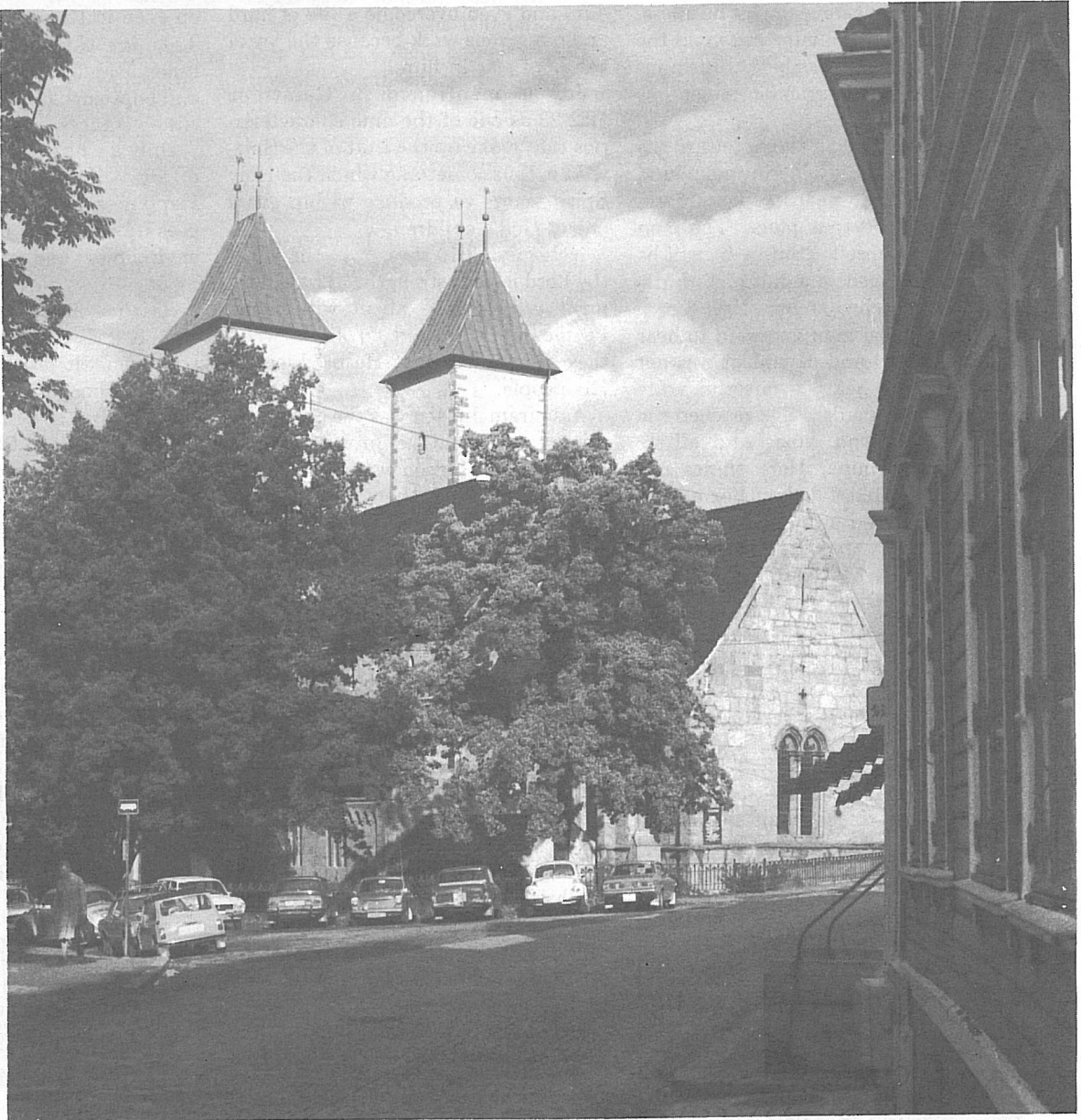


# THE LUTHERAN AMBASSADOR

August 5, 1980



MARIAKIRKEN (St. Mary's Church, Bergen, Norway) Roger C. Huebner, D.D.S.

# AT THE MASTER'S FEET

Pastor Ralph M. Rokke



## Joy, the strength of the Christian

There once was a man who had to go down into a coal mine in order to speak to a miner about some urgent business. The foreman of the mine crew told the man that he could easily find the miner because that particular miner was always singing.

The man started walking toward the back of the mine, wondering what kind of song he would hear in such a dark, dirty and dangerous place. The man thought to himself, "Surely he will be singing, 'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair we wretched sinners lay.'"

Although the man expected to hear something sad and dismal, it was not long until he heard a cheerful voice singing these words: "I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its riches freely mine, Here shines undimmed one blissful day, For all my night has passed away."

### THE LUTHERAN AMBASSADOR

is published biweekly (except the second issue in August) by the Association Free Lutheran Congregations, 3110 East Medicine Lake Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn. 55441.

All communications concerning contents of this magazine should be addressed to: Rev. Raynard Huglen, Editor, Newfolden, Minn. 56738.

Layout design: Solveig Larson. Editorial Board: Mr. Sheldon Mortrud, Rev. Francis Monseth, Rev. Robert Lee.

Send annual \$5.00 subscription to THE LUTHERAN AMBASSADOR, 3110 E. Medicine Lake Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn. 55441. Second-class postage paid at Minneapolis, Minn.

Volume 18, Number 16  
USPS 588-620

The joy of the Lord was the strength of that Christian miner. He could endure and even overcome a life of hard and dangerous work because the joy of the Lord was in him.

Joy is mentioned in Galatians 5:22-23 as one of the nine characteristics that make up the fruit of the Spirit. It is thus something which the Holy Spirit wants to produce within every one of God's children.

Nehemiah 8:10 says, "... the joy of the Lord is your strength." That statement is very true about witnessing. People are attracted to Jesus when they see the joy that He produces in His people.

Adoniram Judson was the great missionary pioneer to the Burmese people. It is said that Judson was so filled with the love of God that the Burmese called him Mr. Glory-Face. The love and joy of God could be seen in his face.

What a wonderful thing when the joy of the Lord can be seen in a Christian! Do you remember how the face of Moses shone when he came down from the mountain where he had met with God? It was a sign that he had been with God. In a similar way the face of a Christian should show the joy of the Lord.

Joy is a Christian's strength for witnessing. Not only does it attract people to Christ, but it is also the best motivation that a Christian can have for sharing the Gospel with others. It is a better motivation than any sense of obligation can ever be.

Joy is also a Christian's strength in times of trouble. Joy is a sureness that

the Lord does all things well, and therefore it enables a Christian to carry on even in times of sickness or death. True joy can be just as present at funerals and gravesides as at weddings and baptisms. It does not depend upon circumstances.

Only a Christian can know this kind of joy. Others may know happiness. Happiness is like a thermometer. It goes up and down depending upon its environment and reflecting its environment.

Real joy, however, is like a thermostat. It does not merely reflect its environment. It responds to its environment. It changes situations by bringing the promises of God into them.

How then can a Christian have more of the joy of the Lord in his life? First, we must spend time alone with God. Our faces can only shine with the joy of God when we have spent time alone with God in Bible reading and prayer.

Then, secondly, we become joyful people when we share joy with others. In God's economy the more of some treasure that you give away to others the more of it you will have for yourself. If you would have joy in your life, then give joy to others.

Finally ask the Holy Spirit to give you joy. Remember that joy is a gift from God. You cannot produce it for yourself. Ask the Holy Spirit for joy and he will not withhold this good thing from you.

The Apostle Peter wrote, in I Peter 1:8, that Christians rejoice with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." May that promise be true in your life. Amen.



## A rescue mission miracle

*Smart young "punks" in fifteen-dollar shirts were a dime a dozen on Chicago's West Side in the roaring twenties. But Louis Skoda was one of the smartest.*

# Louis Skoda and the silk shirt days

Louis backed his team of horses into the city alley with dexterity. "Whoa, boy, whoa," he soothed. Jumping down from the wagon, he hurried along the alley. His footsteps tapped back at him in the stillness. He stopped at a door that interrupted the brick blankness of the walls along the alley. He squinted down toward the mouth of the alley, then into the gloom beyond them. He rapped a staccato signal on the door.

A peephole in the door popped open. Light flickered into Louis' eyes. "It's me—Fargo Louis," he whispered. "I got thirty cases for you."

The man inside pinched his lips to the round hole. "Well, well, you're a good boy, Louis. Nice quick work," he wheezed.

"It's a cinch," Louis hissed. What did the guy mean—"boy." "Driving's my daytime business, too. I'm an old hand—"

"Yeah, yeah, o.k." The keyhole gentleman brushed him off. "Bring it to the rear entrance. There's two C notes in it for you this time."

When Louis had shoved the thirty cases in through the back door, the

wheezing gentleman crumpled the two bills into his hand. Louis waited until he was in his wagon again before he straightened and smoothed the bills down. Two hundred dollars! He stuffed the bills in his back pocket and whipped up the horses.

"Easy dough," he said to himself as the horses maneuvered the wagon from the alley into the street. "You just got to be smart in this racket and play the game right."

Louis would have told the gentleman at the alley back door or anybody else willing to listen that night that he had been playing the game smart since he was a twelve-year-old boy.

"Of course, it probably came natural to me," he would have said. "My old man being as smart as he is. He's not just the small-time receiving clerk in the warehouse he looks to be on the surface. He's in the big time. Nights he tends bar for some of the biggest politicians in Chicago. And these days being prohibition, that's no small potatoes."

It was "Pop," in fact, who had encouraged Louis to be smart, back when Louis was twelve. Louis remembered the argument Dad and Mama had about his quitting school.

"I say it is not good that Louis should quit school when he is twelve years old," Mama protested to his Dad.

"But he's already quit," Dad said with finality.

"Get him to unquit," Mama answered in her mixed-up Bohemian-English. "Talk to him, Jim. Please talk to him."

"What good will it do, Anna? The boy has made up his mind. He plain doesn't like to go to school. He's not interested."

"Yah, but what can we do?" Mama sighed. "Already at only twelve years my boy is no longer in control of his Mama."

Dad laughed, rough and strong. "I'd say Louis was in control of his Mama. And Mama just lost control of Louis. Talk Chicago, Anna."

Mama twisted her wide apron. "He won't go to church any more either. He won't go to school, he won't go to church. Where will he go, Jim?"

"To work, woman, to work," Father insisted. "He's a smart kid, my son. Got himself a job already, he tells me. Sure he has. Errand boy for a wholesale drug house, four bucks a week. Not bad for a boy of twelve."

Heading his wagon down toward the loop, Louis cocked his head and looked pleased. Father was right. It hadn't been bad for a boy of twelve. But he'd been too smart to stay an errand boy long. When he was sixteen, he had graduated to the Wells Fargo Express.

A driver at sixteen. Some said he handled his horses better than most of the older men. They let him drive a brand-new Wells Fargo wagon and called him "Fargo Louis" from the start.

So what? you say. He wasn't the type to think that driving an express wagon for a respectable company that paid respectable wages was all there was in life. There was a lot more. Fargo Louis had learned that early.

Louis was still caressing the two hundred dollars when he strolled into one of the city's cabarets. With his hands in his pockets, he slouched in the doorway, looking the place over. In one corner the band screeched "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Smoke swirled up from the tables and booths, but not thick enough to mask the smell of warm liquor. Louis spotted his buddies in the back booth. Mabel, too, her skirts a little too short, and a lot too tight, but having fun.

That was the "icing on the cake," standing in the doorway gloating over the cash he'd earned and was about to spend, wondering what orders he'd hear tonight for the next job, deciding what woman he'd pick up for the evening. A West Side fellow couldn't ask for anything more of life.

Louis slicked his hair back with his hand and strode toward the back booth. "Hey, boys," he said, sliding into the booth. "Hey, Mabel." He put his arm around her, and she relaxed against him, warm and smelling of rum. Then Louis spotted the man across the booth.

"Well, Killer," he said, "what's the word with you tonight?"

## Skoda . . .

Killer gulped down his drink. His lower jaw looked as if somebody had smashed it in a fight five years before. "Want to tell you something, Louis," he said in a voice full of gravel.

Mabel was giggling. "Hey, pipe down, Mabel, you're making too much noise.

I can't think." Louis tried to push her away.

"Aw, so's your old man," Mabel squealed. Her giggles became a hiccup.

"Maybe I can hear something you're saying now, Killer," Louis called.

"Yeah, well, I'll try again." Killer grated out his words. "Nick said to tell you to arrive by his place at seven bells and he'd give you your orders for further instructin' by that particular time. That's tomorrow night. Seven bells, a lovely time of the evening."

"O.K., Killer, I got you," Louis replied. "You can count on me. Now go on and beat it. I got to have myself some fun before the night's over." He pulled Mabel to him. "Mabel, come on over, Honey, and sing Louis a song."

That was how the young gang boys lived in the twenties. And for Fargo Louis, it was the life. So what if Mama fretted about him, was scared because the Valley Gang had tapped him for one of their bright boys? It wasn't as if he had quit his good daytime job or was even slacking on it. Could he help it if he was smart enough to work for two bosses at once? He could balance the Valley Gang and the Fargo Express with skill.

No, there was nothing wrong with Fargo Louis' life on July 9, 1921. As he sauntered down into Chicago's Loop that hot sticky night, he watched his reflection in the store windows. A new suit, a silk tie, and also a silk shirt. He might have been on Michigan Boulevard. Things were going fine with Louis.

He looked at his watch. No one was going to put the finger on him for being late. But he was twenty minutes this side of the time he was to meet the boys at a South State Street club to start the night's Valley Gang discussion. "And never be too early," he swaggered. "Don't let them think

you're too anxious. Hit it right on the nose, that's the best way."

With twenty minutes to kill, he slowed down at the corner of Van Buren and State. A religious meeting was "sounding off" on the corner. Sev-

ally with the living Son of God, Jesus Christ."

Louis looked down at his well-pressed new pants and his shoes with their look of good calfskin.

"There's no money in the kind of life

---

**"I found out that belonging to the most powerful gang in the world couldn't give me the power which belonging to God can give."**

---

eral women, a fat man with a red face, and a knot of Skid Row bums were listening. Louis checked his watch again. Nineteen minutes to go. He might as well hang around for the laughs.

He stopped a few feet away. The women, the fat man, even the homeless men were singing a happy kind of song Louis hadn't heard before. He shifted from one foot to another. He did like music. He stopped shifting and listened.

The singing stopped, the man began to speak. Louis still listened. The meeting broke up and the speaker moved along Van Buren Street. Louis trailed him and followed him into the Pacific Garden Mission.

He sat down. A young fellow about his own age, who looked as if he might have lived on the West Side, too, was saying, "You may think you're having a good time when you get all done up in a silk shirt, with a roll in your pocket and a flask on your hip. You may think it's big stuff to make a quick C-note delivering a few cases of bootleg liquor. I know I did.

"But that was before I knew there was another really wonderful, real life I could have. Not only in some faraway hereafter, but right here and now, today in the city of Chicago. I found out that belonging to the most powerful gang in the world couldn't give me the power which belonging to God can give."

"I'm not preaching at you, fellows. I'm just telling you first-hand what happened to me since I met up person-

ally with the living Son of God, Jesus Christ."

he's talking about, that's for sure. Maybe it's a lot duller than the way I'm living now, but I think—I want this—belonging to God."

After the sermon, the mission superintendent talked to Louis. "Sin is anything that keeps you away from God," he said. "But the blood of Jesus Christ does cleanse you from all sin."

"O.K.," Louis agreed. "That's for me."

When Louis walked in the front door of his home that night, early and "cold sober," Mama began to cry. "Louis, what's the matter? You're home so early. Something is wrong." She plucked at her big apron nervously.

"No, Mama, never been so fine in my life. Where is Dad?"

Dad came in from the dining room. "Here, Louis. What's wrong? Any trouble?"

Louis sat down. "No, look, both of you, sit down. No trouble. Not ever again. I became a Christian tonight. Down at the Pacific Garden Mission. I'm through with the Valley Gang, Dad."

Mama, bewildered, shook her head. "I no understand. But I'm glad you said good-by to the Valley Gang."

Dad sat on the arm of the chair and slapped his knees and rocked back and forth. "Pacific Garden Mission—Christian—you—hah-hah," he gasped out.

"You heard me right, 'Pop,'" Louis said again. "I got all my sins wiped out tonight and from now on, I'm going straight. I'm not too good at saying it



yet, but I know it's the most terrific thing that has happened to me."

Let Dad chortle. Louis went upstairs smiling. He looked in the mirror. Same silk shirt, same flashy tie. But a different fellow wearing them. It was then he remembered for the first time since twenty minutes to seven his tree pals sitting in the State Street cabaret, pressing out cigarette butts in a saucer, waiting for him.

\* \* \*

Fargo Louis was still Fargo Louis. He had the same job, drove the same team of horses. In the daytime, that is. There was no more night work.

But life wasn't dull. Because on the

West Side, Christianity wasn't for softies. Dad taught him that.

Even praying had its risks.

"Hey, Dad, come here and look in at Louis. He's on his knees praying," his seventeen-year-old brother Charles whispered out in the hall one night.

Dad snorted, "Oh, yes, would you look at sanctimonious Louis, my eldest son? Say, Charlie, I got an idea."

Ignore them and they'll leave me alone, Louis reasoned and went on praying. But he heard Charlie come swiftly into his room and then felt a jab of pain in his feet, upturned as he knelt. Charlie kicked him hard, twice, three times. Turn around and slap the boy down? No, Louis was a Christian

now. The sting again. Then Charlie's voice out in the hall.

"Stubborn, ain't he?" he mocked.

"Stubborn and crazy. Just plain crazy, I'd say," Dad told Charlie.

But a fellow who isn't scared of pulling a load of bootleg hooch down a back alley isn't sacred of standing up for what he knows is right. Charlie's kicks didn't tear Louis from his faith. Nor jibes from Dad and brother George. "I can take a lot more than that," Louis said.

And on one of his Gospel-spreading jaunts on a Sunday afternoon at Washington (Bughouse) Square, he had to take more.

He knew the square was a breeding-

[Continued on page 8]

## SUNRISE ON LAKE SUPERIOR

It was away back in 1892, in Marquette, Michigan. Seven students from Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois, had gathered in that pretty little town for a brief reunion. They were spending the summer in the north, preaching and teaching parochial summer school in various congregations.

In the evening of the eleventh of August we rendered a program in the Lutheran church and received an offering to help pay traveling expenses. The next evening we hired boats and rowed out to Presque Isle. Not far from that peninsula a bold rock juts out of the water. To this rock we rowed, and on this we spent the night. People had told us that sunrise on Lake Superior is a glorious sight, and we had enough romance in our souls to be willing to give up a night's sleep to see it.

The rock is hard as flint and utterly barren, but we managed to find some driftwood on top of it and with this we built a bonfire. Thus we dispelled the darkness, overcame the chill of the night, and opened the floodgates of conversation. We chatted about our studies, our parochial schools, our attempts at preaching, our impressions of Michigan and its people, etc., etc.

After a few hours by the fire, two of us got into a boat and rowed away from the rock. The sky was aglitter with stars, but the sea was black beneath us. Toward morning we saw a dim red light in the east.

"Venus, the morning star," I said.

My companion did not agree with me. He thought it was the light from an approaching steamer. Neither of us could be sure, but we watched it. Venus gained the victory. It was the morning star. Then we returned to the rock and joined our companions.

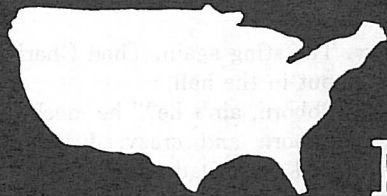
Conversation ceased. We sat in silence, facing the east

and waiting for the dawn. As Venus rose higher we thought we could see a faint brightening along the eastern horizon. Whiter and brighter it grew, till there came a delicate touch of saffron and gold. This deepened into orange and red. The horizon flamed for miles and miles, north and south. The trees on the peninsula behind us were silhouetted in black against the now luminous sky. A cloud covered the zenith and the western part of the heavens. It was gray and heavy looking, like a sheet of lead, but presently the dawn touched it and transformed it into a diaphanous veil of pink and white. There was no wind, but the mere hint of a breeze from the east was sufficient to cause little ripples on the lake. These came in endless succession, and each little trough, reflecting the glory of the daybreak, brought a cargo of gold which it poured at our feet.

In silent wonder we gazed at the glory while the east grew brighter and brighter, till our eyes could hardly endure the splendor. Then through it all arose His Majesty, King of Day. No human eye could now endure the vision, and without a word we descended to our boats and returned home.

It was Sunday morning, but we were far to the north where dawn comes very early. We could sleep several hours before the church bells would call to worship. We had seen God perform a miracle, and we understood why some people have been sun worshipers. If we could not sanction their "worshiping the creature rather than the Creator," we could at least understand why they did so. Meanwhile it was our privilege to think of the sun of the solar system as the symbol of the Sun of righteousness, which, in the fullness of time, arose with healing in its wings. And we could rejoice that we were being called to bring that healing to sinful and suffering humanity.

C. A. Wendell



# Home Mission News

## Amery, Wisconsin

Welcome to Amery, Wisconsin, the city of lakes in dairyland of America! Amery is a beautiful community located just 70 miles northeast of the Twin Cities. It is nestled in among the Apple River, lakes, rolling woodlands and small dairy farms. It is in this beautiful creation of God that He has established our congregation. Our desire is to have God's work of redemption save and beautify the eternal souls of men through the ministry of our church in our community. It is also our hope that our own lives would reflect daily the new creation of God's sanctifying power through His precious Word.

Amery Lutheran Church is the result of God drawing together a small group of people who desired a Bible-centered, pietistic Lutheran church. From simple home Bible studies to application as a Home Mission congregation of the AFLC, God opened the doors and prayerfully the organized work was initiated.

Pastors Norman Tenneboe and Albert Hautamaki were faithful shepherds as the work began. With the faithful and dedicated work of chairman Roger Krueger and other laymen the bond of unity and love among the believers was tied. A modified split-entry home had been purchased from Mr. Krueger by the Home Mission Board. We were already a church, and now we had a building! Mustard Seed Faith Academy, a Christian school, had already been using this facility as its learning center. By mutual agreement the school remained and rented space from the church. What a privilege to begin a home mission church in a spirit of helping one another.

A growing desire to have a full-time pastor developed. Through prayer and consultation with the Home Mission Board, the church extended a call to Pastor Michael Brandt, who had previously pastored a home mission church in Lake Stevens, Washington.

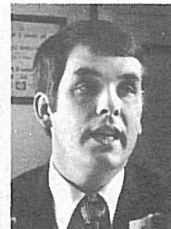
In January of 1978 Pastor Brandt and his family (wife Jeannie and daughters Erika, Alisha and Kayla) received peace to accept the call and traveled to Amery to establish their new home and ministry. The supportive love of their former congregation and the welcoming love of warm acceptance by their new family made the sub-zero temperatures disappear (at least in their hearts).

God continued to bless the new work. The ministry of a daily Dial-A-Devotion helped to inspire curiosity and interest. Souls were added to the Kingdom through salvation and new members joined. In the fall of 1978 the congregation voted unanimously to accept full responsibility for MSFA as a ministry of the church. A growing attendance (average of 52 in Sunday school, 76 in worship and 42 enrolled in MSFA) resulted in needed space for worship, weddings, funerals and school activities. The congregation began to pray for God's guidance in building plans. In 1979 a unanimous vote of the congregation and the approval of the

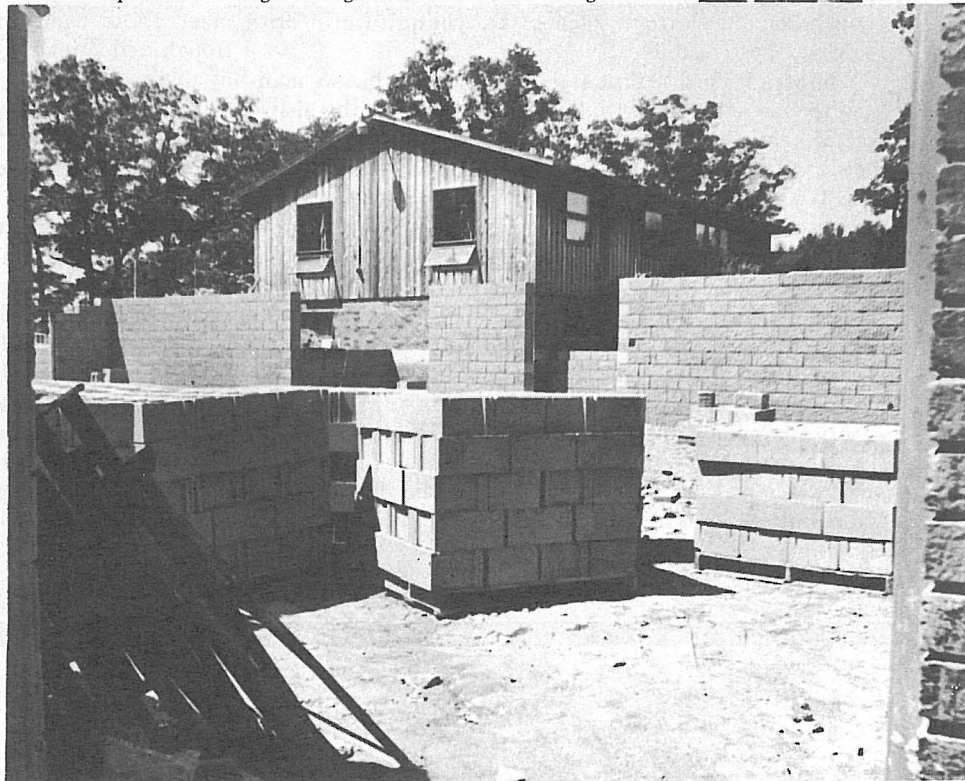
Home Mission Board initiated plans to build a multi-purpose sanctuary and fellowship area. With the aid of Church Extension and the sacrifices of God's people the new building is now under way.

The church of Jesus Christ is a precious blessing of which to be a part. In our communities we all face the false assurance of church membership as a substitute for being born anew by the Spirit of God. Yet churches that are free and living under the Word can reveal the transforming power of God and make others desire the same. Please continue to pray that Amery Lutheran can be such a church and that we would reveal a Christ-like love for the spiritual and temporal needs of those in our community, not only in word but in action. Thank you for your support. Without the prayers and financial aid of people like you our work quite possibly would not exist. We praise God for moving your hearts to respond to His call. "I thank my God in all my remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all making my prayer with joy, thankful for your partnership in the Gospel from the first day until now" (Philippians 1:3-5).

Pastor  
Michael W.  
Brandt



A recent picture showing the original church in the background.





## Adoniram Judson      Missionary to Burma, 1813-1850

A dark-eyed baby boy lay in his old-fashioned cradle more than (190) years ago. In the little town of Malden, Massachusetts, August 9, 1788, this child was born, and named Adoniram, after his father, who was Rev. Adoniram Judson, a Congregational minister in that far-away time. The father, and the mother, too, thought this baby a wonderful child, and determined that he should do a great deal of good in the world. They thought that the best way to get him ready for a great work was to begin early to teach him as much as he could possibly learn. Long pieces were given him to commit to memory when he was hardly more than a baby, and he learned to read when he was three. Think of it!

When he was four, he liked best of all to gather all the children in the neighbourhood about him and play church. He always preached the sermon himself, and his favorite hymn was, "Go, preach My Gospel, saith the Lord." This was a good way to have a happy time, and he wasn't a bit too young to think about telling others the Good News, for he was old enough to know about Jesus and His love.

The little Adoniram, like boys who live now, liked to find out about things himself. When he was seven, he thought he would see if the sun moved. For a long time he lay flat on his back in the morning sunlight, looking up to the sky through a hole in his hat. He was away from home so long that he was missed, and his sister discovered him, with his swollen eyes nearly blinded by the light. He told her that he had "found out about the sun's moving," but did not explain how he knew.

At ten this boy studied Latin and Greek, and at 16 he went to Brown University, from which he was graduated, as valedictorian of his class, when he was 19. He was a great student, loving study, and ambitious to do and be something very grand and great indeed. Two years after this, he be-

came a Christian, and then came a great longing to be a minister, and he studied diligently with this end in view. There was one question which this splendid young man asked about everything, and this was, "Is it pleasing to God?" He put this question in several places in his room so that he would be sure to see and remember it.

Mr. Judson taught school for a while, wrote some school-books, and travelled about to see the world. After some years he read a little book called "The Star in the East." It was a missionary book, and turned the young man's thoughts to missions. At last he seemed to hear a voice saying, "Go ye," and with all his heart he said, "I will go." From that moment he never once faltered in his determination to be a missionary. His thoughts turned toward Burma, and he longed to go there. About this time Mr. Judson met the four young men who had held a prayer-meeting in the rain, when they sheltered themselves in a haystack, and there promised God to serve Him as missionaries if He would send them out. These five were of one heart, and were much together encouraging one another. There was no money to send out missionaries, and Mr. Judson was sent to London to see if the Society there would promise some support. The ship was captured by a privateer, and the young man made prisoner, but he found an American who got him out of the filthy cell. This man came in, wearing a large cloak, and was allowed to go into the cell to see if he knew any of the prisoners. When he came to Mr. Judson he threw his cape over him, hiding him from the jailer, and got him

out safely, giving him a piece of money, and sending him on his way. The London Society was not ready to take up the support of American missionaries, but not long after this, the American Board, in Boston, sent him to Burma, with his lovely young bride, whose name, as a girl, was Ann Hasseltine. It took a year and a half to reach the field in Rangoon, Burma, and get finally settled, in a poor, forlorn house, ready to study the language. By this time, Mr. Judson was taken under the care of the Baptist Board, just organized, as he felt that he belonged there. The Burmans were sad heathen, and the fierce governors of the people were called "Eaters." The work was very hard, but the missionary said that the prospects were "bright as the promises of God." When he was 31 and had been in Burma six years, he baptized the first convert to Christianity. The preparation of a dictionary, and the translation of the New Testament, now occupied much time.

After this came great trouble. It was war time. Missionaries were unwelcome. Dr. Judson was put in a dreadful prison. After great suffering there, his wife was allowed to take him to a lion's cage, left empty by the lion's death. She put the translation of the New Testament in a case, and it was used for a pillow. After he left the prison, a servant of Dr. Judson's found and preserved the precious book. Set free at last, he went on with his work. Death came to his home again and again, and trials bitter to bear. For 37 years he toiled on, several times returning to America, but hastening back to his field. By that time there were 63 missionaries and helpers, and over 7,000 converts had been baptized. Worn out with long labour, the hero-missionary, stricken with fever, was sent home, only to die on shipboard, and his body was buried at sea.

Julia H. Johnston, *Fifty Missionary Heroes Every Boy and Girl Should Know*, Fleming H. Revell Company

### OUR MEMORY VERSE

**"Then said Jesus unto His disciples, 'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.'"**

**Matthew 16:24**

[Continued from page 5]

place for derelicts, Communists, and soapbox orators. But it was a good place for the Gospel.

"The security you're promised by insurance companies, by your government, by your banks, they're wonderful, but they can be wiped out," he told a group of men assembled there. "But with Jesus Christ standing straight and tall in the very center of our lives, we can be hit from all directions and we can not only take it, we can sing about it."

A tall thin old man elbowed his way out of the group and leered at Louis. "How dare you speak such unmitigated drivel. Don't believe him. He lies," he shouted.

Some bench-habitues sleeping in the small park stirred, stretched and joined the crowd. Everybody started to mutter. The handful of derelicts looked rougher than a cabaret gang.

"Listen, I can prove that Christians do sing when they're tortured," Louis said.

"Prove it, then," the old man flung at him.

"I will, by the Bible—"

"Go ahead."

Louis fumbled with his Bible, found Acts 16 and read about Paul and Silas. After ordering them to be flogged, the jailer put them into the inner prison and secured their feet in the stocks. Then about midnight—

The old man had lit a match, stuck it on the end of his cane and held it forward until it touched Louis' chin. The flame stung, then it seared. Louis read on: "As Paul and Silas were singing—"

"Well, where is your Christ now?"

the old man taunted. "Come on, sing."

"I will sing." Louis held his voice steady with an effort because he was in pain. The flame was as a knife, cutting into his jaw. "My Jesus—I love Thee—I know Thou art mine—" The notes wavered, held.

A low growl rumbled in the old man's throat. The match went out; he pulled back his cane, thumped it on the ground.

"Nothing dull about that," Louis would tell anybody who asked him. "Sure, it was worth it. Maybe you'd call it playing it smart. It was a lot more than that. It was worth being burned and made a fool of in Washington (Bughouse) Square. Because I didn't flinch that day, I came to speak to a roomful of Communists and two of them accepted Jesus Christ.

"Sure, it was smart not to turn on my younger brother that day and slap him down. Dad came to Christ before he died, and Mother, too. Charlie, my brother, is well educated, a missionary in British East Africa.

"I've been playing it right with Jesus Christ since July 9, 1921. I'm still with the express company, a driver for thirty-four years, and the money I earn is all honestly gotten.

"Tell you something. If I hadn't played it smart that day and followed the fat fellow in the Pacific Garden Mission, my other brother, Geroge, might never have heard about Jesus Christ, might never have accepted Him as his Saviour; and if he hadn't, the church in Austin, Chicago, Illinois, never would have called the Reverend George Skoda as its pastor."

Courtesy,

UNSHACKLED; Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, Ill.

## NO SECOND ISSUE IN AUGUST

According to our rule, there will be no second issue in August (19th). The next *Ambassador* will be dated September 2. Our best wishes for a continued good summer for all our readers.

The Editor

## PERSONALITIES

Rev. Dean Casselton has resigned as pastor of Our Saviour's Lutheran Church, Zumbrota, Minn., where he has served since June, 1978. Future plans are indefinite at this time.

Rev. Arnold Stone, LCA, Alexandria, Minn., conducted a series of meetings on prophecy in the Newfolden (Minn.) Lutheran parish in July. Rev. Merle Knutson is the local pastor.

## Director of Development of the AFLC



Mr. Ernest Miedema  
145 N. E. 12th St.  
Valley City, N. Dak. 58072  
Telephone: (701) 844-1418 (H)  
845-2732 (O)

Counsellor in will, estate and gift annuity planning. He is available for assistance in the above areas. Employed by the AFLC.

## Rev. O. S. Weltzin funeral held

Rev. O. S. Weltzin, 83, Minneapolis, Minn., passed away suddenly in Fergus Falls, Minn., on Sunday, June 29. His funeral service was held on July 3 in St. Luke's Lutheran Church, 3751 17th Avenue South, Minneapolis. Burial was in Battle Lake, Minn.

Pastor Weltzin was born on June 8, 1897, at Donnelly, Minn., to Mr. and Mrs. Christian Weltzin. He attended Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.; Crane Jr. College, Chicago; Naperville College, Naperville, Ill.; and Augsburg College, Minneapolis, B. A. His theological studies were taken at Augsburg Seminary. In 1938 he was ordained into the ministry of the Lutheran Free Church. His pastorates were at Oak Grove, Minneapolis, and Olivet, also of Minneapolis. For 16 years he was visiting chaplain of the Lutheran Deaconess Hospital in Minneapolis.

He was married to Myrtle Leithe in 1923. The couple had two daughters, Ruth Swanson and Lorraine Peterson. There are five grandchildren and one great grandchild. Two brothers, Henry and Elmer, also survive.

Blessed be his memory.



---

# editorials

---

## SEMINARY REQUIREMENTS

The question of requirements for admission to our theological seminary came up at our Schools Corporation annual meeting in Valley City last June. It is a question which arises now and then and one which our Board of Trustees and faculty confronts each year as a matriculation committee.

The area that has caused the most soul-searching over the years is that of when exceptions should be made to the requirements that a man should have a college degree when he applies for seminary admission. The catalog statement is this: "A normal entrance requirement is a Bachelor's degree from an accredited college. In the case of mature older persons exception to this rule may be granted."

It may be that a chronological age to define the lower limits of who is a mature older person will be determined eventually. That could be a real help to the Board and faculty. That is, an exception to the guideline given in the catalog wouldn't even be considered unless the application was of such and such an age.

A college education isn't an end-all. But it is very important and greatly to be desired for anyone going into a work which is considered one of the professions, the Gospel ministry, although we know it is a unique work.

But what we would like to do now is state again something we wrote in an editorial some years ago. Without going back to look it up, one of the points made then was this: a man should not shun the full college experience because it will be one of his finest opportunities for witnessing he will ever have, among the youth of America and foreign students, one he may never be able to duplicate in later life.

Of course, there can be a problem of finances, but there are ways the Lord can work things out even there. And as to time, the years of college are years of service, too, as much as the years in the Christian ministry will be. A Christian doesn't look forward to the time when he can begin working and serving (although types of work may change). He is to be engaged in those things now, where he is.

Consider the great mission field of the college and university campus. The Lord needs His own among those thousands as salt and light. There is the opportunity to share Christ with fellow students and to speak out for the Christian viewpoint in the classroom. Likely there will be fellowship opportunities with other Christians on the campus. A good Lutheran congregation in the city will provide further strengthening through its worship services, midweek Bible studies and young adult group. (AFLC congregations are now located in not a few college and university towns.)

There is an advantage to being a part of the campus family when making the witness for Christ. As an example, a man of whom we have knowledge has recently been engaged in a ministry, through one of the popular campus groups, of evangelizing among the faculty of a well-known university. But now he has decided to go back to being a faculty member himself, and will seek a job at a state college, feeling that in this way, as a colleague, he can be even more effective in contacting and helping these teachers spiritually. We think his decision is right.

Our point is this. Let no man despise spending four years on a college or university campus. There, in addition to gaining an invaluable education, he will have opportunities to be a presence for Christ that will never likely come again in life.

---

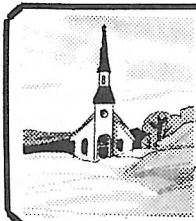
## ASSOCIATION OF FREE LUTHERAN CONGREGATIONS

3110 East Medicine Lake Boulevard  
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55441

### BUDGET RECEIPTS

Feb.1 - June 30

Fund	Total Budget	Received to Date	% of Total (Ideal 42%)
General Fund	\$104,140.00	\$33,839.40	32%
Schools	179,802.00	45,902.60	26
Home Missions	105,252.00	21,980.17	21
World Missions	156,636.00	38,078.08	24
Praise	36,407.00	9,446.63	26
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$582,237.00</b>	<b>\$149,246.88</b>	<b>26%</b>
1979-80	\$481,635.00	\$142,434.28	26%



## A Minister's Musings

Pastor Einar Unseth



### Christ bore our sins

I Peter 2:24

"I'm glad that Jesus died on the cross so that He can forgive us our sins." This wonderful statement was spoken to me this week by an eight-year old girl whom I was transporting to our Vacation Bible School. This child has come to the joy of having her sins forgiven.

A man whom I once visited told me that he had been an alcoholic for 30 years. With the help of Alcoholics Anonymous he had been able to quit his destructive habit. That habit had indeed been destructive for him physically, socially, financially and spiritually. When I asked him how much money he had spent on liquor during those 30 years of drinking, he responded, "I imagine that I spent at least \$100,000 on drinking." As he continued talking about his life, he commented, "I hope that I've made enough appeasement for my sins." He desired to be freed from the guilt of his sins, but he didn't know that Christ has borne his sins.

In Thailand a Buddhist man was so troubled over his sins that he made a 300-mile journey on foot in an attempt to find absolution from the guilt that pressed upon his conscience. However, that long pilgrimage left a deep, unsatisfied hunger in his heart. Seeking to satisfy his hungry heart, he attended an open-air meeting where he heard that the sacrifice and righteousness of Christ are the solution for sin. At that Christian meeting that Buddhist invited Jesus Christ into his heart and be-

came a Christian with the joy of forgiveness.

When I was a missionary in Japan I became acquainted with a veterinarian. One day I called at his home to invite him to a series of tent meetings. Though he didn't come, his 20-year old daughter came. After the meetings were over she came to visit me. She shared with me how sad and dark her life had been. When I invited her to receive Christ and His gift of eternal life, she shocked me by saying, "I would like to do it, but first I must suffer some more punishment for my sins."

Hearing those sad words, I was truly glad that I could share with her the good words of I Peter 2:24, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." I told that young lady the wonderful news that it was not necessary for her to suffer any more punishment for her sins because Christ has already suffered for them. I explained to her that God's Son has carried the burden of all our sins to the cross and has there paid the penalty for them. Therefore, it is not necessary to do penance or punish ourselves for our sins. Hearing this promise, that young lady prayed, asking God to forgive her for Christ's sake. Afterwards her face radiated a newly found peace that comes only through trusting Christ for forgiveness and salvation.

Dear reader, if you are yet attempting to bear your sins yourself, then accept the offer of forgiveness from Christ who has once for all borne our sins in His body on the cross. And then let us die unto sin and live unto righteousness.

**If I have let God remove the beam from my own outlook by His mighty grace, I will carry with me the implicit confidence that what God has done for me He can easily do for you, because you have only a splinter, I had a log of wood.**

Oswald Chambers

### With our evangelist

*Dalton, Minn.*

Kvam Lutheran Church

Aug. 24-28

Mark Antal, student pastor

*Osceola, Wis.*

AFLC Retreat Center

Aug. 29-31

Youth Leadership Retreat

*St. Paul, Minn.*

Victory in Christ Lutheran Church

Sept. 7-11

James C. Gerdeen, pastor

*Badger, Minn.*

Badger Creek Lutheran Church

Sept. 14-18

Gustav Nordvall, lay pastor

*Ray, N. Dak.*

Beaver Creek Lutheran Church

Sept. 28-Oct. 2

Pastoral vacancy

*DeKalb, Ill.*

Grace Lutheran Church

Oct. 12-16

Ralph D. Tjelta, pastor

*Virginia, Minn.*

Good Shepherd Lutheran Church

Oct. 19-23

Henry A. E. Johansen, pastor

Remember to pray for Pastor Kenneth Pentti as he carries out this work of evangelism in the preaching missions listed above.

### Northern Lutheran Laymen to meet

The Northern Minnesota Lutheran Laymen's Society will meet on Sunday, August 24, at 2:30 p.m., at Bethlehem Lutheran Church, northwest of Strathcona and southwest of Greenbush. The text for discussion will be Revelation 16. All are invited.

Art Joppru, Chairman  
Joe Jacobson, Secretary



16. In v. 10, what was Peter's chief error? Compare with Matt. 16:21-23. \_\_\_\_\_
17. In v. 11, after Peter's blunder, what is the new motto that Jesus made for all of His followers? \_\_\_\_\_

#### CHAPTER 18:12-14, 19-24 THE JEWISH TRIAL BEFORE ANNAS

18. In vs. 12 we read, "They bound Him." Did they? They thought so. What really bound him? \_\_\_\_\_
19. Only John records the trial before Annas. Jesus is brought before Annas and Caiaphas, these unrighteous judges who have already decided without any trial that He must be destroyed. What then was the object of the trial? v. 19 \_\_\_\_\_
10. How was Jesus treated? v. 22 \_\_\_\_\_

#### CHAPTER 18:15-18, 25-27 THE FALL OF PETER

21. Who was the "another disciple" in vs. 15? \_\_\_\_\_ It was the writer's humility that made him conceal his name both here and elsewhere. Here he would not make known that he stood while Peter fell.
22. Review Peter's denials in vs. 17, 25, and 27.
23. What was his boast in 13:37? What was wrong with this attitude? \_\_\_\_\_
24. What might have been wrong with Peter's actions in vs. 18? \_\_\_\_\_
25. What lessons can we learn from Peter's fall? "Let him who thinks he stands take heed lest he fall" (1 Cor. 10:12). \_\_\_\_\_

#### PRAYER

Father, we thank Thee we have a great High Priest even now interceding for each one of us. We pray that His prayer for our sanctification may be answered in us. Make us holy in all our living for the glory of God. Create in us a humble sense of our own weakness; make us daily dependent on the Strong One for our strength. In Jesus' Name, Amen.



# W.M.F. Bible Study

September, 1980

## The Gospel of John

Study assignment: John 17:18-27

### CHAPTER 17

Now we have come to a place in John that is the Holy of Holies! "There is no voice which has ever been heard, either in heaven or on earth, more exalted, more holy, more fruitful, more sublime than this prayer offered up by the Son of God Himself" (Melancthon). "The sublime self-consciousness of the speaker, His claim of universal dominion, His reference to a previous existence in living unity with the eternal God, leave us as the only possible explanations either insanity, blasphemy, or deity" (Erdman). We ought to fall on our knees as we study Jesus' High Priestly Prayer. It is a pattern of the intercession which He is every carrying on for us in heaven. Let us approach to worship our glorious Lord!

Jesus had given His last Word to the world, His last word to His disciples—now He is expressing what was on His heart to His Father. We are admitted into the heart, mind and will of Jesus, just before the cross, His greatest work. He prays for Himself, vs. 1-5; for His disciples, vs. 6-19; and for all who will believe in Him through His Word, vs. 20-26.

### CHAPTER 17:1-5 JESUS' PRAYER FOR HIMSELF

1. Jesus had often said, "My hour has not yet come"—Jn. 2:4; 7:6, 8; but now the great hour of darkness, anguish and humiliation had come—the hour that had been appointed for Christ long before the foundations of the earth were laid (1 Pet. 1:20). And what was His earnest request for this hour? \_\_\_\_\_

2. What does "glorify" mean? Was this a selfish prayer? \_\_\_\_\_

3. What does Jesus say about Himself in v. 2? \_\_\_\_\_

4. Remembering the purpose for which John has written, 20:31, does verse 3 add any more light as to what it means to have "Life in His Name"? \_\_\_\_\_

5. Jesus' request was enlarged upon in v. 5. What glorification was Jesus really seeking? Philipians 2:6 \_\_\_\_\_

6. If you want to see some of the glory for which He is praying, read Rev. 1:7-16 and copy some of this. \_\_\_\_\_

What was John's experience when he saw Jesus in all His glory? Rev. 1:17 \_\_\_\_\_

#### CHAPTER 17:6-19 JESUS' PRAYER FOR HIS DISCIPLES

7. In vs. 6-11a, what remarkable phrases did Jesus use to describe His disciples? \_\_\_\_\_

"Christ tells all the good He can of His disciples, and covers their failings. How poorly they had received Christ's word! How weak and staggering was their faith! How often Christ reproved them sharply for their unbelief and other faults! Yet not a word of all this in Christ's representing them to His Father! This is the constant gracious way of our High Priest" (by Traill in Ryle's *Expository Thoughts on the Gospels*).

8. In vs. 11b-19, what does Jesus request for His disciples? \_\_\_\_\_

9. Compare v. 17 with vs. 18 and 19—for what reason did His disciples need to be sanctified? \_\_\_\_\_

#### CHAPTER 17:20-26 JESUS' PRAYER FOR ALL BELIEVERS

10. What does Jesus ask for all believers? vs. 21-23. You can try to define this with the help of Phil. 2:2-4. \_\_\_\_\_

11. The plea for oneness or harmony is often in the Word of God. Notice, in Philipians 4:2, 3, that it was the *women* who had a difficult time living in harmony, and needed help. What about your WMF? Is there sweet harmony? Is it your goal, "for me to live is *Christ*"—His will—His plan—His love, or do you have self-centeredness and other wrong motives that destroy rather than build up? Shouldn't the younger and the older members work together lovingly? If each one prayed over and, by the help of the Holy Spirit, obeyed the words in Phil. 2:14-16 and 4:8, then Jesus' prayer in 17:23 would be answered: "I in them, and Thou in Me" \_\_\_\_\_

The world is looking for loving, warm fellowships where members have genuine love and concern for one another and the only way this can be is if "the love \_\_\_\_\_" vs. 26.

#### CHAPTER 18:1-11 BETRAYAL AND ARREST

We now come to the *sign* which reveals Jesus and His authority. The sign is His Death and Resurrection (Jn. 2:18-19). Like the other Gospel writers, John enters fully into the story of the cross, but he records several interesting points not mentioned in Matthew, Mark and Luke.

12. What is so sad about Judas in v. 2 and what is the warning here? \_\_\_\_\_

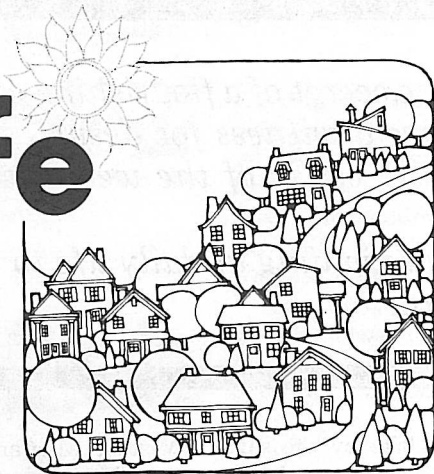
13. Notice in vs. 3, the enemies came with soldiers (about 600), with lanterns, torches, and weapons. They must have expected He would be hiding and that they would have a hard time taking Jesus. What words reveal His godly foreknowledge and that His suffering was completely voluntary? \_\_\_\_\_

14. In v. 6, what reveals His divine power? Could He have walked away as He had done in 7:30 and 8:20? \_\_\_\_\_

15. What shows His protective care for His disciples, in v. 8? \_\_\_\_\_



# Life on the Edge of Town



## Govan Homecoming

As I promised last time, I am going to write about my trip to Saskatchewan last month for the Homecoming Days in the town where I lived for seven years as a boy, Govan, about 75 miles north of Regina, the "Queen City" of the prairies.

My memories are very vivid from those years and I know the town well from that time and from subsequent visits. Govan was all spruced up for the occasion and had just had all its streets paved for the first time. There was evidence of fresh paint everywhere and a banner spanned the wide main street, saying, "Welcome to Govan." I should remind you that this homecoming was part of the province's 75th anniversary. Even more touching was the smaller banner I saw on one business establishment, "Welcome Home."

While I saw some old friends and renewed acquaintances with others out of the long ago, the majority of the people were strangers to me. Many of them came from Govan's earlier years or more recent ones. But for three days we mingled on the streets, in the spacious fairgrounds and in the new and old school buildings. Those of you who have attended school or community reunions know the scene: hearty handshakes and/or embraces as friends meet, perhaps after many years. People look intently at others, hoping they will recognize someone, bursting into animation if they do.

On Saturday afternoon there was a school reunion in the old and now unused school building, the one where I started school. The different age periods were assigned separate rooms. In ours I met a few of the children (then) with whom I'd gone to school: Rozzy, Irvine, Catherine, Willie, Anna, Glenn, Elinor, Eileen, Verna. Mostly they remembered me, which was gratifying in view of the fact that I'd dropped out of the lives of most of them at the beginning of 4th grade (or grade 4, as they say in Canada). Certain it is that none of us could say to any other, "Oh, you haven't changed at all," for we were people now who had crossed the 50-year mark.

The homecoming festivities included a program and social hour on Friday night in the new and first gymnasium Govan has ever had. While it is a beautiful building, the basketball floor reminded me of olden day floors because the free throw circles came up to the center circle. Also there was little provision for spectators except for the stage in one end.

Saturday was given over to a Sports Day with its softball games for men and women and a baseball doubleheader between the neighboring towns of Duval and Lockwood, rides for children, and refreshment stand, as well as the above-mentioned school reunion. The rural schools had their reunions earlier in the day. A chicken supper was served, the food being dispensed

outdoors and most people eating at tables set up inside the rink or arena. A few of us gathered at the town hall that night for Christian fellowship, while others were at a dance at the school or visited in homes. Those of us in the hall enjoyed a blessed time in an informal meeting led by a layman, a former Govanite.

On Sunday morning a pancake and sausage breakfast was served at the rink. Before the community church service in the gym, I took a drive northwest of town where my dad had served a church, St. Olaf Lutheran. A windstorm destroyed it just over 20 years ago, but there is a well-kept churchyard bordered by carraganas. I looked at the graves, including that of a daughter of the early pastor, Ellef Christiansen.

Following the service, at which a community choir sang, I shared in a picnic dinner with a family group in the fairgrounds. There were many others picnicking also. Then it was soon time to head off for Bulyea and Regina and more visiting. It always gives me a strange feeling when I leave Govan and I experienced that again this time. For that is the place where my first conscious memories lie, where I started school and where our family unit was complete the longest.

## Other Places

I found Govan thriving. There are many new homes, some of them winter homes for farmers. At least that was the case in the very nice new one in which I stayed. The downtown area seems much re-vitalized from 15-20 years ago. The evidence of progress is clearly visible throughout Saskatchewan. There are many new buildings. A fine system of local, regional and provincial parks has been developed. Roads and highways are rapidly improving. I heard it said in Govan that in ten years Saskatchewan may be the richest province in Canada. The potash mines have been a tremendous boon.

Travelling through Manitoba, a very pleasant drive, I stayed overnight in Yorkton, Sask. This is a center of eastern European immigration in the province. The next morning, it being the Lord's Day, I attended the service in

# THE SECRET

*Here we have the secret of a flourishing church:  
every believer a witness for Jesus.*

*Here we have the cause of the weakness of  
the church:*

*so few who are willing in daily life to testify that  
Jesus is Lord.*

Andrew Murray

## Edge of town . . .

St. Paul's Lutheran Church before going on. I was happy to see a large attendance on a July day. The pastor preached on the text about those who gave excuses to Jesus (Luke 9:51-62). True Christianity costs something, he said. It is not painless.

It had been my hope on this trip to visit Rev. and Mrs. Eijvind Nielsen of Fairy Glen. Mrs. Nielsen is a sister of our own Rev. Lawrence Dynneson and I had known them when they lived in Daneville, near Westby, Mont. But they were to be away on a visit to the States so I could not see them.

Late afternoon found me just north of Nipawin at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Selmer Slind, where I have visited before. Expecting company from Norway on the morrow they graciously invited me to stay the night anyway. Mr. Slind is a cousin of the Christians of the Greenbush-Badger-Roseau, Minn., area. Mrs. Slind is a daughter of the pioneer pastor, Rev. E. A. Hage. My father had known Pastor Hage when both were on the West Coast years ago. They showed me a trunk which had belonged to Rev. Christian Saugstad, the man who led the Norwegian settlers to Bella Coola, B.C., 86 years ago. The Hages lived there later and thus came into possession of it.

Following our devotions in the morning I took my leave and headed toward Prince Albert National Park. From early childhood I have known of this park, but had never had the opportunity to visit it. But here was a chance. On the way I stopped to see the Lutheran Bible Camp at Christopher Lake. The Lutheran Evangelistic Movement holds a conference there each year. Waskesieu is the center of tourism in the Park. Situated on the

shore of the large lake by the same name, it is a collection of resort hotels, shops and cabins. There is a beautiful beach on this lake which lies on the south edge of the forest which stretches into the far north.

I spent a night there and one in Prince Albert city. Then it was on to Birch Hills, where I had dinner with the Lorris Myhrs. His parents are gone now, since my previous visit. They had been parishioners of my dad at Viscount. In town, while inquiring about another party from a lady in a shop, we found out that our mothers were friends at Oak Grove Seminary in Fargo, N. Dak., long ago. Her mother (Laura Aadland Armer) is gone now, and I knew she lived in that area, but it was interesting that we chanced to meet.

On to Naicam, Spalding, Watson and Quill Lake, with stops in each. In the latter I visited third cousins of my mother and a fourth cousin of mine. I was invited to stay over in another home, that of the Norman Olsons. She is a sister of George Lindbeck of Thief River Falls, Minn.

The next day I drove to Penzance, via Punnichy and Nokomis. It being a very hot day, I went to Etter's Beach on the west side of Last Mountain Lake and took a swim. Very refreshing. At Penzance I was a surprise guest of the Perley Bergrs. I went out with them to their farm, which holds so many memories for me, and to Craik, where we ate supper. That evening the sky looked ominous, but after some hard wind, only a sprinkle of rain came. The next day I went to Govan.

## Home Via Westby

When out that way, it is always a must to go down to Plentywood and

Westby, Montana. In Plentywood I visited several of Dad's parishioners. One is Mrs. Andrew Bakken. Since I was there she has observed her 98th birthday. Bedridden since February, she is lovingly cared for by her daughters, Ragnhild and Marie. After supper, and before I left, I shared Scripture with her, from Romans 8 and Revelation 21. Wonderful and confident words.

Was overnight at the Idor Ekness' in Westby, also members of my father's church. Good hospitality all along the way. Then the trip across North Dakota from border to border for the umpteenth time.

In all my trip I went through country which had had below normal rainfall this year. How did the crops look? It was a mixed bag. Some looked good. And nearby they could look poor. Some fields had been plowed under. Certainly it won't be a big crop year. Hay will be short many places.

A couple of items. Are country churches becoming a thing of the past? I drove 530 miles in Minn., Man., and Sask., before I saw a country church and that one was less than a mile from a town, then about 350 more before seeing the second one. In almost 2,000 miles I certainly saw less than ten and not all of those are being used now.

I saw no wild animals except for gophers. Rather strange since I was in the northern areas, too. There were some dead creatures along the roads, including several porcupines in western Manitoba. And south of Prince Albert National Park I saw a large beaver lying along the highway, the victim of a run-in with a car or truck. It was the first time I had seen that.

—Raynard Huglen





# CHURCH-WORLD NEWS

## LUTHERANS JOIN OPPOSITION TO SCHOOL PRAYER PROPOSAL

Washington, D.C.—(LC)—The head of the Lutheran Council in the USA's governmental affairs office has joined several other religion representatives opposing a proposal to forbid federal courts from hearing cases involving prayer and Bible reading in public schools.

Charles Bergstrom signed the letter to the 435 members of the House of Representatives on behalf of the council and three of its member denominations—American Lutheran Church, Lutheran Church in America and Association of Evangelical Lutheran Churches.

In a separate letter to the 16 Lutheran members of the House, Bergstrom reiterated positions on the subject taken by the ALC in 1971 and the LCA in 1964.

The joint letter comes amidst efforts to discharge a Senate-approved bill from the House judiciary committee, to allow a vote on it by the full House.

To be successful, the discharge petition would have to attract 218 signatures; approximately 145 House members have signed it so far, including, Bergstrom says, some Lutherans.

The joint letter records the signers' "strong opposition" to the discharge petition because "prayer is a deeply personal and private matter between an individual and God which must be kept free from any intrusion by government."

It speaks of the "sacred trust" of the "spiritual development of children" which belongs to "the family and the faith community. . . . No agency of the state, including the schools, can or should be entrusted with this task."

The letter notes that the proposal "would not in and of itself establish a religion or prescribe religious activities. It is our belief, however, that removing federal court jurisdiction in school prayer cases would deny protection to the religious liberties both to those students who have a preference

for and a commitment to a particular form of worship and those who do not practice any religion."

The signers say that the Supreme Court "has never denied children the right to pray or to read the Bible in school," but "has said . . . that the state may not impose such an exercise. . . . The constitution gives full and strong protection to the religious liberties of children, their parents and their religious institutions. . . . We urge you to uphold these rights by opposing" the discharge petition. ☩

## OLIVER HARMS DIES AT 78; LCMS PRESIDENT 1962-1969

Houston—(LC)—Oliver R. Harms, president of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod from 1962 to 1969 died here June 3 of cancer. He was 78.

A supporter of official LCMS fellowship with the American Lutheran Church and LCMS participation in the Lutheran Council in the USA, Harms was defeated for re-election at the 1969 convention which elected J. A. O. Preus LCMS president.

Later, the same convention approved ALC fellowship. Subsequent LCMS action has changed the relationship to "fellowship in protest."

C. Thomas Spitz, Lutheran Council general secretary when it was formed in 1967, and now pastor at Our Savior Lutheran church, Manhasset, N.Y., called Harms "one of the most irenic persons" he has known, "authentically pastoral in everything he did."

"His soft heart was sometimes confused with a soft head," Spitz added, "and that was someone else's mistake."

## ALC PRESIDENT: CONSOLIDATION NOT SYNONOMOUS WITH MERGER

Minneapolis—(LC)—The church council of the American Lutheran Church has pledged that denomination to the consolidation of U.S. Lutheranism, but ALC President David Preus

says that doesn't necessarily mean merger.

The action in mid-June by the body which governs the ALC between its biennial conventions came in response to proposals from conventions of three of the 18 ALC districts.

The Committee on Lutheran Unity, in which the ALC participates with two other denominations, is recommending a two-year study of four possible structural approaches to Lutheran unity. Representatives of several ALC districts said the two-year study is acceptable, but added they wish it known that feelings in their districts strongly favor merger.

During the discussion, Preus and ALC Vice-President Fred Meuser noted their differences in approach to the merger question.

Meuser said the union of U.S. Lutheranism is sufficiently important that the denominations should commit themselves to it and then decide the best way to go about it.

"The point of uneasiness with me," he said, "is that we leave the impression that we are committed to union only if it is to our liking. We should commit ourselves and out of that commitment be forced to find an appropriate structure."

Preus' position is that attention to merger details might harm other aspects of the church's work. In comments at a Lutheran Women's Caucus convocation in Minneapolis in May, he reiterated his view that merger is "secondary" to "having congregations . . . vigorous in mission outreach." Currently, he said, "the organizational machinery . . . may not be working perfectly . . . but it's working very well."

## AUGSBURG CONFESSION IN MODERN HEBREW:

The first-ever translation is part of the 450th anniversary celebration for the confession by the Lutheran Church in Israel.



---

**THE LUTHERAN AMBASSADOR**  
3110 E. Medicine Lake Blvd.  
Minneapolis, Minn. 55441

---

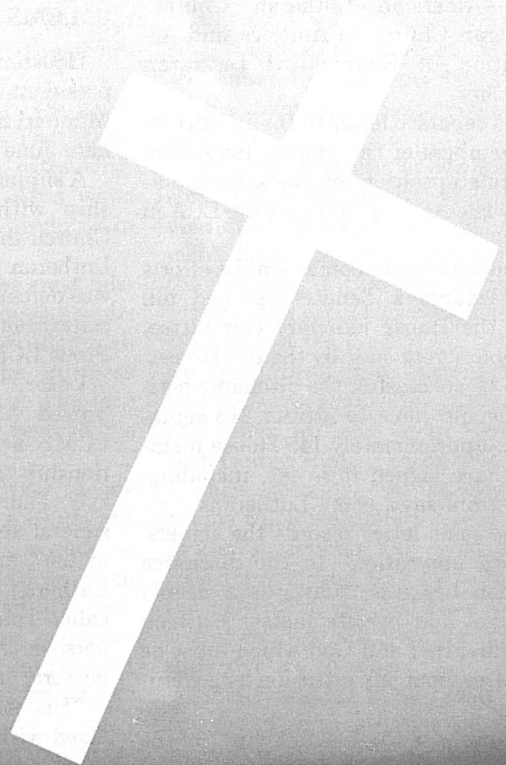
---

Second-class postage  
paid at Minneapolis, Minn.

---

# WONDERING WHAT GOD WANTS YOU TO DO?

Allow the Lord to show  
you the **WAY**.  
Study God's Word  
and be prepared  
for life.



**aflbs**  
minneapolis

Association Free Lutheran Bible School  
3110 East Medicine Lake Blvd.  
Minneapolis, MN 55441  
(612) 544-9501

