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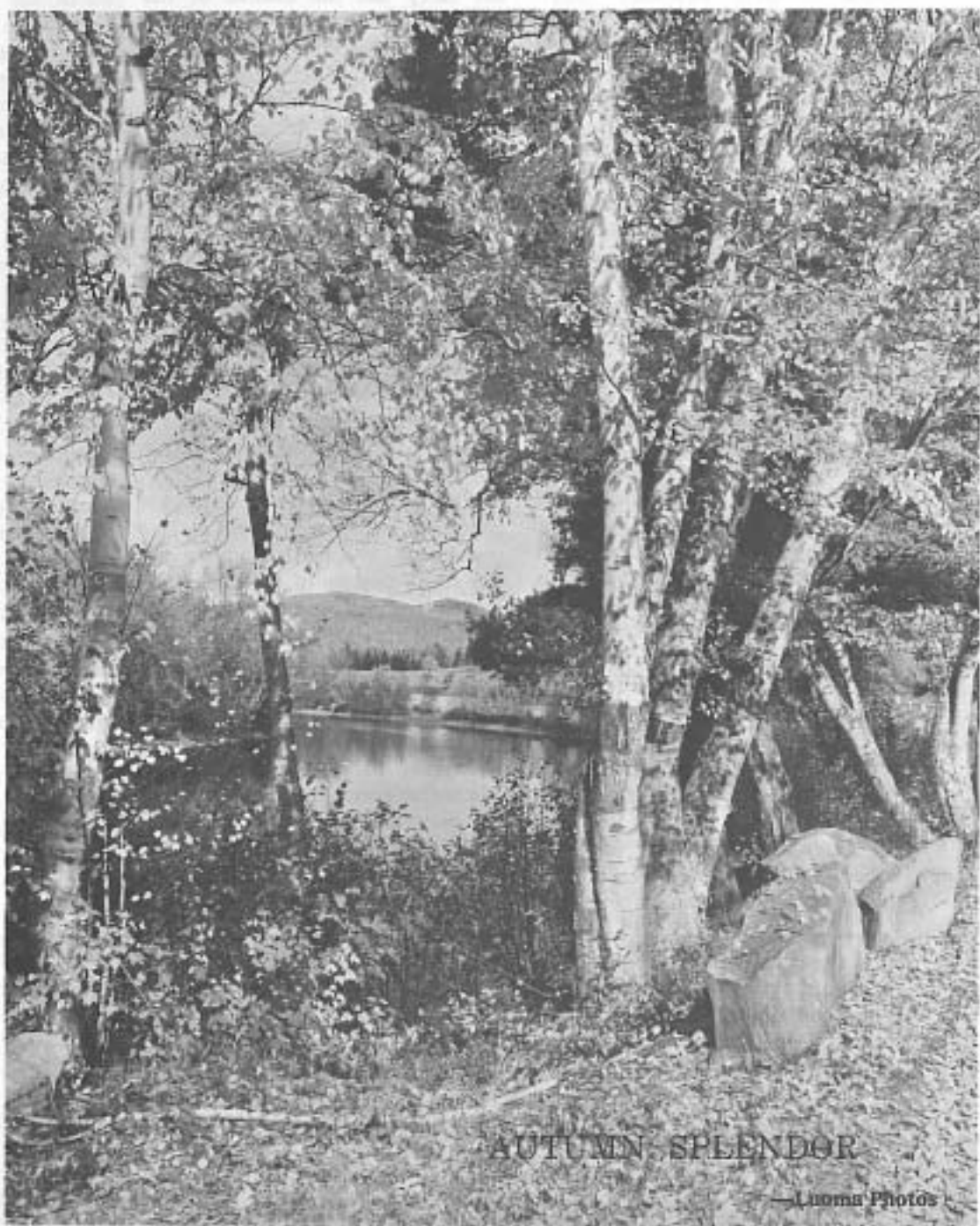
Vol. 6

October 1, 1968

No. 20

LUTHERAN

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AUTUMN SPLENDOR

—Luoma Photos



According to the Word

CHARACTERISTICS OF A BELIEVER'S WALK

We hear our children sing in Sunday school, "Oh, be careful little feet where you go." There is a great deal of truth in that phrase. The believer has a different walk from the people who do not know God. It is interesting to observe people as they walk; some can be identified by their walk even at a great distance. So is it true of a believer's walk. Walking with God is one of the greatest experiences that we can have upon this earth. It is said of Enoch, "He walked with God." This would be the greatest compliment that could be given of a believer. Can others say that of us as they watch us from day to day?

By walking we progress. A believer cannot stand still; he goes on. God expects the believer to walk in His ways. We have Romans 6:4: "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Notice, we should walk in "newness of life," which designates new goals for the believer. His eyes are fixed on Jesus Christ; he strives daily to live his life to the glory of God. And also, in childlike fear, he dreads to offend God by any sin.

The believer is also a student of the Word. He has learned that God's Word is a light unto his path and a lamp unto his feet. We have all carried a flashlight or some other kind of light at night. That light will not throw its beam too

far ahead of us, but we have a good bright light just before us. Each step we take the light goes before us. So it is true in the experience of the believer; he daily needs the light of God's Word to keep him on the narrow way that leads to life.

The believer realizes that God's Word gives direction, "But I say walk by the Spirit, and you will not carry out the desires of the flesh" (Gal. 5:16, New Am. St.). Here we are admonished to walk by the Spirit. Let us remember that walking takes energy and determination. How do we walk by the Spirit? By following the directions we have in the Word of God. God told Abram in Genesis 17:1: "When Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, 'I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect.'"

There is happiness for the believer who walks by the Spirit. The Psalmist has said in Psalm 1, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly." The person who walks by the Spirit can go to bed at night with a clear conscience. We will not carry out the sinful desires of the flesh. We must recognize that we, the same individuals who love God with a holy love, have our own self-will, our flesh and such sins as immorality, impurity, sensuality, idolatry, etc., which have been crucified and must be put to death daily. We suffer such things in order that we may learn humility and self-denial. As Paul admonishes the Galatians, so he would that we be admonished—to walk by the Spirit.

The believer's walk must be consistent. "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called" (Eph. 4:1). Here Paul expresses his concern for the Ephesian believers that they walk worthy of the Gospel. Why? Because other people who do not read the Bible are watching our walk, our motives, how we stand up under pressure, under temptation and under trials. There is only one way in which believers can walk worthy of the Gospel—as they daily depend upon God for strength for each day.

The believer also walks in love. "And walk in love, as Christ also loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour" (Eph. 5:2). How different this world would be if every Christian would walk in love as we are admonished by this verse. When we walk in love our one aim and ambition is to bring glory to God with our lives. When we are asked to share our faith, whether it be by song, testimony or by some deed of kindness, we should always be glad and count it a privilege to do so.

It was God's love that provided our salvation. Are we reflecting God's love today? Do we say, have me excused? Let us remember this verse: "And walk in love as Christ loved us." There is Christlikeness shown when we walk in love. "He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked" (1 John 2:6).

—Ernest Langness

The Lutheran Ambassador is published biweekly (except the first issue of August) by the Association of Free Lutheran Congregations, 3110 East Medicine Lake Blvd., Mpls., Minn. 55427. Rev. Raynard Huglen, Roslyn, South Dakota 57261, is the editor. Subscription price is \$2.50 per year in advance. Subscriptions should be sent to *The Lutheran Ambassador*, 3110 East Medicine Lake Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55427. Second-class postage paid at Minneapolis, Minn.

ARNOLD VANDER MEULEN and the Prayer on Paper

From the start, his mother and I tried to teach Arnold the difference between right and wrong. But in 1939, when he was fourteen, he'd been in criminal court twice, and we knew we had failed.

One night he staggered in the front door of our Grand Rapids home and knocked over things. For the third time that week, he was drunk.

"Oh, Arnold, here, let me help you up to bed, Baby," I heard his mother say. Not a word about the things.

"Cut out that 'baby' stuff, Mom," the boy snarled. "Leave me alone."

"Your bed's turned down. Can I help you up, Arnold?"

"Naw, just leave me alone." He stumbled toward the stairs.

His mother and I listened as Arnold labored along the hall into his own room. When we heard the bed springs twang as he fell across the bed, we started upstairs, too, to our room.

Later that night, we knelt and pleaded for help. "Lord, we don't know where we've failed the boy. We've done the best we know how. Please help him," we said. "If we have failed him, forgive us. But above all, take him all the way into Your hands and somehow change him into the sweet, kind boy he used to be."

But while we were praying, Arnold tiptoed past our partly opened door, down the stairs and out the front door. He must have heard our voices as we prayed, for out in the yard he shouted, "I don't need Your help, God, or anybody else's. I don't want any part of You as long as I live. So get this once and for all, I don't care if You are God. You leave

me alone." Then he went down the walk and slammed the gate behind him. Arnold had left home.

He kept in touch with us for the next two years. A postcard from New York, a scribbled note on some dirty white paper from Tulsa. He didn't say much, but his mother and I got the picture—fighting fists, crooked dice, gambling, heavy drinking. He found out about dope those two years, too.

His mother and I and his sister Ruth talked about Arnold a lot those years. Once in a while I wondered if I should let the authorities know about him, but I realized I didn't have to do so. In two years, Arnold had landed in jails in almost every state in the country.

But we kept hoping—and praying. One summer night, his mother and I were on the glider on the front porch for a breath of air. We were reminiscing about the boy, and his mother began to cry a little. I slipped my arm around her and right there we knelt in the darkness.

While we were kneeling and praying quietly, we heard someone come up the walk and then Arnold's voice.

"Hey, Mom, Dad. Is that any way to greet the prodigal son? Come on, up on your feet. According to the Bible, you're supposed to kill a fatted calf, at least a chicken. You ought to know that."

He sounded older and tougher. But no matter, Arnold was home. We were thankful, and he was sober, too.

For the next few days, his mother cooked only his favorite meals, and I made a lot of talk about having some of his neighborhood pals over. Most of the time he hung around the house in a

pair of old slacks. He was thinner and he looked tired, but we were almost sure he was ready to make a new start.

He'd been home about two weeks when I got a call from the county jail. I didn't know how to tell his mother. I didn't have to.

"I know that look on your face," she said. "Something's happened to Arnold."

"You're right," I said. "He's in jail again. Some photographic equipment was stolen from a car in town. The car belonged to the district attorney. It was Arnold that took the stuff."

His trial came up the next Wednesday. I didn't hope for any leniency, but the judge's sternness shocked me. "I'm sick and tired of looking at your sneering face, Arnold Vander Meulen. You're beyond the help of this court. I've never sent a sixteen-year-old boy to the state penitentiary before. No other judge in Michigan has, either. But I am sending you. One to five years in Michigan state prison, Arnold Vander Meulen."

The term might have been longer—his mother and I tried to console each other. Maybe with good behavior it would be less, we told ourselves. But Arnold didn't know the meaning of good behavior, in jail or out. After three years they released him. We knew the date he was getting out and we sat in our living room and waited. "He'll come home, of course," we assured ourselves.

But Arnold didn't come home. Instead he began another shiftless tour of the country, drinking, gambling, living on dope.

Every six months or so, his aimless circuit brought him into Grand Rapids. He'd stay with us a week

or more, drinking steadily; then push on. It was one of those times his draft notice came. He was taking phenobarbital then, day and night, and he woke up one morning groggy with the dope and drink, to find the letter in his mother's hand.

"They want me to fight for my country. That's a laugh," Arnold told us. But he didn't have the nerve to dodge the government orders.

"We've got to keep on praying," I told his mother over and over. "Who knows, maybe the army discipline will help him."

This seemed to make sense to both of us. It was a new hope. Maybe in the war, Arnold would meet a chaplain, might start to pray because he was lonesome or afraid. He might turn to God for help.

We should have had less confidence in our plans than that, perhaps. He met gambling partners instead of chaplains. Liquor was easier than ever to get. Shipped overseas to the Philippines, Arnold found out about earning easy money with the black market.

The scrapes he got himself into were so filthy and involved that he had to desert. In order to get back to this country, he had to re-enlist under another name, of course. Back in the States, he deserted again. And it wasn't long before the army caught up with him on another of his junkets around the country. He was arrested for double desertion.

They took him back to the West Coast for court-martial, rather, they started out with him. When the train stopped for water on a mountain between Nevada and California, Arnold slugged his guard with his handcuffs, took his keys, got rid of the handcuffs and escaped.

From then on, he was a fugitive. He went into every state but one, and almost twice as many jails. When he was close enough, I'd try to take time off from work to visit him in jail. Sometimes I

prayed with him. Sometimes I just slipped him a piece of paper with a Scripture verse on it. He was still scoffing. "Religion—nuts."

Out of jail, on a good day, he'd call us. What he said and how was always the same. Tough and loud and cocksure. What his mother and I said to him never changed, either. "God can save you from the uttermost to the uttermost, Arnold, Son." But he always gave us back, "Aw, cut it out. You're both goofy."

In November, 1947, he wandered into Grand Rapids without even calling us first. He just strolled into the house one day, tossed his mussed coat on the dining room table and settled down in the easy chair in the front room. "Thought I'd like a little time with the old folks at home," he told us.

His mother and I didn't ask much about where he'd been or where he was supposed to be. We didn't mention his army desertion at all. But he seemed so docile, we began to hope again. I asked him to go to church with me.

"You're kiddin'," he said and picked up the paper.

"No, I'm not, Arnold. Even if you sit there and laugh out loud in the middle of the service, I want you to come."

He pulled himself to his feet. "Oh, well, it might be good for a laugh at that. Wait till I get myself a tie."

I don't know whether Arnold got his laughs out of that meeting. I'm sure he didn't get much else.

From that night on, he drank harder than ever. To pay for his liquor he needed cash. Months later, I found out he got it by writing bad checks. At home he yelled at his mother and cursed me.

The situation snapped after he'd been home about a month. His mother and I were in town. Arnold and Ruth were at home. Arnold was drunk.

Ruthie told us later that he sat clutching his bottle and watching her stack the dishes.

"Do you have to put your cigarette out in the good dinner plates?" she asked him.

"Shut up," he told her.

"Looks like you could reach just six more inches and hit the ash tray."

"Shut up, I said."

"Mother loves those plates and—"

Arnold lunged for her and caught her throat. "I said shut up," he shouted. They swayed for a second, then both toppled to the floor.

That's the way we found them when we got home. Ruth was unconscious, Arnold had passed out trying to choke her.

Neither his mother nor I spoke to him when he picked himself up from the floor and shuffled upstairs. We could hear him slamming things into his suitcase. After awhile he came down and stood in the doorway and said he was leaving.

He was still our boy. We still loved him and wished we could help him. But we could not say we really wanted him around.

Arnold found his way to Chicago. New Year's Eve, he sat in a cheap dive on South State Street, drinking and listening to the drunks around him talk about their New Year's resolution.

He didn't finish his drink. He told us later that he realized he wasn't any better than those drunks. He thought if he got out in the cold night air and walked, he could figure something out. For the first time in his life, he was scared. He knew he was wanted by the Federal government for desertion, by the state of Michigan for bad checks and by the Philippine government for his army black marketing.

He drifted south on State Street where he saw the sign that read, "Jesus Saves—Pacific Garden Mission." Arnold went inside and sat down.

He told his mother and me later that he sat down in the back row and began to cry. Probably he was

[Continued on page 6]



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WORLD MISSIONS

THE FIELDS ARE WHITE UNTO HARVEST

OUR SECOND NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF FREE LUTHERAN CONGREGATIONS IN BRAZIL

The week of July 23 through 28 was a great spiritual event for our new Free Lutheran Association in Brazil. This week was our annual Evangelism Conference held in the Central Church of Campo Mourao. The last three days of the Conference were used as sessions for the annual get-together of the Free Lutheran Congregations here. Last year, with Frances and Alvin Grothe present, and nine lay-delegates from four congregations, we organized our Association and adopted the Twelve Fundamental Principles. This year we wondered how we would manage such a conference. Several speakers were invited and no one seemed free to come in July. Then also, with no other pastoral help, it seemed almost an impossibility.



Pastor John Abel leading a discussion at the Second Annual Conference. Conference speaker Bill LeRoy is shown seated at the upper right.



Part of the audience at an evening service

We have a great Savior for whom the impossible is only an invitation to prayer. It is marvelous to see how He works things out. A missionary couple, friends of ours from years back when we studied language in Campina, came to our aid. Bill and Jane LeRoy, now working in Sao Paulo with the Bible Presbyterian Mission, said they could come out in July and so we were blessed with a fine speaker and good fellowship throughout the week. Bill LeRoy is also editor of an inter-church paper called the "Fundamentalista" and is Executive Secretary of the Association of Fundamental Evangelical Churches of Brazil. He showed us many interesting films and brought messages of great blessing to all of us. The church was full each evening and on the last night packed

with more than 300 persons.

We were happy for the good representation sent by our five small and new churches. In all 16 lay delegates registered. They held their business meetings and had their meals and lodging at our new Bible school. Last year we had elected our first Executive Committee and had suggested a small budget for each church. The budget was divided into three needs—Bible Institute, publications, and national missions. The total for the four churches of last year was only about \$200, but all of them had paid in their full amount by Confer-



Voting delegates at the 1968 Annual Conference. Pastor Abel is shown standing at the rear.

ence. Now for this coming year, with one more church added to our group, we have raised our individual goals about 20 percent. We thank God for this beginning of a National Brazilian Free Lutheran Association. Though they are not giving much at present, we feel it is a good beginning,

for all of them are still in the midst of their own building programs.



A nightly evangelism meeting at the Conference. The meetings took place at the church in Campo Mourao.

The Conference also elected some new officers to their Executive Committee. This was necessary since Missionary Grothe, our Secretary, was no longer with us. Also, our treasurer, Senhor August Schultz, had moved to a city quite far away. The following Committee members were elected:

- Rev. John H. Abel, president
- Senhor Braz Inacio Rezende, 1st Vice Pres.
- Senhor Alfredo Max Westphal, 2nd Vice Pres.
- Senhor Raimundo Dos Santos, 1st Secretary
- Senhor Adao Benz, 2nd Secretary
- Senhor Jose Pereira da Silva, 1st Treasurer
- Senhor Joao Jose da Costa, 2nd Treasurer

In these men, all five congregations are represented, and most



Conference volunteer cooks with Mrs. John Abel in the center.

important, they are spiritual leaders in their own congregations.

Several ladies came from our far-out churches and were volunteer cooks for the Conference. Everyone seemed enthusiastic and blessed by the Conference fellowship. We ask your constant prayers for the leaders and the new congregations, that they may see real spiritual fruit and progress in the building up of Christ's Kingdom in their midst this coming year. Brethren, pray for us.

—John H. Abel

ARNOLD VANDER MEULEN

[Continued from page 4]

looking for a handkerchief when he reached into his back pocket, but whatever, he pulled out some crumpled paper. It was the prayer I had given him the last time I'd seen him in jail.

He read it, "God be merciful to me a sinner and save me now. For Jesus' sake." He read it again. "God be merciful to me a sinner and save me now. For Jesus' sake." And again.

That was all. Arnold accepted Christ. Right there. Quietly, by himself. No one had said a word to him about giving up to God.

I don't remember what his mother and I said to each other the night Arnold called to tell us the good news. To God we said a big "thank you."

Yet Arnold was still in trouble. He was a fugitive from three governments. Before he could give himself up, the FBI traced him to the Pacific Garden Mission. Arnold submitted meekly, was sent to southern Michigan state prison for those bad checks he'd cashed in Grand Rapids for his liquor.

The night before he left for the state penitentiary, I saw him in jail. He had changed. This time, we prayed together. He had a forger's sentence of two to fourteen

years to serve! after that, a charge of army desertion. Still I told him, "God will never leave you nor forsake you." I could tell he meant it when he said, "I know it, Dad."

God was with Arnold. Even the Michigan warden saw how he had changed. "You're a different man, Vander Meulen. Understand you have had some Bible training," the warden said. "Wonder if you'd like to teach our men's Bible class?" Taught by Arnold, that class mushroomed from a handful of prisoners to six hundred men.

Then Arnold sat down and wrote the whole story of his black marketing, desertion and his conversion and sent it to the office of the adjutant general of the army.

Honorable discharge in a few weeks came through for him and eligibility to collect some bonus money from the state. That bonus paid off exactly to the penny what he owed for bad checks.

From President Quezon of the Philippines came a letter setting aside all charges against Arnold in that country.

After nineteen months of his fourteen-year term, Arnold was released. Good behavior was the regular thing with him. This time, his mother and I didn't worry about whether he would come home the day he was freed. We knew he would. He did, too.

But not for long. Almost as soon as he was out of jail, Arnold began touring the country.

But not in the way he'd toured it before. This time it was as an evangelist, telling others over the country the difference between right and wrong, and explaining to them how Jesus Christ can make that difference a reality.

—Reprinted from *Unshackled* (Moody Press, 1952) by permission of Pacific Garden Mission

(Ed. Note: I have met Arnold Vander Meulen both in Roslyn, S. Dak., and at the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago. Truly, his conversion is one of the great illustrations of God's grace in our time.)



WOMEN *for Christ*

KITCHEN TABLE FELLOWSHIP

Laura Koskela, Cloquet, Minnesota

In our present day of much discussion of scholarly theses in theology, the hurried activities of local church activities, the writing of many articles on varied contemporary religious, social, and political views and their implications, the blaring forth of news from our radios, TV, and newspapers—much of it distressing, alarming, bad news—in this kind of day, isn't it good to stop from time to time to have fellowship over the coffee cups with others? Isn't it good to sit leisurely at the kitchen table, letting the dirty dishes wait, while we chat with another, person to person, about good news? And what better news to discuss than the Gospel news—of all that God has done for us in Christ, all that He is doing for us in our present circumstances, and all that He promises to do for us in the future? We can say as Jeremiah did in Lamentations 3:22-23: "The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases; his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness."

Revelation 3:20 is the familiar verse where the Lord says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any one hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and eat with him, and

he with me." Isn't that a good picture of fellowship? Or how about the account in Luke 24, where Jesus talked about the Good News with the two disciples on the Emmaus road and had fellowship with them at their table in their home?

It seems to me that "kitchen table fellowship" is a natural setting for "person-to-person sharing," and a wonderful opportunity for down-to-earth Christian witnessing. The kitchen table atmosphere is informal; stripped of the proprieties of social behavior: the lovely and exact table settings, the fashionable clothes, the almost too orderly house (enjoyable and desirable as these are in themselves). The kitchen setting is one of "come as you are and take me as I am"—which promotes that feeling of free acceptance of one another and often leads to open, frank, confidential discussions between persons.

Let's think back: What did we do when we received a letter in the morning's mail telling us of the safe return of a loved one in the Armed Services? Or, we got the exciting news about a material "windfall" of financial success coming our way? Or we heard encouraging news of the upturn in the recovery of a sick person? Why, we dashed over to our neighbor's home, or to our telephone to invite her over for a cup of

coffee, so that we could share our good news!

But sometimes the news we had received was sad, or worrisome, fearful news. What did we do then? More often than not, we sought the kitchen table in the home of a close friend. Or, under pretense of an ordinary 'coffee break,' we invited our friend over, inwardly hoping for courage to bring up the heavy subject on our hearts, in order to get help, or advice, or even the 'release' of expounding to "a listening ear."

So our kitchens can be 'havens'; they can be as effective as great temples of the Lord: They can become "domestic way-side chapels" for the home-keeper and her friends. And the first and foremost guest to invite to every coffee-cup gathering is the Lord Jesus Christ. He is never too busy to come; He is ever present to bless when "two or three are gathered in his name." He has promised to answer when we call. He can enlighten our thinking and our conversations. He will increase the joys and lessen the burdens of those present. The kitchen table can become an altar—where prayers of thanksgiving, supplication, and intercession can ascend to our prayer-answering God, and where His grace can be received to fill every need.

But beware, lest the kitchen table fellowship simply becomes a ritual, full of empty words, "taking on the form of godliness, and denying the power thereof." The devil would not be concerned about that kind of fellowship. He would just be glad for its ineffectiveness in Christian witnessing.

What about your kitchen table fellowship? Is it an airing place for distressing world news, unkind neighborhood gossip, petty personal grievances or complaints? Or is it a corner of sunshine, where friends come to talk and laugh, share and pray, and where Jesus is the 'silent Listener to every conversation'? Did your telephone message say, "Come on over for

a cup of coffee! I want you to meet a Friend of mine!" If so, that's a sure sign that your kitchen table fellowship is one of the finest in the neighborhood.

"It may be on a kitchen floor,
Or in a busy shopping store,
Or teaching, nursing, day by day,
Till limb and brain almost give
away;
Yet if, just there, by Jesus thou
art found,
The place thou standest on is holy
ground."

—M. Colley, from "Springs
in the Valley" by Mrs.
C. E. Cowman

BLESSINGS AT FAMILY CAMP

The first annual West Coast District Family Bible Camp of the AFLC was held at Camp Gilead near Carnation, Washington, August 26 through September 1.

More than one hundred adults, teenagers, and children attended from Spokane, Ferndale, Everett, Kirkland, Kent, and Seattle, Washington; and Astoria, Oregon. About forty-three persons were registered from Calvary Free Lutheran.

Morning classes were conducted in three divisions—children, teenagers and adults. Main speakers were Missionary L. C. Dynneson of Nogales, Arizona; Pastor Jay Erickson of Ferndale, Pastor Ray Persson of Astoria, and Pastor Robert Rieth of Kirkland.

Main highlights of the camp could be noted—the beautiful weather for most of the week, the challenging Bible classes and evangelistic services, the tremendous meals prepared by Everett ladies, the soul-inspiring testimonies and singing around the campfire each evening, the sweet spirit of unity and fellowship, but the greatest thrill was to see young people come to accept Jesus as their personal Savior. That was the greatest!

—Echoes from Calvary,
Everett, Wash.

HOW TO USE A SCAPEGOAT

A. C. Reuter

A man stumbles against a chair and blames the fool who put it there, or curses the chair itself.

Parents have sometimes observed that their child while playing with a doll will give it a vigorous spanking. What has dolly done wrong? She didn't pick up her toys.

What Is Guilt-projection?

We've been illustrating a phenomenon which is called "guilt-projection"; which means, to blame someone else with your faults.

A projector, of course, is a machine which takes small pictures and throws them at a screen, making them larger.

"Guilt-projection" is a relatively new term. But God, who "knows what is in man," gave this insight to his apostle long ago. In his Letter to the Romans, Paul wrote:

"Therefore you have no excuse, O man, whoever you are, when you judge another; for in passing judgment upon him you condemn yourself, because you, the judge, are doing the very same thing" (Rom. 2: 1).

Old Emperor Nero couldn't conceive that anyone else could be chaste, since he was so rotten himself.

A man who has been frolicking with women will sometimes try to drown out his roaring conscience by loudly accusing his wife of making eyes at the milkman.

A new member in a club will yammer about the officers: they're so set in their ways; they won't accept any new ideas. The fact that he had never yet offered any new ideas does not matter, for he himself is rigid and unyielding; therefore he accuses all others of being as he is, even though he may not realize what he is.

The common gossip that races about, baffling us with its inaccuracy, often its sheer impossibility

and utter viciousness, is likely someone's projection of guilt.

In the moral sphere, the critics are often the failures. The greater sinners pass the harsher judgments. They—and we—look for a scapegoat.

Why We Say "Scapegoat"

Did you know that this term, *scapegoat*, comes from the Bible?

On the 10th day of the 7th month in the Jewish calendar, there was observed the "Day of Atonement." On the morning of that day, the High Priest would bathe himself and put on the holy garments of his office: the coat, the trousers, the girdle, and the headdress of white cloth. Then he would kill a young bull and go behind the awesome curtain, into the Holy of Holies, and sprinkle its blood on the Mercy Seat and on the floor. Next he would kill a goat likewise and sprinkle its blood on the Mercy Seat and again on the floor. Then he would sprinkle the remaining blood from these two animals on the other items in the larger sanctuary, the Holy Place. Next, the High Priest would go into the courtyard, where there would be another goat. Laying his hands upon the scapegoat, he would confess over it all the sins of the people. An assistant would next lead the goat away into the wilderness and there let him loose, to signify that God had thereby taken away Israel's guilt—just as it is written in Psalm 103: 12, (which may well have been an allusion to this rite): "As far as the east is from the west, so far does he remove our transgressions from us."

This was *Guilt-projection* too! The whole nation had a scapegoat. *God, the Scapegoat*

It's intriguing that God should have adapted himself to our guilt-projection tendencies.

[Continued on page 14]



EDITORIALS

NO OBLIGATION

The comic strip "David Crane" has enjoyed a life of ten years or so. It portrays a young minister in Boulder Bluff, a locale which sometimes seems to be little more than a crossroads hamlet and then again is a thriving metropolis.

It is as the latter that one may find hippies in Boulder Bluff and that leads to the episode currently running. A girl, supposedly from David Crane's congregation, wishes to marry some "far out" character named "Mother" Wilson. Jan's mother asks Mr. Crane, whose theology we do not know but whose practices are liberal, to promise not to marry her daughter and Wilson if they ask him to marry them. Whereupon, the minister says, "I can't promise that, Mrs. Kemper...if they have a license I have no choice!"

It is not known what the writer of the strip means by that. If he means that David Crane in his own conscience cannot refuse to marry any couple appearing before him with a license, that is one thing. But if it is inferred that a pastor is duty-bound by either civil or church laws to marry every couple which comes to him for that purpose, the inference is completely wrong. No pastor, to our knowledge, is under any such obligation. Civil officials are under a much stronger compulsion.

Ministers vary in their practices, to be sure, but there are some instances in which pastors may refuse to be a party to a wedding. One such is the remarriage of divorced persons. That was dealt with in these columns some time ago.

One pastor of our acquaintance was faced with a marriage in which one partner had mental-social deficiencies. After much soul-searching and investigation, and there being no legal impediment, he performed the marriage. Time proved that it was a tragic mistake. Another pastor might, just might, have made a different and correct personal decision on whether to perform that ceremony.

In one town where we served, wedding dances were sometimes held. We two Lutheran pastors in that town let it be known to our congregations that

we would not perform any marriage ceremony, certainly not knowingly, which was to be followed by a wedding dance. The reason: we couldn't see any connection between a sacred religious service and a wedding dance.

Other reasons which might prevent a minister from marrying a couple could include mixed faith marriages in which the chances for incompatibility seemed too great and situations in which there was grave doubt about one of the partners moral or spiritual character.

Therefore, it isn't true that if a couple appears before a minister, wedding license in hand, that he has no choice but to conduct the ceremony. That there may be clergymen who take the position which David Crane seems to have is possible, but we haven't met them. Not everyone will follow the same rules, but each one has some scruples, we hope.

LIKE A NEW START

Association Lutheran Bible School has been in operation for two years but the start of the third term is almost like a new beginning. The reason for that is undoubtedly the fact that the new dormitory building is being used for the first time. That and the fact that the school has its first full-time dean, Pastor Richard Snipstead.

Another thing, more students are at the Bible School than ever before. There aren't as many as hoped for, but there is an increase and enrollment will grow with the years. Perhaps it is just as well that growth is gradual and adjustments can be made with some chance of success.

Our Bible School, even more than the Seminary, will reach out to the youth of our church and beyond. (We look forward to serving the young people of other Lutheran church bodies, too.) Eventually, every congregation will have been represented at the school by at least one student. Alumni will be scattered throughout the churches. The whole Association fellowship will be tied more closely together.

ALBS is a Bible school. Thus, it is not a college and more is expected of its students than even of those of a church college. Those who attend have come to study the Bible, the Book we believe is the most important and authoritative in the world. Not all the young people who come to Bible School may be in right relationship with God through Christ but we expect that they are seeking the kingdom of God or are at least willing to listen to His claims. Naturally, we want the school to be a place where young people take very seriously this matter of relationship to the Lord and to their fellowmen.

We have indicated that not all who come to ALBS may have a testimony to the Lordship of Christ in their lives. That is one thing, but we also do not want to frighten anyone, or coax anyone, into speaking words in order to be in conformity. If

there is a spoken witness, let it be genuine. Any other kind does no one any good.

Bible schools must have rules. Our students will have regulations governing their life together. These rules represent the spirit and desire of the Association. All who feel they are fair and beneficial to a community gathered for the express purpose of searching God's Word for God's will will be able to look back in later life upon the year or two spent at ALBS as a rich and rewarding period of life.

Throughout the church and among all the friends of the school there is a deep sense of gratitude and pride in this fine institution and among praying people the prayer that ALBS will make a difference in every life touched by its ministry and, through those lives, the whole world.

THE GAP OF CREDIBILITY

Credible: that can be believed; worthy of belief or trust; trustworthy; reliable.

Credibility: the quality or state of being credible. (from Webster's New World Dictionary, 1960).

The reports from Chicago, 1968, and from Chicago at the time of the Democratic National Convention raise questions in one's own mind about credibility. We have read just about everything we can get our hands on about the general situation in the "Second City" that week and saw most of the television coverage during the convention. And frankly, we are confused because the reports are so conflicting. What is credible about it all?

A nationally-known woman columnist, who usually skirts the real political issues in her column, wrote, "Never has a law-enforcing group (the police) been more sorely tried. They received both bodily injury and unspeakably vile treatment from the hippies in Grant Park. Yet never at any time did I see policemen show more courtesy than the police of Chicago."

On the other hand, a widely-known writer for

religious papers wrote this in a church tabloid: "The fact is that there was no law and order on the streets of Chicago. The police, ignoring citizens' rights and dignity, broke the law with impunity. The 'order' imposed on free Americans was the kind of discipline that must exist in hell."

One writer pictures the majority of the young people who congregated on Michigan Avenue those days as the flower of American youth, our nation's last best hope. (Yes, they do admit there was some profanity and vulgarity.)

Another writer sees them as far from that commendable, as (with notable exceptions) tearing down what has worked in the past but with no alternatives for building up again.

Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago is portrayed alternately as an evil fascist tyrant and a man who assessed a situation and then took strong but reasonable measure to forestall greater trouble.

The reactions to Chicago, for whatever else they may be, are representative of the deep cleavage which exists in our country. Somehow there must be a middle ground toward which we can rally.

Another thing shown by all this is that people see and hear what they want to see and hear. What is credible? What is really objective?

There is something of an analogy here concerning salvation, too. Man easily deceives himself. He sees what he wants to see. The Pharisee in the Temple saw a most admirable man. But that is not the way God saw him. The publican that day was the honest man. He saw what he did not want to see but it changed his life.

Saul of Tarsus saw what he wanted to see for many years but when he finally saw things as they were he became a new man. He said, "For his sake I have lost everything... in order to gain Christ" (Moffat).

We see what we want to see and hear what we want to hear. To have life with Christ we must see things as they are.

Letters TO THE EDITOR

LET'S NOT AGGRAVATE OLD WOUNDS

I'm writing in reply to your editorial concerning the article, "Let Us Finish the Job." Along with some of the other young people

of our church, I read with disappointment the challenge to finish the Valley City dispute by taking it to a higher court.

Not having lost any property, we, as young people, may be considered hasty in giving advice to forget the dispute and continue building with what we have. But I fully agree with the editorial that we as a church have been blessed, especially when I consider the number of youth who have enrolled in our Bible School this fall. Let's not aggravate old wounds by go-

ing to man's courts to finish the job. If there are those who sincerely want to join our fellowship, they will do so even if it costs them something. And think of what the law fees could do, were they used in the School or on the mission field.

Let us build in love even if we believe we have been deprived of material goods. Others will look on and know we have built with love and humility.

Jane Thompson
Moorhead, Minn.



NEWS

of the Churches

PASTOR NIKUNEN INSTALLED AT ONTONAGON

Over 100 people attended the inspiring and impressive service on Sunday, August 25, during which Rev. Jerome C. Nikunen was installed as the first pastor of Redeemer Free Lutheran Church, Ontonagon, Michigan. Rev. Herbert Franz officiated at the 3:00 p.m. service.

Prior to the installation Rev. Albert Hautamaki delivered the message charging both the pastor and the congregation to be faithful stewards and reminding them of their duties and responsibilities toward God and toward each other. Rev. and Mrs. John Junttila, Mrs. Nikunen's parents, sang a duet, "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go."

Assisting Rev. Franz with the reading of appropriate portions of Scripture and in the laying on of

hands for prayer were the following: Otto Saukerson, Eben Junction, Michigan; Kenneth Pentti, Ishpeming, Michigan; Albert Hautamaki, Negaunee, Michigan; John Junttila, Chassell, Michigan; and Hans Tollefson, Hatton, North Dakota.

Our sister congregations in Upper Michigan, Hope Free Lutheran of Ishpeming and Calvary Free Lutheran of Eben Junction, were well represented. Other interested people from the surrounding area also attended.

The Women's Missionary Federation served a delicious lunch at a reception following the service in the parish room.

Redeemer Free Lutheran, one of the Home Mission congregations in the AFLC, was organized on August 6, 1967. Pastor Franz was very instrumental in organizing the congregation, as was Pastor Hauta-

maki who served as vice-pastor until Pastor Nikunen arrived in May. Assisting Pastor Hautamaki with the worship services were Mr. Kenneth Pentti, Mr. Onni Jarvinen, and Mr. Kenneth Williams of Ishpeming as well as Mr. Henry Johanson of Cloquet.

The congregation is using the former Suomi Synod church, located six miles west of Ontonagon, at Green, as their place of worship. Besides the WMF, the organizations include the Sunday school, confirmation class, Luther League and a weekly Bible study and prayer group. Daily Vacation Bible School was held for the first time this summer and the enrollment was double that of the Sunday school of last fall and winter. Adult instruction was given by Pastor Hautamaki last spring and Pastor Nikunen will be starting the second such class this fall. Plans also include the organizing of a Junior Mission Band.

—Mrs. Toivo Keranen, Secretary

KVAM CHURCH OBSERVED HER 100th ANNIVERSARY

Kvam Lutheran Church, rural Dalton, Minn., observed her 100th anniversary on August 24-25. The congregation, one of the oldest in the Association of Free Lutheran Congregations, is served by Pastor Harry C. Molstre.

Present at the occasion were three former pastors of the church. Joseph Melby, Stanwood, Wash., who is also a son of the congregation, spoke at the Saturday evening service, which was a confirmation reunion. On Sunday afternoon, the Rev. Rudolfs Krafts, Circle Pines, Minn., and the Rev. J. O. Johanson, DeLamere, N. Dak., spoke.

Another son of the congregation is Pastor Alton Knutson, a missionary to Japan.

The president of the AFLC, the Rev. John P. Strand, Minneapolis, Minn., delivered the sermon on Sunday morning.

The Kvam choir, the Sunday school and various individuals pro-



Lay pastors and pastors taking part in the installation service were, left to right: Otto Saukerson, Kenneth Pentti, Herbert Franz, Jerome Nikunen, Albert Hautamaki, John Junttila, and Hans Tollefson.



Kvam Lutheran Church

vided special music for the anniversary. Miss Julia Clauson was the organist.

Kvam Lutheran Church is the oldest congregation in St. Olaf Township and was organized at the Anders Thompson home. The church building was dedicated in October, 1874, on land donated by Knute Kvamme. This structure is still in use but has undergone various improvements through the years. The basement was added in 1929.

The following pastors have served Kvam Church: T. Vetleson, 1869-71; J. A. Bergh, 1871-74; I. Tharaldson, 1875-81; M. Iverson, 1881-84; A. Vold and T. K. Moen, 1885; A. Olson, 1886-29; E. Berlie, 1892-1937; J. Melby, 1937-50; R. Krafts, 1950-53; J. O. Johanson, 1954-63; H. Molstre, 1964-68. Pastor Carl I. Ostby and Mr. Otto Saukerson served in the interim of 1963-64.

Kvam Church was organized under the Norwegian-Danish Lutheran Conference, spent most of her existence in the Lutheran Free Church and since 1963 has affiliated with the AFLC.

EVERETT, WASH.

Two young people from Calvary Lutheran are attending Association Lutheran Bible School in Minneapolis. They are Shirley Solheim and Lyle Hansen. The Adult Fellowship

of the congregation paid for their train fares to Minneapolis.

Pastor Francis Monseth began conducting services in the Lake Stevens community near here on Sept. 15. Services are held in the former Assembly of God Church at Hartford Crossing, across from Cascade Lumber.

Calvary Lutheran will host the West Coast District WMF rally on Oct. 8. A nursery is being arranged for small children.

KIRKLAND, WASH.

Daily Vacation Bible School at Our Redeemer Lutheran brought over 105 children and 22 workers to the church. It was held in August.

Dedication of the new sanctuary will take place in the latter part of October or in November. Robert Rieth is pastor of the church.

SOUTH DAKOTA DISTRICT WMF CONVENTION TO MEET IN EAGLE BUTTE

Emmanuel Ladies Aid, Eagle Butte, will be the hostess to the South Dakota District annual convention of the Women's Missionary Federation. The date is Wed., Oct. 16.

A relatively new congregation, this will be the first time that any district gathering has been held at Emmanuel. The Rev. A. L. Hokonson is pastor of the church.

Mrs. Herbert W. Presteng, Grafton, N. Dak., president of the national organization, will be the guest speaker. Morning and afternoon sessions are being planned.

Mrs. Ruth Hloucha, Chamberlain, is the state president.

PERSONALITIES

Rev. Harry C. Molstre, Dalton, Minn., has accepted a call to serve Grace Lutheran Church, Valley City, N. Dak., and Zion Lutheran Church, Valley City, N. Dak. He will take up his new pastorate in December.

Rev. Julius Hermunste, Spicer, Minn., has resigned as pastor of Green Lake Lutheran Church there.

REPORT ON NORTHERN MICHIGAN BIBLE CAMP

"Prepare to meet thy God" (Amos 4:12).

The Northern Michigan Bible Camp of the Association of Free Lutheran Congregations was held at Camp Shaw, Chatham, Michigan, July 21-25. The above word was the theme of our camp and how important a message and exhortation it is for our time. The messages by Dr. John Dahlin were indeed timely as he spoke to the campers both morning and evenings about prophecy in our time. The need to prepare and to be ready for the coming of Jesus Christ is urgent. Be watchful and in prayer at all times. Dr. John Dahlin, who is editor of the *Discerner* magazine and chairman of the Religion Analysis Service, comes from Minneapolis. Our mission messages were brought to us by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Andrews, missionaries to Bolivia under the auspices of the World Mission Prayer League. We were brought much closer to the work of foreign missions by his clear presentation.

We are grateful to the Lord for sending these God-fearing messengers to present to us the message of the unsearchable riches in Christ. Our thanks also to the cooks, the camp manager, George Johnson and Fred Woimanen and all the others who helped to make our camp a success. Above all, we give praise and thanks to God the Father for His abundant blessings. May He continually prepare us to meet Himself in the proper way.

—Rev. Albert Hautamaki, Director

NEW ADDRESSES

Rev. Jerome C. Nikunen
Star Route, Box 0
Ontonagon, Michigan 49953

Pastor Sidney Swenson
205 Sheridan Ave. No.
Fergus Falls, Minn. 56537

Rev. F. B. Monseth
9467 Pilgrim Lane
Osseo, Minnesota 55369



Luther League Activities

Edited by Jane Thompson

BLINDNESS

Blindness can be a terrible thing. We've probably all thought about it at one time or another and have been especially aware of it when we've seen a man led by a seeing-eye dog or feeling with a white-tipped cane for the edge of the sidewalk. Is there one of us who would be willing to give up his sight for even one day of experiencing how the blind person feels as he seeks his way along strange ground or over familiar ground when it has been altered a little?

We think how sad that this person has been left without the ability to know the wonders of just walking in the city at night, noticing the lights in the windows, the neatly-trimmed green lawns and hedges, the feathery gray clouds passing over the whitish moon and children's silhouettes as they bike towards the safety of home. Or the waving golden wheat with combines busily moving down the field gathering in the cut grain and leaving chaff behind.

Have you thought of this lately?

You might think, "How sad it is that they are deprived of sight, while I can see the wonders of God's world." But can you really see?

"Sure," you say, "I use my eyes from the moment I get up in the morning."

But how long since you have really used that sense of being able

to "look" at another person, another people, another situation, and not only sympathize, but empathize with them? Some think it takes walking in another's shoes before one can properly empathize with him, but there is a compassion which I have seen and read about in Christ-centered Christians which surprises, overwhelms, and causes one to wonder at its source.

Perhaps you've always thought of yourself as sensitive to others' needs and would be offended if someone suggested that you were unfeeling and cold to the needs of others.

In these days of the emphasis on social action, it's difficult not to be aware of the desirability of being kind to those of other races, feeding the hungry and clothing the cold. We all know the emptiness of saying "Be of good cheer" to someone who is shivering and then walking off feeling that you have warmed his soul.

This is all good and well and we as Christians should be the first to sacrifice from our own homes of plenty or not-so-plenty for those who are even less fortunate.

But let's take a look at the souls you may have wounded today with the insensitivity and blindness of a sightless person.

How about that sharp remark you made to your mother as she reminded you of something that was already on your mind? Her

reminder was needless or it brought to mind something unpleasant or it recalled to you that she watches over you a bit too closely. You supposedly know enough to get around on your own now. You don't have to be reminded to drive carefully, to do your homework, to pick up your clothes, to be polite to your elders. It comes naturally, doesn't it? Or does it? You see, your mother knows you better than you would have her know you.

For those of you living with roommates at school or where you work, what about the one who is often left behind, the one who shuns your invitations to attend church with you, the one who last week needed someone to talk to and you said, "Sorry, I'd really like to, but..."

Or mother or father reading this page, what were your remarks at the dinner table when someone in the community came upon good fortune? Isn't it strange that when someone has trouble we are the first ones to extend a hand, but when someone comes upon some unexpected good luck, such as an inheritance, that feeling of envy comes over us?

What kind of remarks do the children hear from parents who are supposedly spiritually-sighted? Is there a case of untreated blindness in your family? Certainly you would not let this go uncared for if it were physical.

In Psalm 82:5, David speaks of "those who know not, neither will they understand; they walk on in darkness."

We Christians feel we do not fall into that category because we have accepted Christ personally. He has given us new eyes to see the wondrous love and compassion God had for us. But this does not mean that we have used these new eyes to see the burdens and needs of others. We have seen our need, but the needs of those around us somehow do not seem as large or pressing.

As we enter into autumn of 1968

let us use the spiritual eyes God has given us to be aware of the new student in school, the special needs of our college roommates, the desires of our parents to be shown love and respect, the loneliness of business associates and of the neighbors next door.

Let's cause them to wonder at the Source of our Christ-like compassion which can come only from looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.

Luther Leaguers note: There are many issues today which can cause us to think and come to solutions, or can confuse us. Please use this page to express yourselves on subjects that disturb you or cause you to give thanks. Let the older folks know we are thinking and praying about our world. Send letters and comments to Jane Thompson, 510 16th St. S. Moorhead, Minn. 56560. Secretaries, keep us up to date on your league activities.

NORTHERN MINNESOTANS TO HOLD LUTHER LEAGUE RALLY

The Northern Minnesota District of the AFLC will hold a fall Luther League rally at Rose Lutheran Church, rural Roseau, on Sunday, October 6. The morning worship service will begin at 10:30 a.m. with Rev. Edwin Kjos, host pastor, presiding. The afternoon session will begin at 1:30 p.m. with Pastor Gene Sundby, Newfolden, as speaker. All are welcome to come to this rally.

Irvin M. Schmitke, president

WANTED

WANTED—YOUNG PEOPLE FOR FOREIGN LAND, not called on to die for your country, but called on to live or die for CHRIST in BRAZIL. The need is desperate, the door wide open, the work growing. Pray the Lord of the HARVEST for laborers for this harvest field. Write AFLC Foreign Mission Board, Robert Knutson, Chairman, McVille, N. Dak. 58254.

SCAPEGOAT

[Continued from page 8]

A modern playwright in Germany illustrates this in his drama entitled, "The Sign of Jonah."

The setting is in Germany, right after the last war, amid the ruins and the hunger and the cold. The people are sour on life. It's all God's fault, they're saying. The more they talk it over, the angrier they get. "God should be made to go through what we have to take. He should be dragged down from the sky and made to feel what it is to be born like our babies must be born. He should be made to understand the heartaches of a teenager. He should go through what it is to have the whole world down on you. And he should die.... Let him feel that too—not an easy death either.... Let him die by the inch...."

All at once, there is a silence, as the realization creeps from the stage all the way to the back of the theater that this is just *what did happen*: that God did come down from his lofty majesty to be born in the meanest way: He did become a refugee in Egypt; he did discover the pangs and fears of the teenager; he did feel how it is to have people hate you so hard that their eyes bug out; and he did endure a death that was gruesome and drawn-out.

The Gospel shows us how our Savior became our scapegoat, how all the venom of our guilt was drawn off from us and injected into him! The scapegoat has carried our load as far away as the east is from the west!

This is what the atonement and the forgiveness of sins mean. Our guilt has been projected unto the Christ, who on the cross became utterly repugnant as the personification of all the world's fibs and hate and lust and price-gouging and dope-peddling. So loathsome was this pile of human shame suspended from the cross that God turned His back upon it, that the earth shuddered, the sky went black, and the scapegoat cried in

despair: "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

Freedom Through This Scapegoat

As the result, you can be forgiven. Now you can look inside yourself without fear. You don't need to worry that you can't approve yourself. You lose your compulsion to divert attention from yourself to your neighbor. God has approved you and double-signed that approval with two sacraments, in which you can feel and see and taste that this is so. If God can forgive you, you can forgive yourself; you can relax with yourself; you don't need to project to another scapegoat.

Now, when you see another person making a mistake, you can sympathize with him. You are free to say: "What is there in my past or present which is so very much like what he is doing? Why is it that I can point out his failing so easily?"

Instead of a fault-finding spirit, you have a tenderness in your heart, for you have detected without yourself the odor of the same sin that you have sniffed out in the other man. Oh, that we might learn how to project our guilt upon the scapegoat provided by the Lord! Instead of justifying ourselves, instead of alibing ourselves—Oh, *that we might let Him justify us!* We would then be free from the shackles of guilt which goad us to find someone else to blame.

We would be free to face our frailties with the same disgust that God has for them without needing to defend them, for *our guilt would be thrown at the right scapegoat*, who has carried it away as far as the east is from the west.

When we have learned to use the Lord's scapegoat, then inside us we'll find, instead of our accusing guilt, the covering righteousness of Christ. Then we are free to become in fact what God declares we are: *His children, for Jesus' sake.*

—Courtesy, Tract Mission

The Lutheran Ambassador

CHURCH-WORLD NEWS

GLEANINGS FROM AN EDITOR'S READING

"Protestantism in its purest and best tradition has given primary consideration to the saving power of the gospel of Christ in the lives of individuals. It has not been unconcerned about the social order. The greatest social and political progress in the world has been achieved in Protestant lands, but Protestantism has held that it is a debasing credo which says that the individual does not matter, and that the saved-or-lost relationship with God and man is immaterial."—James DeForest Murch in *Moody Monthly*, September, 1968.

"In answering contemporary questions about man and God, we have declared our freedom from historic truths and creeds, but without any other solid ground to rest upon. We have turned to rational thought as an authority about the Bible."—Charles H. Hart, M.D., in *Together*, September, 1968.

"But there were some things that for me did not require a soaking period. One was the opening processional (at the World Council of Churches' Assembly in Sweden in July), to which I reacted in a quite different way from Dr. Poling (the late Dr. Poling) a generation earlier. Perhaps it is because I am not a liturgical sort of person, but the pomp and circumstance depressed me. As I sat in my pew in the magnificent Uppsala cathedral of the state-supported Church of Sweden and watched the ecclesiastical fashion show—robes and headpieces and gold-headed canes in the hands of richly garbed prelates, their rank distinguishable if you knew what to look for—I could not help thinking of the one who started it all two thousand years ago, and where, if he had been here, he would have been placed

in the line of march. Perhaps they would have solved the problem by doing it alphabetically."—Comment in *Christian Herald*, September, 1968.

"Meanwhile, the age of theological giants is over; almost nobody at Uppsala could inspire much awe."—Alan Geyer in *The Christian Century*, August 21, 1968.

JAPAN MISSION GROUP ADOPTS CONSTITUTION

Gotemba, Japan—(LWF) Delegates from congregations of the Japan Lutheran Church, a mission of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, adopted a constitution that will give the 2,727-member body self-governing status starting next January 1.

Meeting early in May, the convention retained the present name of the body for its new status and elected a 60-year old theologian, the Rev. Kosaku Nao, as president. The Rev. Richard Meyer has served as chairman of the mission organization.

During the convention, delegates formally expressed gratitude to Mr. Meyer and three other missionaries still serving in Japan who have been with the mission from its beginning 20 years ago—the Rev. Paul Kreyling, the Rev. Victor Zwintscher and the Rev. George Shibata.

The first Missouri Synod missionary to Japan was the Rev. William Danker, now professor of missions at Concordia Seminary in St. Louis.

HISTORIC LEIPZIG CHURCH DEMOLISHED

Leipzig, Germany—(LWF) Historic, 700-year-old Pauliner Kirche here has been razed in the course of a project to remodel the city's university district.

Protests by the university theological faculty which owned the

church failed to save the structure. It had been hoped that authorities would accept an alternative district remodeling plan that would have left the old church standing.

NEW LUTHERAN SYNOD OF MEXICO ELECTS PRESIDENT

Mexico City—The Lutheran Synod of Mexico was formally organized here at a meeting of the eight pastors of the 1,300-member church body. It is affiliated with The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod.

Rev. Thomas Guzman of Tijuana was elected the first president. His term is three years.

LCMS MEMBERSHIP PASSES 3 MILLION

St. Louis—Baptized membership of Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod congregations in the Western Hemisphere passed three million in 1967, according to the church's *Statistical Yearbook*, released June 1. As of Jan. 1, members totaled 3,009,189. At the same time communicant membership almost hit two million. It was 1,999,291.

'GRANDPA' HASSE, PIONEER RADIO MISSIONARY, IS DEAD

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil—"Grandpa" Haase is dead. He died here Friday, Aug. 2. He was 78 years old.

The Rev. Dr. Rodolpho Hasse, pioneer radio missionary and former president of the Brazil District of The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, became widely known in North America as "Grandpa" Hasse through a series of Sunday school mission education photo-cards.

It was May 23, 1929, when the then 38-year-old minister first heard a radio. The next day he went to the station and asked to broadcast a sermon. That night he was on the air.

That farsighted move earned him

the nickname of "Palatin," which in Portuguese means "hero."

It was the start of a 40-year radio ministry that will live on after him. It was started almost a year and a half before The Lutheran Hour, with which Pastor Hasse became affiliated in 1947. It was broadcast regularly six years before the U.S. Lutheran Hour.

Today the Brazil Lutheran Hour is heard in every Portuguese-speaking land on earth. Dr. Hasse had relinquished the speaker's role but still served as director when he died. He was married and the father of six children. He was buried August 4.

The Lutheran Hour is sponsored internationally by the Lutheran Laymen's League, 150,000-member auxiliary of The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod.

WHICH KIND ARE YOU?

A lot of Christians are like wheelbarrows—not good unless pushed.

Some are like canoes—they need to be paddled.

Some are like a football—you can't tell which way they will bounce next.

Some are like trailers—they have to be pulled.

Some are like lights—they keep going on and off.

And there are those who always seek to let the Holy Spirit lead them.

—Our Redeemer Lutheran
Church bulletin,
Kirkland, Washington

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