

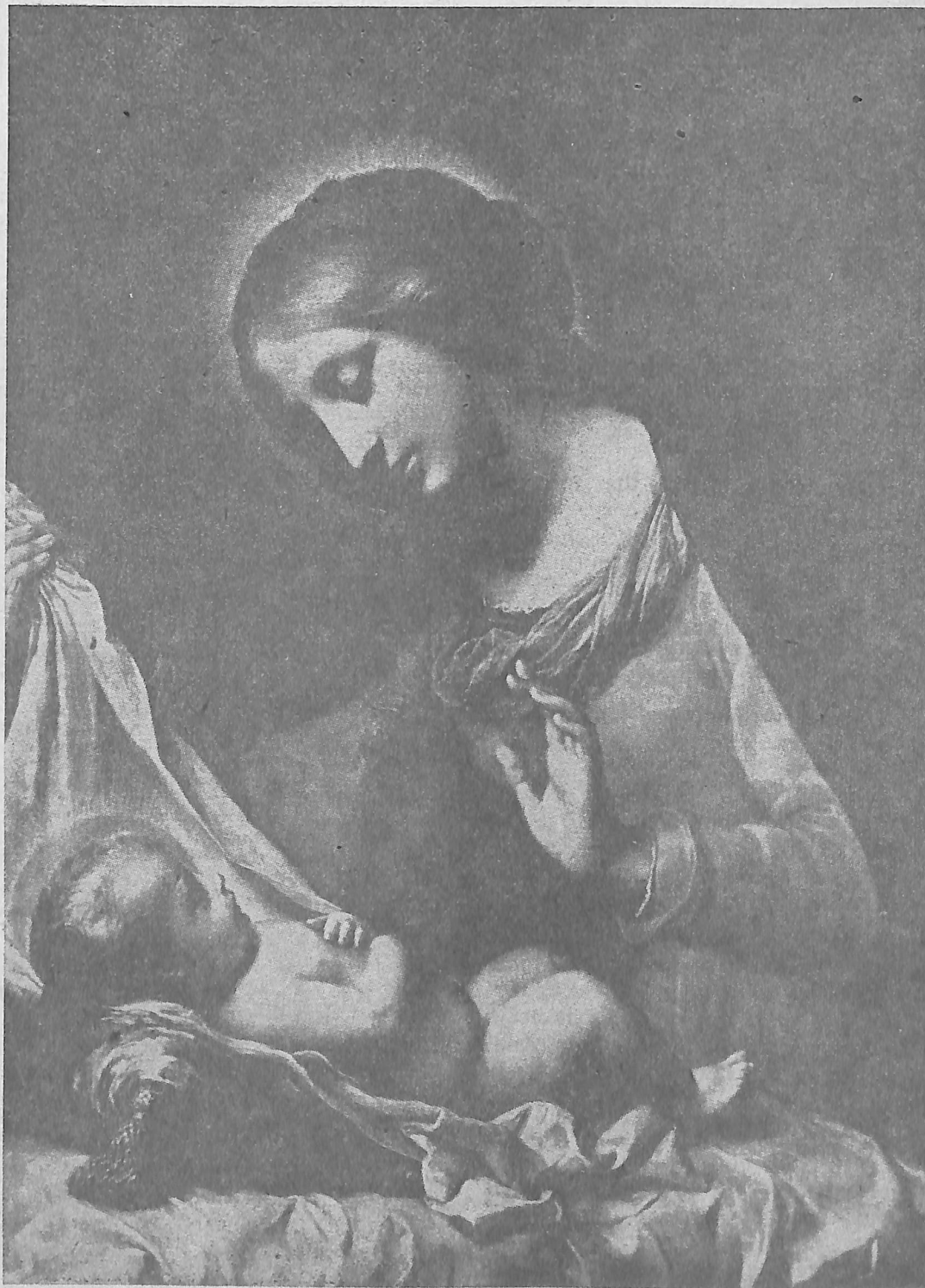
# Lutheran Tidings

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH

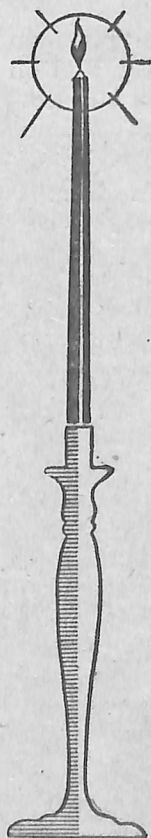
Vol. XX

December 20, 1953

No. 10



"Madonna in Adoration" by Carlo Dolci. Reproduction from CHRISTMAS, An American Annual of Christmas Literature and Art. Augsburg Publishing House.



## Christmas Greetings -- A Blessed New Year

# A Song of Morn



In his translation of "Dejlig er Jorden" S. D. Rodholm has added a figure of speech which is not found in the original poem but which enriched our imagery.

First to the shepherds,  
Sweetly the angels,  
Sang it at midnight, a song of morn.

That is what Christmas is, a song of morn.

This song was not only sung by the angels. It had been sung by the prophets who had looked forward to a light that should shine in the darkness. Seven hundred years before Christ, Isaiah had prophesied: "The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light; those who dwelt in a land of darkness, on them has a light shined." He was only looking toward the dawn, but he could see that it was coming.

The day broke and the light did shine. God sent the dawn-bringer. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it."

The light was given to the church that it might shine for men through the course of history. Therefore it shines for us today. The church has the light and it is the guardian of the light. That is the church's greatness, its divine nature.

Unfortunately, however, the church is not always able to keep the light shining as brightly as it should. That is the church's tragedy, its human nature.

As even the longest day must end,  
With shadows of night returning,  
The church has its Advent season when  
God's light is but dimly burning. \*)

The light which God gave to the church is not shining as brightly in western lands as it was in generations gone by. Churches are empty and the voice of the church is not strong in the counsels of men.

In eastern countries national and political movements are dimming the light of the church. In China it has been all but extinguished. In Africa and in India it is being watched with suspicion, for it bears the mark, "made in the west," and denominational light-bearers confusingly claim that only their shade of color is the true light.

In our own country the light still shines brightly within the four walls of our church buildings. It is questionable, however, whether it shines much beyond those walls. We are a nation gripped with fear and suspicion despite our wealth and power, and we cower in fright when demagogues usurp our leadership by evil means.

The voice of the church is heard through men. We would not want that it should speak through bishops and popes who would be rulers of men, and

decidedly not through inquisitions and witch-trials, but we do not want that it should dwindle to a barely audible whisper.

The light has not been extinguished. Its power to ban the darkness is as great as ever, for it is God's light. There are many men and women who have not bowed down to the prince of darkness. Even we timid souls nurse the hope that the light will be permitted to break forth in all its glory.

We may have deserted God, but He has not deserted us. Therefore the song goes on:

But ever again the day will break  
Where hearts for the morn are yearning.

This is not a statement of human optimism or superficial Pollyannaism. It must never be separated from the faith, that the light is given by God.

The Advent season should be a time when we are mindful of the power of darkness and the dimness of our light, in order that we might see the glory of the angels and of the Christ child. But it is also a season when we look forward to the dawn that will break. The Epistle reading for the first Sunday in Advent emphasizes this. "The night is far gone, the day is at hand. Let us then cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light."

For ever again the day will break where hearts for the light are yearning.

Christmas is a song of morn. It is the song of men and angels. "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom He is well pleased."

May Christmas be a song of morn—also for us!

**Dr. J. Knudsen.**



**Dr. Johannes Knudsen**

\*) A slight alteration of Rodholm's translation of Grundtvig's hymn. The alteration had Rodholm's approval.



## No Greater Love

### Unsung Lutheran Heroine

An Editorial Feature



On a hot June day over fifty years ago a young, blonde Army Nurse sat at a table in a crude laboratory in Havana, Cuba. She had offered herself in one of the most dangerous experiments a human has ever been asked to undergo.

She had known hardship many times in the short twenty-five years of her life. Born the eldest child in a family of nine, she had to leave school to add to the family income, working in an orphanage. She did manage to enter nurses training later in Lutheran Memorial Hospital, the first hospital in the United States to have professional nurses, and her graduation took place by the time she was nineteen. The honored position of Chief Nurse later became hers. Exciting though such work can be, her career had much more unusual adventures ahead. She volunteered for army duty, which took her to Florida and Georgia where she nursed the sick and performed the other unpleasant duties demanded by her profession. Before long she was shipped to Cuba for work during the Spanish-American War. She was honorably discharged in 1899.

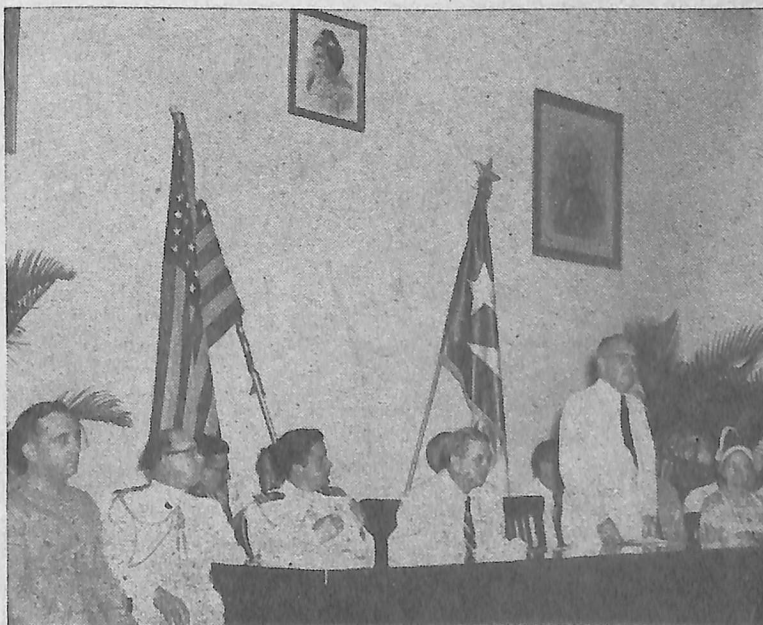
One would think that would have been enough. But within a year she was back in the army, this time nursing the sick and wounded American soldiers in the Philippines. Dengue fever overcame her and she was returned home only long enough to regain her health and strength. Back to Havana she went, this time to work for the Cuban government until the day of her marriage.

In Cuba, Clara Louise Maass had seen what yellow fever did to the human body. It was one of the

scourges of the time, and the dreaded "yellow jack" was more deadly and feared than the military enemy. Its torturous infection had killed Americans by the hundreds. Dr. John Guiteras and Maj. William Gorgas, Clara learned, were working on experiments to prove that the disease was transmitted by the bite of the *Stegomyia* mosquito. Other investigations had been conducted. For a while it was thought that contact with the sick caused the disease. The doctors placed the soiled bedding, pajamas, and beds of patients who had died in isolation for weeks—so long that any mosquitoes hidden in them would starve. Then volunteers were asked to live in the clothes and sleep in the beds being used in the tests. None contracted the fever. Twice more the tests were tried, with the same result, proving that the yellow jack was not imparted by direct contact. In the new experiments, the theory was that if a mild case of the disease could be caught, immunity might result.

And so, on that June 4th, 1901, Clara sat, tense but indomitable, waiting for the experiment to begin. Meanwhile, her fiancé awaited her in New York.

"Are you ready, Miss Maass?" asked the doctor. Yes, she was ready. The doctor delicately removed the silver-striped mosquito from its container, and glancing inquiringly into Clara's steady eyes, settled it on the back of her hand. The wings fluttered briefly, as the insect smelled the blood coursing through the girl's veins. Then the sensitive stinger



The Rev. Herbert in Cuba on the 50th anniversary of Nurse Maass' death



probed for a vulnerable spot, and suddenly plunged its insidious point into her hand.

A few days later Nurse Maass had recovered from a slight case of the ruthless fever. A few weeks afterwards, this heroic young Lutheran girl consented to be bitten again. In ten days she was dead.

During the following years, yellow fever was controlled so completely that it no longer is considered a menace. How many human lives have been saved? Untold numbers. The doctors responsible for the tests which accomplished this modern miracle and cost Clara's life have become world famous. Walter Reed, Carlos Finley, Guiteras, Gorgas—their fame is fittingly undying.

But the unsung nurse, the only woman who volunteered her life to aid the investigation, is little known today. Buried in Havana where she died, her body was returned to the U. S. and re-buried with military honors in Newark. Her mother was granted a pension by the U. S. Senate.

But then her name faded from sight. She became a lost heroine in American history. The accounts of the conquest of yellow fever fail to mention her name.

Today this injustice is being remedied. The Lutheran churches in New Jersey are engaged in a campaign to build a four and one half million dollar hospital bearing her name. On these pages is illustrated the Christmas seal which this year and every year helps to raise money for this hospital. Clara Louise Maass' story has been televised. Walter Maier spoke of her on his "Lutheran Hour" and the radio program "Cavalcade of America" presented the thrilling tale with the well-known actress Dorothy McGuire playing her part.

The government of Cuba, on the 50th anniversary of her death, issued a commemorative stamp, in three million copies, as illustrated in these pages. Present at the ceremonies on the "First day of issue" of the stamp to deliver the anniversary address was the Rev. Arthur Herbert, president of the Lutheran Hospital

Association of N. J., and a professor at Upsala College in East Orange, who has been instrumental in bringing before the public the memory of a quiet, brave girl for whom no sacrifice was too great. Clara Maass' name is at present on the list under consideration by the Postmaster General for commemorative stamps issued by our government.

Selfless giving characterized this young lady. She died all too young, and her brief life is an unfinished symphony of ministry and service. In her sacrifice, she followed the footsteps of Another who divided His time between teaching and healing. And on her gravestone are engraved His words, a most fitting epitaph: "Greater love hath no man than this."



### Faith, Hope and Love

Descend like a dove  
From Heaven, thou Spirit of faith, hope and love!  
Refine thou our hearts by the high-altar's flame,  
Revive in the sunshine our dull earthly frame!  
Inspire us with wisdom and fill us with joys  
That nothing destroys!

The high-soaring hope!  
While here through the dusk in the lowlands we grope,  
Broad-winged in the baptismal waters new-born  
It lifts up our hearts to the land where the morn  
Of Life in full glory eternally shines  
And never declines.

All-conquering love!  
A fountain of strength from the Father above,  
It fills with the word of a savior who lives  
The cup which we bless at the table that gives  
The soul what it needs to grow up and bear fruit  
In goodness and truth.

N. F. S. Grundtvig.  
By S. D. Rodholm.



Cuba's stamp in honor of Clara Maass

### Christmas Everywhere

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!  
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and bright,  
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!  
For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;  
No palace too great, no cottage too small.

Phillips Brooks.



# A School Day On The Prairie

by Mrs. Peter Krogh

In those days, sixty-five years ago, we had to walk three miles to a little school house. There was a heating stove in the center of the room—sort of a hall in the front—a coal bin to one side—and on the other side an entrance, with hooks all around on which to hang wraps. The boys had one side, the girls the other. By the door was a stand with a wooden water pail and a tin dipper, and we all had to use the same dipper. When the bucket was empty, the teacher would send two of the big boys for water. They had to walk a mile to a neighbor's well, which had two oaken buckets on a rope and pulley. From it one could draw nice cool clean water. Sometimes in the summer the water wasn't very cold by the time you walked a mile; and in zero weather it froze.

The worst part of all was the walking to and from school in the winter. Twenty-five or thirty degrees below zero was quite common in those days. January 12, 1888, was a beautiful, calm, mild morning — the snow birds were chirping happily, and the rabbits were jumping through the snow. It was one of those mornings when the children would say, "Oh, Mother, do I have to wear all these heavy wraps and wool scarves today? — it really is so nice out." But Mother always knew best — so we had to wear them, and were glad we did later.

We all got to school on time, with a happy "good morning" to teacher, who said, "Isn't this a lovely day?"

Soon it was time for lunch. We hurried through it so that we could play "Andy Over." Then the bell rang and we took our seats and got out our books. Presently the teacher said it looked as if there was going to be a blizzard. In just a little while it was so blinding we couldn't see anywhere. By this time the teacher was planning how to get us all home. There were three or four grown boys going North, so they were to see that all the small children going that way got safely home. There were a few of us going South, and the teacher was to see that we got home. When we got outside she took the lead and told us to stay in a group close together, and we went from home to home, stopping to get thawed out. When we arrived at the first

house, she looked us over to see how warmly we were clad. One little boy had his bare feet in his shoes—no overshoes. She wanted him to stay there, but before she knew it, he ran for his own home as fast as he could. He made it all right, but it seemed funny afterwards.

Then we moved on to another house a half mile away, and then to another house, also a half mile away, where three of the children belonged. By the time we reached this house we were at the point of exhaustion. The snow was by then knee deep, and the mother got busy finding dry clothes for all of us. The family insisted we stay there all night, which was best for us, as we could never have found our way across creeks and hills. We had to sleep three in a bed. The mother managed to get our clothes dry, and we went home the next morning. It was 12 or 15 below zero, and we walked on big snow banks. Everything was about level, and it was very interesting to look out over the country. Mother was very happy when she saw us. She had been walking the floor praying we were safe. She had wanted father to start out for us, but he had said he might get lost, too. He had been out rounding up the cattle, and his face was frozen.

Many children and teachers perished that day. Some froze their hands and feet so badly they lost toes and fingers. It was gruesome, to say the least.

## Silent Night, Holy Night

By Erika Nielsen

Year after year when I prepare myself for Christmas, my thoughts always go back to a certain Christmas Eve, many years ago in Vienna, while I still was a little girl.

The "Heiliger Abend" was almost over, the great tensions released, the presents unpacked, the bright wrapping paper stacked neatly in a pile. We children were almost certain to be sent to bed any minute now, as we watched the lights on the tree slowly burning down. Great was our surprise when Mother once more

sat down before the piano and played our favorite Christmas carol, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," over again, and afterwards told us how this beautiful song came about.

We heard how the age-old organ in a little village church near Salzburg had broken down and could not be repaired in time for the Christmas Eve Service; and we learned that the

(Continued on Page 13)





# Yuletide Messages From Here And There

## A Christmas Greeting

In her poem "Unto us a Son is given," Alice Meynell says,

"New every year,  
New born and newly dear,  
He comes with tidings and a song,  
The ages long, the ages long:"

Here, as in many other places throughout the country, it is wonderful to watch the young people's happy anticipation of Christmas. The joyous season challenges them to express their love for this great festival. The very spontaneity with which so many of them express their thinking and feeling through doing, is an encouraging sign. It is not all young people who have lost their sense of reverence for Christmas and Him whose birth is celebrated. It is impossible to enter either the main building of the College or the Women's Dormitory without being made aware of the creative work of a number of students. I am sure that it has a good effect upon all of us. External? Yes, perhaps, but the kind of externals that are symbolic of the meaning of Christmas.

By the time Lutheran Tidings comes out, the students will be scattered throughout the country. Most of the students will have returned home. I do not know who is most thrilled at their return, the young people or their parents. There are times, I know, that the students seem very young to both parents and teachers. Yet, we see them grow and develop. The growth that can take place while students are in college is marvelous to behold. The significance thereof is sometimes more readily observed by others than by ourselves. Only four days ago, Dr. Wayland W. Osborn said to me: "It is colleges like yours which foster in the minds of students the spirit of service."

Yes, the influence of the college reaches far beyond our own Synod. As yesterday I participated in the anniversary services of one of the Lutheran congregations in the city, I recognized several young people as they came to the altar to receive the Lord's Supper. How can one experience meeting former students in their respective churches without feeling extremely grateful? As one sees them take their places in the affairs of their communities, one cannot but observe the value of the type of education that takes preparation for the "job of life" seriously. The Grand View College family is growing. We would like to welcome more and more students from our Synod. Learning, faith, and life that take the development of Christian and democratic persons seriously cannot fail.

We wish to extend every good wish for a blessed Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of the readers of Lutheran Tidings. We covet your good will. One of the finest ways in which to express it is to help your son or daughter to decide to go to Grand View College. We covet your prayers for the work of the college. We are concerned about campus Christian life. Moreover, we ask for your individual support of our church's only college.

Ernest D. Nielsen.

## Greetings From Denmark

Christmas, 1953

Thanking you for the year gone by I extend to you and your readers my very best wishes for a happy Christmas and a bright, blessed New Year . . . I take the opportunity to beg my dear countrymen to remember that the Dan-American Archives (København Ø., Denmark, 8 Kristianiagade) collect any kind of material pertaining to Danes and Danish activities in U. S. A. . . . No monument more beautiful than the Archives has been erected in honor of the Danish emigrants. I do think many Danes—especially of the older generation—have material which maybe some day will be thrown away as of no value . . . Often a small pamphlet is of more value than a beautiful, bound volume. I do hope to hear from many of my countrymen in the New Year.

Sincerely yours,

Svend Waendelin, Archivist.

(The above is published in the belief that many do not know of the existence of these Archives. Our Synod has its own Archives, but some of our readers may have material that is duplicated here, and could be sent to Copenhagen. —The Editor.)

## Greetings From "Valborgsminde"

Des Moines, Iowa

To all our friends throughout the Synod, we send best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The past year has been a busy one. The elevator has been installed and the third floor remodelled to accommodate seven additional residents. We have had some sickness among the aged, but the sick have been well cared for.

We offer our thanks to God for the many blessings that have come to the Home during 1953 and we pray that He will help us to do the best during the coming year.

Best wishes from the 43 residents, the personnel, and the Home Board.

Sincerely,

Theo. J. Ellgaard, President.

## From The Synod Ordainer

15 December 1953

We wish all, young and old, in our Church, a joyous Christmas. The peace of God which passes all understanding, keep our hearts and our thoughts in Christ Jesus.

Valdemar and Elline Jensen.

**Lutheran Tidings** - PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN  
EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH

Office of Publication: Lutheran Tidings, Askov, Minnesota.

POSTMASTER: Send Forms 3579 to ASKOV, MINN.

Editor: Rev. Verner Hansen, 1336 Morton Ave., Des Moines 16, 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.



# Our Women's Work

Editor

Mrs. Ellen Knudsen, 907 Morton St., Des Moines 16, Iowa

## The Thread From Above

By Johannes Jørgensen

It was a beautiful morning in September. All the meadows glistened in the dew and through the air the silky threads of the hastening summer came floating by. From far away they came and far away they went.

One of these threads was caught in the top of a tree, and its pilot, a tiny golden and black spider, left his fairy ship to explore the more solid ground of a leaf.

The new domain did not quite suit him, however, and with quick resolve he spun a new thread by which he descended to a large hedge of thorns.

Here was a maze of bristling thorns and twigs among which a web could be spun. The spider set to work immediately, and he anchored the upper corner of the net in the thread by which he had descended.

The web was large and beautiful. It had a special character, for it seemed to reach into the empty air. No one could see the strand which carried its top, for one must have sharp vision in order to see a fine little spider thread.

Days came and days went by. The supply of flies diminished, and the spider was compelled to enlarge the web, so that it could cover more space and catch more flies. Due to the thread from above this extension was unexpectedly successful. So the spider continued to expand, into the air and far to the sides. The web covered the whole width of the hedge, and during the wet mornings of October it was filled with shiny drops so that it resembled a veil set with pearly sequins.

The spider was proud of his work. No longer was he an insignificant pilot who had sailed through the air on a thread without a penny in his pocket—so to speak—and with no assets than his silk-glands. He was now a fat and prosperous spider and he owned the largest web on the hedge.

One morning he awoke unusually ill-humored. The night had been frosty and not a single ray of sunshine could be seen. No flies hummed through the air. Hungry and idle the spider sat through the whole dreary afternoon.

In order to kill time he started on a tour of inspection of the web to see if it needed reinforcements and repair. He tugged at all the threads to feel how well they were fastened. But although he could find no faults, he continued to be insufferably cranky.

In the extreme corner of the web he then found a thread which he all at once did not seem to recognize. All the others went from here to there. The spider knew every twig to which they were fastened.

But this, completely irrelevant thread went nowhere. It just rose into the air.

The spider got up on his rear legs and peered upward with all his many eyes. But he failed to see the source of the thread. To all appearances it came down from the clouds.

The spider became more and more disgusted. He continued to stare but to no avail. No recollection remained that he had descended that very thread on a bright September day. And he failed to remember how useful the thread had been when the web was built and when it had been expanded.

The spider had forgotten everything. He could only see a stupid, useless thread which went nowhere in particular, just ascended into the empty air.

"Begone!" said the spider, and with a single bite he severed the thread.

Immediately the web collapsed. The whole artistic filigree tumbled down—and when the spider regained consciousness he lay between the leaves of the hedge with the web as a damp rag over his head. In one moment he had destroyed his whole work—because he did not understand the significance of the thread from above.

—Translation by J. Knudsen.

## A Blessed Christmas To All Readers of The Women's Page

### Women's Mission Society, 1953-1954

By this time all nine districts will have had their 1953 conventions and we are ready to begin a new year's work. There are many problems confronting us in this our troubled world, and we women of the church will have a direct part in their solution. We will want to help make true and real the theme of our National Council of Churches: "Christ calls to Mission and Unity."

For another year W. M. S. has accepted **Home Missions** as its special project. To succeed in this project we must, first of all, pray for guidance that we may be worthy tools and that we may bring the message of faith, hope, and love to those who have not felt the warmth of God's everlasting kindness. We who for so long have been sheltered in the church will want to share our blessing with others.

It is vital that we are aware of the importance of sound, Christian living in our homes in order that we may be a help to those who work to extend Christ's invitation to come into the vineyard to more and more people. Therefore, let us be ever conscious of the need of our Home Mission project. Let us send our gifts to the work and let us be generous to the best of our ability.

(Continued on Page 13)

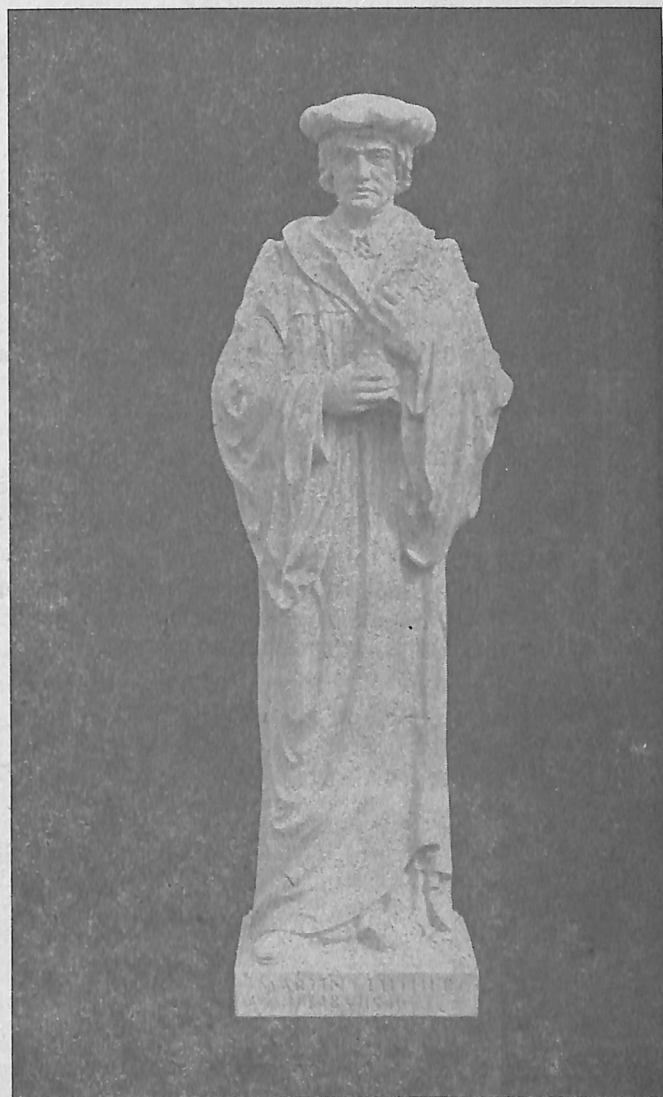
# Palestine Transplanted

## An Editorial Feature

"At the time when the Lord God made the earth and heavens, there were as yet no field shrubs on the earth, and no field plants had as yet sprung up. . . . Then the Lord God planted a garden in Eden, to the east."—Genesis 2 (T. J. Meek)

From the opening of the Bible in Genesis to its closing chapter, rich in the symbolism of the tree of life with its twelve fruits, the Scriptures are full of references to plant life. One cannot read the old, old story of Jesus without feeling the beauties of sub-tropical Palestine recreated in imagination. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." "They took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet Him." "And He went out of the city and up on the Mt. of Olives as he was accustomed to do."

Near Miami, Florida, in the town of Coral Gables, lies a garden where the lush and lovely plant life of the Bible flourishes and blooms, putting to shame even Solomon and all his glory. Conceived by Pastor Theodore Bartus of the St. James Lutheran Church (ALC) and on property owned by that church, the garden in a phenomenally short time has been developed into one of the wonder-spots of the world. In con-



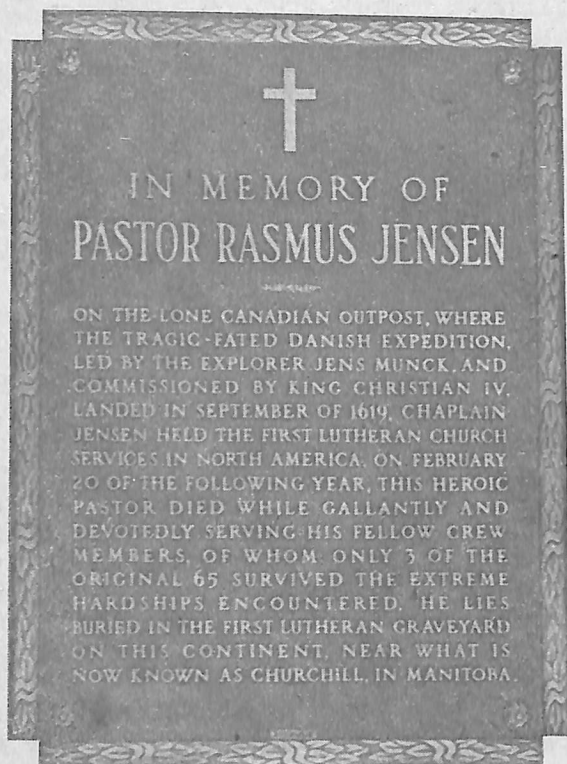
junction with the main theme of the garden is the use of it as a suitable memorial to famous Lutherans.

Plaques of a varied nature,—civic, military, historically religious,—adorn the native keystone wall, and while the garden is non-denominational, (and, of course, free) many visitors thus are informed about the courageous exploits of such men as the Muhlenbergs, Gustavus Adolphus II, Pastor Rasmus Jensen, Dr. Walter Maier, and others, perhaps for the first time.

However, the garden is planned and dedicated as a place for the recreation here in the New World of the vegetation of the Bible and the Holy Land. One's memory is stirred to visions of the Master going into the Garden of Gethsemane, under whose silvery olive trees He was betrayed. And then one realizes with triumphant hope and faith that it was in another garden that He overcame death by His resurrection.

Statuary adds to the garden's beauty, and the artistic figures of Christ, St. James the Greater, and Martin Luther overlook the winding paths and the pool. Tropical fish splash and the Eternal Lotus blooms, while a waterfall sends its sparkling cascade over the native coral rock out of which the pool is shaped. An "outdoor chapel" invites the tourist, the passer-by, the neighborhood, and "all those who labor and are heavy laden" to pause for meditation and rest. Before the wrought-iron cross of this natural





In "Stories From Our Church" by Enok Mortensen, the history of explorer Jens Munck and his chaplain, Rasmus Jensen, is told in detail. The first Lutheran Christmas observed in North America was by these travelers in 1619 near Hudson Bay.

chapel setting, increasing numbers of couples have come to be married. Stone benches and an iron vine-covered arbor, shaded by the shrubbery of the Scriptures, give the impression of peace and quiet so foreign to our times.

Another unique feature is the bird sanctuary, where seeds and a bird bath are provided for migrant fowl of many species, reminding one of Jesus' words "Behold the fowls of the air. . . your heavenly Father feedeth them." A sundial lends rustic atmosphere.

Meandering through the garden is an unforgettable experience. Events and images from the Bible confront one at every turn. Here is the sycamore fig into which Zacchaeus climbed to watch Jesus passing on His way to Jericho. There stands a twenty-four foot olive tree, raised from a seed brought from the shores of the Mediterranean. To one side we see a lofty date palm, under which we can rest. Or here are hyssops, spikenard, pomegranates, almonds, camphires, sandalwood, acacia.

Mint, cinnamon, cassia and aloes are represented, and our imagination recreates the oriental splendour of the Song of Solomon. David knew the mulberry and the apple tree; the prodigal son facing starvation ate of the husks of the carob; and the cedar and myrtle and willows all figured in Israel's history. Moses floated as a babe among the bulrushes. All these plants and numerous others thrive in the Florida climate so similar to that of Jerusalem and the surrounding geography.

This enchanting garden was begun less than three years ago by an Association whose devoted chairman is Wallace E. Hackett, a retired Army colonel. Colonel

Hackett now is on "active duty" developing and raising funds and publicizing the garden and its purpose. Persons interested in knowing more about the Association may write him at 110 Avenue Phoenetia, Coral Gables 34, Florida. The Garden of Our Lord, as it is officially called, makes an unusual and worthwhile cause to which memorial donations and charitable gifts can be contributed. Thousands who have visited the Garden of Our Lord have carried away an inspiration for the struggle of the Kingdom of God in a world where a quiet, meditative garden atmosphere too often is crushed out of life in the struggle for fame and gain.

Also to be found here are those interesting trees and plants which are not mentioned in the Bible but which through tradition have been connected with the Christian story in legend and song. Four urns adorning the wall contain the Christ thorn, from which the crown of thorns was woven and placed on the Savior's head at the time of His trial. The passion flower, a New World native, symbolically represents in its elaborate bloom the thorny crown, the nails, the spear,

(Continued on Page 10)



The withering of the pomegranate is used in Joel's prophecy to describe the withering away of joy. The fruit is further mentioned in Numbers and Deuteronomy, and was cast in molten brass to decorate the pillars of Solomon's temple.

# Paging Youth

ESPECIALLY OF OUR A. E. L. Y. F.

Editor: Thorvald Hansen, 22 South 13th Street,  
Estherville, Iowa

## Christmas Greetings

When I was a youth in my home church, I remember our pastor saying that it is often difficult for youth really to celebrate Christmas. He explained that youth no longer experience the simple joys of childhood, and they have not yet experienced the Christmas of adulthood, a Christmas which sees first the Master and Savior and second, the simple joys of Christmas through their children or grandchildren. While our pastor had a good point, I am still not sure that I agree completely with him.

When I think of the Christmas which youth experiences, I think of Vilhelm Birkedal's hymn, the second stanza:

I saw him in youth when my soul was unfolding,  
My spirit flew high when His glory beholding;  
He beckoned my soul, and He filled me with gladness,  
His glory lent brightness to life's gloom and sadness.

Truly, the spirit of youth reaches high, probably higher than that of the usual spirit of the adult, for youth is a time of idealism. Youth fortunately believes that the ideals of Christ are worth striving for. While youth may not understand the theological implications of the birth of our Savior (do many adults?), they accept Him as Savior, they choose to give their lives in service to Him, just as He gave His life for all mankind.

Older youth and many adults will return home for Christmas, for Christmas is also a time of home. Others will not be in the homes of their childhood, for they are prevented from being there physically by other duties. Home for Christmas! Those in their sunset years, too, are looking forward to being home for Christmas 'ere long, home with loved ones who have gone before. May the Christmas memories of home we have and the memories of home we create again this year be to God's glory and to our spiritual enrichment.

A blessed Christmas to each and all!

W. Clayton Nielsen.



## "Good News Of A Great Joy"

It is probably neither by accident nor by coincidence that most of our Christmas hymns and carols express with an almost childlike simplicity an unbounded joy. Perhaps, too, that is why they are so universally enjoyed. Simplicity and joy—are those not the keynotes of the Christmas message? Surely that message is one that even a child can grasp and surely, too, it gives ample cause for rejoicing.

"Good news of a great joy. . ." is the way the angel announced the first Christmas. That news is just as good today and it has the same meaning whether we put it in the words of the little child who says "Christmas is Jesus' birthday" or in the words of John, the evangelist, who writes "the word became flesh and dwelt among us." Whatever the terms, whatever the language, Christmas reminds us of one who came to, as someone has put it, "give meaning to the word God." Christmas does give meaning to that word; it makes the word God come alive. It means that God is not an abstraction, He is not a mere idea, He is not a creation of the mind of man, but rather He is One who has revealed Himself in His Son and who lives and rules even today in the universe which is His creation. And, further, we have the assurance, through Him who came on that night so long ago, that God cares for us all just as a loving father cares for his children. No wonder we rejoice at Christmas time. What greater cause for rejoicing could we find than is embodied in the simple, yet profound, message of the Christmas gospel!

May we, as we again this year hear the "good news," experience the "great joy" that first came to man through the Christ child. With this thought your editor wishes to extend to each and every member of AELYF and to all who read these lines, his best wishes for a joyous Christmas and a blessed New Year.

## Palestine Transplanted

(Continued from Page 9)

the scourges, the cross, and the halo, while its whiteness stands for Purity and its blue is Heaven. The familiar dogwood has long been associated with the Passion Story, and the Judas tree is reputed to have been the specie in which Judas took his life.

In this season of the year, attention is drawn especially to the frankincense and myrrh trees. Frankincense is mentioned twenty-two times in the Bible. We remember it chiefly because it, together with the gum of the myrrh, was among the treasures brought from afar by the Wise Men, who at the feet of the Christ Child, laid their gifts of "gold, frankincense and myrrh."

The plaque of dedication expresses the spirit of the Garden: "To Him, Who carried out God's eternal plan of salvation for lost mankind, yet who was intensely interested in the ordinary, everyday things of life . . . to our blessed Lord and Savior, this Garden is dedicated to provide a sanctuary of rest and meditation for all those who wish to draw close to Him."



## Peace On Earth

If we are to judge from what we know is the truth of today's world, it is just as far from peace as it was on the first Christmas night. The tools of destruction we now have are incomparably more deadly than any the Roman Empire possessed and if we are to rely upon reports, the inventiveness of those bent on torturing their enemies surpasses that of the most cruel and inhuman Roman or Barbarian. Man's inhumanity to man has not lessened in degree but apparently increased.

While there are those perhaps who can celebrate Christmas distributing and receiving gifts, shouting Merry Christmas and have a gay time, without any pangs of conscience, I believe it is more difficult to face Christmas and the birth of the Prince of Peace with a good conscience than any other event during the church year. The voices of the angels and their sweet, prophetic refrain about peace on earth among men in whom God is well pleased, will not be forgotten or remain unheard. They become accusers advocating the condemnation of man and all his works and all his ways, for he has made the world a battleground where cities are destroyed and countries laid waste rather than such as described by Isaiah: "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

While we are thankful for untold blessings and favors that have been granted us we realize how undeserving we are of them and cannot but pray that there may be time yet for peace and good will to prevail. History is filled with evidence that Jesus spoke the truth when He told Peter, that "all who take the sword will perish by the sword" and let us not for one moment believe that this or any other nation is above that truth. It seems to me that now as never before do we base security on the possession of the greatest armed strength. Such reliance is incompatible with faith in the Prince of Peace. There is no security except in humbly following His commands: That ye love one another. It is not for me to say where defense ends and aggression begins, but I plead that we may not be provocators, directly or indirectly. And the best defense is to live as God's children.

Christmas has become the festivity of nations regardless of any devotion on their part to the Christ. It flatters Christians to hear of Moslems and Jews participating in the Christmas festivities. If we examine ourselves we find that so much of Christmas activity on our part has little or no relationship with our faith in Christ. It is rather due to a natural inclination present in a measure in all of us to please those who are pleasing to us. So much of the happy spirit prevalent is due to self-generation rather than regeneration. Christmas becomes a matter of sentiment and tradition.

One of the most beloved of Christmas Carols: "It

Came upon a Midnight Clear, that glorious song of old" in a truly poetic way brings to us the strain of peace and good will as the heavenly music constantly being heard by us as it was the first Christmas night. The carol closes with the assurance that the time will come "when the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing" and when the Prince of Peace will be accepted as King.

While I love to sing this carol, and also love to sing nearly all other Christmas songs and hymns it is typical of so much in these, where the attending circumstances are dwelt upon much more than the real essence of Christmas: Christ, the Son of God who has become Son of Man. There is no peace gained now nor were there the first Christmas night by the sound of angel wings and voices, but those who did find peace and joy journeyed to Bethlehem and knelt in adoration by the manger, where the Christ child lay. It is the relationship to Him alone that can bring peace. While to those who have believed and obtained peace at the foot of the cross by the grace of God it is possible to feel that heaven and earth are penetrated by the holy presence of God, it is always channeled through Christ. He is the bridge between heaven and earth.

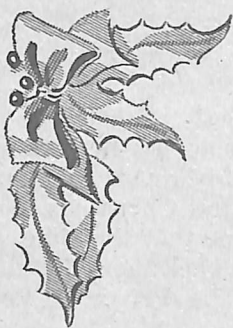
Have we failed to concentrate our message on Christ in our churches the world over? The pageantry of Christmas has taken the place of the soulful Christmas worship service. The Santa Claus myth has replaced the Christ child in the imagination of the children. How cruel it is to let them believe in such a phantom only to have them waken to the realization some day that they were given stones for bread. There is nothing wrong in having a Christmas with all the traditional gifts and fun, if at the heart of it is the reverence for the gift of God and a firm reliance upon His strength and saving grace as the Prince of Peace for each one who believes in Him. Are we going to celebrate Christmas and worship the Child born unto us these coming holy days, or are we just going to celebrate Christmas and have some holidays?

May I wish for all the readers of Lutheran Tidings that they make room for the new born king in their hearts and homes and gather to pray and praise, sing and worship in God's house in order that peace may be strengthened in the hearts and minds of men everywhere. A very happy Christmas to people everywhere in the congregations of the American Evangelical Lutheran Church.

Alfred Jensen.







## OPINION AND COMMENT

### "Thus Isaiah Prophesied"

It is fitting that the Light of Mankind should have been born in the dark of night. The imagery of Grundtvig's great advent hymn\* is not alone poetic in its most sublime sense, but it is theologically inspiring and true, (which, incidentally, cannot be said of some of the hymns we commonly use in our worship.) For the world, before that first Christmas Eve, was lost in the blackest of night. It was not only that the shepherds watched their flocks by night, or that the wise men followed their star by night; Christ's coming on that occasion illumined the encompassing darkness for all time, and as the hymnist writes, "sight is given to the blind." It can be questioned whether mankind behaves in a manner more enobled and enlightened today than it did two thousand years ago. The cynic will say man behaves the same, and now has fantastically improved means by which so to misbehave. But as Christ sought out single souls in the days when He walked the earth, so He seeks out single souls today. Into your life and mine Christ can come; He can be an enlightenment there. And your light and mine, with His help, will "shine like a candle in this naughty world." All of history unfolds in two directions from His life on earth, B. C. and A. D., and One who can thus split history in two, whose birth all the civilized world now pauses to commemorate, whose demanding ethic is the best hope of decency and brotherhood left in the world, and who, as Walter Russell Bowie says, though "hated, crucified, dishonored, has outlived all the mighty things that mocked Him,"—this Person was God visiting the world. Thus Isaiah prophesied.

The beloved "Messiah" of George Friedrich Handel, which we heard again yesterday, is one of mankind's supreme efforts to approach the Divine. A year ago we heard this music on the other side of the world, broadcast from Japan. The universality of this work, the purely scriptural derivations of the text, the inspired perfection of the music, make the "Messiah" probably the most widely performed serious music of the Christmas season. The performance we heard cut the work in about half; in its entirety, the oratorio is too long for most modern American audience tastes. Also typically American is the placing of the famed **Hallelujah Chorus**

\*"Blossom As a Rose Shall Here"—by Rodholm.

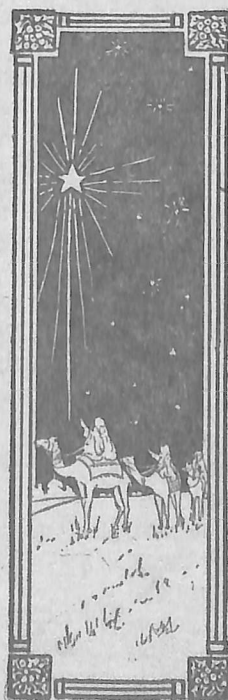
at the end, which is neither theologically nor chronologically correct. It belongs in the center, where Handel placed it, as the climax of the recounting of the prophecy and birth of the Saviour. But wherever it is performed, the **Chorus** is music at its most uplifting, so magnificent as to make kings rise to their feet when its notes ring out upon the air. Even without the music, the text is so impressive as to leave no one unmoved: "Hallelujah! For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! . . . and He shall reign forever and ever. King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah!"

President Eisenhower's important speech before the United Nations representatives last week presented a plan so full of common sense that we fear it will never be adopted. Upon some such basis as that he suggested will we have to agree before our dream of peace on earth and universal good-will can become an actuality. This season, as we sing of peace, our joy is sobered by a look around the world. Tunisia and Morocco are shaken with violence daily. The battlefields of Indo-China are strewn with the dead and dying. Asia is in turmoil. The peace in Korea is uneasy, mistrustful. Israelis fear and despise the Arabs, who in turn hate the Israelis. Hungry people are crying for food. Germany is bisected. Rebellion exists in deepest Africa, strife exists in Italy, economic unrest disturbs the French, uncertainty plagues Trieste. The armaments race threatens to bankrupt the world. Experimental blasts of feverishly devised new weapons shake the earth beneath us. Clearly our choice is between Christ and chaos.

The President's speech focuses attention on a new situation that has quietly been developing alongside our tremendous technical and scientific advances. Freedom is threatened by many forces today, but little noticed is the fact that science itself has become one of the more serious of those threats. Commonly we think of science as the great liberator. But in area after area we see science and its discoveries placing new limitations on our freedom of choice and movement. On a lower level this is true where, for example, science forbids the free will of men to act in ways that might turn out to be harmful to others. Think of the ways in which habits of hygiene and sanitation limit a man's freedom. Most of us welcome such limitations, of course.

Deeper than that, however, is the fact that science creates as many problems as it solves. Science lengthens life, but unless it can also increase production, the new mouths to feed that longer life creates, become, in many areas of the world, a problem. Science deplores the increase in world populations, but constantly tries to make people live longer, which is something of a dilemma.

Moreover, it once was possible for an educated man to know and understand almost all the physical and scientific principles that were familiar to man. That is





now impossible. Even a well-educated man knows so little of the techniques of chemistry, physics, and biology that he is utterly dependent on the experts. The result is that we average people have to delegate great amounts of authority to commissions, boards, and bureaus, until the power of such technically expert committees becomes actually dangerous, and a real curb on our freedom. The President's speech has brought to the world's attention that this is now a world-wide problem, and must be settled on a world-wide scale, by world-wide cooperative means. Scientists themselves willingly acknowledge that they are experts only in their own fields, and it remains for others to make the decisions of character and morality which can save civilization.

Never was the Christmas message so urgent and important as now:

"He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness  
And wonders of his love!"

### Silent Night, Holy Night

(Continued from Page 5)

parish priest, Josef Mohr, the night before Christmas was returning to his home, after he had given the Blessed Sacrament to a dying member of his church. So moved was he by the quiet beauty of the wood and the glistening snow under the bright stars, that he said to himself, "the silent, holy night in Bethlehem must have been something like this." Inspired, he went home, sat down and wrote until he had finished the new hymn for his parishioners. Next morning he went to the schoolmaster and organist of Ansdorf, Franz Gruber, and asked him to compose the music to his poem, so they could sing it at the Christmas Service the same day. As if heavenly voices were filling his mind, Franz Gruber found simple and tender tones of such great beauty that the astonished congregation knew, as they heard the new hymn to the soft chords of a guitar, that the Christ Child was presented with a fitting gift upon His birthday.

I remember this Christmas Eve and this little story so well because it was the last Christmas our mother was with us. Christmas was not Christmas any more for many years, until I as a young wife in Denmark in the circle of my new family heard the "Glade jul, dejlige jul" again.

Now for the fifth year in America and proud mother of two Danish-born and a husky little American, I know it will be Christmas again when we on Christmas Eve will sing the wonderful carol from my homeland: "Silent night, holy night."



### Women's Mission Society, 1953-1954

(Continued from page 7)

If you cannot be a watchman, standing high on Zion's wall,

Pointing out the path to heaven, off'ring life and peace to all;

With your prayers and with your bounties you can do what God demands;

You can be like faithful Aaron, holding up the prophet's hands.

There are many Home Mission fields in our church that need our help and understanding. This year we have the new field at Cedarloo, and although it is largely the responsibility of the Iowa district, we want them to feel, as the work progresses, that the whole synod is putting a shoulder to that wheel also through the support of our Home Mission project.

The General Fund of W. M. S. is a long established part of our work, and we know you will support it as always. Through it we have reached out with help and encouragement by large and small gifts where they could do the most good. For many years W. M. S. has supported our foreign mission in Santalistan and Assam, India, and we hope to continue this support through our general fund as long as the door is open to us.

At the annual W. M. S. meeting in Des Moines in August Mrs. Delford Henderson, Marlette, Mich., was chosen Vice Secretary to succeed Mrs. Emil Hansen, Askov, Minn., who did not desire re-election. We welcome Mrs. Henderson and hope that the new responsibility may bring joy and satisfaction. On behalf of W. M. S. we extend to Mrs. Emil Hansen our appreciation for the years of service on the board. It has always been evident that Gudrun Hansen's whole heart is in the work of our church, and this has made her service valuable. Thank you!

November 5th **Lutheran Tidings** carried a report on our page by Mrs. Carlo Petersen, the pastor's wife from Newark, N. J. She represented W. M. S. at the convention of United Church Women in Atlantic City, N. J. I hope that this interesting report has been read by many, for it reflects well the greatness of this gathering of church women. We thank Marian for being our representative. A full report of the meeting appears in the November issue of "The Church Woman."

United Church Women have just observed World Community Day with the theme "Building Lasting Peace." This brings home the piercing question to the heart of every Christian: "What do ye more than others?"

It is a great age in which we live. Each single day brings a new challenge. There is much to be done, and much is expected of each one of us, for we are "our brother's keeper." We will labor while yet there is time. "Night cometh when no man can work."

Kind greetings from the W. M. S. Board.

Ida Egede, President.



## Invitation By The College Cooperative Plan

The otherwise fine Annual Convention at Des Moines left much to be desired with respect to dealing constructively with the problem, "Where do we have our next Annual Convention?"

It is not exactly a new problem, but rather one that has presented itself each year for several years, grows more difficult, and still dodges solution. By the nature of the invitations extended this year the Des Moines Convention was, indirectly if not directly, obligated to face up to the whole problem, but could exert itself no further than to say No! No! Leave it to the board.

It is no doubt permissible to assume that most readers of Lutheran Tidings are familiar with the traditional pattern that a member congregation is expected to offer to be host to the next Annual Convention — that means a member congregation declares itself willing and able to house, feed, furnish meeting facilities and render a variety of services to approx. 300 pastors and delegates, on a personal guest basis for a period of five days. To this must be added the likelihood that 200-300 additional convention guests will ar-

rive for Saturday and Sunday and will expect to be taken in. It would be a grave error on the part of the would-be host to believe that most of our church people would not expect modern living conditions. It adds up to a pretty big order. In fact too big for an average congregation of our church.

If one turns to the statistical section of the Report to the Annual Convention under **Contributing Members**, and follow through to each congregation, one will find that of the 81 listed, only 9 have 200 or more contributing members, and only 15 have 150 or more. Of this top group perhaps only one congregation could be host **on its own** resources and strength. Any one of the other 80 would have to supplement their own resources by leasing buildings, securing facilities, hiring help and services in order to be a convention host. This modification of the traditional pattern was followed both in Omaha last year, and in Des Moines this year.

The two invitations offered for the 1954 convention were by member congregations which had made arrangements with local Lutheran Colleges to furnish housing, food, care, business session space, and chapels or/and sanctuaries. All in one on a beautiful campus. The price tag on the invitation from Tacoma was \$23.50. The one from Chicago was \$31.50. Actually there was not quite so much difference in the price, for the Chicago price included two coffee "breaks" each day, towels with which to mop your sweaty brow—both items can be considered indispensable. Besides that, Chicago included many other services affording some savings. To this must be added that the Chicago arrangement was somewhat more flexible than was that of Tacoma, for it offered housing to 75 guests with its own church members.

Both above invitations were by a college cooperative plan, both provided ideal setting and adequate facilities, and both presupposed that each delegate and his home congregation would be willing to fully share the convention expense.

Whether or not the Trinity invitation was given a fair and unbiased consideration shall not be discussed here. It is rather the purpose here, to point out that the old host pattern no longer meets our convention needs, and that we should not cling to the traditional to the extent that it hampers our growth and progress. The college cooperative plan is worth examining and evaluating.

The great material progress America has made in the past 10 years is so largely due to the close teamwork that

## Grand View College And Our Youth

### A Very Merry Christmas To You

It took a lovely soft snowfall to bring us to the realization that Christmas is almost upon us, and so within the last ten days or so, we have been decorating our rooms, the college main building, and the lounges, with trées, wreaths, candy (?) canes and even a sprig of holly here and there. The effect is unbelievably pretty.

The Future Teacher's Club at G. V. had its second annual Christmas Banquet and party at the Cloud Room out at the airport, and from all reports it was a very dignified and beautiful party. The guests included, in addition to the members, Mrs. Knehr, the head of the department, Dr. and Mrs. Osborn, Dr. and Mrs. E. Nielsen, and Dean Nielsen. Mrs. A. C. Nielsen was unable to be present because of illness. After an excellent dinner was enjoyed, the program was presented by Sena Heilskov, the president of the local group. There was carol singing, readings, and talks, some in a light vein, others with a more serious side, but all contributing to the worthwhileness of the evening.

Last Sunday afternoon, the girl's dorm held open house from 2 to 4 p. m. It was interesting to notice the number of people who accepted our invitation to "drop in" for a chat. Naturally our rooms were at their best, and we all had some type of "eats" (candy, nuts and fruit), so we were able to receive our guests well. Some of the rooms are really beautiful, with decorations of every type, from small creches to large and fancy trees and "mobile" decorations. Beautiful scenes

has grown up between industry and the large colleges having research facilities and know-how. The smaller colleges in so many cases can be made available on excellent terms for such activities as church conventions, and are as a rule available especially in the summer months. All that is necessary to make this a good working arrangement for our church is to get along with the idea that a church convention does not have to be a give-away program in order to be good and purposeful.

Why not let each congregation assist their pastor, and if need be their delegates, to whatever extent is necessary to form an improved working arrangement for our Annual Convention?

Alfred C. Andreasen.

## In This Issue

**Carlo Dolci**, who painted the front cover Madonna, lived in Florence, Italy, two hundred and fifty years ago. His post-Renaissance work is some of Italy's most beautiful. This painting hangs in Galleria Arte Antica, in Rome.

**Mrs. Peter Krogh**, pioneer wife in Nebraska, writes of her distant childhood and describes "a school day on the prairie." She now lives at 6130 Florence Blvd., Omaha, Nebraska.

**Erika Nielsen** is the wife of Prof. Arne Nielsen, language instructor at Grand View College. Born in Austria, she met her husband when he studied in Vienna. At present, they plan to return to Denmark soon.

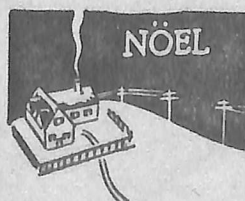
**Dr. Johannes Knudsen** wrote our opening meditation. He is Dean of the Seminary. The translation "The Thread from Above" is also his work.

**Dr. Ernest Nielsen** brings us a Christmas message from the College where he is President.

**Alfred C. Andreasen** is a member of Trinity Church, Chicago, and is former president of the Chicago Chapter of the Alumni Association.

**Ida Egede**, (Mrs. Hans Egede) of Hampton, Iowa, is president of the Women's Mission Society, and contributes on the page Our Women's Work.

**Dr. Alfred Jensen**, writer of "Peace on the Earth" is President of the American Evangelical Lutheran Church.





were painted on some of the windows, and every door had a distinctive trim of its own. One of our guests said the great variety of interesting and beautiful trimmings showed how ingenious we are. I thought that was a beautiful compliment!

We practically had to "run" from the dorm to the church to get there in time to hear the choir of Luther Memorial Church and the Highland Singers present their Christmas Concert at 4:15 p. m., but most of us made it and were glad we did. There's nothing quite like the singing of beautiful Christmas hymns to get one attuned to the meaning of Christmas. At 8 p. m. the great "Messiah," by Handel was presented at the K. R. N. T. Theatre by Drake University in unison with many of the members of voluntary choirs throughout the city. This choir numbered over 500 voices. It was a thrilling experience to hear the stirring oratorio so beautifully rendered, and the audience as one rising to their feet at the singing of the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Since there is a deadline to make, I cannot tell you about the a cappella choir concert which is to be presented tonight. However, a good closing to this column might easily be a recounting of the Girls' Dorm Party. It is held after "close-up" (after 10:30 p. m.) and the faculty women are always invited. As a newcomer to these annual parties, I might not tell the things that someone else would tell, but to begin at the beginning, I think I should say that the girls were all busy tying little gift packages a couple of hours before the party. We each received a gift from Mrs. R. — the darlingest little candle holders with small white candles. They were of wood, painted with a fancy floral pattern on a colored background. Each girl received one other gift, and the faculty women each brought a gift, and drew one from the little basket. There was singing of carols, a short story told by Mrs. R. and later hot punch and cookies were served. The wishing candle took the interest of most of us. With Mrs. R. seated on the floor before a large candle, we each in turn produced our penny, made a wish, and watched Mrs. R. imbed the penny in the wax. If the penny sticks, you get your wish! It was as easy as that. Many serious wishes were made, a few funny ones, too. It was surprising to me how many of the girls I live with every day have such serious thoughts at a time like that. There were wishes for good health, good trips, safe journeys home, and wishes for next year. So many of us were wishing that our brothers overseas would be home for next Christmas. The evening was closed with a little talk given by Mrs. R., after which we sang "Silent Night." It was a lovely party.

This is the time of year when we can say, "So long. See you in '54!"

R. F.

## OUR CHURCH

**Pastor Enok Mortensen** will broadcast Christmas services in Danish over station WCAL, Northfield, Minn., 770 on the dial, on Christmas Day at 9 a. m.

**Pastor Harold Riber** spoke in the St. Peder's Church, Minneapolis, December 13. He and his family will be heading for the west coast after New Year.

**Pastor Halfdan Knudsen** has resigned his pastorate in Los Angeles and will return to Denmark in February.

**Pastor Einar Andersen** has accepted the call from our congregation in Troy, New York.

From the Junction City, Oregon, newspaper we learn that **Pastor Harold Olsen** has recently confirmed nine adults and welcomed eighteen new members into the church. Less than a year ago fourteen others were received, eleven of them by adult confirmation.

A correspondent writes that 38 persons have been received into membership in our Omaha (Central Lutheran) Church, where **Marius Krog** is pastor. The report goes on: "This increase in membership is largely the result of an evangelism campaign in which six teams of lay people and the pastor participated." More Sunday School children, several couples for the "young married" club, and a Bible Class for adults are also a direct result of this program.

From Luck, Wisconsin: "Visitors coming to our community at West Denmark will see a change at the parsonage; a garage with a breeze-way has been built on the north side of the house. Our church, too, will have a 'new look.' New carpeting will be run when the painting of the church interior has been completed." **Pastor Harald Petersen** is minister.

**Mrs. Karen Bondesen**, widely known member of Hope Lutheran Church in Enumclaw, Washington, recently celebrated her 90th birthday. A correspondent writes: "Mrs. Bondesen has retained her good health, her wonderful spirit, and her helpfulness and friendliness to all."

Reorganization of the Greenville (Montcalm County) Church is nearing its completion. The old parsonage has been sold, and a final meeting of the congregation to dissolve its old organization will be held soon. Fifteen persons will be confirmed soon, having adult confirmation classes during November. The **Rev. Peter Thomsen** is pastor.

The Sunday School "home mission" project of the Perth Amboy, N. J.

Church, known as the Raritan Township extension, has had considerable success. Over 100 children now attend, with 16 teachers in charge. The new building completed not long ago is now too small and blueprints have been drawn for an addition. **Pastor Kay Kirkegaard-Jensen** is minister.

Twelve adults were confirmed in the **Oak Hill, Iowa**, church this month after having attended an instruction course. Seventeen new members were welcomed at ceremonies following the confirmation.

**Pastor Howard Christensen**, of the Grand View College faculty, will minister to the Dannevang, Texas, congregation during the Christmas holidays. **Harry Jensen**, also of the G. V. C. staff, is at present touring the California district on student recruitment work.

The congregation of Luther Memorial



Luther Memorial Church College.

Church, Des Moines, Iowa, has formed a committee to investigate the possibility of the congregation purchasing the building which now is owned by the Synod. The church stands beside the Old People's Home and across the street from Grand View

## Acknowledgement Of Receipts From The Synod Treasurer

For the month of November, 1953

### Toward the Budget:

#### Congregations:

Askov, Minn. ....	\$ 92.60
Fredsville, Iowa .....	250.00
West Denmark, Wis. ....	200.00
Manistee, Mich. ....	35.00
Bridgeport, Conn. ....	60.00
Salinas, Calif. ....	150.00
Pasadena, Calif. ....	52.00
Enumclaw, Wash. ....	441.00
Dalum, Canada .....	232.52
White, S. D. ....	61.45
Los Angeles, Calif. ....	220.50
Alden, Minn. ....	313.50
Muskegon, Mich. ....	415.00
Oak Hill, Iowa .....	418.58
Rosenborg, Neb. ....	411.00
Solvang, Calif. ....	520.00
Menominee, Mich. ....	34.24
Gayville, S. D. ....	57.20
Brooklyn, New York .....	625.10
Badger, S. D. ....	261.40
Grant, Mich. ....	112.00
Canwood, Sask., Can. ....	100.60
Parlier, Calif. ....	93.00



Cordova, Neb. ....	600.45
Tyler, Minn. ....	750.00
Troy, N. Y. ....	645.26
Bridgeport, Conn. ....	34.00

**Home Mission:**

Gertrude Guild, Clinton, Iowa	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Sorensen, Dwight, Ill. ....	5.00
Ladies' Aid joint meeting, Dwight, Ill. ....	45.70

<b>Annual Reports</b> .....	53.00
-----------------------------	-------

**Pension Fund:**

Mr. and Mrs. Verner T. Johnson, Fredsville, Iowa .....	10.00
Lutheran Jr. Aid, Grayling, Mich. ....	5.00
Ladies' Aid, Rosenberg, Neb. ....	10.00
Hope Ladies' Aid, Ruthton, Minn. ....	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb. ....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Sorensen, Dwight, Ill. ....	10.00
<b>Congregations:</b>	
Perth Amboy, N. J. ....	161.25
Salinas, Calif. ....	50.00
Wilbur, Wash. ....	25.00
Bridgeport, Conn. ....	112.00

**Pastor's Dues:**

Rev. John Enselmann .....	32.42
Rev. K. Kirkegaard Jensen ..	64.00
Rev. Svend Holm .....	6.10
Rev. Ernest D. Nielsen .....	20.22

**For Cedarloo Home Mission:**

In memory of Anna Marie Skow, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Sorensen, Dwight, Ill. ....	2.00
--	------

**Grand View College:**

Hope Ladies' Aid, Ruthton, Minn. ....	10.00
---------------------------------------	-------

**Chicago Children's Home:**

Ladies' Aid, Rosenberg, Neb. ....	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Clinton, Iowa ..	10.00
Gertrude Guild, Clinton, Iowa	10.00

Women's Circle, Omaha, Neb. ....	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb. ....	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Sorensen, Dwight, Ill. ....	5.00

**Tyler Old People's Home:**

Lutheran Jr. Ladies' Aid, Grayling, Mich. ....	5.00
Ladies' Aid, Grayling, Mich. ....	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Clinton Iowa ..	10.00
Gertrude Guild, Clinton, Iowa	10.00

Hope Ladies' Aid, Ruthton, Minn. ....	10.00
Women's Circle, Omaha, Neb. ....	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb. ....	5.00

**Seamen's Mission:**

Lutheran Jr. Ladies' Aid, Grayling, Mich. ....	5.00
Ladies' Aid, Grayling, Mich. ....	11.00
Ladies' Aid, Rosenberg, Neb. ....	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Clinton, Iowa ..	10.00
Hope Ladies' Aid, Ruthton, Minn. ....	10.00
Women's Circle, Omaha, Neb. ....	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb. ....	15.00
Previously acknowledged .....	36,213.74
	\$44,247.83

**Received for Items Outside of Budget:**

For Solvang Lutheran Home, Solvang, Calif., Hope Ladies' Aid, Ruthton, Minn. ....	\$ 10.00
---	----------

**For Old People's Home, Des Moines, Iowa, Ladies' Aid, Rosenberg, Neb. ....**

Ladies' Aid, Clinton, Iowa ..	10.00
Gertrude Guild, Clinton, Iowa	10.00

**For Women's Mission Society:**

Hope Ladies' Aid, Ruthton, Minn. ....	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb. ....	19.50

**Eben-Ezer Mercy Institute:**

Hope Ladies' Aid, Ruthton, Minn. ....	5.00
Women's Circle, Omaha, Neb. ....	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb. ....	10.00
Ladies' Aid, Clinton, Iowa ..	10.00

**Congregations:**

Perth Amboy, N. J. ....	49.60
Withee, Wis. ....	10.00
West Denmark, Wis. ....	21.00
Dwight, Ill. ....	57.00

**Lutheran World Action and Relief:**

Nels Christensen, White, S. D. ....	2.00
Rev. and Mrs. A. E. Frost ..	10.00
Y. P. S., Dalum, Alberta, Can. ....	25.00
Hope Ladies' Aid, Ruthton, Minn. ....	10.00

**In memory of Mrs. Molly Mad-**

sen, Tyler, Minn., Mr. and Mrs. Volmer Jensen .....	1.00
Friends .....	5.00

**Congregations:**

Fredsville, Iowa .....	55.00
Manistee, Mich. ....	10.00
Perth Amboy, N. J. ....	100.50
Salinas, Calif. ....	60.00
Dalum, Canada .....	88.00
Oak Hill, Iowa .....	190.05
Rosenborg, Neb. ....	61.60
Menominee, Mich. ....	8.92
Brooklyn, N. Y. ....	35.00
Badger, S. D. ....	15.00

**SYNOD OFFICERS**

**PRESIDENT:** Rev. Alfred Jensen,  
1232 Pennsylvania Ave.,  
Des Moines 16, Iowa.

**SECRETARY:** Rev. Holger O. Nielsen,  
1410 Main St., Cedar Falls, Iowa.

**TREASURER:** Charles Lauritzen,  
222 Pollard Ave., Dwight, Ill.

**TRUSTEE:** Olaf R. Juhl,  
30 W. Minnehaha Parkway  
Minneapolis 19, Minn.

**TRUSTEE:** Erling V. Jensen,  
1104 Boyd Street  
Des Moines 16, Iowa.

**TRUSTEE:** August Sorensen,  
Ringsted, Iowa.

**TRUSTEE:** Holger Rasmussen,  
Marlette, Mich.

Parlier, Calif. ....	30.00
Cordova, Neb. ....	11.00
Omaha, Neb. ....	223.00
Previously acknowledged .....	8,573.15

Total to date .....\$ 9,514.22

**Church Extension:****Congregations:**

Muskegon, Mich. ....	\$ 100.00
Cordova, Neb. ....	32.00
Ludington, Mich. ....	18.95
Volmer, Mont. ....	14.00
Roscommon, Mich. ....	11.35
Withee, Wis. ....	25.85
Newell, Iowa .....	66.37
Alden, Minn. ....	22.55
Davey, Neb. ....	12.80
Grayling, Mich. ....	15.00
Dagmar, Mont. ....	76.10
Gfant, Mich. ....	9.00
Minneapolis, Minn. ....	67.60
Newell, Iowa .....	1.00
Omaha, Neb. ....	63.68
Holly Comm. Luth. Church, Volmer, Mont. ....	22.50
Mr. and Mrs. Chris Jensen, Muskegon, Mich. ....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hagen, Muskegon, Mich. ....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sorensen, Muskegon, Mich. ....	5.00
James Christophersen, Muskegon, Mich. ....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Nielsen, Muskegon, Mich. ....	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Sorensen, Dwight, Ill. ....	10.00

Respectfully submitted,

American Evangelical Lutheran Church

Charles Lauritzen, Treas.



I am a member of  
the congregation at \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

New Address \_\_\_\_\_

December 20, 1953

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.

REV. CLAYTON NIELSEN  
WITHEE, WIS.  
5-1