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Vol. 6

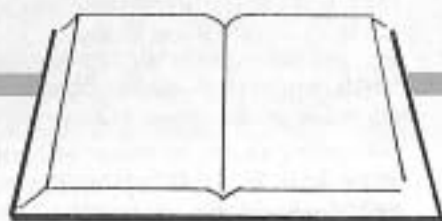
January 9, 1968

No. 1

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According to the Word

HOW SHALL I BEGIN THIS NEW YEAR OF 1968?

Luke 12:4-9

Everything has a beginning. When God began His creative work on the first morning, He made a beginning of all the days and years of the world. Our life had a beginning, our Christian life had a beginning. The year 1968 began at 12:01 on January 1. In itself the year began as any other day but yet there is always something special about a new year and we can make it a precious experience for us. How shall I begin and continue this new year of grace and opportunity?

A sincere child of God will begin this new year with the prayer of Moses, "Lord, so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Ps. 90:12). This will make all the difference in the world. Where the wisdom of God has entered and has been accepted there is an entirely different view of things.

Our text from Luke gives us several instructions as to how to begin and continue this new year of 1968. First there is a call to greater and deeper spirituality in our lives. Today there is much fear of man, much regard for popular opinion, much respect for human judgment. Many have lost sight of their moral

responsibility to God. We are often guided by what is convenient and profitable.

We are called to put God in the place of pre-eminence that He should rightfully occupy in our hearts and lives. Let us not be guided by a warped sense of values. What does it matter, after all, what people think of us or of the principles for which we stand? What difference does it make as long as we are faithful to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ? Even though we arouse the enmity and hatred of our fellow men in this life by our faithful application of the fear of God, the worst that they can do is to take from us a life that we must eventually give up in one way or another. The Lord Jesus calls us to fear God!

Our human life is in many ways characterized by care, worry and anxiety. It is man's nature to be afraid. There always remains within our hearts a certain amount of apprehension and misgiving about the days ahead. What will this year include for us? None of us know, but how good it is to hear the voice of the Lord Jesus Christ say again and again to us, "Fear not!" He wants to reassure us. We need only to look at the unbroken record of His faithful providence over all His people throughout the past ages. I want to remind you what He says to us in Matthew 28:20,

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." May these words fill our hearts with greater trust and confidence in Him than ever before. He whose hand of love sustains the sparrow and the flower will surely sustain us.

In verses 8 and 9 He calls and appeals for greater service to Christ. The life of the Christian is to be a life of confessing Christ. We live in a world that is ignorant of Jesus and His salvation, a world that is hostile to the Christian faith. In such a world we who are the children of God have definite responsibility. It means that in season and out of season, at every opportunity, we should be willing to speak of the faith that is in us. It means that we must give full support to the preaching of the cross and the whole counsel of God. It means that in this new year we should give ourselves more fully than ever before to the great task Christ gave to His Church, the promotion of His kingdom and the spread of His Gospel for the salvation of human souls.

May the words of our text guide and direct us in all the days to come. May God instill in us a greater fear of Him, give us a deeper trust in Him, that we may serve Him more faithfully than ever before. God, give us grace to be faithful!

—Albert Hautamäki

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ONLY A TOWEL

MRS. ALVIN GROTHE PASSED AWAY ON JANUARY 3

Mrs. Alvin (Francis) Grothe, missionary to Brazil with her husband Alvin, home on emergency furlough for health reasons, passed away at the hospital in Roseau, Minnesota, early Wednesday morning, Jan. 3.

Funeral services were conducted on Monday, Jan. 8, in Badger, Minn., under the auspices of Badger Creek Lutheran Church, Orville Olson, pastor.

Our deepest sympathy goes to the family in this great loss.

Pastor John H. Abel

"The things that are revealed belong to us and to our children... the hidden things belong to the Lord our God" (Deut. 29:29).

Not long ago I started out quite early in the morning for Maringa, a large city some seventy miles away from Campo Mourao. It promised to be a warm, probably hot and dusty, day. Not wanting to bother too much the mother of seven in our home, I tried to slip out of the house. About then I heard that familiar cry behind me: "Bye, Daddy...bye, Daddy." And my wife's voice saying, "Aren't you going to take anything with you?"

"Guess not," I replied. "I should be home shortly after supper. It looks like a hot day."

"Well, here," she replied, stuffing a large clean white shower towel in my hand, "put this around your neck. You can keep your shirt clean on the trip over, and it'll probably be nice to have for washing up in Maringa." With some extra shouts and goodbye kisses, I was on my way.

Driving 70-some miles over rolling hills on rutted dirt and rock roads gets one dirty, not to mention

tired. My purpose was to get over and back again before the end of the day. All went fine with the Volkswagen station wagon on the trip over, and in a few hours I had the necessary supplies. I visited briefly with the George Knapp family and some other missionary friends. The towel had indeed kept my collar clean and came in very handy in making myself more presentable on arrival.

It was late afternoon when I gassed up and headed out over the trail again. Then I began to think about Rubens. He and his family lived not too far off the road from Maringa and it had been a few months since I'd seen them. Rubens was one of the boys who helped me in evangelism, playing his guitar. He had studied Bible with me, but now while waiting to be called into compulsory military training for a year, he was home with his family, helping his dad on their small coffee farm. It would be good to call on this family and see if Rubens had entered the service yet. I have been trying to keep in touch with such families and encourage them to send their youth to Bible school. Who knows, God may call some of them into His service.

It was a long and rough descent that led to their farm buildings below. Brazilians usually build their farm buildings on the lower end of

the property near the numerous creeks and rivers in this country, while the main roads always run along the ridges. Sometimes from the ridge down to the river will be a mile or more. But there they were, Alfredo, Ruben's father, his wife and the younger sister, Raquel.

Stepping from the car we exchanged the formal greetings in the polite Brazilian way. Good-afternoon, how are you? How is your wife? How are all the children? Fine, and you, sir, how is your wife, and the children? etc. With this over, I noticed the absence of Rubens and so asked about him, and if he was still in the field.

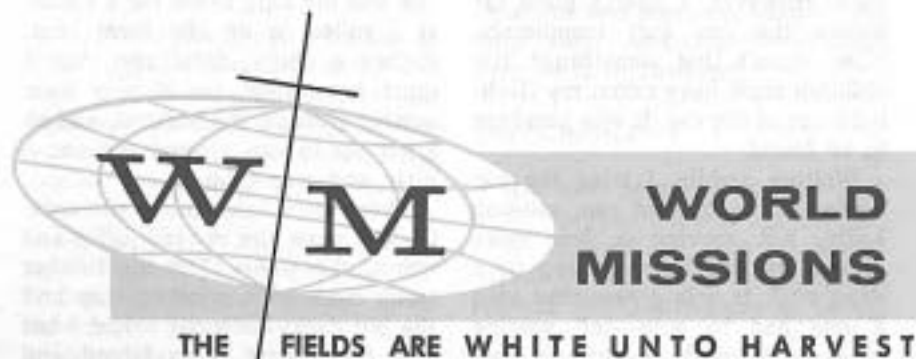
"No," they said, "he is in the house, sick, with much pain."

"What is it?"

"It is his arm," his father replied. "He has a bad bolinho (boil) on it."

We went into his room in the small brick house with a hard-packed mud floor. There in a dark room, for it was now beginning to get dark, I exchanged the customary greetings with Rubens, asked him about his army status, and then about his arm. He held out his left forearm, around which was a rolled rag which contained a few herbs as dressing and which they believe have drawing and curative qualities.

"How long have you been suffering with this?"



"A few days now, Pastor, but for two days I've been in bed with pain and swelling. It really hurts."

As I looked over the boil, or probably a combination of them, being a carbuncle, it seemed that they were ready to come out, so I asked, "Do you want me to open it up?"

Rubens replied, "I've been trying to get Dad to do that all day, but he can't stand to touch it."

Knowing their reluctance to go far off for medical help and their continuous home efforts to cure things with herbs I felt we could go that one better, so I asked his mother if she had "lysol" on hand. They usually have since they treat livestock with it. She said she did, and also that her chicken supper was now on the table. Rubens was brought a pan of hot water into which I poured a little lysol, and instructed him to soak his arm good for a half hour while we were eating.

Shortly after enjoying the good chicken supper accompanied by the traditional rice and beans with plenty of coffee, we went back to the unpleasant task of Ruben's arm. But in a short time this also was over. The hot packs had done much good, a quick opening was made and good drainage obtained and instructions left to continue hot soaking for another hour, then bandage with a clean rag and some salve they had on hand. We had devotions together, sang some hymns and I was on my way.

As I pulled up the long steep lane between the coffee trees I noticed a real lack of power, but I finally made it up on to the main road. However, I hadn't gone far before the car quit completely. Now, wasn't that something? The children must have taken my flashlight out of the car. It was nowhere to be found.

Waiting awhile, I tried the car again. It caught and ran, missing badly, but moving a few more kilometers and then coming to a dead stop. It was a beautiful spot if one had to stop—tall waving pines mixed with eucalyptus trees that sang in the strong breeze of

that dark night. No moon, only brilliant stars overhead. Nothing to do but wait. I did have one consolation—a long rope in the car which a passing truck or jeep could use to tow me.

Finally, lights appeared on the road, I blinked mine and the car stopped. It was a young Japanese farmer returning from a party at a relative's home, he said. His elderly parents were in the jeep with him, going in the wrong direction to tow me, but he had a trouble light and some tools, so we looked over the motor.

We tried various things—fuel pump working, gas line clear, good spark, but what's this in the distributor? No, is it possible? One of the points is just about broken off. So here's the reason for the motor missing so badly. We lined it up a little, I thanked them, and they were on their way.

My car also now started and I continued down the road to where I could turn off to Maringa or Campo Mourao. I chose to return to Maringa as it was only about 20 miles away now, but I didn't get very far. Now about one a.m. the car gave its last explosion and I coasted to a stop. No need to wonder anymore. I knew I'd be there until someone towed me in, for you can't drive without points.

Might as well get some sleep. No trouble from passing cars. Hardly a soul would be on the road at that time of night. There was one problem. It was clear, cold and blowing now, not really very cold for a Minnesotan, but rather chilly for sleeping. Ah, but remember the towel. With my briefcase for a pillow and my long towel for a blanket I rolled in on the front seat. Rather a chilly, fitful rest, but I must have slept for it was soon getting pink on the horizon, and so I got up to run around the car a little and warm up.

There were lights in the distance. Good, I gave him my tail lights and waved the towel. The big lumber truck came to a grinding stop and the big darky motorist asked what was the matter. I explained and asked if he could tow me to Marin-

ga. "I have a long tow rope in the car," I added.

"Okay," he replied. "I'm empty and you look pretty light, but hurry up. I've got to be loaded early or I'll miss my place in the line and wait all day," he said.

My Kombi-wagon (as we call them) is light, and brother, he was in no more of a hurry than I was. So in no time we made fast and cast off. Early in the morning the dew makes the dust heavier, so I did manage to see pretty well as I rolled along behind the big truck. In about half an hour we were in Maringa. Nothing open yet. My big colored friend wouldn't take any money for his help, just a handshake, a goodbye, a passing friend of the road.

In Maringa I had time for breakfast before a garage opened. It took them only a short time to put in a new set of points, time the motor, and get me on my way. It was noon when I finally pulled into our back yard in Campo Mourao, hearing the multiple yelling: "Daddy's home...Daddy's home," getting my wife's kiss, and that familiar question: "Well, what happened to you?"

"Oh, nothing much; stopped in to see Rubens, and then had a little car trouble, but your towel sure came in handy. Say, what have you got for dinner?"

Shortly after this experience we received a letter from Rubens. His arm healed up quickly and he is now serving his year in the army and would like to have our continued prayers for his future.

BIBLE CONFERENCE HOUSING

Persons attending the Winter Bible Conference in McIntosh, Minn., Feb. 8-11, and wishing commercial housing may contact either Win-E-Mac Motel in Erskine or Daisy Motel in Fosston.

Information concerning housing in private homes will be given in the next issue of the *Ambassador*.



HELL

Pastor A. L. Hokonson
Faith, S. Dak.

Luke 16:19-31

Hell is more than an experience. Hell is. Hell is real. It is mentioned in Scripture (Acts 2:27; II Pet. 2:4, and many others) and is verified by the Lord Jesus (Luke 16:19-31; Matt. 22:29; Matt. 16:18, etc.). Hell is mentioned as an alternative, that is, you do have a choice (Matt. 11:23; 10:28). God sends no one to hell. When one arrives there, it is of his own volition (Mark 9:43). It has been made a choice, either deliberately or in mental and heart evasions (Mark 9:47; 10:22).

Sin is the corridor to hell and many are thronging its wide thoroughfare (Matt. 7:13). This corridor has a distinctive appeal because in this life the corridor of sin is mingled with the spiritual blessings through the presence of the working of the Holy Spirit in the lives of Christians and so is a loop-hole of environment that assuages the awfulness of sin's result so that temporary withdrawal of that effect is accomplished (Matt. 7:21-22). Such, however, will not be the case with the soul in hell. Then all restraints are gone and the full impact of the corridor of sin is unleashed in the hellish fury of unrestrained devilry (Matt. 25:41). The world will have a taste of this after the rapture of the Church and the Holy Spirit has withdrawn from the world.

We see degrees of this today in

the hardening of a sinner in this world. Some have regressed deeper than others. This is manifested in the cruel, brutal killer-type individual in our crime-laden society today. He lives in a Satanic sphere in which the Holy Spirit's presence has been so successfully outlawed through self-indoctrination of Satanic impulses (Rom. 1:21-32).

And this result is the same with the case of worldly-minded church members who live and bask in the Spirit-Light of Christians, never coming to a full-throated decision for Christ, but contentedly in self-delusion enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season and in aspect-mindedness of the blessings of the church's influence.

What an awful diabolical frame of mind to be continually nurturing! And doing it in self-deception! What an awakening awaits them! The Lord says, "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon" (Matt. 6:24). And to think these will partake of hell as well as those who, as the Word says, will inhabit the lowest hell (Deut. 32:22; Ps. 86:13). It is a shuddering thought.

When the Lord spoke to me the other night that I should record an article on Hell, I pleaded, "Lord, I don't know what to write." Then He gave me a picture of what hell is and I began to look up verifying Bible verses. It is a most terrifying experience. Almost beyond human

comprehension for the mind and pen.

Hell is unstable (Jude 6-13). It has no foundations. Think of living in a region with no foundations! It is as though you find yourself attempting to walk on the top ends of bricks placed end to end without any end and without any ending and in unbelievable depth, some six abreast with depths of darkness unfathomable about you. And somehow with breath-taking fear you struggle on top of those wiggling, wavering bricks with no supporting hands or help. And the effort is endless and continues on endlessly. How awful! It is beyond description. That is HELL (Jer. 23:12; Isa. 30:13; Jer. 13:16; Prov. 23:34). And this is hell's eternity. How long is hell? You can add as many I's to the word as you wish, so as to encircle the whole world and it is still HELL. That is the hell that is reserved for the UNFORGIVEN SINNER, for the one who rejects Christ.

Back to the picture again. You pause suddenly and you think it is a relief. How thankful! But then you are driven on endlessly. Hell, and YOU made the choice!

You recall Luke 16:19-31, how Jesus pictures the rich man in hell pleading to Lazarus. Notice the rich man has no name in Scripture. It could be you. How rich we are in the blessings of this day and in this world! You are nameless in hell. Just an eternal suffering human being.

Amnesia is a terrible affliction. Suddenly to lose all sense of your

identity and find yourself among strangers. And you can tell no one who you are. What an awful experience! You have lost your foundation as to identity. It is heart and nerve-wracking. And this can be an experience in this life.

Then think of what the experience of HELL must be! No name, no loved ones, no foundation. Just hell (Rom. 9:22). It makes one tremble. The rich man wanted help, but there was a great gulf fixed between him and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. No matter how he cried, the gulf was fixed. It is impossible to chronicle such suffering. And the rich man knew and could see the blessings of heaven and yet the great gulf was fixed. It wasn't for him. *Could this be you? What added hell!*

The other night as I turned on the television set to hear the news, I found I was a little early and instead there was a picture of teen-agers wiggling in a dance. What a corridor of sin and a foretaste of hell! (Rom. 1:24). In hell, your wiggling dance will never stop. In hell, these things of the flesh and of the world you will practice forever, without let-up. Here in this world you benefit because of the Holy Spirit's intercession, because of the presence of the Christians. But in hell, with no restraints, your wiggling will go on endlessly. The dance will never end. And how you will want to stop! But this is what you loved while in the world and would not heed the call of the Holy Spirit to come to Jesus with your sins (Rom. 1:28). You can continue on in your sin-mad lust, even though the Holy Spirit is pleading with you to come to Him. It is the presence of the Holy Spirit in Christ's Church today that keeps Satan from exercising his full power over sinners in the corridors of sin (II Kings 19:28). But you are playing with hell.

You can dance for hours here, and then go home and rest and then come back and continue again. But in hell there is no REST. That which you loved so unreservedly in the world will be your diet in hell forever. Your tired limbs and body

will wiggle in the eternity of hell forever. And like the rich man, you will plead for rest and you will never get it. The same is true of all other sins in the devil's category—adultery, drunkenness, lying, cursing, etc. What suffering, with no respite! And this could be YOU. Your choice is made here and not after your death.

The Word of God today is warning enough. This is brought out by Jesus in His account of the rich man and Lazarus. If people will not listen to Moses and the law, they will not heed if one come from the realms of the dead to warn them.

Dear church members and people of the world: Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Hell is a real place and has human inhabitants who are slaves to Satan. It could be you. The next time you are tempted to go to a dance or indulge in some Satanic high-life, it could be unending for you. For Christ could

come in that hour and where would you be? You could wake up in hell and all your pleading to your Lazarus friends would be in vain.

Jesus is the answer. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved (Acts 2:21).

Oh, To Be Ready

(Tune: "Softly and Tenderly, Jesus Is Calling")

Oh, to be ready,
Yes, ready,
Yes, ready,
Just to be ready for Him.
Just to know Him and hear
His: "Well Done."
Just to be ready for Him.
Yes, I am ready
Yes, ready,
Yes, ready,
I am now ready for Him.
'Tis good to know Him and hear
His "Well done."
Ready for heaven and Him,
(A. L. Hokanson)

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CONGREGATIONS

Very soon our congregations will begin to receive information from our office relative to renewing the subscriptions for *The Lutheran Ambassador*. We hope that you will follow the instructions given at that time. If instructions are followed we can spare each other a lot of trouble. Please remember that there are reasons (believe it or not) for asking you to do things in a certain way. Deviations from our requests can only create problems.

We are glad to announce that we are better prepared now to handle the subscription details than we've probably ever been before.

May we also suggest these points:

1. Try to be as prompt as you can in doing your part.
2. Naturally, we wish to keep as many subscribers as we can (and gain new ones). Let your ladies aid or church consider paying for those financially unable to do so. Better yet, why not have the congregation or aid pay for all subscriptions?
3. Are there rest homes, clinics, and hospitals near you where your group could place the *Ambassador*? What about your state institutions? They can be placed on your congregational list.
4. We'd like to have our subscription price lower (than \$2.50), but any reduction to the subscriber would just have to come out of the regular church budget. The subscription price only begins to pay the actual cost of producing your *Ambassador*. Pay it cheerfully.

We appreciate anything you can do to publicize *The Lutheran Ambassador* and to get new subscribers.

The Business Office

A Statement on the Sacrament of the Altar

II Tim. 2:14 "Of these things put them in remembrance, charging them before the Lord that they strive not about words to no profit, but to the subverting of the hearers."

Since there has been unrest among some of the Seminary students over various views and interpretations concerning the Lord's Supper, we herewith set forth the following statements as a consensus of pastors and lay people in attendance at the workshop in Fargo, N. Dak., Jan. 3 and 4, 1968.

- I. We accept unreservedly the Confessional Lutheran Writings as a correct exposition of the Word of God relating to the Lord's Supper.
- II. Inasmuch as questions have arisen in our Seminary as to whether there is forgiveness of sins in the Sacrament of the Altar, we quote from the following Lutheran Symbols:
 1. Augsburg Confession, Art. 10.
"Scripture also teaches that we are justified before God through *faith* in Christ when we believe that our sins are forgiven for Christ's sake. Now if the Mass take away the sins of the living and the dead by the outward act, justification comes of the work of Masses, and not the faith, which Scripture does not allow. ("which is not according to Scripture."—Explanation)
 2. Apology of Augsburg Confession, Art. 13, Chapter 7.
"In the use of the Sacraments, faith ought to be added, which should believe these promises, and receive the promised things which are there offered in the Sacraments. And the reason is plain and thoroughly grounded. The promise is useless unless it is received by faith." (see also Art. 24 on the Mass, page 262—*Book of Concord* by Tappert)
 3. Luther's Large Catechism, Paragraph 252:
"However that which is given in and with the Sacrament cannot be grasped nor appropriated by our body. It is accomplished by faith in the heart which discerns this treasure and desires it."
 4. Luther's Small Catechism:
What benefits are derived from such eating and drinking? "They are pointed out in these words, 'given and shed for you for the remission of sins.' "Namely through these words, the remission of sins, life and salvation are granted unto us in the Sacrament. For he who does not believe these words, or who doubts, is unworthy and unfit; for the words: 'For you,' require truly believing hearts."
- III. As to the Elements in the Lord's Supper (*Christian Theology* by Valentine, Vol. II, page 336)
"With respect to the wine, the Scriptures make no specification as to any particular state or quality of it, simply designating it as 'The fruit of the vine.' The question whether it be fermented or unfermented is not vital. The fact determining this is that in the Biblical use, the fresh or only slightly fermented juice of the grape is truly "wine" as well as the fermented.

Therefore, we believe that in the Lord's Supper, the truly penitent believing heart receives the body and the blood of Christ unto the remission of sins and that "he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself" (I Cor. 11:29). We also believe the use of grape juice in the Lord's Supper is Scripturally correct.

Committee:

Karl Stendal Clifford Johnson
Julius Hermunslie Arvid Hokonson

NEWS of the Churches

LAST SERVICES HELD NOVEMBER 19 AT WHITEHORN

Members of the Point Whitehorn community, just south of Birch Bay, are aware of the fact that they live in a world of change, according to the Rev. Richard Snipstead. He has been pastor of the Golgotha Lutheran Church which held its last services yesterday.

Industrial expansion is moving many residents from life-long homes, the pastor said, and is also taking the church which has stood on the corner of Aldergrove and Jackson roads since 1918. The land



CHURCH CLOSES DOORS—The Rev. Richard Snipstead greets Mrs. Louis Melseth after Sunday services at Golgotha Lutheran Church, in the Point Whitehorn community. Mrs. Melseth, who was 90 years old last April, is one of the original members of the 60-year-old church. Sunday's services were the last to be held in the church, since the land it is on has been purchased as an industrial site by Glacier Park Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Church members will join a Ferndale congregation.—Herald photo

has been purchased by Glacier Park Company of Minneapolis, a subsidiary of Great Northern Railway.

In Home First

The first services of the congregation were held in the Emil Hawkinson home when pioneers first moved into the community, according to Mr. Snipstead. Hawkinson is now a resident of a rest home in Lynden. At the time, roads in the community were little more than trails through tall timber, and travel was mostly by foot.

The Rev. T. J. Moen of Bellingham was the first minister called to serve the new congregation. He conducted his first service Aug 1, 1908. His sermon text was Genesis 18: 1-5, the same text used by Pastor Snipstead at the last morning service yesterday. Mr. Moen came by train to Custer, and often walked the remainder of the distance to the Whitehorn community for services.

When a school was built in the area in 1909, this became the meeting place until the church was built.

Visitors There

Members of the First Lutheran Church of Ferndale joined with members of the Golgotha congregation for morning services yesterday, and also for a noon luncheon. The concluding service was at 2 p.m. Since the congregation was nearing its 60th birthday, a history of the church was read.

Messages were brought by the Rev. R. Rieth of Kirkland, and the

Rev. F. Monseth of Everett. A greeting was read from the president of the church, the Rev. John Strand of Minneapolis.

Mrs. Louis Melseth, an active church member who was one of the original pioneers in the community, was present for the services.

Members of Golgotha Church meet today with the Ferndale congregation to consider the merging of the two congregations and the building of a new church.

—Gwen Toedter,
the Bellingham Herald

The names of all the pastors who have served the congregation are as follows:

Rev. T. J. Moen—1908-1911
Rev. J. L. Bestul—1912-1917
Rev. C. Mohn—1918-1930
Rev. J. Hjelmeland—1930-1943
Rev. C. J. Nestvold—1943-1948
Rev. S. Rue—1948-1954
Rev. E. P. Dreyer—1955-1964
Rev. R. Snipstead—1964-1967

Others who served interim periods include Rev. Norman Nelson for six months in 1943, Mr. Bob Lee during the summer of 1964 and Mr. Leroy Njaa in the fall of 1964.

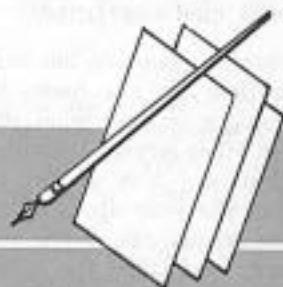
NOTICE

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Should you continue to miss copies of the *Ambassador*, write and ask that an inquiry be made as to the reason.

Address all inquiries and requests regarding subscriptions and mailing to:

The Lutheran Ambassador
3110 E. Medicine Lake Blvd.
Minneapolis, Minn. 55427



EDITORIALS

AN EFFORT TOWARD RENEWAL

As the new year begins we would like to set forth two suggestions for renewal to Association congregations and invite any other Lutheran congregations to do the same, if they would be so inclined.

It should be evident to all that the times are out of joint and that this situation exists also in the churches. Some critics of the church, both constructive and destructive, have suggested that she must break out of the icons of church buildings, for instance, to escape the traditionalism that is stifling her life.

This is a preposterous idea, while we hasten to add that this in no way takes away our own love of the cottage-type meetings which we do, in fact, use in our own parish. Nor does it remove our conviction that so many congregations go overboard in erecting more lavish buildings than necessary. But that the congregation should have a center for worship and activity, this we stoutly maintain. It is not an essential to the existence of the congregation, but it far outweighs all disadvantages.

However, to get back to our original purpose in this editorial, what we propose here for a step toward renewal is much simpler. It is this, that our congregations and, hopefully others, would in 1968 and following seek to emphasize the days of Pentecost and Thanksgiving.

It does not seem right that Pentecost, third major festival of the church year, is passed over so lightly unless a confirmation service is attached to it and then that aspect of the day is remembered more than the former. But here is a day on which we can commemorate the founding of the Christian church and recognize the Holy Spirit's continuing presence, free from the commercialization of Christmas and Easter. In some special emphasis locally the congregation could testify to the world that her life and work are not of men but of God.

As to Thanksgiving, isn't it really a shame on the churches that often only a token assembly of people can be gathered on a day of national thanksgiving to

God? What sort of testimony is that to the world? Many church people bewail the secularization of our society and the Supreme Court attitude toward religion in the schools. And then only a small fraction of church membership can be gathered for a service of national thanksgiving to the lordship of God. It isn't right. On the other hand, what a testimony it would be to the world if even only Association churches were filled to overflowing on Thanksgiving Day.

What have these to do with renewal? Isn't that a matter of the heart? And so it is. But we still think that giving these two days added, rightful emphasis, could do much for individual lives, congregational fellowship and impact on a terribly secularized society round about.

Will anyone take up the challenge or do you think that things are just fine the way they are, thank you?

THE NEW IS BUILT UPON THE OLD

The close of an old year is a natural occasion to take stock. We like to do this in regard to the Association of Free Lutheran Congregations. Follow with us as we assess the activities of the year 1967 for it is on that record that the work of 1968 must be built.

Most notable achievement of the year was the graduation of the first class of Free Lutheran Seminary and the subsequent ordinations. As a result the pastoral shortage was eased a great deal, although it still exists. Through the services of retired pastors and lay pastors every parish is receiving pastoral service. The next seminary class will further alleviate the pastoral situation and begin to free some men for new mission work and specialized ministries.

Second in importance of the events of 1967 was the decision to build a girls' dormitory at the Bible school in Minneapolis. That decision has been blunted somewhat by the difficulty which has been encountered by the Board of Trustees and the Co-ordinating Committee in securing a loan. Through One Grand Fellowship and the Praise Program approximately \$75,000 has been raised in cash or pledges and no church-wide drive for congregational offerings has been conducted, but with tight money policies the boards are presently stymied. If a loan cannot be secured by the end of February, in all likelihood the new building will not be ready for use when school opens next fall. This would be a real handicap to the progress of the school. Perhaps this matter is one which will be solved only through prayer.

The more than doubling of the Bible School enrollment is a third fact worthy of notice in the past year. The school could one day serve a large number of students both from within and without the Association. Our young people continue to be a source of great inspiration to us. As the Bible school choir moves out into the congregations in the spring it will

build interest in the institution a great deal, as well as provide much inspiration and blessing.

Faculty at both the Seminary and Bible School continues to be a problem. A man has been called as dean of the Bible school and should he accept, a void which has existed from the beginning will be filled. In the same way, a positive answer from a man called for the faculty of both schools would aid in solving a real problem. But both responses are as yet unknown. Faculty needs would not be solved, however. An unexpected vacancy occurred in the faculty when Rev. David F. Moke resigned shortly before Christmas.

In world missions there are needs, too. Pastor John Abel has been left alone on the young, growing Brazil field due to the emergency furlough required by the Alvin Grothe family for health reasons. The Abels are due for a furlough themselves at the time someone would be available to replace them, much less supplement them. What proposals the Mission Board can come up with to cope with this problem, we do not know. Naturally, a quite-soon return by the Grothes would ease the situation a great deal, but it is much too early to know how that will work out.

One thing is certain. As a fellowship we must pray that those whom the Lord calls both to the ministry at home and to world missions will heed that call. We do not want men who are not God-called and neither do we wish to see men with such a call waste themselves in other fields.

ANALYSIS CONTINUED

Next we move to the area of home missions. The old year saw real progress made in the mission at Kirkland, Wash. New areas are opening up in other places on the West Coast. But all this is just a beginning. We will have to do so much more soon, for two reasons: for the sake of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ (there is a nation to win) and for the strengthening of the fellowship (broadening the base of all our work).

It is getting to be an old saw now, but we repeat our dream that in the not too distant future the Association can enter into non-self-supporting missions among the poor, disenchanting and minority groups. Our young people are going to be looking for these avenues of service and it would be a shame if they must all be exported to others.

As the year ended there were indications of theological ferment in the Association. Should the church move away from the middle-of-the road position to a more "Missourian" attitude? The tension is a natural one in a day of theological excesses and even anarchy. The problem boils down to one that has bothered this writer no little. At what point does one cease to be

a "brother," or become one? What differences are allowable within the Lutheran family of faith?

The Association must constantly examine her reason for being. What contribution can she make to the life of the world? Is she unique or does what she stand for exist already in some other larger or smaller Lutheran body? These questions are ones worthy of discussion and consideration in the year upon which we have entered, and please let us not begin the introspection by saying: "Lord, here stand the righteous and there, Lord, the evil ones." But really ask the questions that need to be asked about purpose and being.

And now we must move on to conclude this appraisal of our church life. There were stirrings within the fellowship last year that more should be done about producing our own Sunday school materials. The point was well taken. The Board of Publications and Parish Education is taking steps to speed the day when such will be available. Certainly there is a great need. But it is a big task and the best that can be done is that haste will be made slowly.

And what of confirmation materials? Generally our people are satisfied with a two-year course of instruction when some other churches are turning to a three-year program. But there is the hope that some day additional materials will be available.

A very fine Luther League convention was held last summer. Its greatness did not lie in organization. Frankly, there were problems and obstacles. But it lay in this that God's Spirit worked in youthful hearts. This was a great boon to the church at large.

The Women's Missionary Federation has carried on as a real aid to the work at large. Financially, it moves on from one achieved goal to another.

And the Association herself has done well financially. Some large bequests and gifts have begun to come. More importantly, the congregations and individuals have continued to meet the challenge of increased budgets. The present fiscal year should end on an optimistic note. For the second straight year the Association will have gone over the \$100,000 mark in contributions. This is a cause of real thanksgiving to God.

It is an indication that many people share a faith in the Association, as do we. There are problems. They have not all been solved. There are hurdles not yet overcome. Too many have too much to do. More hands lightening the load will make for better service and a wider coming of God's kingdom.

The task is ours. God lays it upon us. With the command He gives the grace and strength needed. 1968 can be the greatest year ever if we are faithful and obedient. God help us to make it so.

(The editorials were written before news of Mrs. Grothe's death was received.—Ed.)

Comment

We note that God had more commands or laws for Noah than He did for Adam. This also can be contributed to sin. The deeper man went into sin the more law he needed to point out what sin was to man. Later on God gave man still more laws or rules to live by.

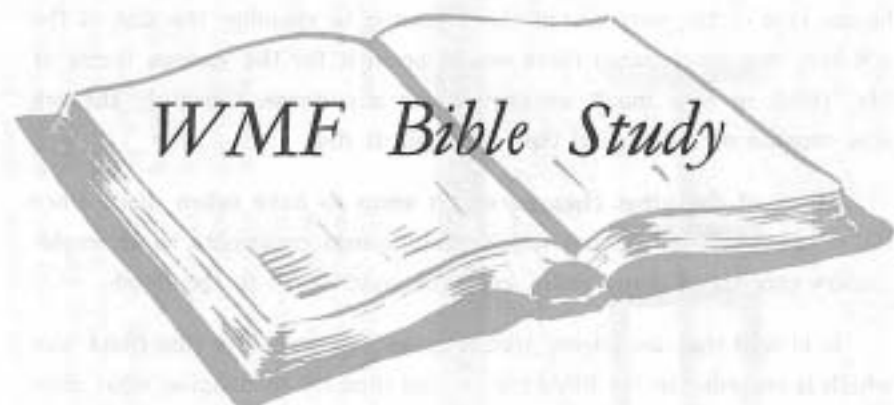
It is the same with children in the home. When they begin to do those things that are displeasing to parents, then Mom and Dad begin to make and enforce certain rules and regulations for their children.

Conclusion

We come into a new era now after the flood. (See time chart two.) The life span of man is much shorter now. The generations are also shorter. Ten generations before the flood took 1656 years. Ten generations after the flood took only 292 years. One might wonder what the reason for this is. Could sin be the reason? Sin began with the single disobedient act of eating some forbidden fruit. This is all. And even though this seemingly small sin ushered suffering and death into the world, yet it took about 900 years for death to catch up with man. But by the time of the flood and after the flood sin had truly spread like cancer and had done a most devastating work, thus bringing death to man at a much earlier age.

One might ask what life would be like on our earth today if man (who has become so all-wise in the ways of sin) was allowed to live to be 900 years old? What would happen to the little godliness that still exists in this world? When we think of this, is there any wonder that God had to send a flood?

The next lesson will be on Abraham who was born 1948 years after Adam, or 292 years after the flood.



February, 1968

LESSON TWO

Introduction

The lesson today is taken from the Bible account of the flood. The flood took place between the first and second major periods in the Old Testament time. It is now 1656 years later than the time of creation. (See time chart one.)

Sin had definitely made its mark upon the world—so much so that God was compelled to send a judgment in which almost all of life on

the earth was destroyed. Only Noah and his family and the other forms of life that were in the ark remained alive.

The account of the flood is also one of the portions of Scripture which is greatly attacked by the critics today. Some would say the ark could not possibly have been big enough to house all that it was supposed to house. One of the purposes of this lesson is to visualize the size of the ark and how much room there would be in it for the various forms of life. Think of how much we crowd into a suitcase. Certainly the ark was capable of holding all that God said it did.

Many of the great changes which seem to have taken place since the world was created, and which evolutionists contribute to an evolutionary process of many years, could be contributed to the flood.

It is well that we let our minds grasp how immense this flood was which is recorded in the Bible for us, and then try to imagine what after effects such a food would have on this earth. They tell us that one can hardly imagine what an effect a mere river which overflows its banks and floods homes has on a home until we see it. The mud, silt, and ruin caused by rushing water that follows a flood is almost unimaginable. Try to think what it would be like if the whole world was covered with water higher than the highest mountain. A good book to read on this subject is *The Flood* by Alfred M. Rehwinkel.

The Flood (Gen. 6-9)

1. In Genesis 6:1-4 what was the disappointment that God found in man?
2. What kind of thoughts were men thinking at this time?
3. How long, high and wide (in feet) was the ark? (one cubit equals 19 inches.)

4. How many stories in the ark? How many doors?
5. How old was Noah when the flood came?
6. How many days' warning did Noah and his family have that a flood was coming before entering the ark? (Gen. 7:4).
7. Assuming that Noah was born on January 1, on what day and what month did it begin to rain and flood? (Gen. 7:11-13).
On what day and month did Noah and his family enter the ark?
8. Where did the flood come from according to Genesis 7:11?
9. How long did it rain?
10. How many feet above the highest mountain did the water rise?
11. On what day, month and place did the ark, come to rest? (Assuming Noah was born on January 1, Gen. 8:4).
How long were they in the ark before it came to rest? (Gen. 7:24; 8:3-5).
12. On what day and month did other mountain tops (other than Ararat) begin to show above the water? (Gen. 8:5).
13. How many times did Noah send out a dove?
What did the dove do each time?
14. On what day and month was the earth dry again? (Gen. 8:13)
15. On what day and month did Noah and his family leave the ark? (Gen. 8:14-16)
16. How long had they been in the ark?
17. What was one of the first things that Noah did when he came out of the ark?
18. What did God say about man's heart in Gen. 8:21?
19. Compare Gen. 9:1-7 with Gen. 1:27-30 and Gen. 2:15-17. Can you see any similarity in the command that God gave after the flood and the commands God gave Adam after creation?
20. Point out the commands which God gave in each case?

MY TRIP TO NORWAY AND OTHER EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

Raynard Huglen

Part VIII

Across Germany

Before leaving Amersfoort, Holland, for Copenhagen, I ate a breakfast of orange juice, a rusk, a thin slice of very dark and very coarse bread, a piece of cake bread, cheese, marmalade and coffee at a hotel across from the depot.

At the station I was sent to platform No. 1. Since the platform was practically deserted and train time was approaching, I made further inquiry and was directed to No. 4. To get there required going down a flight of stairs and walking up another to come to an area only thirty feet from where I had been. (Railroad tracks are below platform level in order that passengers may alight at platform level.) Arriving at No. 4, an attendant was ready to send me back to No. 1 to catch the train to Copenhagen, but I pleaded that there would hardly be time to retrace my steps before the train was due to leave. After looking at my timetable, the agent discovered that my train was already standing at platform 5, which, happily, was nearby. All is well that ends well.

The weather was most pleasant as we journeyed from Holland into West Germany. I shared a compartment most of the way with a couple from Cordoba, Argentina. The man spoke Spanish, but his wife, of French and English parentage, spoke English fluently. They, as I, were making their first trip to Europe.

The Germany I saw was almost entirely flat. It was strictly farming country and much of it reminded me of northwestern Minnesota. Two cities of size which we travelled through were Osnabruck and Hamburg.

At Puttgarden several passenger cars of the train were loaded on the ferry "Theodor Heuss" for the ride across the Fehmarn Belt to Denmark. It was interesting to see how both Germany and Denmark at these points are almost at sea level.



Elsinore at Helsingør, Denmark. Scene of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

Copenhagen

The "Theodor Heuss" docked at Rødby on Lolland, Denmark. The train proceeded on to Falster and Sjælland Islands, arriving at the Copenhagen station at 9 o'clock. A subway brought me to the suburb of Skovlunde where I was to be a house guest of relatives of parishioners from Hope Church, Sisseton, S. Dak. As the taxi pulled up to the house, the driver and I noted it was dark.

A neighbor across the street,

learning of my plight, invited me to wait at his home for the Berthelsens who, he said, sometimes return quite late. The neighbor, an engineer, spoke English well and had, in fact, been in California with his family on a visit earlier in the year. Being unusually tired, it was difficult to see 11 and 12 o'clock come with no sign of the return of my hosts-to-be. Finally, near 1 o'clock, the neighbor invited me to spend the night at his place and I did not hesitate to accept. The next morning, upon meeting the Berthelsens I learned that they had not yet received my latest communication and were expecting me that day.

These people, too, were gracious and hospitable hosts. Evidence that I was not the first American to be a guest in their home came also from noting in their guest book the names of a district president of the American Lutheran Church and the pastor-husband of a cousin of mine in Iowa.

Unfortunately, I found it very difficult to understand spoken Danish, particularly as spoken by Mr. Berthelsen. When I could, I anticipated what the good man was saying, but much of it had to go in one ear and out the other.

Rather than show me Copenhagen, my hosts took me for a drive into the country where we saw among other things Fredensborg Castle, summer home of the king, Danish woodlands and Elsinore Castle, setting for Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. We stopped for coffee at a country restaurant with a thatched roof. Such roofs, I was told, will last for 30 years, so we need not feel sorry for people who have them. And there were many such roofs in Denmark.

The "Christus"

The next morning on the way to the railroad station, the Berthelsens stopped at the cathedral church in Copenhagen in order that I could see Thorwaldsen's famed "Christus." You have all seen pictures of it or replicas. For instance, Zoar Lutheran Church in Hatton,

N. Dak., which I once served, has the statue on its altar. It is the all-white statue of Christ with arms extended in invitation. I knelt at the altar rail in the Domkirke, the better to look into the face of the sculptured Christ. How easily one could imagine the Savior uttering the words, "Come to me, all who labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Sweden

At Halsingør we boarded a ferry for the ride across the Kattegat to Halsingborg, Sweden. At that point I went on a train which would take me to Oslo, Norway, by way of Halmstad, Varberg and Goteborg in Sweden and Frederikstad, Sarpsborg and Moss in Norway.

My trip notes state that "the Swedish countryside is lovely. Again I was often reminded of northern Minnesota." To my own personal loss, I could not explore this sister country of Norway. What I saw lacked the rugged mountain beauty of the land of my forefathers, but Sweden certainly exhibited a charm and delight even to one only passing through.

A Scare in Oslo

The railroad depot in Oslo looked smaller than many I had been in, but a new one is being built which will provide Norway's capital with the finest of rail terminal facilities. But whatever, it was in the Oslo depot that I had my greatest scare.

Setting my two pieces of luggage down, I set out to get some change for a phone call and then made that call to a cousin of my mother living in the city. Stepping from the phone booth some time later, I looked over to where my luggage had stood. It was nowhere to be seen. Momentary panic seized me as I thought of my money, passport, camera and priceless films, extra clothing, trip mementoes. Were they all gone?

Spotting a station attendant nearby, I told him what had happened. "How many pieces did you have?"

"Two," I replied.

"Well," he answered, "you are in luck. I have brought them over to the information office for safe keeping and you may claim them there."

When I called for them I was willing to accept the short lecture of the officer there about the great risk of leaving baggage unattended, as I realized how much worse things could have been and how I had taken great liberties in other railroad stations on my trip.

Oslo

In Oslo I was the house guest of mother's cousin, Dr. Sveinsson, a bio-chemist at Ullevaal Hospital. He and his family, and his mother, spent a year in the United States in 1950-51 and so I had seen them before. He and his wife spent about two years in Korea at a hospital established by the Norwegian government and during that time became acquainted with the A. B. Batalden who were in that country in behalf of Lutheran World Relief. The Sveinssons had a Korean girl in their home in Oslo who was learning the Norwegian language better in preparation for a nursing career. Mr. Batalden, by the way, was at one time head of the Messenger Press of the Lutheran Free Church. Mrs. Batalden is a daughter of Mr. Paul Bjornstad of Duluth, Minn., and a sister of Mrs. J. C. Eletson, also of Duluth.

Outside of a brief trip back to Moss to visit a cousin, the next two and one-half days were spent in Oslo. There was a visit to the Folk Museum on Bigdøy. Near there one may see the ship "Fram," used by Fridtjof Nansen and Roald Amundsen in their polar explorations at the turn of the century. Another building houses "Kon-Tiki," the raft-like craft sailed by Thor Heyerdahl and his companions to the Easter Islands.

One afternoon I called at the American Lutheran Church. It is a congregation begun by Dr. Oscar C. Hanson for English-speaking people who are in the city. While there I met Prof. Egon Weiner of the Chicago Art Institute who was

just completing a statue of Christ for the exterior of the church. Mr. Weiner said that he had twice spoken at convocations at Augsburg College in Minneapolis and that seemed to ring a bell for me.

Other places of interest were Frognersteteren, high above the city, and Holmenkollen ski jump, from the roadway. Uptown were the King's palace and the Storting, or parliament building. The latter is situated immediately downtown and did not look particularly impressive. Outside the National Theater were statues of two of Norway's greatest literary figures, Henrik Ibsen and Bjornsterne Bjornson.

I stopped in at the headquarters of the Norwegian Innermission Society on Grensen in the hopes of seeing Rev. Gabriel Eikli whom I had met in Buxton, N. Dak., in 1963, but he wasn't in town. He is a son-in-law of the late Ludvig Hope.



The Editor stands by Hauge's grave in Gamle Aker churchyard, Oslo.

Hauge's Grave

After a pleasant but brief visit with Mother's 88-year-old aunt in her apartment (she is an earnest supporter of mission work), we were soon to set out for Hallingdal. Could I see the grave of Hans Nielsen Hauge first? Yes, this was possible. Dr. Svein drove me over to the Gamle Aker churchyard and there we found the simple tomb with its dark gray stone shaft rising above it.

[Continued on page 16]

The Lutheran Ambassador



WOMEN for Christ

"WHAT NOW, TEACHER?"

Eula Mae Swenson
Fargo, North Dakota

Readers of this page are acquainted with the multitude of questions a young child can ask. Often they are complex ones—filled with "whats" and "whys" with which we ourselves grapple. The children in my first grade room are no exception. The questions and subsequent behavior have provided a visual picture of our presence before the Master Teacher. To be acceptable He says we, too, must become childlike (but not childish!) (Matt. 18:3). What can we learn then from these six- and seven-year-olds?

For one thing, they come humble and helpless. There is much they have yet to learn and they know it: the closed books, the meaningless symbols representing words are a mystery to them. Bright eyes and faces filled with anticipation seem to call out: "Help me, teach me, teacher!" Isn't this the place where we must also begin in the school of living a Christian life? We are nothing apart from our Lord. We come before the Master Teacher with the cry, "Help me, Teacher." Job put it this way: "Teach me and I will be silent" (Job 6:24). The Psalmist pleaded, "Teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God" (Ps. 143:10).

Children need direction. The first grader meets a strange new world; he has his very own desk and he is responsible for his own belongings and actions. Daily he ponders and

asks, "Teacher, where...?" Sometimes the questions seem trivial, but for one who is new in the game of education they are important.

How often we as Christians have sensed our need also and called out, "Which way now, Teacher?"

Perhaps the choice involved a vocation, a marriage, a job, a change. The responsibility of the decisions is great and we dare not go further on our own inclination. How comforting, then, to be able to pray, "Teach me the way, Lord" (Ps. 27:11). "Make me to know thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths" (Ps. 25:4). Jesus Who is the way is waiting to direct us.

Children need guidance. Little ones finish even big tasks quickly. The endless question: "What can I do now?" is never satisfied. There is so much to be done, so many things that should be done better, but, "I'm all done. What can I do now?" How often does our patient Heavenly Father hear this from His children! We have worked at the task He gave us to do, but have we done our best? Have we completed His assignment before we ask for another? Perhaps the unanswered prayers for guidance into another task mean our Teacher is asking, "Have you finished your assignment?" But faithful workers have a promise: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go: I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee" (Ps. 32:8).

Children need discretion. With growth and maturity come choices and decisions. It's no longer what can I read, but which should I read;

not what can I do, but which should I do? And so the young student is soon asking, "Teacher, which is best?" How often we, too, must acknowledge our lack of spiritual discernment. We, too, come to our Father asking "which is best, which is most correct?" To these, the Throne of Grace is wide open with the promise, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God who gives to all men generously and without reproaching, and it will be given him" (James 1:5).

The Teacher is waiting. Have you sought His help, direction, guidance, and wisdom? The seeking will be heard and His answer demands our obedience. Then we are ready to say, "What next, Teacher?"

ANOTHER YEAR IS DAWNING

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee,
Another year in leaning,
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness,
In the shining of Thy face.
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier works above.
Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

—Frances Ridley Havergal

PERSONALITIES

The address of Rev. Albert Hautamaki, writer of "According to the Word" in *The Lutheran Ambassador*, is 907 Hungerford Avenue, Negaunee, Michigan, not Ishpeming.

my trip to Norway

[Continued from page 14]

How I could have wished for more time at that holy spot. Next to my own ancestral roots in Norway, Norway means Hans Nielsen Hauge. Hauge roused his country from deep spiritual slumber in the early 19th century. A layman, he literally spent years in prison for preaching the Word of God without ordination. Lutheran bodies particularly of Scandinavian origin owe so much to this man who had the fact demonstrated in his life that God is not bound to carry out His work through what or whom seems most reasonable to man. Often it is just the opposite.

And can one not pray that in our day of spiritual luke-warmness God will again raise up a Hauge, ordained or not, who will revive our beloved Lutheran Church so that the fires will burn brightly once more?

[To be continued]

TRIED BY FIRE

Yes, God, you know the pain that
in my body rages;
And how oft times the battle my
every power engages,
But the ministry of it has been tre-
mendous;
Calvary's pains for me now seem
stupendous.
You've given me a more childlike
faith
That will trust only in what Your
Word saith.
In times like this You are indeed
my anchor,
My all-knowing and soul-sustaining
Savior!
Thank You for sending what You
see is best.
Hallelujah! I have been greatly
blest!
Yes, God, Your messengers are
sweet—whether pain, grief or
sorrow.
They leave us more complete and
better vessels for tomorrow.
—Mrs. Alvin Holmstrom
Strandquist, Minnesota

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