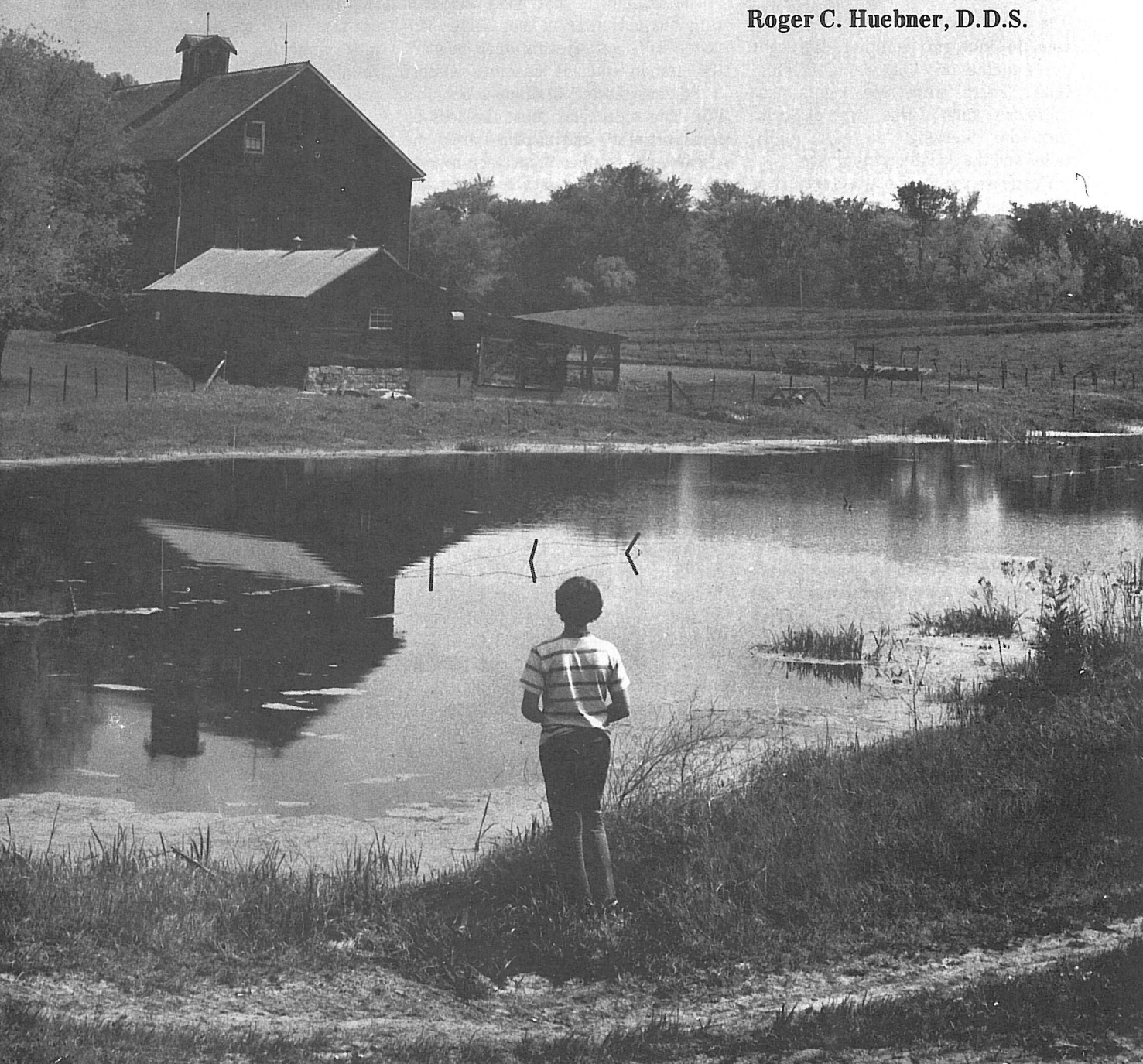


September 10, 1974

The Lutheran Ambassador

REFLECTIONS

Roger C. Huebner, D.D.S.



MEDITATION MOMENTS

THERE IS NO PEACE

"The wicked are like the troubled sea; for it cannot rest, and its waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God to the wicked" (Isaiah 57:20).

It was a warm, sunny, Sunday afternoon in June this summer. We went down to the beach at Santa Monica, Calif. There were two sights that made one think of this verse of Scripture—the teeming, restless multitudes and the equally restless sea.

Restlessness is a characteristic of our age. We have more people all over the world than ever before in the history of the world. On a hot day like this was at the beach it seemed as if there were "wall to wall" people. People were everywhere, as far as your eyes could see. These multitudes of people were always on the go, restless.

Why are people restless? There can be many reasons for restlessness. Man has a great capacity for pleasure and fulfillment. Consequently, man has deep needs that must be met. These needs are physical, mental, emotional, but above all spiritual! There is in us a deep spiritual vacuum that must be filled! Man seeks to fill this emptiness in many and varied ways. He tries to fill it by doing many different things. He may try to fill it by simply having and holding on to things, material things of the world. He may keep busy with very good causes and activities. He may even be busy with many religious ac-

tivities, all of which may be very good and useful. Man is incurably religious and so often fills his life with religious acts and activities.

The tragedy is that good and even religious activities in themselves will never fully satisfy this deep need of the human soul. It becomes almost a "vicious circle" in many a person's life. The more one does, the less he feels satisfied and so the harder he tries. And so the "merry-go-round" of life goes on.

This is what this verse seems to describe so aptly. When the Bible calls a person "wicked," it does not necessarily mean immoral or grossly evil. The term "wicked" simply describes a person who is outside of Christ, one who is not in a living, personal relationship with Jesus Christ.

The "wicked" are like the troubled sea. Those who are outside of Christ are restless as they strive to meet the need of their soul, that inner vacuum which can only be filled and completed by the indwelling of Christ in the heart. The more they try to fill it with anything except Jesus Christ Himself, the more restless they become. It is a "vicious circle." It is no wonder many become disillusioned with life if they never learn THE TRUTH. They simply cannot rest. As they try one thing, perhaps something good, maybe even something religious, and find this does not ultimately satisfy this deep need of the soul, they will perhaps "try" some-

thing else. This may lead them in almost any direction. That is why, like the sea, many such restless lives cast up "mire and dirt." When they find no answer for this restless quest such people can get involved in almost any kind of cause or activity, religious or secular. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

What does a person have when Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, dwells in the heart by faith? Jesus said, "I am come that they may have life, and may have it abundantly" (John 10:10b). The first thing Jesus Christ gives to the repentant sinner is the realization that he has found the ultimate fulfillment of his deepest need, his spiritual need. When Jesus Christ meets this need, the repentant sinner loses the desperate restlessness that makes the wicked like the restless, troubled sea that cannot rest. "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus" (Phil 4:7). What a joy there is in the peace that only Christ can give to the human heart. "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you" (John 14:27). This is the great gift of God to all who receive Jesus Christ into their hearts by faith.

Do you have that peace of God that passes understanding in your heart today? You can, by faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

—Laurel M. Udden

A NEW EVANGELISM

Go preach the Gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15

by

Evangelist Hyman Appelman, D.D.

The subject of evangelism and evangelists is attracting more interest than ever before. Preachers are asking and seeking the secret, the key to victory. Christians are concerned that the kingdom of God come in power. Some say that the sky is red with promise of a new and better day. Others are less hopeful, more pessimistic. Still others maintain that the times are out of joint; that the church has lost the victory; that she is behind the times, speaking a dead language, fighting the battles, contending against giants with the outmoded weapons of previous conflicts; that she is playing with the immense problems of human redemption, of world saving, while agonizing wails of despair, and piteous pleas for help, come from the dark gulf of human needs.

These questioning, doubting, hesitating, half-despairing souls are just as certain as are the hopeful, optimistic brethren, that something ought to be done, that something must be done, that something should be done. Every student of religious life knows that the church is not fully doing the work for which she was called into being. She is not increasing in numerical strength as she must do to keep up with the growth of world population. She is not reaching the masses as she must do, or fail at last. She is not holding men, particularly young men, in our great cities, as is her duty. We need, we must have, a new evangelism. We do not need a new Gospel but new power with which to declare it.

The Gospel will still save society because it will save the individuals that make up society. With the astronomical figures on our church rolls, with the tremendous sums of money we are spending, there is no

excuse for our two-thirds empty, or even closed churches on Sunday nights, for our pitifully attended prayer meetings. There is less excuse for the fact that 60% of our high school students drop out of our churches and that 80% of our college population never darken a church door.

We face the same human needs, alienation from God, wrong being, wrong doing, corruption, lies, out-breaking sins, heartaches, failures, blighted homes, the power of liquor, lives degraded by the fiends of appetite and passion, sin-seared consciences, weakened wills, cursed homes, selfish living, moral pestilences, spiritual leprosy, giant wrongs, petty sins, industrial unrest, social iniquities.

God is calling. "Awake! Awake! Put on thy strength, O Zion." The church seems to be half asleep in the lap of the Delilah of worldliness. We must not minimize what the church is doing. But there remains so much to be done. We Christians must work, pray, live for the greatest revival the world has ever seen. Otherwise, we are falling short of what God expects of us. The living, dying sons of men must be brought face to face with the Lord Jesus Christ. Our cities must be captured and held for righteousness. Here is the cure for almost all the evils that have inundated the lands of the world at a rate never before witnessed.

In our search for new paths we must not forget that there are tried, tested, battle-proved old ways that have been choked with undergrowths of thorns and briars. These must be opened. There are some conditions that must be met before we can expect the showers of God's blessings to be poured out upon us. The promises of God's Word still present their age-old requirements.

PRAYER

There must be a revival of prayer, earnest, endless, increasing, heaven-storming prayer. No great soul-winning campaign has ever been known to come about except on the wings of prayer. The Bible teaches it. Christian history and biography echo it.

When parents begin to pray for their children, and children to pray for their parents; when wives pray for their husbands, and husbands pray for their wives; when Sunday school teachers pray for their scholars; when young people pray for their associates; when the whole Christian body is praying for the salvation of the unsaved, it will not be long before the tides of salvation begin to sweep in.

EVANGELISTIC PREACHING

There must be evangelistic preaching. Much of today's evangelical preaching is not evangelistic, not the preaching for the salvation of souls, not too much of the travailing note in it. That was not the pulpitering of the McCheynes and the Spurgeons and the Beechers and the Falmadges, nor is it the dominant note in our day's sermons.

God forbid that I should even seem to be minimizing pulpit Bible teaching, but the saints will be driven closer to God, to their Bibles, to their prayer closets when they are marshalled to go after the lost than in almost any other way.

VISITATION

There must be a revival of evangelistic visitation. Social calls will not do it. It is to be calling with a purpose for a purpose. Trivialities must go by the board, there is neither time nor room for them. Visitation is not

a new method. It is at least as old as the preaching of the Gospel. It is in apostolic succession. The Book of Acts is plain on that point.

But it must be visitation with a motive, the Great Commission of the Lord Jesus Christ added to our concern that men be saved from eternal damnation. This visitation is to follow a tested method—saturated in prayer, armed with the Gospel, two-by-two wherever possible.

A truism it is that a home-going pastor makes a church-going people. It is just as true that a home-going membership builds a soul-winning church.

So much for the New Evangelism in its Revival of Prayer, of Evangelistic Preaching, of Winning Witnessing.

When I speak of a new evangelism I am not urging the attempt to find a new source of power or a new substitute for the old Gospel. Ultimate sources of power are permanent. What is needed to meet changed conditions is new channels for the old power. Wonderful discoveries have been made in the field of mechanics, but scientists are not seeking there for a new source of power. They are striving to understand the power with which they are dealing, then to open paths for its operation.

There is spiritually a fountain of power for this needy, dying world. It is adequate and inexhaustible. God is not dead. His arm is not shortened. His force is not abated. He is today the Almighty. We must know Him. We must harmonize with the law of His power.

THE GOSPEL

There is no substitute for the old Gospel. There is only one incarnated Son of God. There is only one Garden of Gethsemane. There is only one Cross of Calvary. There is only one sacrifice for sin. There is only one hope of eternal life. There is only one light upon the dark river.

The Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation. Jesus Christ still has power on earth to forgive sin. God has not failed. The Holy Ghost has not failed. There is an old and adequate power for saving souls. We must know it and find paths for its on-going.

We must find a way to get men to see themselves, and then to see the risen Son of God. That is the problem of the age. That is the need of the hour. The old power will do the rest. It has always worked.

ENTHUSIASM

We need the enthusiasm, the singleness of aim, that has everywhere characterized great soul winners. I like that word enthusiasm. It has the hiss of steel in it. There can be little progress and less victory without sanctified enthusiasm. All-conquering men in all ages have been marked by a holy zeal and a sane enthusiasm. The fathers did not have the education and culture of the sons, but they displayed an earnestness, a sincerity, an enthusiasm that carried conviction wherever they went, wherever they spoke.

They were men of one purpose, as they were men of one Book. They believed their own message, and made everyone else believe it. They had the holy boldness, the majestic faith, the utter abandon, the abandon, the convincing unction of the old prophets. Wherever this spirit and consecration of the fathers is found, you will be sure to find men who, with educational advantage, or without it, with rule, or against rule, are cleaving their way through the tangled undergrowth of the world, subduing hearts and lives to the Lord of Lords.

Fill the new Evangelism with the old self-same consecrated enthusiasm and it cannot fail. Pentecost is as possible today as it was when Peter, preaching his plain Biblical sermon saw three thousand souls won to the Master in a single day. The same power exists for the same need. Bring the two together and we shall witness the same marvels of grace.

Because men and circumstances change readjustment is a necessity. It is unprofitable to get into a rut, ever in the service of the Lord and of the Gospel. That way lies stagnation and defeat. The problem of the day is for the church to become both receiving and sending stations of God's power. Growth and fruitfulness are conditioned on this. Evangelism, soul winning, bringing men into the Kingdom and the Kingdom into

men are the reasons for the existence of the church.

What would one think of a flour mill that never ground a barrel of flour? Of a telegraph office that never received or sent a message? Of an ocean greyhound that never sailed away from the harbor? Of a great telescope that was never pointed toward the heavens? It would mark them failures. But these cannot be half so great failures as are the churches not evangelistic, or the Christians not winning men to Jesus Christ.

(To be continued)

Reprinted from **Worldwide Evangelist**, Concordia Publishing House, and through the goodwill of the author, Mr. Appelmann.



Key: The name of the town is the address of the deceased. Following that is listed the name of the deceased, age, date of death and the church in which he or she held membership.

NORTH DAKOTA

Wahpeton

Raymond Oscarson, 56, May 25,

Bethany (Abercrombie)

Colfax

Palmer Nash, 81, July 5,

Bethany (Abercrombie)

WEALTH IS LIKE MANURE

For wealth is like manure: refuse to spread it and you have only a manure heap, but spread it and you have the waving grain and a fed people.

E. Stanley Jones

ORTHODOXY AND PIETISM

Orthodoxy needs Pietism to escape petrification into theoretical external objectivism, and Pietism needs Orthodoxy to escape falling into morbid emotional subjectivism.

T. A. Kantonen

JOURNEY IN SASKATCHEWAN

by Raynard Huglen, Editor

Part III

This is an account of a vacation trip in Saskatchewan last July. The first two installments have covered five days of the trip. In this concluding article I must enumerate the major events of the remaining five days.

July 10

Saskatchewan is divided roughly into three types of country: open prairie, the parklands (land dotted by native trees and bushes), and the forests. The day's journey would take me from the open prairie to the parklands as I headed north toward Prince Albert from Outlook.

I skirted the edge of Saskatoon, the city of bridges, on Circle Drive. To the left were vast stretches of new homes but what amazed me was the way they were crowded together, hardly a necessity in a land of so much space.

Northeast of Saskatoon I left the main highway, crossed the South Saskatchewan and went up to Batoche, site of Louis Riel's headquarters in the ill-fated rebellion against the Canadian government in 1885. The story of the rebellion is too long to tell here, but suffice it to say that it concerned the efforts of the Metis, French-Indian halfbreeds, to gain greater rights from the government. The Metis called Louis Riel up from Montana to lead them. He had been teaching school near Fort Benton, Montana, and had become an American citizen since leaving Manitoba, a province he is credited by some as having fathered.

At any rate, Riel's provisional government at Batoche soon fell under the superior firepower of the militia. But the Catholic Church and rectory where he had his headquarters still stand, high up the river bluff. It was a sunny, humid day as I was there and, as at Wood Mountain several days earlier, it was difficult

to picture the drama of an earlier, troubled day.

Crossing the river again, this time by means of a ferry, I went over to see another battleground of the Riel rebellion, west of the town of Duck Lake. Today the spot is marked by a small roadside park with a picnic table or two.

The city of Prince Albert was nothing special in appearance, but there I had my first look at the North Saskatchewan River as it marks the northern edge of the city and it is impressive. What a story that river could tell of the fur traders who plied its waters a century and two ago.

Southeast of Prince Albert I called on the Lars Myhrs near Birch Hills. As I mentioned last time, they had been members of my father's congregation by Viscount. That was 37 years ago and now he is 92 years old and she is 77. I had not seen them since. But I spent a very pleasant three and one-half hours with them, during which she fixed a nice lunch even though she had been handicapped by a fall a few weeks earlier. He told me that he had helped build our Dovre Lutheran Church at Winger, Minn. (it was in the country then) and that his parents, a brother and a sister are buried in the church cemetery north of Winger. Mrs. Myhr is a niece of the late Rev. O. P. Grambo, whose name will be familiar to some of our readers and so I mention this. Oh yes, Lars Myhr still does some tractor work for his son Lorris who lives nearby and whom I was also able to visit that day with some of his family.

Then on to Watrous for the night. It is located near Lake Manitou, noted for its salt water.

July 11

After breakfast in Watrous I drove south toward Penzance where I hoped to call on a family from the congregation there. Went by the old Rev. Carl Norum farm north of Simpson.

He was a pioneer pastor in Saskatchewan. I remember the farm from the time when their children, Casper and Mabel, lived there and I stopped a few minutes to reminisce.

That I did also at the Perley Berg farm west of Penance. They weren't home but I looked around that farmyard where I had been so often as a boy. Because of long distances and poor roads, when a service was to be held in one of the far off congregations our family would sometimes go out on Saturday to await the service on Sunday. It was always fun for us children to spend the weekend on a farm and the Berg farm was a place to which we often were invited. Now there are few people living out on the land in that neighborhood and the Bergs are there only in the summer. Times have changed. Nearby the L. B. Berg place stands in desolation. The older Bergs were from the Trondhjem church by Lonsdale, Minn.

My journey now took me to the southwest and after filling up with gas at a town with the interesting name of Eyebrow I went to Central Butte to inquire about the old Lutheran Free Church parish there. At a grocery store I asked a young lady if there were any elderly Norwegians in town to whom I might speak. She directed me to the Orlin Olsons. They were not that elderly, but they had been members of the Lutheran parish and they could help me. Names of former pastors came up. Perhaps there and in talking with others, another name which came up in addition to those previously mentioned was that of Rev. G. G. Lee, whose widow, Petra, lives in Everett, Wash., and belongs to Calvary Church there. They once served in this area of Saskatchewan.

After having coffee and doughnuts with the Olsons I went out to find where the congregations had been. First, Rolling Prairie to the west. The schoolhouse in which services were held had been moved, but I saw it in a farmyard not far away. The

schoolhouse near Halvorgate is also gone, moved into Chaplin. It had served the Antelope Creek congregation. But to the east I found the little Zoar church building, set alone on the wide prairie. On the trail up to the church I talked with a Mr. Seierstad, who was loading bales. His father, he said, had helped to build the church. Inside the church all the equipment remained although it hadn't been used for years. I thought it interesting to see the enamel cups among the kitchen stock.

My next destination was the Bible Camp by Elbow. It was too late to get there for supper now, but I wanted to take in the evening service at least. On the way I saw a doe and her twin fawns gliding over the prairie. A pretty sight indeed.

The camp is nestled among poplar trees. It was first located near the South Saskatchewan River but had to be moved when the Gardiner Dam was built. The camp organization is unique in that no set fees are given to those who attend. It is run only by free-will contributions. Finances have not been a problem.

A very fine service was held that evening. The guest speaker was Rev. Donald Ronning of Park River, N. Dak., and formerly of Fargo, N. Dak. I couldn't help but remember the time when the Ronnings and I chanced to meet in the Fantoft stave church outside of Bergen, Norway, in 1967. The service at Elbow was in the tradition of our own camps. It was good to be there. By the way, the camp is operated by a handful of congregations, nearly all of them of LFC background.

Among those whom I greeted were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Joel and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Joel, brothers of Mrs. R. Snipstead of Minneapolis, Minn.; Oscar and Inga Olson, parents of Mrs. Gene Sundby; Henry Ringdal, brother of Pastor Palmer Ringdal; Chester and Esther Pederson (she is a daughter of the late Rev. Peder Overlid); Norma Knutson, daughter of Rev. Trygve F. Dahle; and Kasper Knutson, well-known layman, who said to me, "Your father was one of my best friends."

Also, I saw Mrs. Dave Hundebly, the former Annette Swenson, daughter of my friends, Rev. and Mrs.

Jasper Swenson of Madison, S. Dak. Annette was one of our campers at Pickerel Lake Bible Camp in South Dakota in years gone by. They kindly invited me to stay overnight at their home and this I was glad to do. They have a son Gordie, who is a real chunk of a fellow. Husband Dave is a member of the Hundebly Brothers quartette, well-known in Canada.

July 12

A sunny, windy day on the prairies. Along the Saskatchewan roads I saw a profusion of Canadian thistles. Farmers will not like this, but they were beautiful in their bloom, somehow different than the ones in the U. S. Before I leave this, let me mention the countless gophers I saw on the trip. There must be millions in the province.

I drove to Govan, via Davidson, on the other side of Long or Last Mountain Lake. The lake is long, about 60 miles. Govan is the town where I spent seven years as a boy. Of course, there have been changes. Mrs. Neely, our next door neighbor, is gone, for one thing, and this was my first trip back without seeing her. On main street I talked to Gordie Stowe, our neighbor on the other side, who runs his father's machinery store. I also greeted Alec Rattray, who has been barbering all these years, and Carl Frederickson, who will be 88 years this month but still operates his insurance agency and in the spring gets up about 5 o'clock to take care of his income tax business.

The town isn't what it used to be. A confusion of thoughts pressed in. There is so much the same and yet so much is different. I took a nostalgic look at the fairgrounds, across from our home. Dried poplar branches lay around the grandstand where they had formed a roof over spectators at the ballgames on a recent Sports Day.

I left Govan and went to Bulyea, where another congregation of my father's had been located. No one was at home. The old church, one of the first Lutheran church buildings in the province, had been torn down since my last visit. I learned that Math Anderson, the last of the family heads of my father's time, was not well and was in Regina.

Regina, the queen city of the prair-

ies, grows and spreads while many small towns languish. Regina is a great and cosmopolitan city. There has been a tremendous development since the war. Oil and potash, in addition to agriculture, have made a strong economy for the province and the capital city.

That night I went to see the play "The Trial of Louis Riel," which is shown three times a week during the summer at Saskatchewan House on Dewdney Avenue. I had seen it three years previously and knew that they picked audience members to be the six jurors. I had pretty well concluded that a blonde Scandinavian would never be chosen, so imagine my surprise when a gentleman asked me if I would serve as a juror. I would be glad to and had the best seat in the house as I sat opposite Louis Riel. The man who played his part did a masterful job.

In history, and in the play, Riel is convicted and sentenced to hang. His lawyers plead insanity for their client. Thus there is a measure of satisfaction for Riel in that he is adjudged sane by the jury, even though he must then die for treason. To me the whole trial was a miscarriage of justice. After his death he was buried by St. Boniface Cathedral in that sister city of Winnipeg and his grave may be seen there.

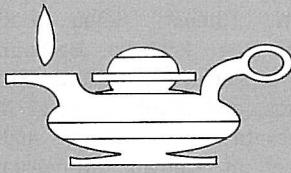
July 13

While in Regina I made two hospital calls. One was on Mrs. Perley Berg who had had surgery at Pasqua Hospital. This is the former Grey Nuns where my father had lain seriously ill in the summer of 1933 with a ruptured appendix.

The other call was at Regina General Hospital to see 91-year-old Math Anderson of Bulyea, referred to before. He would die eleven days later, but I had the opportunity to share the Word of God with him and to offer prayer. Among those in the room was his daughter-in-law, Olive, who, as a recent newcomer from Hallingdal, Norway, had worked in our home at the time that my brother was born.

Two items of interest about Math Anderson. One, as a young man he helped to build one of the banks in Warren, Minn., before going up to

[Continued on page 15]



SCHOOL NEWS

JUNIOR GOSPEL TEAM TOUR

On June 13, Anne Snipstead, Karen Quanbeck, Jennifer Broden, Janet Wall, Kurt Mortenson, Steve Johnson, Paul Jore and Don Oson started our summer Gospel Team tour. That night the girls sang a trio, with Karen accompanying, at the mission night at the annual conference in Thief River Falls, Minn. The next two days we took for practise in meaningful efforts to get our harmony together.

Well, here it came to the big night and we were to sing our first summer concert, which was at the Saturday evening service of the conference. There were lots of people and we were nervous, but through it all we were richly blessed.

The next day we were to be in Greenbush, Minn., for a Sunday evening service. Then on the 17th we had an informal sing and drove on to Roseau, Minn., for a concert on the 18th, then back to Badger, Minn., for the 19th and to Newfolden, Minn., the 20th. Our next stop was at Galilee Bible Camp, Lake Bronson, Minn., for a weekend retreat.

Once again we were on the road for Hampden, N. Dak., which was the 23rd, and Minnewaukan, N. Dak., the 24th. We had a free day on the 25th and a concert in Grafton the 26th. From there we went to Cooperstown Bible Camp in North Dakota and stayed the 27th and 28th. On June 30 we finished our tour with two concerts, one in Portland, N. Dak., and one in Buxton, N. Dak.

Some of our extra curricular activities were swimming (lots of that); basketball for the boys, whenever possible; football, when time was no problem; baseball (at the camps); and waterskiing in Grafton, N. Dak. (where do you water ski in Grafton? —Ed.) Oh, I forgot, we had a splendid time one afternoon in a sauna and

a refreshing dip in Lake of the Woods on the northern tip of Minnesota. Some of our less physical activities were shopping and lying in the sun for that cool tan.

Yes, it was all possible as God led us and grew in each one of us daily. Our mission was to tell about God and His wonderful grace through singing and sharing. Through this we were delighted and blessed. We had some fantastic Bible studies and some wonderful talks with wonderful people. I personally would like to say that I learned great lessons of submission to God, being willing to obey His commands, through His holy Word, and looking to Jesus Christ as my example to follow. May Christ be yours today and seek to serve Him daily, giving Him the honor and glory forever.

We also as a Gospel Team received much and would very much like to say thank-you to all who had a part in making our summer tour possible and a pleasure.

Don Olson
Bothell, Wash.

BUILDINGS BEING READIED FOR OPENING OF SCHOOL

As August drew to a close and September began, every effort was being made to have the three buildings used by the Bible School ready for us.

Much remained to be done in finishing the boys' dorm which has been built this year. Particular effort was expended in completing the living quarters on second and third floors, but the goal was to have the whole building ready by Sept. 13, the last work day before school begins.

In the girls' dorm and classroom building many student rooms have been repainted and everything is being cleaned. Furniture for the new

dorm has been stored in the present classrooms and this has prevented general clean-up there until this time and the installation of study hall facilities in the old senior classroom. But the study hall will be set up as soon as possible.

Further preparations have also been made in the church building where the Seminary classes are held and the Bible School cafeteria is located. The library has been moved from the balcony to the old music room, for one thing.

A student body of about 100 students is expected when school begins on Sept. 16. An opening service will be held the day before in the church at 4 o'clock. Seminary classwork begins on Sept. 16, and for the Bible School the following day.

Homecoming will be held Sept. 27-28. All former students are invited to come back for those festivities.

JULY GOSPEL TEAM REPORT

"But just as we have been approved by God to be entrusted with the Gospel, so we speak, not as pleasing men but God, who examines our hearts" (I Thess. 2:4).

As a gospel team, we were organized only for the short time from July 21st-28th. However, regardless of the length of our ministry, our purpose was that of Paul's, to witness of Christ.

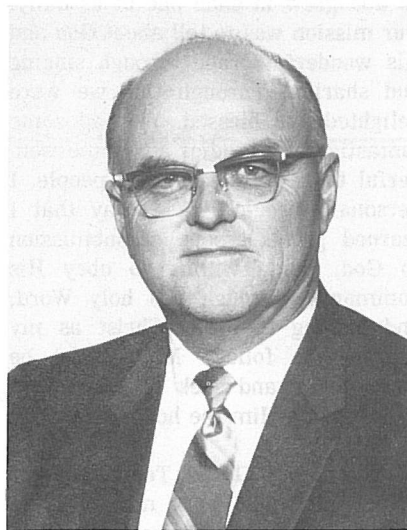
The members of the team were Mary Ellen Flaten, Becky Haugen, Sharon McCarlson, Jeanne Whitaker and Kathryn Hodnefield. We gave the first program Sunday the 21st, in the Victory in Christ Church in St. Paul. There and consistently throughout the trip we were received with great hospitality and warmth. Although we were traveling so as to share Christ with others, God returned blessings galore everywhere, by people giving of themselves in return.

The traveling part of our trip officially started noon of the next day. Leaving Minneapolis, we headed towards McLeod, N. Dak., where we would sing that night. We travelled in the new van which had been purchased for the school by the women of the WMF. Don Rodvold was our trusty driver and chaperone.

Tuesday morning we left McLeod,

REV. R. L. LARSON

Funeral services were held at Zoar Lutheran Church, Hampden, North Dakota, August 10, 1974, for Rev. Raymond L. Larson, 61, who died August 7, from a heart attack, in the Deaconess Hospital, Grand Forks, North Dakota. Rev. Dennis Gray, Grafton, North Dakota, officiated at the service. Rev. John Strand, Minneapolis, Minnesota, president of the Association of Free Lutheran Congregations, brought the message. Pastor G. L. Halmrast, Moorhead, Minnesota, a long-time friend of the deceased, brought a brief message.



Rev. R. L. Larson

A second service was held August 12, at St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Rolfe, Iowa, with Rev. Gary Olson officiating. Pastor Jacob Andreasen, St. Paul, Minnesota, a seminary classmate and friend through the years, brought the message. Interment was at the Rolfe cemetery.

Rev. Raymond L. Larson was born July 3, 1913, in Mitchell county, Iowa, to Mr. and Mrs. Anton Larson. He graduated from the Osage High School, Osage, Iowa, and from St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, in 1942. On September 24, 1944, he was united in marriage to Miss Esther Simonson of Rolfe, Iowa, a 1943 graduate of St. Olaf College. In January of 1945, he graduated from Luther Theological Seminary of St. Paul, Minnesota, and was ordained February 11, 1945, at Osage. He served as pastor at Union State Line and Pales-

tine congregations, near Estherville, Iowa; at Elliott and Pontoppidan, Elliott, Illinois; Selbu, LaCrosse, Washington; Kirkebo, Bethania, and Nora at Perley, Minnesota; Hitterdal, Rodnes, and Maple Lake at Mentor, Minnesota; and Hauge and Emmanuel at Kenyon, Minnesota. He served for three years as Editor of the magazine *Lutherans Alert-National* and as Dogmatics professor at Faith Evangelical Lutheran Seminary in Tacoma, Washington. January 1, 1974, he became pastor of the Zoar, Zion, and Bethany congregations of Hampden, North Dakota.

Survivors are his widow; four sons: David of Minneapolis, Jonathan of Mentor, Reuben of McVile, North Dakota, and Daniel, at home; one daughter, Solveig, of Pensacola, Florida; two grandchildren; and three brothers: Delbert of Osage, Alton of Ottawa, Illinois, and Allen of Stewartville, Minnesota. He was preceded in death by his parents and a brother, Leland.

THE LORD MY GOD DELIGHTS IN ME!

Not only am I from sin set free,
But the Lord, my God, delights in me.
The crinkles round His eyes I see
As now today He smiles at me.

I laugh within, my joy overflows;
All my sorrow, pain and trials He
knows.

He delights to see I love Him most,
And of His loving care I'd boast.

Oh Lord, my God, I thank You now
That even I may humbly bow
And lovingly give You the praise,
And honor You through all my days.

Mrs. Kent Quanbeck
McVile, N. Dak.

EASTERN NORTH DAKOTA WOMEN WILL MEET

The Eastern North Dakota District fall Women's Missionary Federation rally will be held at New Luther Valley Lutheran Church, McVile, Rev. Kenneth L. Anderson, pastor, on Saturday, October 12, with registration at 9:30 a.m.

Mrs. Russell Duncan
Secretary

for we had a long drive ahead of us if we were to reach Tioga, N. Dak., that night. Ps. 104:24 pretty well sums up our thoughts as we travelled that day and every day. "O Lord, how many are Thy works! In wisdom Thou hast made them all; The earth is full of Thy possessions." We saw that each state possesses beauty of its own kind that is incomparable to that in any other state.

The next day was our shortest trip for we had only to go from Tioga to Culbertson, Mont. Once on the road, our time was not restricted only to driving, for we made stops at several points of interest. Among them were the Petrified Park in Lemmon, S. Dak., and a museum in Hanks, N. Dak., of relics and old-time farm equipment. We also took time one day to golf an 18-hole round of miniature golf.

From Culbertson, we traveled to Faith, S. Dak., and then on to Pukwana, S. Dak. Leaving from there we drove to Radcliffe, Ia., where we finalized our Gospel Team trip with taking part in the Sunday morning service. The team returned to Minneapolis that day after a full week of traveling and singing.

Having peace with God and experiencing each day His love, mercy, and goodness to us, is not something that can be locked within oneself and never spoken of. Our songs and testimonies and the sermonettes by Don Rodvold all strove to point towards God who is very real, living and working.

Hopefully, God was able to use us that week and may He continue to do so. A Christian should not stand still. Dedication and service to God is nothing to be taken lightly. God did not take man's sin lightly but rather, He gave His best, Jesus Christ, to die for us. We also must give our best to Him.

"Let everything that has breath praise the Lord" (Ps. 150:6a).

Kathryn Hodnefield
Radcliffe, Ia.

Mrs. R. L. Larson and son Daniel have moved to Rolfe, Ia., to make their home. Her address is Garfield Street, Rolfe, Ia. 50581.

Two items from something we read this summer seem worthy of note even though they are widely unrelated.

The first concerns the evangelist-pastor, Peter Nilsen, who died on January 24, 1926, at the age of 73 years. There are people in our readership who remember this well-known and effective evangelist of another generation.

In writing of him at the time of his death, in **The Lutheran Free Church Messenger**, Rev. H. C. Casperson makes note that Pastor Nilsen's usual schedule in evangelism was to spend three days at a place, but not to have evening services as a rule. Rather, he would speak morning and afternoon for three days. And get this, he often spoke for two and one-half to three hours at a time!

How would that schedule work today? Not very well. But it did then, when people had fewer labor-saving devices and more time. Suffice it to say that Evangelist Nilsen was mightily used of the Lord to bring many souls into God's kingdom. He had the gift of making his hearers feel that he was speaking to them alone and was not above singling out audience members personally as he spoke, but in a way that did not offend. God continue to bless his work.

Then there was a story we read in the now defunct **Visergutten** by a Gabriel Stene. This will be of interest especially to our readers in the Sunburg, Minn., area. Mr. Stene tells about a three-day blizzard which began on Feb. 14, 1874. Near Dovre, a Mr. Jacobson was lost in the storm, froze both his feet and they had to be amputated. For about 40 years he walked on his knees with the aid of two canes. Perhaps some of our readers knew this man.

In another, even more tragic, incident from that storm, we are told that a Mrs. Halvor Sølund was caught in the storm with a boy, Helge Briskemyr, and her sister-in-law. Near Kerkhoven they were stalled in a sleigh by the fierce blizzard. Sitting on either side of her, the boy and the sister-in-law froze to death. Mrs. Sølund sat between the corpses for two days and two nights before help came. Her hands froze and had to be amputated at the wrists. A few weeks later she gave birth to a child, but he was never right and had to be institutionalized, doubtless a result of the horrible ordeal she had undergone.

Readers in the Sunburg-Kerkhoven-Brooten area have no doubt heard of the blizzard of 1874. What heartache, trouble and sorrow there have come through this and other storms and trials. How good then, as in the times of ease, to have one's trust in the Lord God. May we learn also to help to bear the burdens of those who suffer.

REV. R. L. LARSON

Twice during the summer God called pastors from our church home to Himself, even though it seemed to us that their working day was not over. But God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. He knows what is best.

First, Reuben Wee, then R. L. Larson. The news of Pastor Larson's death came as a complete shock since

editorials

CHANGE IN ADMINISTRATIONS

There has recently been a changing of the guard in American politics. Richard M. Nixon has resigned under the pressure of the Watergate scandal and Gerald R. Ford, the Vice-President, has assumed the presidency.

We shall not discuss Watergate except to make two observations. One, it is too bad that the breaking and entering and other political crimes took place and that a cover-up was put into effect, albeit with little success. Two, we trust that there will be greater concern for morality and honesty both within and outside of political life. While we point accusing fingers at people in high places let us not neglect to confront the sins of dishonesty and cover-up in our own individual lives, otherwise we are guilty of great hypocrisy as individuals and as a people.

Then, President Ford called for prayers on his behalf and for Mr. Nixon. The point is well taken and is particularly pleasing to those of us who do believe in the power and necessity of prayer. "Pray for those in high places," the Scriptures admonish us. Pray that the new president will be open to divine guidance and will serve in humility. Pray that the former president may be at peace with God and man.

Each president makes a contribution for good, in the midst of errors and shortcomings. This was true of former president Nixon. President Ford took office with a spirit of good-will and reconciliation. All of us join in wishing him well, whatever our political persuasion.

I had not heard of his heart attack suffered a few days previously. From what we have learned, he had no history of a heart problem.

Pastor Larson was serving on a fellowship basis in the Association, since January 1. All pastors who enter the AFLC serve on the fellowship basis for a year before they are placed on the clergy roster. The practice is simply a precautionary measure for both pastor and church.

R. L. Larson was a keen theologian and he could have contributed much to our fellowship. For example, in regard to eschatology or last things he was an amillennialist. He would have been a worthy advocate of that viewpoint among us.

He had definite convictions on all points where he was knowledgeable. I recall the time when I said some nice things about the **New English Bible** in the **Ambassador**. He didn't agree completely with me and we had some exchange of correspondence on the matter.

I first met Pastor Larson about a dozen years ago.

Even at that time he was known as a man who was concerned about trends in his church, the American Lutheran Church. I stopped by his home in Perley, Minn., to talk about the church scene in general and hear his views.

Twice he spoke at the pastors' dinner at annual conferences of our church, once at Fargo, N. Dak., and then a year ago at Ferndale, Wash. He was always sympathetic to the AFLC, but sought to influence the ALC to a more conservative stance if he could. At last he gave up that struggle, severed his ties with Lutherans Alert-National, which he had helped to organize, and took a parish in the Association. He was enjoying his parish work at Hampden when he was called from this life.

May the Lord bless the memory of Pastor R. L. Larson among us. May the Lord comfort Mrs. Larson and all the family, and provide for them. May the congregations he was serving carry on their work and his and be provided with a new shepherd soon.

Raynard Huglen

NOT OURS TO KEEP

by Mrs. Sherman Severson
Zion Lutheran Church
Alsen, North Dakota

Dear Lord,

We lift our voices to you now,
You said You'd help carry our load.
Our hearts are, oh, so heavy
As we walk life's troublesome road.

We can't quite understand it, Lord;
Why did You come so soon
To take our leader from our midst
When all seemed so in tune?

We felt he was ours to keep, Lord;
He proclaimed your Word so well;
For every soul he showed concern,
Sustained them when they fell.

He had so much to do, Lord,
The time You gave was short.
We leaned on him so heavily
For spiritual support.

All the good isn't known yet;
You gave him no chance to see—
But You know the seed was truly sown,

And it's drawn us all closer to You.

Lord, give us the zeal for souls that he had;
Let us sow, so souls we may reap.
The work must be done, though he isn't here,
For he wasn't ours to keep.

Ours to keep! Again we say;
But mistakes You never make.
You have the **right** to freely give,
But also the **power** to take.

You gave him to us freely,
But he wasn't ours to keep;
Reluctantly we give him back—
Our hearts are broken—we weep.

But we also rejoice that he's with You, Lord,
In your heavenly choir to sing;
On earth he had limited riches,
Now he's as rich as a king.

So, thank you, Lord, for sharing him;
In You he's now fallen asleep.
We loved him so, but we'll give him back.
Not ours, but Yours to keep.

Written in memory of Pastor R. L. Larson
by one of his parishioners following
his death, Aug. 7

PLANT THE WORD

We are not expected
To germinate the seed—
Jesus said to plant it,
This world's a field in need.
God does not expect us
To cause the seed to sprout—
He just said to plant it,
And plant it all about.
Jesus never told us
To make the seed to grow—
He just said to plant it,
To plant where we go.
God does not expect us
To make the seed bear fruit—
Jesus said to plant it,
And pray that it will root.
Jesus does expect us
To plant the Gospel seed—
Plant it, plant, plant it,
The world's in desperate need.
Plant the seed, and sow it,
Get much seed in the soil,
Jesus said the harvest
Will compensate the toil.

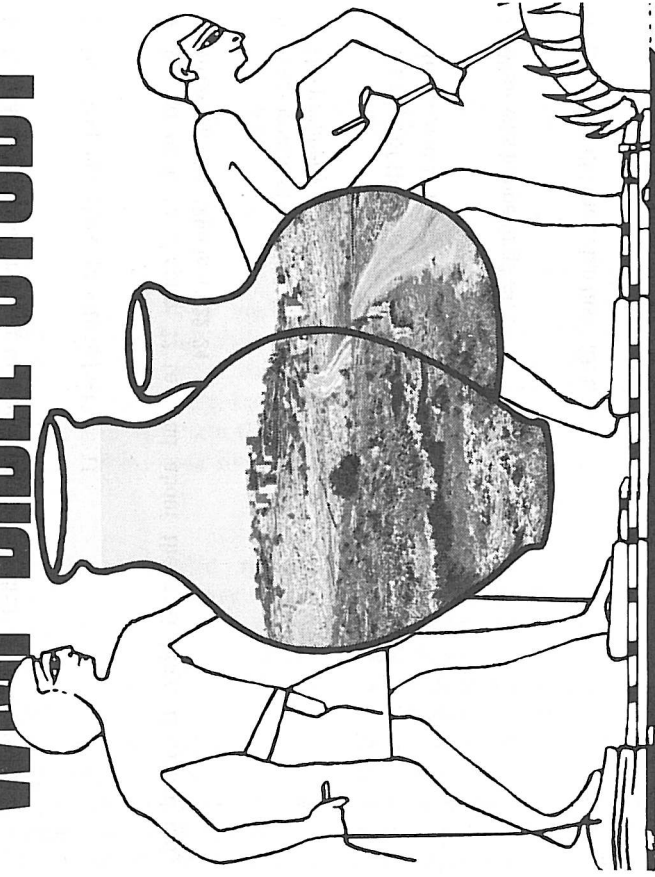
OUR PROJECT

October's project is My Missionary For a Day. Let us pray much for added courage and strength for our missionary wives: Mrs. George Knapp, now on furlough, Mrs. Connelly Dyrud and Mrs. John Abel in Brazil, Mrs. Lawrence Dynneson and Mrs. Leonard Swanson in Arizona. We are committed to pay \$731.50 each month on this project. My Missionary For a Day envelopes are available from Mrs. Reuben Emberson, our WMF Treasurer.

“The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much” (James 5:16b)

In His service,
Mrs. Robert Dietsche, President

WMF BIBLE STUDY



JEREMIAH

LESSON X

HISTORY

October, 1974

The history of the whole nation of Israel is interesting and recorded for our benefit, that we might learn from it both nationally and individually. Today we are going to study the history of the Southern Kingdom as we find it in Jeremiah and see again God's mercy and longsuffering as well as His justice.

The Northern Kingdom was destroyed by Assyria in 721 B.C., and its people carried away. The Southern Kingdom survived at least partially until 586 B.C. Most of Judah had been taken by Babylon by 606 and again in 597 she was further devastated and the king was carried away along with most of the people. Finally, 586 saw Jerusalem completely destroyed and burned. Remember that Jeremiah was called in 626 so his 40-year ministry carried him through the worst of Judah's history, beginning midway in good King Josiah's reign. Jehoahaz reigned next but lasted only three months.

1. Who is king in 25:1?

2. What king and country were to overthrow Judah? 25:9

3. How long was the captivity to last? 25:11

4. We go back to chapter 22 to read about the next king. He ruled only three months. Who is it? 22:24

5. What is said of him? 22:26
The prophecy is fulfilled in 29:1, 2.

6. We read of the next king in 39:1.
He reigned 11 years; then Jerusalem fell to Babylon.

7. What was happening? 39:1

8. How long did the siege last? 39:1, 2

9. What was prophesied of Zedekiah? 34:3
Read 39:5-7 for the fulfillment of this prophecy.

10. Gedaliah was the new leader appointed for the scattered few left in Judah. Who was left? 39:10
Confusion and mistrust abounded. Gedaliah was killed and the people subjected to a ruthless leader, Ishmael. You can read about this in 40:13-41:18. Finally Johanan arrives on the scene and Ishmael flees. For fear of their lives they decide to leave the country. Where are they going? 41:17

11. Chapters 42 and 43 are a study in human stubbornness!
42:2 What do they ask Jeremiah to do?

42:3 What is the petition?

42:6 What do they promise?

42:19 What is God's answer?

43:2 What did they say to this?

43:7 Where do we find them?

44:12 What was prophesied for all the remnant?

Can we see ourselves in the rebellious remnant? How eagerly we follow God's will when it fits our pre-conceived patterns but how often do we insist on going our own way in complete rejection of what God wants! God always knows and does what is best for us. Oh, that we could just accept with simple faith all His leading.

SOW THE SEED

Jeremiah 8:20: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Isn't this a true picture of our world today? Our hearts should weep as the days and months pass by and loved ones, friends and others continue to harden their hearts to the calling of the Holy Spirit and walk in the ways of the world.

Literally, the harvest is past and the summer is ended, but, praise God, this does not mean we cannot continue to sow the seed. As women of the WMF, are we putting forth every effort we can to do our part in this great work the Lord has commissioned us to do? Perhaps we will never see the results of the seed we have planted on this side of eternity, but God knows to what degree we are faithful. I am so thankful that we are not responsible for the increase. God alone gives the increase. In I Corinthians 3:6 Paul states, "I have planted. Apollos watered, but God gave the increase." I think this little poem indicates so clearly what our commission is.

LUTHER LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

GIVING

It started hundreds of years ago when Christ gave Himself for us, to redeem us from the chains of death. This was the greatest gift ever given to mankind. Often I think of what I can do to repay Him for all He's done for me, but what can measure up with a gift of oneself? This gift was an unselfish gift, a gift where real "true love" was demonstrated. This gift will never be worn out or forgotten, but will last forever! NO, there is no gift that will ever be greater than that of Christ's! But in order for this message of love to continue, we have to help.

Are we each day giving all that we have to Christ and His work? God has given us talents. Are we using the talents God has given us? He has given some of us the talent to speak, some of us the talent to sing, and some of us to just show forth kindness in a way that others cannot. With all the gifts and all the love God has given us, shouldn't we be willing to give with a generous heart?

Every gift given for the furtherance of the kingdom of God can be used far beyond what we can imagine! We can never give too much to our Lord who has given so much for us! Can we?

When Christ speaks of giving, He does not measure the amounts. Look at the widow. All she had to give was two mites. Among all the large amounts given by rich men, whom does Christ mention? For Christ did

not look at the amount but the attitude of the heart. Let us remember as we give that even the smallest gift given from the heart will be recognized by God.

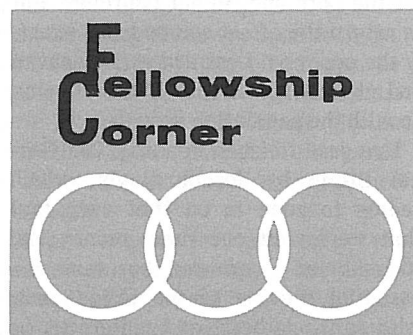
The Luther League Federation needs our help! NOW! A youth worker for the Association has been uppermost in our prayers and thoughts. All our leagues need a youth worker to help reach out to the unsaved millions. But this is not all! We need help to support him! The FLY-Leaf, our LLF newsletter sent to all Association leagues, is also in need of support.

"For what shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?" (Matthew 6:26). Souls are at stake! Maybe your son, daughter, grandson, granddaughter, or maybe your best friend whom you have been praying for, will find Christ through a Luther League convention or some other ministry of the Luther League. GIVE so that this work may continue! PRAY also for more workers, for the laborers are few.

For God has created each one of us for a purpose and has given each one of us the chance to help in the furtherance of His work and His kingdom. Here is your chance! Will you help us?

—Kathi Jones, LLF Treasurer

II Corinthians 9:7-8



A HOLY COMMUNION

I was asked to take part in the ordination service of my good friend Albin H. Fogelquist, Jr., at Grace Lutheran Church, Spokane, Wash.,

July 28, 1974. He is called to serve Central Lutheran at Morton, Wash., while he is writing his thesis for his doctor's degree.

On Saturday morning before his ordination, Albin suggested that we go and visit Pastor Einar Dreyer who is at a convalescent home at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Pastor Dreyer is a retired pastor of our Association. His wonderful wife went home to glory a few years ago and he is now a sickly and lonely man.

Albin said: Pastor Dreyer has been such a help and blessing to me and I would like to see him once more. I will be more than happy to go with you, I said.

In Norway, we used to sing: "Gim meg en blomst mens jeg lever" (Give me a flower while I am living). The flower on the casket doesn't do much good. It was about a 75-mile trip from Spokane to Coeur d'Alene.

We found our friend sitting there all by himself. He was just thrilled to see us. Albin had been thoughtful enough to borrow a private communion set. We asked Pastor Dreyer if he would like to take communion together with us. Oh yes, that will be wonderful, he said.

We inquired at the desk if we could have a private room. Yes, a nurse said, you can have the examination room. The white bed served as our altar.

Here we were, three pastors, two old ones, and a young one just starting out. What a beautiful setting!

I can never remember in all my ministry when Matt. 18:20 was so real and so precious as at this little meeting.

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

He was right there, in the communion, in the Word, and in our midst. We prayed together, and as we parted we embraced and said to one another, we will never meet again here, but we will meet in that glorious home he has prepared for his own.

Such holy moments can never be described in words. You just have to experience them.

No wonder Albin said: this was the best part of my ordination.

Rev. Lars Stalsbrotten
Eugene, Ore.



W M WORLD MISSIONS

THE FIELDS ARE WHITE UNTO HARVEST

GOD CALLING YET

How many times haven't we heard young and old say, "I haven't had a call to be a missionary." I wonder if we understand what a "call" really means, and also many times I wonder if we know what it means to be a missionary.

Young Christians in high school, college, even Bible school, flounder around waiting for a "Macedonian call" to come. I'm sure that if many Christians had a call or vision like Peter had in Acts 9:20 they wouldn't understand the meaning of it anyway.

The very key in receiving a call, as we see in Acts chapter 10, is prayer. Not prayer when we feel like it or when it's convenient, but when we make time every day for quiet reading of God's Word and prayer. Notice, "Peter went up on the housetop about the sixth hour to pray" (Acts 10:9). That's when things happen. All the patriarchs of the Old Testament and disciples and believers of the New Testament and down through the ages have been called, led, inspired and counselled by the Lord in their prayers.

How do we expect the Lord to call us if we don't have the time to beseech Him in prayer daily. Searching for His guiding and leading. He says, in Matt. 7:7: "Ask, and it will be given you; seek and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you." Don't you think the Lord will answer the very prayers and petitions that He is most interested in hearing? Those of a person asking the Lord to take his life and use it in whatever area the Lord sees fit.

That is why when I hear young people say, "I haven't had a call from

the Lord to be a missionary," I feel like asking, "But have you had any call at all? How do you expect one when you don't have room for Him or time to hear from Him." Sure we'll let the Lord be King of our lives, but we'll be the Prime Minister. We'll do all the decision-making and we'll let Him sit there on the throne as a figurehead.

We can talk on this subject for years and not get any place until it's put into practice. I find this also to be the most difficult part of my ministry. Not the preaching to hardened sinners, not teaching in the Bible school, not fording high rivers or driving rough jungle roads, not talking to, nor casting out demons, but my quiet time alone with the Lord. Bible reading and prayer each day is the most difficult. Satan makes sure we never have time for it. Which by all human reasoning we don't have, but we must make time.

We, the American people, spend more time in conceiving new and more gimmicks on how to win people for the Lord and fill our churches. But in return the effect seems to be exactly the opposite. Less are getting saved and church enrollment is not keeping up with the population growth.

I've just finished reading *The Gospel Blimp* by Joseph Bayly, which seems to zone in on that very fact that we forfeit our time, money and thoughts on gimmicks, but miss the essential moving of the Holy Spirit, who calls, gathers, and enlightens us to witness to our neighbor. In other words, Christian individuals moved by the love of God to be concerned enough about their neighbors to pray for them, visit them, show Christian love and share the Gospel with them. It's age-old and may even seem trite.

Satan may even tell you you're wasting your time on one individual, why not win the masses? But we find time and again Christ quite concerned about the one, even to leave the ninety-and nine.

Therefore, to get the call to be a missionary, one has to make and find time for consistent daily reading and prayer. And be concerned about our neighbor, not only praying for him but praying with him, helping him, being a friend to him. As this goes on, the Lord will open new avenues of awareness for others and even lead individuals into the full-time service near and far. Missionaries with various vocations, called to remain at home, called to go abroad, called to preach, called to teach, called to be a farmer, called to be a doctor or a nurse, called to be a mechanic, called to whatever vocation, but CALLED to win souls for Christ.

Yes, God IS calling yet strong and clear, "Go therefore and make disciples of all nations" (Matt. 28:19a). Do you heard the call?

We pray that you may hear and heed that call. And share the living water with those dying around about us. "But how can you give pure water to those needing it when your cup is dirty and the water is covered with scum?"

"You are God's vessel, God's cup. Let God clean the cups in this land that are so urgently needed to give a drink of pure water to the dying" *The Bamboo Cross* by Homer E. Dowdy.

Joy in His Service,
The Connely Dyruds

MISS PRISCILLA WOLD HAS ACCEPTED A CALL TO BRAZIL MISSION FIELD

Miss Priscilla Wold, Abercrombie, N. Dak., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Olaf J. Wold, has accepted a call from the Foreign Mission Board of the Association of Free Lutheran Congregations to become a missionary to Brazil. It is expected that she will leave for Brazil toward the end of this year or at the beginning of 1975. Her first year there will be spent at language school. The official language of the country is Portuguese.

Miss Wold spent two and one-half

years in Brazil as a teacher of missionary children under the Brazil



Inland Mission. She was stationed at Umuarama where the AFLC has a congregation and through that association particularly was able to keep in touch with the AFLC work.

During the past school year Priscilla Wold was a student at Association Free Lutheran Bible School in Minneapolis and received her diploma last May. She is also a college graduate.

The church rejoices in this new worker for our mission field and all who know her know that she will be a happy servant of Christ among a people she has learned to love, the Brazilians.

[Continued from page 6]

Canada to homestead. Second, he "pioneered North America's first comprehensive pre-paid medical insurance plan." The Regina Leader-Post, in his obituary, continued, "He lived to see his work, the establishment of a medical care plan for the Rural Municipality of McKillop No. 220, develop into a provincial and finally a national health care scheme." Math Anderson was a farmer.

That night, on the homeward journey, I stopped first at Souris, Man., to seek lodging for the night. I was told that because of a Jehovah's Wit-

nesses convention in Brandon accommodations were taken up for miles around. I drove two hours longer before finding a hotel room in a town I'd never heard of, Crystal City, Man. The accommodations were good.

July 14

A beautiful Sunday. I drove on, seeking a service to attend. At 11 o'clock I came to the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church in Morden. Heard special music by a group from Steinbach, Man., and a sermon from Revelation 1.

After dinner in Morden I drove to Newfolden, Minn., my starting point and arrived just before 3:30 after a tiring but most interesting journey in Saskatchewan.

(Editor's Note: In printing the following poem in the July 2 issue, we did not use it in the sequence in which the author wrote it. We are sorry for the mistake and are glad to print it in the proper order now.)

YOU WERE THERE

Lord, you were with me,
when I was in hell,

when nothing was real,
not even myself.
When I challenged reality,
You made me face it
and said, "This life
can be more beautiful
than a dream world will ever be."
When I wanted to die,
You took the pills away
and promised, "Things will change."

When I realized
how "nothing" I was without You
and said, "I've made a mess of
myself, Lord,
but I know You can make me whole.
Take me and use me
as You will,"
You said, "I will never let you go."

And You didn't.
I was still 'disturbed'
but You were there.

There were times
when I could reach the world—
You were there.
All-knowing,
All-patient,
All-understanding.
You were there through the worst
times,
holding fast to me,
giving peace
through the confusion,
for if I lost the battle with myself,

THE ASSOCIATION OF FREE LUTHERAN CONGREGATIONS

3110 East Medicine Lake Boulevard

Minneapolis, Minnesota

BUDGET RECEIPTS

February 1-July 31, 1974

	<u>Proposed Total Budget</u>	<u>Current Budget</u>	<u>Received during July</u>	<u>Total Received to Date</u>	<u>% of Current</u>
General Fund	\$ 56,000.00	\$ 28,000.00	\$ 3,804.01	\$19,497.58	69
Schools	82,830.00	41,415.00	5,111.87	25,281.60	61
Home Missions	50,000.00	25,000.00	2,554.85	15,742.96	62
Foreign Missions	57,370.00	28,685.00	2,859.06	17,898.39	62
Praise Program	18,000.00	9,000.00	989.08	6,596.24	73
Total	\$264,200.00	\$132,100.00	\$15,318.87	\$85,016.77	64

1973-74 \$236,202.00 \$118,101.00 \$68,572.78 58

Total legacies—\$79,943.24

Dorm Fund to Date

Unpaid pledges	\$ 21,149.25
Cash Received through June	179,943.04
Cash Received during July	<u>3,964.16</u>
	\$205,056.45

You had won a far greater one,
the war for my soul.

When the word came,
"You can handle life on your own
now,"

I knew it wasn't me at all,
and wanted to shout praises
to Your name.

I owe everything to You.
Thank you, Lord, for bringing me
home.

—Dorothy Seaman
Kirkland, Wash.

THE LUTHERAN AMBASSADOR
3110 E. Medicine Lake Blvd.
Minneapolis, Minn. 55427

Second-class postage
paid at Minneapolis, Minn.

Directory of the Association of Free Lutheran Congregations

OFFICERS

President

Rev. John P. Strand
3110 E. Medicine Lake Blvd.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Vice-President

Rev. R. Snipstead
3110 E. Medicine Lake Blvd.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Secretary

Rev. Robert L. Lee
1033 S.W. Fifth St.
Valley City, N. Dak.

CO-ORDINATING COMMITTEE

Chairman

Rev. Kenneth L. Anderson
McVillage, N. Dak.

Secretary

Mr. Sheldon Mortrud
715 S. Tindolph Ave.
Thief River Falls, Minn.

ASSOCIATION SCHOOLS BOARD OF TRUSTEES

President

Rev. E. J. Langness
858 N. Pine St.
Ishpeming, Mich.

Secretary

Rev. Leslie Galland
Spicer, Minn.

Dean of Free Lutheran Seminary

Rev. Amos O. Dyrud
3110 E. Medicine Lake Blvd.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dean of the Bible School

Rev. R. Snipstead
3110 E. Medicine Lake Blvd.
Minneapolis, Minn.

WORLD MISSIONS

Chairman

Mr. Robert Knutson
McVillage, N. Dak.

Secretary

Mr. Roy Mohagen
Grafton, N. Dak.

HOME MISSIONS

Chairman

Rev. Herbert L. Franz
1301 Wilson Avenue
Cloquet, Minn.

Secretary

Rev. Larry V. Severson
Wallace, S. Dak.

PUBLICATIONS AND PARISH EDUCATION

Chairman

Rev. Raynard Huglen
3110 E. Medicine Lake Blvd.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Secretary

Miss Eula Mae Swenson
1643 Elm St.
Fargo, N. Dak.

Executive Secretary

Miss Judith Wold
324 N. Arnold
Thief River Falls, Minn.

YOUTH BOARD

Chairman

Rev. Forrest Swenson
518 North Main Street
Tioga, N. Dak.

STEWARDSHIP

Chairman

Rev. Wendell Johnson
Dalton, Minn.

Secretary

Mr. Robert L. Dietsche
Sand Creek, Wis.

BOARD OF PENSIONS

President

Mr. Eldor Sorkness
Sand Creek, Wis.

Secretary

Rev. Jerome Nikunen
805 2nd St. N. E.
Roseau, Minn.

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY FEDERATION

President

Mrs. Robert Dietsche
Sand Creek, Wis.

Secretary

Mrs. Amos Dyrud
4509 Jersey Avenue North
Minneapolis, Minn.

Treasurer

Mrs. Reuben Emberson
Esko, Minn.

Executive Secretary

Miss Judith Wold
324 N. Arnold
Thief River Falls, Minn.

LUTHER LEAGUE FEDERATION

President

Rev. Kenneth Moland
Kenyon, Minn.

Secretary

Miss Linda Moan
3110 E. Medicine Lake Blvd.
Minneapolis.

Treasurer

Miss Kathi Jones
3110 E. Medicine Lake Blvd.
Minneapolis, Minn.