Pennsylvania, the Swedes in Delaware, French Huguenots in the Carolinas, ex-prisoners in Georgia, Spaniards in Florida and the southwest, and French in Louisiana.

While there were many nationalities, there were also many religions, or at least many religious denominations. There were Pilgrims at Plymouth, Puritans in Boston, Baptists in Rhode Island, Dutch Reformed in New York, Lutherans and Quakers in Pennsylvania, Catholics in Maryland, and many other religious groups such as the Jews.

From the beginning the experiment, I am tempted to say God's experiment, has worked. By experiment, I mean that the many nationalities and religions could live together without flying at each others throats. That was what they had been doing in Europe. Danes and Germans, French and Germans, English and Scots, English and Irish, Slavs and Teutons, Protestants and Catholics, Christians and Jews have fertilized the soil of Europe with their blood. During the very century when the Pilgrims and Puritans landed upon these shores, Catholics and Protestants were in a death grapple. During that same century Cromwell's Roundheads and the Cavaliers of Charles I fought a civil war. It was not long before the year 1700 that Louis XIV of France hounded and persecuted French Protestants and drove them to the winds. Between the years 1700 and 1800 the nations of Europe fought these great wars: War of Spanish Succession, Great Northern War, the War of Austrian Succession, the Seven Years War, the Wars of the French Revolution, and several minor ones.

I do not mean to imply that during all this period all was love and sweetness in America. We have always had difficulty in getting on with the colored peoples among us. Our treatment of the Red man was a shame. Our treatment of Orientals, Mexicans and negroes has been far from good. But we have proved that under certain favorable conditions the national and religious groups of Europe have been able to live together rather peacefully. Considering what has taken place in Europe, that is not such a bad record.

While there has been some migration to this country from Europe since the time of Columbus, it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that

people came by the millions. Between 1800 and 1900 about fifty million people (largely young people) left Europe and most of them came to the United States. Before the immigration bars were raised by our government, they were coming at the rate of about a million a year! Never in all history has there been anything quite like this.

Here we are today a nation of some 140,000,000 souls. We are the ethnic hodge-podge if there ever was one. Let us look at a few interesting facts.

*As to race and nationality we are:

60 million, Anglo-Saxons	2 million, French
15 million, Teuton.	1 million, Greek
14 million, negro	1 million, Finn
10 million, Irish	1 million, Lithuanian
9 million, Slavic	1/2 million, Indian
5 million, Italian	1/3 million, Oriental, Filipino,
4 million, Scandinavian	Mexican

As to religion we are:

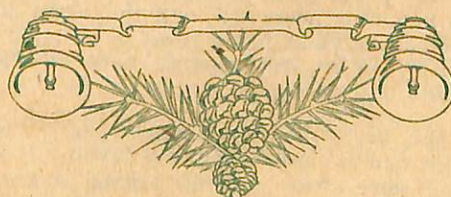
47 million, Protestant	2/3 million, Mormon
26 million, Roman Catholic	1/2 million, Christian Scientist
4 1/2 million, Jew	
1 million, Orthodox Catholic	1/10 million, Quaker

*A Primer on Intergroup Education by Clinchy and Brown.

Shortly after our Constitution was adopted, and while the Protestants were in an overwhelming majority, this first amendment was added to that great document: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof—."

The men who insisted upon this amendment knew what religious strife had done to the Old World. They wanted none of it here.

The United States of America has of course made mistakes, and is perhaps still making plenty; but as nations go in our kind of world, it has gotten on reasonably well. This in spite of the fact, or perhaps on account of the fact, that our people have come from all mankind. This thought should give us hope during the Christmas season.



Our Women's Work

Mrs. Johanne Lillehøj, Kimballton, Iowa
Editor

County Your Blessings

As I was thinking of what to write in my Christmas greeting to the readers of our "Page," an old-fashioned hymn came to my mind: "Count Your Blessings." Oftentimes we are apt to look at the dark side of life, forgetting all the good and beautiful gifts—all the wonderful blessings.

When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,
And you will be singing as the days go by.

A Joyous Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year, rich in blessings—that is my wish for all of you.

Johanne Lillehøj.

Christmas Greetings From Our W.M.S. President

Another Christmas is now over the land and another old year is drawing to a close. Christmas is to most of us the happiest season of the year.

We remember the unalloyed happiness with which we as children looked forward to its coming. We recall after impatient waiting the thrill of the first sight of the festive table, the singing of the hymns, the lighting of the tree. And it is well that we do remember, for Christmas was reflected in all these things—in the light of the tapered candles, and the kindly gleam in our eyes and the gentleness of speech and action of the Christmas family circle as all joined hands and joyfully circled around the tree, singing Christmas hymns and songs.

This old Christmas custom, maintained through the years because the tree, evergreen and everliving with its shining lights, is a personification of the Christ Child who brought everlasting life and light into the world.

Also at this time of the year our churches are bright and fragrant, filled with festivity and good will for the Spirit of Peace has entered in.

And now as we gather in these our many homes and churches and pause to sing the beautiful Christmas hymns, may we earnestly pray that there may be Peace on Earth and Good Will to men. May we in the coming year come closer to the goal of a home for all and a place for each to worship.

In our Women's Mission Society we have had the privilege of being in His service. We are thankful for that. And we are thankful for the many, many women throughout our synod who during this year have given so generously of their time, their effort and their money that others may live and enjoy more of the good things in life.

May God give us faith to do His will; courage, ability and willingness for the task ahead during the coming year.

On behalf of the W. M. S. Board, a hearty "thank you" for cooperation and help in the year now closing. We wish you all a Joyous Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Ida Egede.

A Christmas Greeting

Our editor asked me to send a Christmas greeting to our "Women's Page"—I can think of nothing I would rather do. First of all I would like to say "thank you" to all our many friends who have been so faithful to help in so many places. And our big project of furnishing the girls' dormitory is almost finished. This proves that big undertakings can be accomplished when we are all willing to help.

Another worthy project was helping South Slesvig. We have had so many grateful letters from there. I received one from a young man including a little picture to show me the coat and shoes he had received for his confirmation. I also want to thank all who helped in this work. It is continued this year.

Our treasurer wrote that she would like to have some suggestions for next year. Perhaps help furnish the boys' rooms at Grand View; they all need going over. Another lady wrote that perhaps our Men's Club would like to furnish the Boys' dorm. She added, "With a little help from the ladies." This is just a suggestion—let us think about it. Then we can decide something at our yearly convention at Askov.

You all remember Kr. Østergaard's beautiful hymn, "Lord, I wish to be Thy servant." This hymn has always been outstanding to the Women's Mission Society. A little group sang it at that first meeting in Humboldt Park. It expresses what the W.M.S. by the grace of God would like to continue doing—"Be Thy servant."

Once more, "thank you all" and thank God for His many blessings.

Wishing you all a joyous Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

Mary Seeley Knudstrup.

Contributions To W.M.S.

Previously acknowledged to general fund and missions, \$370.70.

Nysted Ladies' Aid, Dannebrog, Nebr., \$15.00; in memory of Iver Mortensen, Willing Workers, Dwight, Ill., \$3.00; Junior Ladies' Aid, Fredsville, Iowa, \$16.00; in memory of Ediel Hartvigsen Bittle, C. E. Moller, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Thor, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Lykke, Mr. and Mrs. David Christoffersen, Mrs. T. G. Muller, Kimballton, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ross, Taft, Calif., Mr. and Mrs. Hans Møller, Audubon, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Juel Moller, Gray, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Bonne-

sen, Elk Horn, Iowa, \$9.00; District 9, W.M.S. collection, \$42.70; in memory of Mrs. Belle Holm, Willing Workers, Dwight, Ill., \$3.00.

Mission Society, Juhl-Germania, Mich., \$25.00; Lutheran Guild and Ladies' Aid, Withee, Wis., \$32.00; District 4, W.M.S. collection, \$78.45; in memory of Mrs. Louise Andersen, Beverly Hills, Calif., Ragnhild, Thora and Nanna Strandskov, \$6.00; Ladies' Aid, Wilbur Wash., \$31.60; Annex Club, Seattle, Wash., (Child's Friend) \$10.00; Danish Ladies' Aid, Askov, Minn., \$59.08; District 5, W.M.S. collection, \$44.75; Ladies' Aid and Study Group, Cedar Falls, Iowa, \$30.25; Ladies' Aid and Willing Workers, Dwight, Ill., and Ladies' Aid, Gardner, Ill., \$38.60; Bethania Ladies' Aid, Ringsted, Iowa; \$35.00; joint W.M.S. meeting, Ladies' of St. Peder's congregation, Minneapolis, Minn., \$14.77.

Ladies' Aid, Bone Lake, Wis., \$26.50; Danish and English Ladies' Aids, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$20.00; Mission Circle, Manistee, Mich., \$30.00; Gertrude Guild, Clinton, Iowa, \$15.00; Bethania Guild, Racine, Wis., \$50.00. For pamphlets: District 4, 70c. For South Slesvig: Danish Ladies Aid, Junction City, Ore., \$10.00; English Ladies' Aid, Seattle, Wash., \$10.00; English

Ladies' Aid, Junction City, Ore., \$10.00; Mrs. Kai Hansen, Minneapolis, Minn., \$1.00; Immanuel Ladies' Aid, Kimballton, Iowa; \$10.00. Total, \$1,048.10.

To Grand View College Dormitory Furnishing Fund

Previously acknowledged, \$8,783.79.

Nysted Ladies' Aid, Dannebrog, Nebr., \$10.00; in memory of Peter Lund, Des Moines, Iowa, Mrs. Ellen Nielsen, Estherville, Iowa, \$1.00; in memory of Mrs. Georgia Thomas, Ringsted, Iowa, Mrs. Ellen Nielsen, \$1.00; District 3, W.M.S. collection, \$66.15; in memory of Dagny Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hansen, Ludington, Mich., \$2.00; District 2, W.M.S. collection, \$23.08; Danish Ladies' Aid, Junction City, Ore., \$10.00; English Ladies' Aid, Seattle, Wash., \$15.00; District 7, W.M.S. collection, \$47.51; Hope Lutheran Ladies' Aid, Ruthton, Minn., \$10.00. Total to date, \$8,969.53.

Sincere thanks for these many contributions. You will be glad to know that our debt on the G.V.C. Dormitory Furnishing project is now down to \$475.64. Best of Christmas greetings to all.

Mrs. C. B. Jensen,
1604 Washington St., Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Folk School Week in Askov, Minn.

Since the start of the Askov community in 1906, people have sung the songs of the country from where they came, in their native tongue. When the depression all but stifled group singing at our meetings, politics was then the order of the day. People finally saw that the way ahead went through cooperative effort, and many groups were formed, neighborhood groups, or get-togethers during that time. Discussion and singing was a good part of the entertainment and we sang our songs again, but now in translation, and it has had an influence on the groups which is wholesome.

Two years ago the folk school idea took on definite form and a good portion of the men and women, who wish progress in a better understanding of life, were glad to have our young pastor lead us in a week of folk school with Holger and Mrs. Koch from Luck, Wis., as our guests. We all enjoyed the week. Holger Koch is a deep thinker and an able speaker, and of the folk school type, and I am sure that many people everywhere in our land with him would find help and inspiration in their search for maturity and growth.

We sang a good deal—and he plays the violin well, so that we think of him as a Virtuosa, and wish he could be with us each year in the early part of November which has been found to be the best time to gather here in Askov for uplift, revival and the spiritual awakening that the Danes here have come to look upon as a necessary and a good way of life. The English language is used altogether here, and we sang this year from a sheaf of Rodholm's translations.

Harold Petersen started the meetings out on Sunday evening, speaking on the theme: "We the People," a good beginning we felt, as it is the preamble to our constitution. It is a natural creed for all Americans. It is the principle of a democratic way of life. All working for the good of all.

Mrs. Goodhope had come to be with us and was introduced. Rev. E. W. Meuller of the National Lutheran Council came here later and spoke to us the last two evenings and led a discussion group one afternoon

and Mrs. Goodhope also led us once. She also spoke to us on Monday evening about the Hutterites who have lived communistically for more than 400 years;



Bethlehem Lutheran Church
Askov, Minn.

first in Europe. Then in 1876 they came to America and settled in South Dakota. They have suffered much persecution, and have been driven from place to place because they refused to go to war, refused to bear any kind of a uniform, whether war or prison garb. During the First World war many of their young men were imprisoned, and some died from exposure and mistreatment in prisons here in our own country.

When the Second World war seemed inevitable Mrs. Goodhope wrote to the Christian Century to call attention to these people, receiving many letters from leaders and thinkers asking about them, and many have come out there to study their way of life at close range. Jews were among the groups who were keenly interested.

The Hutterites believe that it is right that Chris-

tians follow closely St. Paul's admonishment as set forth in the Bible: Women not speaking in the congregation, but wearing very plain un-ornamented clothes and with covered heads, all working together at the work of tilling the soil, making what can be made at home, cooking and keeping their buildings up inside and out, changing off at the various tasks which we do not think we could possibly copy.

Being used to visiting with these people she could well fascinate us by picturing them vividly for us. They prospered for they were very good farmers and stockmen, and modernizing their methods, use good machinery and equipment inside also.

Mrs. Goodhope's second talk was about Kristen Kold, his life and work. She is intensely interested in education for life. She talked to us about the camps started by Glenn Clark and others 10 years ago and which have grown to number 17, from coast to coast and from the Canadian border and down to the Mexican bay. Here people meet in steadily increasing numbers to better their understanding of our Christian Faith in talks, songs and prayer. We all felt that it would be good to go and get close to people of various groups and backgrounds.

Harold Petersen spoke Tuesday evening on the topic, "Living Together," stressing especially the importance of good family life, something we need to plan for. There was folk dancing and round games that evening after the coffee hour.

Rev. Meuller is a fluent speaker who firmly believes in healthy rural communities, with the church as the center, but it consists not of brick and wood. It represents the ideals and faith of the people who make up the parish (my own way of saying community—"Sogn" as we Danes have heard our parents say). Meuller wanted us to see that the good life was dependent on a growing population. "Well maintained farms mean well maintained other services, adding that "work is service rendered to the community for the sake of honoring our God for it is Christian to love thy neighbor as thyself." He pointed out that work has a great moral and mental value to the individual and that God has made us the stewards of his land and all good things—Life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, thereby helping one another to overcome weaknesses in others, never exploiting them.

Rev. Meuller said that the only sources of food are the sea and the soil, or land. One can look upon soil as a bank account. We have to replace or put into it, to get food and fibre from it. Good soil practices and good churches go hand in hand. An area in Indiana had 13 churches years ago—but now only three could function. The land was run down, people had moved away.

Rural life is beautiful, it can and should be economically secure and devoted to higher and richer folk life. Many young people go to the cities, never gaining the best things which can be had in their home environment. Amassing a lot of land does not mean prosperous parishes, and there is "no honor or satisfaction in being the richest man in the cemetery" was one of Meuller's good wisecracks to illustrate his point.

We enjoyed his humorous and yet deeply concerned way of showing us what we must strive toward if we are to live well and leave the world a better place for the coming generation to live in; better than if we had not been here first. I thought about our proverb, "His mouth runs over with that which his heart is full of," and we were glad he also was here.

The coffee hour after each of our sessions was buzzing with discussing of what we had heard and talked about during each of these meetings.

The folk school is not complete without a workshop. Svend Petersen led a group of us who took up woodcraft, and Gudrun Hansen helped another group in textile painting. Many lovely articles were exhibited on the closing evening in the church basement where all our meetings had been held. It is surprising how fast people work when inspired by good leadership.

This kind of a get-together will help all who come to a closer fellowship and greater contentment in our communities here and everywhere.

Mari Støttrup.

"Layman Topics"

By B. P. Christensen

Children's Home or Juvenile Delinquents

The ice cold north wind, whipping through the narrow tenement street, whirled the falling snow to its utmost fury.

Two poorly clad boys were raised on the tip of their toes, in order to get a peek into the corner tavern. The largest of the two could not be more than six years of age, the other a mere baby of three or so. Their tattered and patched clothing seemed to barely hang on to their skinny bodies and their torn tennis canvas shoes appeared in odd contrast to the woolen cloths bound around their heads.

The larger boy was scolding the crying younger one: "Keep quiet, Peter, Dad will be out soon, he won't stay on tonight, for Mom says it is Christmas Eve."

Just then the tavern door opened. A man was thrown bodily out, landing in the gutter and dirty snow piled along the walk. He picked himself up, staggered down the street, cursing the tavern keeper, not noticing his two youngsters.

"Daddy, Daddy, did they hurt you? Wait, wait for us, we will take you home. Mom wants you right away, she said to hurry, please."

The drunken man halted, he seemed to sober instantly. With one arm he picked up the smaller boy, held out his hand for the bigger. Several blocks he walked through the squalid tenement district, finally down a narrow flight of stairs into a dingy room, barely lighted by a kerosene lantern. On an improvised bed of wooden slabs the mother of the two boys lay desperately ill.

"Come closer," she whispered, "come closer and hear my last pleading. Looking directly at her hus-

band, again she whispered faintly, "Please, do promise me that you will take my boys to the Children's Home. Please give them a chance to learn of God, will you?"

With tears now streaming down his remorse filled face the husband promised his dying wife that he would.

Three days later he gained admission to the home for both of them. He had kept faith with his wife, his children's mother.

Again it is Christmas eve. The tall Christmas tree is lighted at the Children's Home. A large number of boys and girls, their faces bright and happy, are caroling around the tree, its lower branches covering a heap of packages and goodies of many kinds.

Silence now prevails. The matron is praying aloud: "Dear God and Father of us all, we thank thee for this lovely Children's Home. Bless the many people who throughout the year have made it possible for us to continue doing unto these, thy children, we pray:

"Father, who stays with us unseen
Throughout the night and day,
For all that keeps our Home serene
Once more our thanks we say."

In childish voices they sing, "Holy night, silent night, all is calm, all is bright."

Your church maintains such a Children's Home in Chicago. Your writer of above lived neighbor to them a long time. To see these happy youngsters in wholesome surroundings would warm your heart. Perhaps your heart may even dictate a cash gift. If so, please send it to our synod treasurer with a request to post it to the Children's Home Fund. You will share their happiness by giving.

A Silver Star For Joe

And so with solemn words, "For bravery above and beyond the call of duty," was the silver star awarded posthumously to the mother of Pvt. Joe Billet.

But the words were dim and indistinct as they had been when Joe a small lad of four called to her from the orchard path.

She could see him still as he stood sobbing—a soft yellow bird now limp with death clutched in his hand.

"Mother, it won't sing to me any more," he cried, hoping by some miracle she could bring it back to life. Tears filled his bright blue eyes to overflowing and they trembled down his baby cheeks.

With chubby fists he tried to wipe them away only to leave smears of dirt in their place. Little rivulets of sorrow streaked his face with each new tear for this was death in its cruelest form.

Now she was kneeling beside him gently brushing back the golden curls from his forehead.

"No, Joe," she comforted, "the little bird won't sing to you any more. It's dead."

Joe opened his small fist and looked long at his feathered friend so silent and motionless.

"But mother what does it mean to be dead?" he asked in simple words as only a child can.

She paused a few moments before attempting an answer. Why, she thought, does death appear at such a time as this? Why must it be thrust at my son when he sees only the life and beauty about him?

It seemed so difficult to make a child comprehend the mystery of death.

"Oh God," she prayed silently, "give me strength in this my hour of need that I may instill in my son the true meaning of death, not as a horrible experience to be feared but as a respite from life, only to discover the true essence of noble living."

With new inspiration she began softly and with simplicity. The little bird is dead Joe because all life has gone from its body." Then taking his free hand she gently placed it over the bird's plump breast. "Feel how still—its heart does not beat any more. No more will its throat quiver in song. But do not feel as if the little bird has really gone Joe for it is only its body which has died.

"Each song that it so happily tossed on the summer breeze reached our ears in a beautiful melody and passed beyond for all the world to hear. We'll always remember its song though it is dead, and the world will always know the little spark of joy it thrust skyward," she added, striving to speak in the language he best understood.

"The ducks and frogs by the mill-pond, the lambs that frisk in the meadow and all the little animals of the woods," she enumerated, "will some day die. Yes, Joe, even death will come to you and me."

"But mother, I don't want to die ever," he protested with sudden consternation.

She drew him close to her and pressed his tousled head hard against her breast.

"Never be afraid of death son," she soothed. "Some-day we will all grow old. Our bodies will become tired and worn just as this little bird's. Then we, too, will welcome death that we may go to sleep in peace. But each song we give to the world, each good deed we do, each smile we share will live forever after us, even though we are gone."

His sobs subsided and he stood searching her face. Then as an after thought and with some emotion he inquired: "Is the little bird happy?"

"Yes, dear, the little bird is happy," she assured him. She saw a smile come to his face and all was right with the world. Thus Joe accepted death as he did a new toy.

Suddenly Joe's mother was whisked back to reality as she heard the story of her son's bravery recounted.

The heavy bomber in which he was navigator had crashed into the English channel on its return flight after having completed a mission over Germany. With the entire crew wounded, some more seriously than others, Joe had succeeded in getting every man safely onto a life raft. Then from sheer exhaustion he himself sank beneath the waves forever.

Now as she had done so many years before, she prayed silently, "Oh God give me strength in this, my hour of need."

LaVerne Hassler,
Fairmont, Nebr.

Synod Budget For 1949

The synodical treasurer, Chas. Lauritzen, Dwight, Ill., reports as of December 7, that only \$12,811.51 has been paid by the congregations toward meeting their quotas of the synod budget of \$30,170.00.

It is regrettable that only 21 congregations have met their quotas so far. I hope that it will be possible for all congregations to do so before the treasurer closes his books.

Mr. Lauritzen informs me that he will be willing to accept contributions toward the 1949 synod budget from congregations until January 10, 1950. Since there is no immediate necessity of the treasurer closing his books sharply on the January 1st date, Mr. Lauritzen thought that it would be appreciated by the treasurers of the congregations having their annual meetings the first week in January, if they could have these extra ten days in which to send their quotas.

With best wishes for the new and thanks for the old year.

Alfred Jensen.

For Clarification

Judging from the two articles in Dannevirke No. 49 of December 7, which I have just read it is evident that there is considerable confusion or misunderstanding in the minds of a number about the question of an old people's home in Southern California and the Synod's decision on the matter.

Since our Board of Welfare meeting in Chicago Oct. 26-27, I have planned to write an article in Lutheran Tidings about the meeting and in particular about the trends in welfare work. However, time has not permitted this as yet.

I feel that this clarification must be made now and should not await the coming article.

The Synod convention at Greenville charged the Board of Welfare with the duty of studying the question of an old people's home in California.

As a preliminary to the board meeting, I contacted the pastor of Emanuel's church in Los Angeles for information so that we might know something of the situation. In addition, I talked with Rev. Einar Farstrup, who has been active in the movement some years ago, and who gave me valuable information. From Pastor H. Knudsen I received the latest information on the question, especially about one particular piece of property in San Fernando which could be had, seemingly very reasonable, and could be made suitable for a home.

The question was then extensively discussed at the board meeting. All its members agreed that there is a need for such a home in Southern California. There was, however, some differences of opinion as to its location and that therefore the question of location needed more study. The discussion resulted in the following resolution: Moved, seconded and carried, that the chairman of the Board of Welfare and the synodical president formulate a letter to Rev. H.

Knudsen expressing the board's encouragement relative to the plan for establishing an old people's home in Southern California under the sponsorship and with financial help of the synod.

However, since there was to be a fall meeting at Solvang that following week-end, there was not time for a letter to reach the meeting. Therefore, a "night letter" was wired to Rev. H. Knudsen stating: "The Board of Welfare encourages the establishing of an old people's home in Southern California under the sponsorship of the Synod."

From that wire, Mr. Lindvang and the Los Angeles congregation have jumped to a conclusion to which they have no basis. The Welfare Board did **not specify** Los Angeles as the location. It did not feel that it had the authority to decide on location nor to buy nor build. Its duty was to study and bring in a report at the next convention which it is doing and will continue to do.

Furthermore Mr. Lindvang must also have misunderstood Rev. M. Krog in what he may have said on his visit there. In whatever he may have said, Rev. Krog has said wholly on his own and not in any official capacity, and he had no right to indicate that the home is to be built in Solvang.

Nor has the Synod Board discussed the question nor taken any action. Neither the Synod Board nor the Board of Welfare can stand accused of changing its mind about the location, because none has been designated.

The Board of Welfare acknowledges a need for a home in Southern California and believes action should be taken soon to implement its establishment. It did not feel capable of arriving at a decision as to location on the information it had.

It would no doubt be advisable that a committee in California be appointed to study the problem of location and enlisting financial support and lay plans so that the home can become a reality soon.

The Board of Welfare is rather helpless in promising financial aid in as much as it has not a penny at its disposal. All the funds of various homes of our Synod are theirs alone and cannot be used in establishing new homes. I believe this is a weakness, but such it is. Our Synod should undoubtedly have a fund ready for such an opportunity as is before us in California.

It is regrettable that Mr. Lindvang has been told that the Synod figures only with the congregations in the Mid-West. Whoever said that was either joking or made an ill-advised and misinformed statement. The facts do not bear out such a statement.

One Synod board member, Viggo Nielsen, is from Bridgeport, Conn., which is beyond the Mid-West. Furthermore, the Synod pays travel help to pastors and delegates from outlying Districts because it recognizes that these Districts are an integral part of our Synod and should be adequately represented.

Rev. Krog's idealistic picture of an old people's colony in Solvang has some merit. He is aiming high which is admirable.

We welcome discussion of this problem, but this discussion should be based on facts. The discussion

belongs in Lutheran Tidings which reaches all our members, and which is our Synodical organ.

We hope that a home may soon become a reality in Southern California in whichever location it can best serve our synod.

Greetings,

Holger P. Jorgensen,

Chairman, Board of Welfare.

Holy Night

Wherever we go the last few weeks before Christmas we are reminded that the Christmas season is near. We marvel at the beautiful street decorations in our cities; we compliment many artistic touches which we find in homes and in places of business. Wherever we go people are rushing to get ready—housewives are baking and cleaning; churches and schools are busy with their programs; about every third person is busy on some committee.

So it happens that Christmas comes and goes and afterwards we feel that we missed its real warmth and glow. We had prepared everything—decorations, programs, food and parties but we had forgotten to prepare ourselves so that we could receive it when it came. We had found no time to long for the peace and joy which centers in Christmas. And in our rush to buy fur coats and the best goose, we forgot that it was Christ whom we were to honor. And He is not honored by what we do to glorify ourselves. We honor Him by "preparing Him room." We honor Him by letting Him be the center of our living. Christmas without Christ will not long have any significance. It will be mere paganism. Christmas without Christ will not be a holiday. Christmas Eve will not be the "Holy Night."

Holiday is a great word which to us Americans has lost much of its real meaning. When the Danes spoke of "helligdag" they thought of it as a day with special religious significance. They prepared their minds to make it such. Sunday was "helligdag" even if many perhaps did not observe it as such. But we speak of almost any day aside from our usual work as a holiday and we are inclined to associate it with some form of hilarity. Instead of reserving it for a day to gain spiritual strength for our daily tasks, we merely dress our paganism in some other attire.

In our paganism we assume that strength of character means to be hard boiled. We assume that we must show our fists and our teeth, that we must shout in defiance to anyone who opposes us, and that we must always seek to defend ourselves even when we inwardly know that we are wrong. Therefore we defy holiness. And many people have never comprehended any idea of holiness other than the surface religious veneer which is so often used to cover up a pagan spirit. But to accept holiness would mean submission to a power greater than ourselves. We have a feeling that this would be an admission of weakness. It would. But in that very admission we are preparing room for the power of God to enter in. It is in that admission where we are preparing ourselves for the holiness of God to make its entry into our lives. We do sing

with Brooks, "Cast out our sin and enter in, be born in us."

It cannot be Christmas unless God's holiness enters into the hearts of men. Is the secret of the old, old Christmas story not this that it is lighted with holiness? Christmas night is a Holy Night and in spite of the paganism which binds us, we do feel that we would like to belong to the glory of that which we feel belongs to it. The glory of God has reached this earth in Christ so powerfully that even our hard boiled age is reached by it and feels that therein lies the read destiny of man.

For any holiday, preparedness is a necessity. But let us prepare for a holiday and not just for a glorification of ourselves. That means that we prepare our hearts to give Him room. Let us not crowd this possibility out by too much pre-Christmas activity. Much of preparedness ought to be spent in simple quiet and meditation. We should give the longings in our soul a chance to speak to us. As children we longed deeply for Christmas and that was partly the reason that Christmas was so great when it came. We need to feel our true longing for peace and for happiness. We need to feel the futility of modern boredom. Neither liquor nor a fanatic religious revivalism can long stupefy us. To secure peace and happiness we need something more lasting in value. To receive it we must, at least, be honest enough to admit that we are in need of it.

We need the holiness which centers in the Christmas message and which marked the life of Him who lived and died for mankind. We need to enter into the glory of Christmas to glimpse a bit of what life really can be. We want to feel above all and in spite of our pride, that Christmas night is a Holy Night.

Harold Petersen.

"Askov Church Messenger."

Good News

The angel that appeared to the shepherds over the fields of Bethlehem long ago told them not to be frightened, for "I bring you good news" (according to the Goodspeed translation). Strangely enough this good news, though it was proclaimed by an angel, was noticed only by a handful; but at the gruesome crucifixion of Christ there were great throngs of people.

How contemporary this sounds! For it has long been a maxim in the modern newspaper world that "only bad news is good news." A plane crash, a freakish auto accident, a destructive fire, or a hideous crime is considered news and rates fat headlines in the newspapers; but good news which is often lacking in the spectacular is seldom considered news at all.

As a protest against this, Norman Cousins has begun a column in "The Saturday Review of Literature" which is called "Even Good News is News." Mr. Cousins points out that we ought to know not only that Paul Robeson's recital in Peekskill this summer provoked disorder and race riots, but also that the negro singer recently sang in Washington, D. C., and in Chicago without disturbance. It should be news, Mr. Cousins says, not only that the Russians occasionally commit strange and hostile blunders that strain

our patience, but also that these same Russians lately returned nine destroyers borrowed from us, and in good condition.

How strange that bad news seems to travel faster than good news! I am sure that most of us are much more apt to believe, and to repeat, an evil report about a man than a good one. One of the stories surrounding the early life of Jesus is the cruel attempt on the part of the King Herod to exterminate the heavenly child. All Judea must have heard about that; but only a few knelt at his crib. The good news of his coming into our world created little stir. Only a handful of shepherds were there, and from far-away East came the wise men, for they had been looking for his star.

The world, it seems to me, is in such bad straits that we need more than ever to look and listen for every piece of good news that comes our way.

Once again the Christmas story calls us with its "good news." There is nothing morbid or spectacular about it. A little child was born into a humble home. "How silently," how quietly he came. It wasn't headline news, and to the casual onlooker nothing much happened. But those who were looking for redemption of Israel knew that something extraordinary had taken place: God Himself had become man.

No event since that time has had greater significance for mankind. No wonder that we count our years from that moment! The world is full of old suspicions and old hatred and old sin. Each Christmas we are reminded that something truly new has happened; and kneeling by the crib of the new-born King with the shepherds and the Wise Men we dare once again to lift our hearts and our hopes in a Merry Christmas!

Enok Mortensen.

—From "Danebod Hilsen."

Grand View College And Our Youth

GREETINGS

To all its friends, far and wide, to alumni, to parents, to prospective students.

Grand View College, its students, faculty and personnel send best greetings for a blessed Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

Winter Folk School

Our first introduction to the other Winter students came on Monday, November 28. We were then five members: Esther Ostrup, Chicago, Ill.; Richard Thomsen, Exeter, Nebr.; Johnnie Jackson, Marlette, Mich.; Hans Miller, Reserve, Mont.; and Knud Kaae, Dagmar, Mont. A few days later we were joined by Merlyn Jensen, Newell, Iowa,

and Jim Terkildsen, Williams, Calif. This completed our group so now we were ready to settle down and explore good old Grand View.

After the first two days had passed we had met all of our instructors who were to be Rev. Farstrup, Bible; Wilbur Williamsen, American History; Mrs. Axel Kildegard, English; Harry Jensen, Economics; Mr. Livengood, Science; Mrs. Carlo Pedersen, Bookkeeping; and Harold Knudsen, Physical Education.

Now that we had become acquainted with our own group, we were soon to become acquainted with everyone in Grand View college. Getting acquainted with the students of Grand View Junior College did not prove to be too difficult. When you meet with a group three times a day for meals you can't help getting to know quite a few of them. Of course, we also found ourselves related to quite a few of the students. As one wit remarked: "Once there were two Danes—now see how many there are."

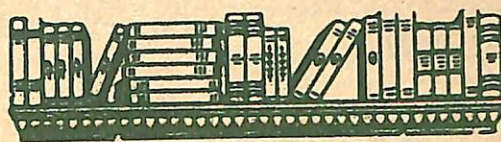
The Grand View concept of the fine art of practical joking was made apparent to us the first day after we arrived. We returned from a shopping

trip downtown to find our beds inverted. There was a good deal of sympathy for our plight from friends with very innocent expressions on their faces. Since we had expected something on this order sooner or later, we were relieved to find that it was not as bad as it could have been.

We winter students have a rather light schedule compared to the regular junior college; but the teachers, contrary to popular opinion, do assign homework for us. There is no limit to the amount of outside and extra reading that we can do as there is quite a large library at our disposal in the school. As no credit is given for our work we are free to make as much or as little of our classes as we wish.

This article would be incomplete if we did not mention our fellowship at morning and evening devotion. Then there is also the group singing of all the Christmas carols almost every evening after devotions. Naturally "Kaffe Tid" is the highlight of every evening, and now maybe we had better close for this time so we can get up to start the exploration of tomorrow's new adventures.

**Hans Miller.
Knud Kaae.**



BOOKS

JULEGRANEN edited and published by Editor August Bang and printed by the Holst Printing Co., Cedar Falls, Iowa. 52 pages. Price 75 cents.

"JULEGRANEN" is known throughout the entire United States as the oldest and most traditional of the Christmas magazines in America. It has entered thousands of homes from coast to coast, and from the Gulf of Mexico to far and remote areas in Canada year after year since its first volume now fifty-three years ago.

The present volume marks the fifty-third successive annual publication. And the content is equal in spirit and presentation. As usual there is an adequate supply of good Christmas stories, meditations, poems, pictures, etc.

We heartily recommend it to all our readers who can enjoy good Danish reading.

H. S.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES—An Annual Christmas Publication. Edited by Lawrence Siersbeck; Published by the Luther League of the United Evangelical Lutheran Church. 64 pages. Price 75 cents.

This marks the twenty-ninth annual volume of the Christmas Chimes. It comes out again this year under the able guidance of Rev. Lawrence Siersbeck of Council Bluffs, Iowa. This magazine has the usual good content of Christmas readings stories, etc. The illustrations are very good, and the printing job has improved year by year, as more and more new and modern printing techniques bring out a beauty and harmony in color and subject. For added Christmas reading one can be happy to turn to the Christmas Chimes.

H. S.

OUR CHURCH

D.A.Y.P.L. District III met at Tyler, Minn., for the annual Workshop on the week-end of Nov. 25-26. Most of the societies of the District were represented, and Rev. Harald Ibsen of Viborg, S. D., and Rev. Marius Krog of Lake Norden were guest pastors present.

Danevang, Texas—The Flensted-Jensen gymnasts visited the Danevang, Texas, colony on Friday, Dec. 16, for an evening of exhibition and fellowship with the Danevang community. The group had a large performance in Houston, Texas, on Thursday evening, Dec. 15, under the auspices of the Scandinavian Club of Houston.

Tyler, Minn.—The Men' Club of the Danebod Church have had some interesting meetings, and pertinent and challenging questions have been discussed. At the November meeting the men heard various members present certain phases of "Our Congregation's Relationship to the Synod," and a discussion followed. At the December meeting the topic was: "The Ideal Pastor, and the Ideal Laymen."

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mr. Clemens Jensen, president of the Eastern District of D.A.Y.P.L., and Miss Margaret Nørgaard were united in marriage at Our Saviour's Lutheran Church in Brooklyn on Sunday, November 27.—Pastor A. Th. Dorf officiated. After the wedding a reception was held at the Danish Athletic Club in Brooklyn.

Davey, Nebr.—The new church building in Davey, Nebr., was dedicated on Sunday, December 18. Guest speakers for the occasion were: Rev. Alfred Jensen, synodical president; Rev. S. D. Rodholm, Des Moines, Iowa; and Rev. Howard Christensen of Nysted, Nebr.—Rev. Gudmund Petersen is the pastor of the Davey congregation.—The former church building was destroyed by fire about three years ago.

Correction—The translation by S. D. Rodholm of a Danish hymn appearing on page 1 of the Dec. 5th issue of Lutheran Tidings should have as its heading: "THE LORD'S TABLE" and not as it appeared, "The Lord's Prayer"—evidently a mistake in the print shop.

Hampton, Iowa—The old parsonage at the Hampton church which has served faithfully more than fifty years was recently sold and moved away. A new and modern parsonage is now under construction. Rev. Gudmund Petersen of Davey, Nebr., has accepted a call from the Hampton congregation, and will, according to present plans, begin his work in this new field on or about March 1.

Granly, Miss.—Prof. A. C. Ammentorp from Grand View College will serve the Granly congregation during the Christmas and New Year's holidays.

Committee Favors Closer Unity Of National Lutheran Council Church Bodies

A plan to change the National Lutheran Council from a common agency into a federation, to consist of the eight church bodies now participating in its cooperative activities and any other Lutheran Churches that may desire to become members, was formulated here yesterday (Thursday, Dec. 1) in an all-day meeting at the Lutheran Church House, 231 Madison avenue.

The proposal was drafted by a 16-man sub-committee of the Conference on Lutheran Organic Union, also known as the Committee of Thirty-Four. It was unanimously approved and will be submitted to the latter group at a meeting that will be held in Chicago on Thursday, January 5, 1950.

If approved by the parent committee, the plan for transforming the Council into a federation will be presented to the Council bodies for consideration in 1950, when all eight will hold annual or biennial conventions, as an intermediate step looking toward complete union of American Lutheranism.

At the same time, by action of the Committee of Thirty-Four at a meeting in Chicago last September, the church bodies will be asked "to approve in principle" complete organic union with other participating bodies of the Council, and to take part in creating a joint ways and means committee "to formulate a plan and draw up a constitution for such a union."

The Committee of Thirty-Four, in appointing a sub-committee to work out a plan for federation, pointed out that, even in the event that organic union is agreed upon by the various bodies, it would take several years to consummate such a merger, making it advisable to establish a federation to function in the interim period.

The sub-committee which met here yesterday, including the presidents of the eight bodies affiliated with the Council, did not disclose details of its proposal pending submission to the parent group.

Committee members, however, expressed the belief that the plan for federation of the Council, if accepted, will mark a significant advance in the movement toward merger of the Lutheran Churches in America.

The session of the sub-committee was attended by the following:

Augustana Lutheran Church—Rev. Dr. P. O. Bersell of Minneapolis, Minn., president, who presided as chairman of the committee; Rev. Dr. Carl E. Lundquist of New York, assistant executive director of the National Lutheran Council.

American Lutheran Church—Rev. Dr. Emmanuel Poppen of Columbus, Ohio,

president, and Dr. William L. Young of Columbus, Ohio, a layman and secretary of the ALC's Board of Education.

United Lutheran Church in America—Rev. Dr. Franklin Clark Fry of New York, president, and Rev. Dr. Henry H. Bagger, pastor of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Pa.

Evangelical Lutheran Church—Rev. Dr. J. A. Aasgaard of Minneapolis, president, and Rev. Dr. Martin O. Anderson of Chicago, president of the ELC's Eastern District, who attended as unofficial observers.

United Evangelical Lutheran Church—Rev. Dr. N. C. Carlsen of Blair, Nebr., president, and Mr. Harold Holm of Racine, Wis., a layman.

Danish Lutheran Church—Rev. Alfred Jensen of Des Moines, Iowa, president, and Rev. Holger Nielsen of Cedar Falls, Iowa, church secretary, who attended as unofficial observers.

Lutheran Free Church—Rev. Dr. T. O. Burntvedt of Minneapolis, president.

Finnish Suomi Synod—Rev. Dr. Alfred Haapanen of Hancock, Mich., president.

Santal Mission

November Contributions

General Budget:

St. John's Danish Ladies' Aid Mission meeting, Hampton, Iowa	\$ 10.44
Alfa Holm, Withee, Wis.	2.10
Bethlehem Lutheran Church, Cedar Falls, Iowa	24.00
A Friend, Enumclaw, Wash.	10.00
Nazareth Danish Ladies' Aid, Withee, Wis.	5.00
Svend Hansen family, Des Moines, Iowa	3.00
Diamond Lake Mission meeting, Lake Benton, Minn.	14.37
Goodhope Ladies' Aid, Badger Lake Norden, S. D.	15.00
Bethany Ladies' Aid, Ludington, Mich.	10.00
Danevang Lutheran Church, Danevang, Texas	41.00
Volmer Ladies' Aid, Dagmar, Mont.	10.00
H. Reinholdt Nielsen, Ferndale, Calif.	3.00
Danevang Sunday School	20.00
Jens Børresens, Tyler, Minn.	5.00
Mission Group, Sidney, Mich.	20.00
Friends at Greenville, Mich.	37.00
Gertrude Guild, Clinton, Iowa	15.00
Hope Ladies' Aid, Ruthton, Minn.	10.00
Mission Circle, Manistee, Mich.	40.00
Mission Circle, Solvang, Calif.	11.00
Women's Circle, Our Savior's Church, Omaha, Nebr.	10.00
Fredsville Lutheran Church, Cedar Falls, Iowa	69.42

Danish and English Ladies' Aids, Brooklyn	25.00
Bethania Guild, Racine	25.00
Mrs. O. Jacobsen, Ithaca, N. Y.	5.00
In memory of P. L. Lund, Des Moines, Svend Hansen family, Des Moines	2.00
Mrs. H. C. Strandkov, Minneapolis	2.00
In memory of Mrs. Claus Jensen, Dagmar, Mont., Mrs. Marie Jessen, Mrs. Clara Jensen and Axel Olsens, all of Inglewood, Calif.	5.50
In memory of Niels Lund, Dagmar, Mont., Fred Andersens, Dagmar	2.00
In memory of "Mother and Father," Johanne and Hans Madsen, Solvang, Mrs. Henry Harkson	15.00
In memory of Hans Olsen, Clinton, Iowa, Dagmar Miller, Des Moines	1.00
In memory of Victor Haahr, Newell, Iowa, from the following friends: George Johnsens, Martin Thomsens, Carl Bonnicksens, Theo. Christiansens, L. A. Petersens and August Sorensens	7.00
In memory of Mrs. P. P. Nelson, Oak Hill, Iowa, the W.M.S. of Oak Hill	2.00
In memory of Mrs. Lars Sorensen, Mrs. Marcussen, Kimballton, Iowa	1.00
In memory of Peter Sorensen, Cedar Falls, Iowa:	
Mrs. Marie Andersen, Mrs. Dahl and Ejner Jensens	3.00
Jes Refshauges and other friends, Cedar Falls, Iowa	10.00
Mrs. Marie Nelson and Eleanor, Rochester, Minn.	10.00
R. Parkhills, Rochester, and Dagmar Miller	11.00

For the Ribers' Work:

In memory of Mrs. Lena Hansen, Brush, Colo., Magda Sorensen, Tyler, Minn., Rev. Ronald Jespersens, Herman Strandkovs and Mrs. Marie Petersen, Newell, Iowa	7.50
By Mrs. D. Ingemann, Minneapolis	7.00
By Fredsville Young People's Society	16.00

For the Support of Children:

St. John's Danish Ladies' Aid, Hampton, Iowa	25.00
St. John's Sunday School, Cordova, Nebr.	25.00
Nazareth Danish Ladies' Aid, Withee, Wis.	25.00
Women of Our Savior's Lutheran Church, Omaha, Nebr., as follows: Mesdames Ernest Andersen, Einar Christensen, C. Clausen, A. P. Grobeck, Folmer Farstrup, Chris. Fredricksen, Martin Grobeck, Peter Hansen, Karl Henriksen, Hilmer Holden, Anton Holm, Herman Jensen, Jim Jensen, J. N. Jensen, Niels Jensen, O.	

E. Jensen, Peter Jensen, Chris Jepsen, Melida Jorgensen, Niels Juel, Peter Krogh, Theo. Krogh, Chr. Kjeldgaard, Tage Laursen, Oscar Lawson, Carl Olsen, O. C. Olsen, Chris Olsen, Olaf Olsen, Chris Pallesen, Jens Petersen, J. P. Petersen, R. M. Petersen, Therkild Smidt, George Smidt, Rev. and Mrs. Peter Thomsen, the Misses Anna Jensen, Susanne Jensen, Catherine Kjeldgaard, Clara Kjeldgaard, Kristine Kjeldgaard, Catherine Nielsen, Elna Petersen, Johanne Petersen and Metha Petersen	71.50
--	-------

For Relocation of Hospital to Mohulpahari:

Martin Grobecks, Omaha, Nebr.	2.00
Nazareth Danish Ladies' Aid, Withee, Wis.	5.00
Immanuel's Ladies' Aid, Kimballton, Iowa	25.00
Soren Hansens, Des Moines, Iowa	5.00
Diamond Lake Mission meeting, Lake Benton, Minn.	14.00
St. Ansgar's Ladies' Aid, Portland, Me.	9.90
Kirsten Poulsen, Chicago	10.00
Mrs. Ferdinand Jensen, Flaxton, N. D.	4.00
Hope Ladies' Aid, Ruthton, Minn.	10.00
St. Stephen's Sunday School, Chicago	25.00
Bethania Guild, Racine, Wis.	25.00
Mrs. O. Jacobsen, Ithaca, N. Y.	5.00

For Lepers:

Miss Kirsten Poulsen, Chicago	15.00
-------------------------------	-------

Total for November ----- \$ 843.73

Total since January 1 ---- \$8,341.49

Thanking each giver and trusting December will remind many friends of the joy in sending a Christmas gift to those so much less fortunate than we, I am

Sincerely yours,

Dagmar Miller,

1517 Guthrie Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.
And please, have the postmaster make out your money orders payable in Hampton, Iowa. Thank you.

NEWS BRIEFS**THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS, U S. A.**

By James A. Ryberg

Santa Claus has made special plans to meet each vessel bringing displaced persons to the United States during the Christmas season.

But the jolly, bewhiskered old gentleman will do so only with daily assists from a small group of enthusiastic, but consecrated Lutheran women in the New York city area. Busy in their homes since before Thanksgiving, the ladies have volunteered to make hundreds of red-mesh Christmas stockings, which, when filled with toys and goodies, will be distributed among the children of DP's who arrive in Gotham the latter part of December.

Helping St. Nick in introducing European refugee children to the American Christmas tradition among youngsters, the women are headed by Mrs. Anne Premier of South Ozone Park, Long Island, N. Y. A 62-year-old grandmother who has been a volunteer worker for the Lutheran Resettlement Service for over a year, Mrs. Premier is a

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT SHARED WITH OTHERS

Give Christmas its full meaning by sharing your blessings with the needy abroad.

SEND

CLOTHING	BLANKETS
SHOES	LAYETTES
Fix-it-Kits	Kiddies Kits

to your nearest depot or to:

LUTHERAN WORLD RELIEF

North 13th Street & Bushkill Drive
Easton, Pennsylvania



member of Rev. Walter Cowen's ULCA congregation at Incarnation Lutheran Church in Jamaica.

Mrs. Premier's "lieutenants" are Mrs. A. Spellbrink of Redeemer Lutheran Church, Queens Village (Rev. John Vesper, pastor) and Miss Anna Gunderson of Staten Island. They have organized groups of women in their own congregations to make the crimson Christmas hose, which then will be distributed among Sunday School children, young people's groups and Lutheran families in the New York area. Workers in the offices of the National Lutheran Council have also promised to help fill the stockings. Women of Rev. Edward Havier's All Saints Lutheran Church in Jamaica are also cooperating in the project.

When filled to bulging for DP boys and girls in three age categories—under five, from five to nine, from nine to fourteen—the stockings will be given by Mrs. Premier and other workers to arriving DP children. The special Christmas stockings will supplement lunches of milk and sandwiches usually provided for the newcomers by the NLC's resettlement service.

Receiving the fat red stockings will be a new experience for the European children because nothing in their background sets a similar precedent. For the most part, few of the youngsters can remember other than bleak, ordinary Christmas observances in DP camps. Their parents, however, can yet recall fond memories of happy days in their homeland countries of Latvia, Estonia—in countries which no longer are free, but which are now fettered by Communism.

In the Baltic nations—origin of most Lutheran sponsored DPs—pre-war Christmas holidays found the "Old Man of Christmas" calling on all children

on Christmas eve, much in the manner Santa Claus is said to visit American youngsters. However, "Jouluvana," as he is called in Estonia, or "Ziemas Svetku Vectis," his Latvian name, always entered homes by means of the front door, after first knocking.

Smiling kindly on good children and shaking his switch or rod toward the disobedient, "Father Christmas" would then listen as Baltic youngsters sang special songs and recited carefully-learned pieces. After opening his bag to distribute presents, the white-haired old gent would be gone until the next year, disappearing through the door almost as mysteriously as he entered. None of the children ever knew where he came from or where he went after visiting their homes.

And, unlike the white-furred suit of Mr. S. Claus who visits American children via Yuletide chimneys, Europe's kindly Old Man of Christmas wore a white lamb's fur coat with ear-lapped hat to match as he made his rounds among the homes along the east coast of the Baltic sea. He too, though, had a long, flowing white beard. And as in the United States, carefully-prepared letters were often written to him by Baltic tots, in anticipation of the gifts he would bring them.

In Latvia and Estonia, long-standing tradition prescribed that every family must ride to church on Christmas Eve in horse-drawn sleighs. Former Baltic DPs who have now become "New Neighbors" in America can still recall the jog-jog tinkle of sleigh bells which permeated whole cities on the eve of the Saviour's birth, a constant reminder of the good news which they would hear once again, in church, that, "unto us a Son is given . . ."

Christmas services in Baltic Lutheran churches were similar to those observed by Lutherans in the United States and Canada. Though sung with different tongues, the strains of "Adeste Fidelis," "Silent Night" and Luther's "Cradle Hymn" filled then, as now, hearts of the faithful with renewed thanksgiving and praise for their Infant Redeemer.

The custom of presenting Christmas pageants or plays in American Lutheran Sunday Schools will be strange to Baltic children. Though similar festival observances were often presented in Baltic schools several weeks before Christmas, only solemn readings of the story of the Nativity gladdened hearts of young Lutherans in their home churches a decade ago.

In Estonia, the Saviour's birth was also commemorated in homes on Christmas Eve, when, according to tradition, straw—symbolizing Christ's manger-birth—was strewn on the floor of the hearth for the children's play. And, in rural homes, special food for cattle was also provided.

Baltic homes on Christmas were laden with specially-prepared dishes, much in the manner in which people of all nationalities traditionally make

Yuletide foods. A pastry stuffed with bacon squares, called "Piragi," and baked in the shape of a crescent, was a favorite Christmas delicacy in Latvia. Also in that country, a counterpart of Christmas goose or turkey on American tables, roast pork and sauerkraut was traditional.

Estonians, on the other hand, prefer a special sausage for Christmas eating called "Jouluworst," in combination with other special dishes similar to those served in neighboring Latvia and other lands.

Christmas trees were also prepared in the Baltic countries. In Estonian homes, the mother in the household had charge of decorating the tree, usually with white candles and homemade ornaments. A favorite homemade decoration in Latvia was stringing short bits of straw lengthwise, alternating with paper stars of various colors, for hanging on boughs of evergreens. And, as custom dictated, trees were not lit until the arrival of "Father Christmas."

NORWEGIAN SEAMEN'S MISSION ADDS FOUR PERMANENT STATIONS

Oslo, Norway—The Norwegian Seamen's Mission at its annual meeting voted to extend its activity by taking over permanent work among sailors in four cities, "Goteborg, Sweden; Aruba and Curacao in the Dutch West Indies; and Genoa, Italy. Work has been in progress in these ports for some time. The Norwegian Seamen's Mission now has churches and sailors' homes in 26 seaports all over the world.

The Mission is also cooperating with the association of Christian sailors in a Christian youth school for future sailors, which has recently been opened.

Devaluation of the Norwegian crown has caused more difficulty for the Seamen's Mission than for any other Christian activity, it was reported. It must now raise an additional 200,000 crowns for its stations in America.

GERMAN MISSIONARY SEMINARIES ENROLL 220 MEN AND 13 WOMEN

New York—Germany has nine missionary seminaries open with 220 seminarians enrolled, according to a news release received here. In addition there are two seminaries for women with 13 missionary students.

German mission societies now have 91 workers in South Africa. The Hermannsburg Mission has 37, the Berlin Mission has 29, the Mission of the Evangelical Lutheran Free Church of Hannover has seven and the Bethel Mission has eight missionaries working in the Reformed Boer Church.

The Hermannsburg missionary seminary observed its one hundredth anniversary on October 29.

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 _____

Name _____

New Address _____

City _____

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

December 20, 1949