

# St. Pauli News in Detail



## Greeting and Ushering

- Nov. 2 Wallace Torkelson
- Nov. 9 Chad Torstveit
- Nov. 16 Val Torstveit
- Nov. 23 Myles Alberg
- Nov. 30 Ron Anderson

### Sunday Service:

- Light altar candles before service and put out flames after church.
- Act as Greeters and hand out bulletins.
- Usher for offering and communion.
- Tidy up pews after church to make it ready for the next Sunday's services.

Altar Preparation: Kathy Alberg

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## Thank You!

**A huge THANK YOU** to everyone who once again helped to make our Fall Supper a success. It would be impossible without the willingness of each one of you to give of your time and your efforts. The final count of people served was 304: 254 seated (including 15 workers) and 60 take-outs. This is 30 fewer than in 2013, but still a good number considering Black River and Thrivent held suppers the same night.



## Community Thanksgiving Services



Wednesday  
November 26<sup>th</sup>

7:00 pm

Redeemer Lutheran  
Church

\* \* \* \* \*

## November Milestones



### Birthdays

- Nov. 7 Blaine Torstveit
- Nov. 16 Barb Nelson
- Nov. 16 Jonathan (JD) Torstveit
- Nov. 28 Wahna Smith

### Anniversaries

- Nov. 26 Dennis and Sharon McCollough

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## Family Day!

Sunday, December 7, 2014

Trey Everett presents

“HOLY DOODLES”

Potluck dinner following services.  
Program to begin at 1:00 pm.  
(See full-page poster in this newsletter.)

# Minutes of the Church Council

SEPTEMBER 25, 2014

The St. Pauli Church Council held its monthly meeting on Thursday, September 25, 2014 at St. Pauli Church. Members present: Pastor Carl Hansen, Evie Johnson, Arlo Rude, Wahna Smith, Kathy Alberg, and Barb Nelson. The meeting was called to order by Chairman Arlo Rude at 7:00 pm.

Pastor Hansen led us in opening prayer.

Agenda was presented by Chairman Rude. Nelson made a motion to approve, seconded by Smith. Carried.

## Secretary's Report

Secretary's Report was presented by Barb Nelson. Johnson made a motion to approve, seconded by Alberg. Carried.

## Treasurer's Report

Treasurer's Report was presented by Evie Johnson.

Expenses for August 2014:     \$ 715.28  
Income for August 2014:     \$ 3,340.00

Account balances as of August 31, 2014:

Checking:                     \$ 24,300.77  
Investor Savings:           \$ 35,806.19  
Mission Grant Fund:       \$ 1,000.47  
Edward Jones:             \$ 41,150.25  
Total:                         \$102,257.68

Cemetery Association:     \$ 19,470.13

Motion by Nelson to accept, seconded by Smith. Carried.

## Pastor's Report

Pastor Hansen is amazed at and very thankful for all the sympathy cards and remembrances of Mary. Among the most heartwarming are specific comments about how she touched and had an impact on people's lives.

He would like to remain as interim pastor at St. Pauli.

He had a wonderful trip to Texas with family. Was kept very busy watching volleyball matches and other activities granddaughter Chelsea was involved in. Went with family to a Texas A&M football game and other activities.

He will be visiting Iowa and Nebraska friends in late October, so will be out of town on October 26<sup>th</sup>.

He also will be taking an after-Christmas trip to Kevin and family in Texas, and to California to visit his brother. He will keep us posted as far as dates are concerned.

## Other Reports

WELCA: Fall Supper is October 26<sup>th</sup>. Election of officers was held. Faye Auchenpaugh, president; Jan Strandlie, vice president; Cindy Cedergren, secretary; Sharon Bugge, treasurer.

Board of Education: Sunday School has started. Kari Torkelson has everything well organized. They are using a video as part of the lesson plans and the children are very quiet and attentive.

## Old Business

Fall Supper is October 26, 2014. Shirley Johnson and Jan Strandlie are taking care of organizing this.

Nominating Committee: looking for volunteers for this. Will change the title of co-treasurer to financial secretary. Members whose terms are expiring are: Council member, Arlo Rude; Treasurer, Evie Johnson; Secretary, Barb Nelson; Co-Treasurers, Bruce and Shelley Mathson; Board of Education, Eunice Grove.

## New Business

Rude presented information regarding ELCA Interpreter training.

Agreement with Pastor Carl Hansen. Johnson made a motion to renew the contract, seconded by Smith. Carried. Pastor Carl signed the contract.

Purchase of a new television for the church. We have an old one, but it is not very good. It could be used for the Sunday School videos. Rude will look into this.

The meeting closed with The Lord's Prayer.  
Meeting adjourned at 7:55 pm.

Respectfully submitted,  
Barb Nelson, Church Council Secretary

## ***Historic Minutes of the St. Pauli Congregation***

**14 April 1918**

The St. Pauli congregation held a special congregation meeting in the church on April 14 at 10 o'clock a.m.

The meeting was opened with hymn song and prayer. A. A. Odegaard was elected to be chairman for the meeting. He then said that the meeting was necessary to appoint a pastor to service. He said that Pastor Grimsrud from Moscow, North Dakota was unanimously accepted by the appointment committee. Thereupon it was proposed and

supported and unanimously accepted by this congregation to appoint Pastor Grimsrud as its pastor and spiritual guide. Proposed and supported to increase the salary that the congregation had settled for at the annual meeting with fifty dollars, so that the annual salary from this congregation will be two hundred dollars.

On proposal the meeting was ended.  
O. Odegaard

## 9 December 1918

The meeting was opened by Pastor Grimsrud with hymn song and prayer. Then the report of the secretary was read and accepted.

The following committees were elected: as trustee for three years J. Kval, secretary one year O. Odegaard, as treasurer C. Oien; school committee: A. A. Odegaard, J. Kval and H. Wiken. It was decided to hold two months of school. As building committee were elected A. A. Odegaard, C. Oien and T. Stene. Cemetery committee A. A. Odegaard. Apportionments committee: C. Oien, J. Kval and T. Stene.

As delegates to the district meeting were elected J. Torstveit and F. Sherva and as substitutes N. Nelson and Ole Helgesen. Thereafter Frederik Sherva was admitted to the congregation.

Nils Nilson was elected as sexton with salary the same as before. As collection committee for the funds of the parish were elected A. A. Odegaard, F. Sherva and Ole Valsvik.

It was proposed and supported that as far as this congregation is concerned the have nothing against entering a union with Clearwater congregation.

As proposed the meeting ended.  
O. Odegaard, Secretary

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## In 1918, the same year as the Historic Minutes presented this month, a horrible conflict had been taking place across the Atlantic which ended that November.

*At 11 o'clock in the morning of the 11<sup>th</sup> day of the 11<sup>th</sup> month of 1918, an armistice went into effect that ended the hostilities of the First World War—known as the Great War.*



**Soldiers of the 353rd Infantry near a church at Stenay-Meuse in France wait for the end of hostilities. This photo was taken at 10:58 a.m. on November 11, 1918, two minutes before the armistice ending World War I went into effect.**

*In November 1919, President Wilson proclaimed November 11 as the first commemoration of Armistice Day.*

*An act approved May 13, 1938 made the 11<sup>th</sup> of November in each year a legal holiday—a day to be dedicated to the cause of world peace and to be thereafter celebrated and known as "Armistice Day."*

*In 1954, after World War II had required the greatest mobilization of soldiers, sailors, Marines and airmen in the Nation's history, and after American forces had fought aggression in Korea, the 83<sup>rd</sup> Congress, at the urging of the veterans service organizations, amended the Act of 1938 by striking out the word "Armistice" and inserting in its place the word "Veterans." With the approval of this legislation on June 1, 1954, November 11<sup>th</sup> became a day to honor American veterans of all wars.*

## *“They Made the Ultimate Sacrifice”*

It was the evening of February 2, 1943, and the U.S.A.T. Dorchester was crowded to capacity, carrying 902 service men, merchant seamen and civilian workers.

Once a luxury coastal liner, the 5,649-ton vessel had been converted into an Army transport ship. The Dorchester, one of three ships in the SG-19 convoy, was moving steadily across the icy waters from Newfoundland toward an American base in Greenland. SG-19 was escorted by Coast Guard Cutters Tampa, Escanaba and Comanche.

Hans J. Danielsen, the ship's captain, was concerned and cautious. Earlier the Tampa had detected a submarine with its sonar. Danielsen knew he was in dangerous waters even before he got the alarming information. German U-boats were constantly prowling these vital sea lanes, and several ships had already been blasted and sunk.

The Dorchester was now only 150 miles from its destination, but the captain ordered the men to sleep in their clothing and keep life jackets on. Many soldiers sleeping deep in the ship's hold disregarded the order because of the engine's heat. Others ignored it because the life jackets were uncomfortable.

On February 3, at 12:55 a.m., a periscope broke the chilly Atlantic waters. Through the cross hairs, an officer aboard the German submarine U-223 spotted the Dorchester.

The U-223 approached the convoy on the surface, and after identifying and targeting the ship, he gave orders to fire the torpedoes, and a fan of three were fired. The one that hit was decisive – and deadly – striking the starboard side, amid ship, far below the water line.

Danielsen, alerted that the Dorchester was taking water rapidly and sinking, gave the order to abandon ship. In less than 20 minutes, the Dorchester would slip beneath the Atlantic's icy waters.

Tragically, the hit had knocked out power and radio contact with the three escort ships. The CGC Comanche, however, saw the flash of the explosion. It responded, then rescued 97 survivors. The CGC Escanaba circled the Dorchester, rescuing an additional 132 survivors. The third cutter, CGC Tampa, continued on, escorting the remaining two ships. Aboard the Dorchester, panic and chaos had set in. The blast had killed scores of men, and many more were seriously wounded.

Others, stunned by the explosion, were groping in the darkness. Those sleeping without clothing rushed topside where they were confronted first by a blast of icy Arctic air and then by the knowledge that death awaited.

Men jumped from the ship into lifeboats, over-crowding them to the point of capsizing, according to eyewitnesses. Other rafts, tossed into the Atlantic, drifted away before soldiers could get in them.

Through the pandemonium, according to those present, four Army chaplains brought hope in despair and light in darkness. Those chaplains were Lieutenant George L. Fox, Methodist; Lieutenant Alexander D. Goode, Jewish; Lieutenant John P. Washington, Roman Catholic; and Lieutenant Clark V. Poling, Dutch Reformed.

Quickly and quietly, the four chaplains spread out among the soldiers. There they tried to calm the frightened, tend the wounded and guide the disoriented toward safety.

“Witnesses of that terrible night remember hearing the four men offer prayers for the dying and encouragement for those who would live,” says Wyatt R. Fox, son of Reverend Fox.

One witness, Private William B. Bednar, found himself floating in oil-smeared water surrounded by dead bodies and debris. “I could hear men crying, pleading, praying,” Bednar recalls. “I could also hear the chaplains preaching courage. Their voices were the only thing that kept me going.”

Another sailor, Petty Officer John J. Mahoney, tried to reenter his cabin but Rabbi Goode stopped him. Mahoney, concerned about the cold Arctic air, explained he had forgotten his gloves.

“Never mind,” Goode responded. “I have two pairs.” The rabbi then gave the petty officer his own gloves. In retrospect, Mahoney realized that Rabbi Goode was not conveniently carrying two pairs of gloves, and that the rabbi had decided not to leave the Dorchester.

By this time, most of the men were topside, and the chaplains opened a storage locker and began distributing life jackets. It was then that Engineer Grady Clark witnessed an astonishing sight.

When there were no more life jackets in the storage room, the chaplains removed theirs and gave them to four frightened young men.

“It was the finest thing I have seen or hope to see this side of heaven,” said John Ladd, another survivor who saw the chaplains' selfless act.

Ladd's response is understandable. The altruistic action of the four chaplains constitutes one of the purest spiritual and ethical acts a person can make. When giving their life jackets, Rabbi Goode did not call out for a Jew; Father Washington did not call out for a Catholic; nor did the Reverends Fox and Poling call out for a Protestant. They simply gave their life jackets to the next man in line.

As the ship went down, survivors in nearby rafts could see the four chaplains – arms linked and braced against the slanting deck. Their voices could also be heard offering prayers.

Of the 902 men aboard the U.S.A.T. Dorchester, 672 died, leaving 230 survivors. When the news reached American shores, the nation was stunned by the magnitude of the tragedy and heroic conduct of the four chaplains.

“Valor is a gift,” Carl Sandburg once said. “Those having it never know for sure whether they have it until the test comes.”

That night Reverend Fox, Rabbi Goode, Reverend Poling and Father Washington passed life's ultimate test. In doing so, they became an enduring example of extraordinary faith, courage and selflessness.

The Distinguished Service Cross and Purple Heart were awarded posthumously December 19, 1944, to the next of kin by Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, Commanding General of the Army Service Forces, in a ceremony at the post chapel at Fort Myer, Virginia.

A one-time-only posthumous Special Medal for Heroism was authorized by Congress and awarded by the President Eisenhower on January 18, 1961.

Congress attempted to confer the Medal of Honor but was blocked by the stringent requirements that required heroism performed under fire. The special medal was intended to have the same weight and importance as the Medal of Honor.

*Three crosses and a Star of David  
honor the men at  
Arlington National Cemetery.*

**Historic Minutes**  
**St. Pauli Lutheran Church Women (L.C.W.)**

**21 October 1965**

The regular meeting of the L.C.W. met October 21, with the Lydia group as hostesses.

Meeting opened with hymn, "God Calling Yet." Scripture and prayer by Rev. Winter.

Letter was read from Mrs. Alfred Rasmussen about the film "No Time to Wait" to be shown at Calvary church at St. Hilaire on November 21. Motion was made and seconded that our L.C.W. pay the rental fee of \$5.00 for the film.

Treasurer's report was read and accepted. Secretary's minutes were read and accepted.

Election of officers was held. Nominated and elected officers are: Anna Bjorge, president; Inez Mathson, vice president; Corine Bjorge, treasurer; Gladys Nelson, secretary; Beatrice Rude, education secretary; and Ellen Torkelson, stewardship secretary.

Present group chairmen are to get together and appoint group leaders. Nominating committee elected were Edna Rondorf, Belle Rolandson and Bonnie Folkedah. Gertie Thune was appointed to be on visitation.

Motion was made and accepted that mileage of \$.05/mile and a \$1.00 be paid for noon luncheon for officers attending the fall workshop at Ekelund Church at Goodridge.

Thank Offering boxes are to be in at the next meeting, November 11<sup>th</sup>.

Edna Rondorf reported on stewardship. A project will be discussed at the next meeting.

Program: Gladys Nelson in charge.

Hymn: "The Soul's Sincere Desire"

Reading: "Do you really believe in Prayer" by Gladys Nelson.

Hymn: "Breathe on Me, Breath of God"

Bible Study: Luke 10:25-38 – Loving Thy Neighbor, led by Ellen Torkelson.

Reading: "Are You Your Brother's Keeper?" by Delores Torkelson.

Offering meditation and prayer: Corine Bjorge.

Lord's Prayer prayed and table blessing sung.

Ellen Torkelson, secretary

**Historic Minutes of the St. Pauli Young People's Society and Luther League**

**22 August 1926**

The St. Pauli Young People's Society held its last meeting at the church Sunday evening, August 22, 1926.

The meeting was called to order by Rev. Grimsrud.

The following program was rendered.

Two songs by audience.

Reading by Rev. Grimsrud.

Song by Louise Nettelund and Mrs. Gryting.

Scripture reading and explanation by Rev. Grimsrud.

Song by quartet.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted.

A motion was made and seconded that the next meeting be held in two weeks, and that we should have the program committee serve.

The meeting adjourned.

Lunch was served by the Young People's Society.

The proceeds were \$33.00.

Gilma Helgerson, Secretary

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**27 November 1953**

The St. Pauli Luther League met at the church on November 27 at 8:30 pm.

Program opened with singing "Dearest Jesus, Draw Thou Near Me."

Scripture and prayer were given by Melba Gustafson.

A song "Make Me a Blessing" by Wahna and Faye Torkelson.

A reading "Complaint or Thanks" by Beverly Rolandson.

The choir sang "Thank you, Lord" and a reading by Janice Finstad.

The program closed with congregation song, "Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing."

Secretary's report was read and accepted.

A short discussion was held on the Christmas party to be held with St. Hilaire Church.

Services: Albert Froseth, Orville Rolandson, Omar Lian and Willard Johnson families.

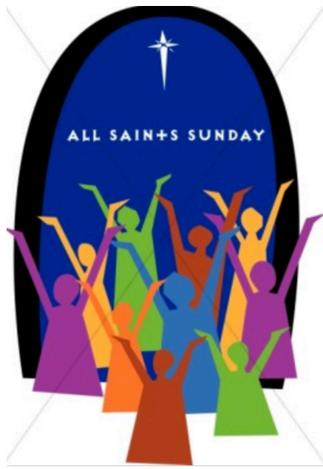
Proceeds: \$17.20.

Betty Rude, Secretary

# All Saint's Sunday

November 2, 2014

Pastor Carl always has a wonderful sermon and this one from last year on the Sunday following All Saint's Day was no exception. With his permission, it is being reprinted here for you.



November 10, 2013  
25<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Pentecost  
Job 19:23-27a

"As I was sitting at my computer this past Friday afternoon, in the process of preparing this sermon, I looked out the window. The wind was blowing and the grey sky was spitting out a disgusting mixture of snow and rain.

Our dog, Cari, came to the door, wanting to be let out. I opened the door. Cari sniffed for 30 seconds or so. Then she turned up her nose and came back into the house, thus making her definitive comment on the weather.

Cari is a perceptive dog. And when it comes to November, she's nailed it. November, in this part of the world, is the yechiest month of the year. The days keep shrinking, defying the attempts of politicians to fool us by periodically shoving back the date when CDT changes back to CST. Added to the inevitability of the shrinking hours of daylight is the gathering chill of the 5 months of winter that is our lot in this part of the world.

The world introduces us to the darkness of winter through the celebration of Halloween. In America, merchants love Halloween because it generates more sales than any other holiday, except Christmas. I'm a Grinch when it comes to Halloween, except for pumpkin pie. I love pumpkin pie.

But much more than pumpkin pie, I love the day after Halloween – the Day which gives Halloween its name. Halloween is All Hallows Eve – that is the evening before the day celebrating All Hallows – the day that we know as All Saints Day. This is the day or the Sunday when Christians blessed us through the lives of Christians who have gone before us. Those saints whom we know as Mom and Dad, Grandma and Grandpa, Uncles and Aunts, Brothers and Sisters, Husband or Wife – and those countless servants of God who, as the hymn says, "have blessed us on our way with countless gifts of love."

All Saints Day speaks powerfully to us of life: life now and life eternal. It is a message we need to hear in a month whose chill and darkness reminds us of death. The Bible passages appointed for the 25<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Pentecost and for the last two Sundays of this

church year speak to Christian communities who are anxious. They are anxious about death. They are anxious about how and when God will bring about His promises.

To me, the most fascinating and challenging of the lessons before us today is the reading from the Book of Job. Let's begin to get into our first reading by playing word association. What's the first word that comes to mind when you hear the word, "Job?" Patience.

Does the word "patience" accurately describe the person who appears in the 41-chapter book that bears his name? The first two chapters of Job speak of a man of deep faith, who is blessed with family, great wealth, and a sterling reputation. Then his children died, his livestock were stolen, and many of his servants were killed. To that, he responded by shaving his head, falling on the ground and worshipping. At the end of chapter one, Job said, "Naked, I came from my mother's womb, and naked I shall return there; the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

In chapter 2, Job is afflicted with loathsome, painful sores all over his body. His wife tells him to curse God and die. But he refutes her, calling her a foolish woman. Then three friends of Job – Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophat – come to be with him. No one says a word. All of them see that Job's suffering is great, and for 7 days they mourn together in silence.

Then in chapter 3, Job opens his mouth and says, "*Let the day perish in which I was born... Let that day be darkness! May God above not seek it or light shine upon it... Why did I not die at birth, come forth from the womb and expire?*"

Eliphaz is the first of Job's three friends to respond. He says to Job, "*Who that was innocent ever perished? Or where were the upright cut off? As I have seen, those who plow iniquity and sow trouble reap the same. By the breath of God they perish and by the blast of his anger they are consumed.*" Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophat argue that if Job was a righteous and faithful man of God, none of these terrible things would have happened to him.

This heated dialogue goes on and on for 35 more chapters. Job cries out in complaint and lament to God; and Job's friends respond to him as spokesmen for God, affirming the faith of Israel as they understand it. And telling Job to shape up.

When I was young, my parents purchased a wool suit for me to wear to church on Sunday and for other special events. The suit itched like crazy. It may have looked sharp. But for me the itchiness of that garment outweighed its alleged good looks. I was super uncomfortable. While I had that thing on, I couldn't think of anything else.

For many Christians – maybe for you and me – Job makes us itch, twitch and scratch. During the course of these 35 chapters, Job complains to God about God in very bold, graphic and terribly uncomfortable ways. And we may well want to use the Biblical remote control to change the channel. Or we start talking about the weather in order to change the subject.

A number of years ago in another city, one of my daughters was promoted by WalMart to customer service, otherwise known as the complaint department. Her hourly compensation increased by \$1/hour. Her headaches zoomed off the chart. Soon she asked to return to her previous work as a checker and her headaches abated.

When you read the Bible, one of the things that you discover is that its complaint department is huge. For example, the largest single variety of Psalms in the scriptures are Psalms of Lament. Unlike our new red hymnal, our previous hymnal, the Lutheran Book of Worship (green), did not include all of the psalms. Most of the ones they didn't print were Psalms of Lament. They didn't want to upset anyone.

But God will not be censored. And God wants to hear not what we think he wants to hear, but what we truly think and feel. In the midst of Job's anguish and complaints, we hear the words of today's first lesson.

<sup>23</sup> *O that my words were written down!  
O that they were inscribed in a book!*  
<sup>24</sup> *O that with an iron pen and with lead  
They were engraved on a rock forever!*  
<sup>25</sup> *For I know that my Redeemer lives,  
And that at the last he will stand upon the earth;*  
<sup>26</sup> *And after my skin has been thus destroyed,  
Then in my flesh I shall see God,*  
<sup>27</sup> *Whom I shall see on my side,  
And my eyes shall behold, and not another.*

Job desperately wants God to hear what he is saying – he wants not one word to be lost; he wants God to hear everything that he has to say.

But then Job says that he knows that his Redeemer lives, and that in his own flesh he will see God – see God on his own side.

In the midst of all of his anguish, all of his loss, all of his pain, all of his anger, the message of God's grace comes through to Job – and in faith he confesses, "I know that my Redeemer lives."

The Novembers of our lives come and go. God's complaint department is never closed.

Weeping may spend the night; but joy comes in the morning.

As Jesus says, "Now he is God not of the dead, but of the living; for to him all of them are alive."

**Amen**



If you're not following Bishop Larry Wohlrabe's blog, you are missing out on some thought provoking writings sprinkled with his delightful sense of humor.

There is a link to his blog on our website ([historicstpauli.org](http://historicstpauli.org)) in the "News and Events" section. Or go to: <http://larrywohrlabe.blogspot.com>

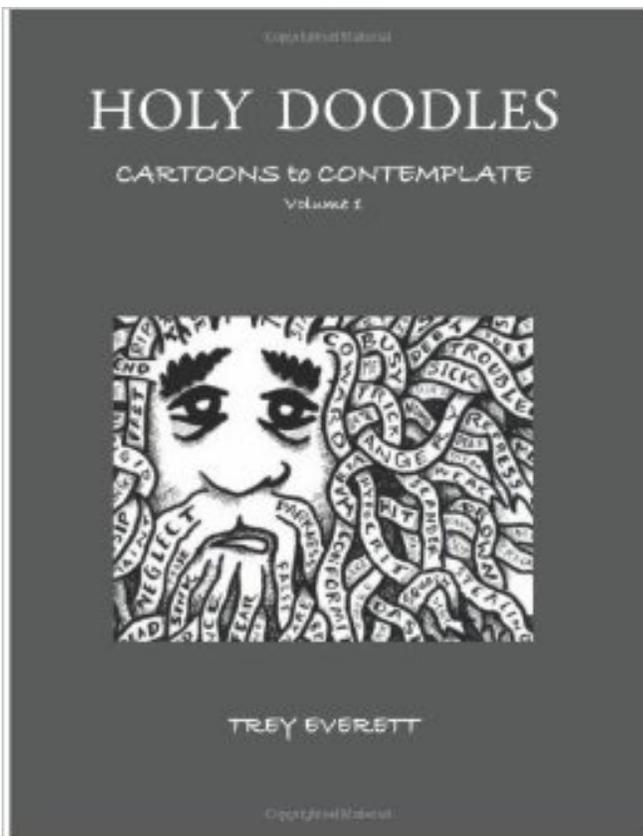
Bishop Wohlrabe also has a "My Blog List" section on his page. One link that gives food for thought is *Playing Rooky*, "Wisdom vs. knowledge, or why Confirmation doesn't work."

# FAMILY DAY

Sunday, December 7, 2014

*TREY EVERETT's*

*"Holy Doodles: Cartoons to Contemplate"*



*Holy Doodles* are images that come to Trey Everett's mind from meditating on scripture passages, books, past events, conversations with friends and family, and from simply trying to be attentive to God in his everyday life. His artwork is thoughtful, introspective, searching, and challenging.

Everett gives a brief commentary about each of his drawings along with a few questions to ponder. There are no "right" answers. The goal, which is extremely difficult, is to be truly honest with who you are and what you believe. Trey believes this is what God is interested in, the real you, not some pretend you who always gives the correct answer.

- 9:15 am Sunday School
- 10:30 am Worship Services
- 11:45 am Potluck Dinner
- 1:00 pm "Holy Doodles"

*Trey Everett has been drawing since childhood. In elementary school he would spend hours designing covers of school folders, making cartoon books, and drawing tattoos on classmates. For a short time he thought he might become a cartoonist but instead entered another humorous occupation, the ministry. Combining both interests of art and theology he now draws images that help people think more deeply about their life with God. Each image came to mind from meditating on scripture passages, books, past events, conversations with friends and family, and from simply trying to be attentive to God in everyday life.*

*Trey, his wife Corene, and their three children live in Crookston, MN where they are a part of MICAHA, the Minnesota Institute of Contemplation and Healing. MICAHA creates, supports, and develops programs and environments for the practice and study of spiritual formation and leadership, healing and the arts. Holy Doodles is one of the many ministries of MICAHA.*



## *Be Thankful*

*Be thankful that you don't already have everything you desire.  
If you did, what would there be to look forward to?*

*Be thankful when you don't know something,  
for it gives you the opportunity to learn.*

*Be thankful for the difficult times.  
During those times you grow.*

*Be thankful for your limitations,  
because they give you opportunities for improvement.*

*Be thankful for each new challenge,  
because it will build your strength and character.*

*Be thankful for your mistakes.  
They will teach you valuable lessons.*

*Be thankful when you're tired and weary,  
because it means you've made a difference.*

*It's easy to be thankful for the good things.  
A life of rich fulfillment comes to those who  
are also thankful for the setbacks.*

*Gratitude can turn a negative into a positive.*

*Find a way to be thankful for your troubles,  
and they can become your blessings.*

# Editor's Page

Dear Editor:

You do such a great job on the St. Pauli newsletter every month.

I loved the article about my grandpa, Knute Finstad. We have a history of my mom's family, but this was written a little differently and so fun to read! I know our David will love it too. He even reads the historical things about people he doesn't even know.

I also enjoyed Kari's sermon and the memories of Sunday School. I remember some of the same things, even though it was 100 years ago – well, maybe not quite. I was so happy to see you mentioned Anna Borge, as I thought she was the most wonderful, Christ-like person. We asked her to be Hostess at our wedding, and she seemed so honored to do it. Jim and I both just loved her and we kept up correspondence (mainly at Christmas time) with her until shortly before she died. Jim went to visit her at Valley Home one time when he was in Thief River without me. Such a dear lady who left an impression on many St. Pauli people!

I can't even imagine the number of hours you spend putting the newsletter together! Thanks again and have a good week!

Connie (Alberg) Kolden

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**Editor's Note:** Loiell Dyrud and I had been having conversations about early pastors in northern Minnesota. At our Fall Supper last week, he gave me a copy of a page from *Who's Who Among Pastors in all the Norwegian Lutheran Synods of America, 1843-1927*. This page included information on our first pastor, Ivar Torgerson Aastad, to wit:



## Aastad, Ivar Torgerson

Ord. 1895, N.S. 1893-17, N.L.C.A.  
1917 –

Born Nov. 17, 1869, at Slidre, Valdres, Norway, of Torger Olsen Aastad and Anne (Nilsen Øie). Attended Valdres Amtsskole, 1884-86; middle school, 1886-88. Immigrated 1888. Attended Luther

Coll., 1889-92; Luther Sem. 1892-95 (C. T.). Pastor, Thief River Falls, Minn., 1895-19; Pres., N. Minnesota Dist., N. L. C. A., Detroit, Minn., 1919 – . \*Anna K. Jensen, 1897.

N. S. = Norwegian Synod

N. L. C. A. = Norwegian Lutheran Church of America (a merger of the Norwegian Synod and two other Norwegian Lutheran groups)

\* = married

You can see that Rev. Aastad was a young man of 26 when he became St. Pauli's first pastor, but had gone to three years of college and three years of seminary. I need to do further research, but it is my understanding that he served as many as five churches in our area at the same time.

When I read that Aastad was born and raised in Valdres, I decided to do some genealogical research since I knew that Jim Johnson's ancestors had come from that area. As it turns out, Jim and Rev. I. T. Aastad were 10<sup>th</sup> cousins, once removed!

Then I got to thinking that perhaps many of you might have reason to believe that I'm overly interested in history, particularly our Scandinavian ancestry.

With this in mind, enjoy the following letter to the editor of the *Norwegian-American Weekly*, a newspaper that Inez Mostue subscribes to and passes on to Sons of Norway members.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I'm as American as apple pie (Native American/British & German descent) married for 30 years to someone who is half-Norsk (yet think's he's full-blooded). He is a Norsk-phile. We subscribe to your newspaper, which he thoroughly enjoys. My husband has the Norske flag as a cover for his iPhone, owns Norske tee shirts, Norske books, Norske drinking glasses, Norske Christmas ornaments, and surfs the web daily looking at Norsk scenery and homes. He calls his Norsk third cousins on the phone twice a year, waxes eloquent about Norway with his Norsk-American aunt, and feels that heaven will probably look a lot like Norway.

We also attend any New Jersey Scandinavian "fests" that they offer. He spent a couple summers in Norway as a child and in 1999 took our then 11-year-old son to Norway on a three-week vacation. We have Norsk cheese every Christmas along with Norsk chocolate. I've been so inundated with Norsk-ery that one year I dressed as a Viking to my office Halloween party (and won first prize by the way).

There are three things he doesn't like, however, which makes me doubt he is a true Norsk. He dislikes coffee, hates fish, and beer disgusts him (he also has black hair – aren't most Norsks blond?)

Some people dream of going to heaven after they die. My husband just plans to go to Norway.

Sincerely,  
Joyce Anthony Huff  
Basking Ridge, NJ

## BEING GREEN

Checking out at the store, the young cashier suggested to the older woman that she should bring her own grocery bags because plastic bags weren't good for the environment.

The woman apologized and explained, "We didn't have this green thing back in my earlier days."

The young clerk responded, "That's our problem today. Your generation did not care enough to save our environment for future generations."

She was right – our generation didn't have the green thing in its day.

Back then, we returned milk bottles, soda bottles and beer bottles to the store. The store sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilized and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were truly recycled.

But we didn't have the green thing back in our day.

Grocery stores bagged our groceries in brown paper bags that we reused for numerous things, most memorable besides household garbage bags was the use of brown paper bags as book covers for our schoolbooks. This was to ensure that public property (the books provided for our use by the school) was not defaced by our scribbles. Then we were able to personalize our books on the brown paper bags.

But too bad we didn't do the green thing back then.

We walked up stairs, because we didn't have an escalator in every store and office building. We walked to the grocery store and didn't climb into a 300-horsepower machine every time we had to go two blocks.

But she was right. We didn't have the green thing in our day.

Back then, we washed the baby's diapers because we didn't have the throwaway kind. We dried clothes on a line, not in an energy-gobbling machine burning up 220

volts – wind and solar power really did dry our clothes back in our early days. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing.

But that young lady is right; we didn't have the green thing back in our day.

Back then, we had one TV, or radio, in the house -- not a TV in every room. And the TV had a small screen the size of a handkerchief, not a screen the size of the state of Montana. In the kitchen, we blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us. When we packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, we used wadded up old newspapers to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap. Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn gasoline just to cut the lawn. We used a push mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity.

But she's right; we didn't have the green thing back then.

We drank from a fountain when we were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time we had a drink of water. We refilled writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and we replaced the razor blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull.

But we didn't have the green thing back then.

Back then, people took the streetcar or a bus and kids rode their bikes to school or walked instead of turning their moms into a 24-hour taxi service. We had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances. And we didn't need a computerized gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites 23,000 miles out in space in order to find the nearest burger joint.

But isn't it sad the current generation laments how wasteful we old folks were just because we didn't have the green thing back then?



# The Back Page

## The Picnic

A Jewish Rabbi and a Catholic Priest met at the town's annual 4th of July picnic. Old friends, they began their usual banter. "This baked ham is really delicious," the priest teased the rabbi. "You really ought to try it. I know it's against your religion, but I can't understand why such a wonderful food should be forbidden! You don't know what you're missing. You just haven't lived until you've tried Mrs. Hall's prized Virginia Baked Ham. Tell me, Rabbi, when are you going to break down and try it?"

The rabbi looked at the priest with a big grin and said, "At your wedding."

## The Usher

An elderly woman walked into the local country church. The friendly usher greeted her at the door and helped her up the flight of steps.

"Where would you like to sit?" he asked politely.

"The front row, please," she answered.

"You really don't want to do that," the usher said. "The pastor is really boring."

"Do you happen to know who I am?" the woman inquired.

"No," he said.

"I'm the pastor's mother," she replied indignantly.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"Good," he answered.

## The Twenty and the One

A well-worn one-dollar bill and a similarly distressed twenty-dollar bill arrived at a Federal Reserve Bank to be retired. As they moved along the conveyor belt to be burned, they struck up a conversation.

The twenty-dollar bill reminisced about its travels all over the country: "I've had a pretty good life," the twenty proclaimed. "Why I've been to Las Vegas and Atlantic City, the finest restaurants in New York, performances on Broadway, and even a cruise to the Caribbean."

"Wow!" said the one-dollar bill. "You've really had an exciting life!"

"So, tell me," says the twenty, "where have you been throughout your lifetime?"

The one-dollar bill replies, "Oh, I've been to the Methodist Church, the Baptist Church, the Lutheran Church..."

The twenty-dollar bill interrupts, "What's a church?"

## Show and Tell

A kindergarten teacher gave her class a "show and tell" assignment. Each student was instructed to bring in an object that represented their religion to share with the class.

The first student got up in front of the class and said, "My name is Benjamin, I'm Jewish, and this is a Star of David."

The second student got up in front of the class and said, "My name is Mary. I'm a Catholic and this is a Rosary."

The third student got in up front of the class and said, "My name is Tommy. I'm Lutheran and this is a hotdish."

## The Second Grader

A pastor was speaking to a group of second-graders about the resurrection of Jesus when one student asked, "What did Jesus say right after He came out of the grave?"

The pastor explained that the Gospels do not tell us what He said.

The hand of one little girl shot up. "I know what He said. He said, 'Tah-dah!'"

## The Best Way To Pray

A priest, a minister and a guru sat discussing the best positions for prayer, while a telephone repairman worked nearby. "Kneeling is definitely the best way to pray," the priest said.

"No," said the minister. "I get the best results standing with my hands outstretched to Heaven."

"You're both wrong," the guru said. "The most effective prayer position is lying down on the floor."

The repairman could contain himself no longer. "Hey, fellas," he interrupted. "The best prayin' I ever did was when I was hangin' upside down from a telephone pole."

## Goat for Dinner

The young couple invited their elderly pastor for Sunday dinner. While they were in the kitchen preparing the meal, the minister asked their son what they were having.

"Goat," the little boy replied.

"Goat?" replied the startled man of the cloth, "Are you sure?"

"Yep," said the youngster. "I heard Dad say to Mom, 'Today is just as good as any to have the old goat for dinner.'"

***Lord, keep Your arm around my shoulder and Your hand over my mouth!***