

St. Pauli News in Detail



Greeting and Ushering

- Dec. 1 Evie Johnson
- Dec. 8 Jim Kotz
- Dec. 15 David Lee
- Dec. 22 Bruce Mathson
- Dec. 29 Dennis Nelson

Altar Preparation: Virginia Anderson

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Family Day & Special Donation for Typhoon Disaster Relief

Sunday, December 1st

In keeping with St. Pauli tradition, the First Sunday in Advent is set aside as "Family Day." We will have a potluck lunch following worship services and then be entertained by the Middle River Community Choir.

During worship services, we will have a special offering taken for the Typhoon Disaster Relief Fund. The council determined that all \$500 of our budgeted ELCA Disaster Fund should go toward this effort and they are hoping the congregation will match this with their special offerings.

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ELW Setting 8 begins January 5th

Due to the organist's knee replacement surgery in November, the Sunday School Christmas program during worship time on December 22nd, and Pastor Hansen's being on vacation December 29th, the Council has determined it would be wise to delay the introduction of a new liturgy setting until the first Sunday of the new year: January 5th.

Christmas Eve Candlelight Services

5:00 pm



**Bell Ringing
4:30 pm**

Come, Worship and Adore Him, Christ the King!

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December Milestones



Birthdays

- Dec. 5 Roxane Rondorf
- Dec. 23 Jim Strandlie
- Dec. 29 Neil Bugge

Anniversaries

None in December



(If we don't list your birthday or anniversary, it's because we don't have it. Email or call Faye.)

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Bibles to be Given

Two third-graders will receive Bibles on Sunday, December 22nd.

Mason Haugen

Son of Jared and Tammy Haugen

Noah Haugen

Son of Marc and Heidi Haugen

Minutes of the Church Council

OCTOBER 24, 2013

The St. Pauli Church Council held its monthly meeting on Thursday, October 24, 2013 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 7:05 pm.

Pastor Hansen opened with prayer.

Agenda was presented by Chairman Rude. Motion to accept was made by Alberg, seconded by Johnson. Motion carried.

Secretary's Report

Secretary's Report was presented by Barb Nelson. Motion was made by Alberg to accept, seconded by Johnson, motion carried.

Treasurer's Report

Treasurer's Report was presented by Evie Johnson.

Expenses: \$ 4,285.47
Income: \$ 4,511.39

Account balances as of September 30, 2013:

Checking: \$ 5,709.56
Investor Savings: \$ 35,739.85
Memorial Fund: \$ 18,458.74
Edward Jones: \$ 36,789.23
Total: \$ 96,697.38

Cemetery Association: \$ 12,675.13

Motion by Nelson to accept, seconded by Alberg, motion carried.

Pastor's Report

Pastor Hansen is pleased by the congregation's quick learning of the ELC Setting 2. We plan to begin using Setting 8 on the first Sunday in Advent (December 1, 2013).

This year's area Thanksgiving Eve service will be held at Zion Lutheran in Thief River Falls on Wednesday, November 27. Goodies will be served following the service. Pastor Hansen will be doing his share of the service by preaching.

Mary's next appointment in Rochester has been set for November 20 and following. We will need pulpit supply for November 24, in case they need to be gone that long.

Pastor Hansen will be going to Texas from December 26, 2013 until January 3, 2014. We will need pulpit supply for December 29.

Pastor Hansen is encouraging the congregation to consider giving special gifts at the end of 2013 to Mission causes (ELCA's Malaria appeal).

Other Reports

WELCA: Election of officers was held. Wahna Smith will remain president.

Virginia Anderson announced that St. Pauli would be hosting the Board of Cluster 2 gathering on April 26, 2014 from 8:30 am until noon.

Board of Education: We have 12 students in Sunday School. The date for the Christmas program hasn't been set yet.

Old Business

There was no old business at this time.

New Business

Budget: Rude has prepared a "Budget Request Form" whereby everyone can make suggestions for needs and wants for the next year.

Rude sold the old organ to a happy musical family for \$30.00.

The meeting closed with The Lord's Prayer.

Meeting adjourned at 7:55 pm.

Respectfully submitted,
Barb Nelson, Church Council Secretary

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A Bit of Humor

A minister parked his car in a no-parking zone in a large city because he was short of time and couldn't find a space with a meter.

Then he put a note under the windshield wiper that read: "I have circled the block 10 times. If I don't park here, I'll miss my appointment. Forgive us our trespasses."

When he returned, he found a citation from a police officer along with this note: "I've circled this block for 10 years. If I don't give you a ticket I'll lose my job. Lead us not into temptation."

Celebrating Pastor Carl's Birthday!



Sunday, October 4th, was Pastor Carl's 70th birthday. We had a surprise party for him following worship services with a lunch catered by David Lee and cake served by the WELCA ladies.

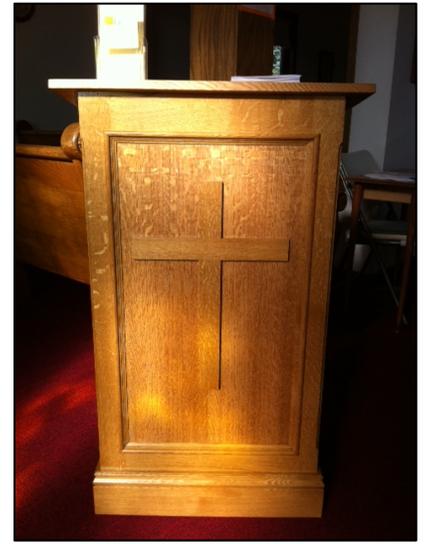
Unbeknownst to Pastor Carl, Ronnie Anderson went to Calvary Church to pick up Pastor Mary, so she could be there to surprise him, too!

New Stand for the Narthex

A wonderful, new entry stand has been donated anonymously by one of our members.

The first photo on the right is how you will customarily see it as you enter the church. There are three drawers for items such as the sign-up sheets for communion, pens, additional church brochures, etc. The open space is used for "fun bags" and clipboards that are available for young children attending worship services.

The photo on the right shows the cross on the "front" side.



As Paul Harvey used to say, "Now, page 2." Don Schindler, woodworking craftsman and artisan, made this beautiful stand. Don is the son of Ray and Marianne Schindler and grew up just a couple of miles from St. Pauli. When the piece was picked up from Don, he said it was the last of the white oak from Faye and Oliver Auchenpaugh's tree. About ten years ago, REA was moving some power poles on their farm and had to cut down a perfectly healthy oak tree. Oliver asked them to cut it in 8' lengths; Gary Johnston from the Angus Presbyterian Church then came with his pickup truck and the two of them loaded the logs into the back. Gary brought them to a man near Angus who owned a sawmill, and then returned the boards to Faye and Oliver. They "stickered" it to dry and it stayed in their garage until after Oliver passed away. Faye kept thinking she would use it, but eventually sold it to Don Schindler – and now you know the rest of the story.

Editor's Note: The following immigrant story is offered for your reading enjoyment and has been provided by the Bemidji Sons of Norway lodge. We hope there will be Parts 2, 3, etc.

PRESERVING OUR STORIES

The Life of Iver Kleven (part 1)

(The quotes have been taken from Iver's handwritten autobiography, which was translated from Norwegian as completely as possible.) Written by his great-grandson Dick Evenson, Bemidji, and edited by his great-great granddaughter Kae Johnson, Bemidji.

"I had neither mother nor father..... Iver Kleven."

With this simple line, Iver Kleven described his birth. His mother, Andrea Nilsdtr. Lund was the daughter of a prominent farmer of the better class. She became involved with Knut Iverson Kleven, a young man working as a clerk for the judge in North Aurdal. Knut was a cottager with little chance to gain wealth or position and was chased from the area when it was found that Andrea was expecting his child. Her father refused to let them get married. Andrea gave birth to her son on September 15, 1835. It was not a joyous occasion. He was baptized a month later with his father and mother noted in the church record as well as the fact that they were not married.

"I was also unwelcome to my mother's many relatives who lived at Lund in North Aurdal at that time. People told me after I was older how as a little boy I was handled. It is too much to write about here."

Iver was sent from family to family to live. It is doubtful that he received loving care. He continued to live that way in North Aurdal until he was three years old. Then people from Andrea's family loaded him into a wagon and took him to South Aurdal where they left him with his paternal grandparents.

"I was brought to my father's parents when I was three years old. There it was a little better for me."

His grandfather expected work from everyone in the household. Iver grew and gained some physical strength. He was quite bright and resourceful as well as energetic. Life continued this way for seven years. It is doubtful that his life was easy, but he had food, clothing and a roof over his head. He did get some schooling - enough so he could read and write a little in preparation for confirmation. The school was a farmstead where a teacher, usually a man from the church, would come for a few days a year. The students sang songs, had a short Bible lesson, and read in unison from the Bible. It was enough so he could read a little. Iver showed good intelligence and leadership.

"I possessed good athletic ability and had a firm character together with unshakable desire".

His mother married Ole Grandalen in the summer before Iver's eleventh birthday. There is no record of her activities during the years since Iver's birth, but now, at the age of thirty-three, she would have her own home. Iver went to live with her and Ole near Leirah in North Aurdal. That life was very difficult for him.

"I was little and weak of limb, but had to do much work for my age. And I had to take much scolding and reprimands from him who called himself my father. He was always ready to scold, even if I did as he had told me to do. He called me a fool and other unkind names."

Iver's mother did not defend him when his stepfather abused him, but remained silent. Quite often he was sent to the saeter, summer pasture, to get milk products. It was a long day's walk. The cattle were taken there during the summer months because the grass was abundant. The young women of the farms would stay to care for the cows and goats. They milked the animals and made cheese, butter, etc. The animals were taken into the buildings at night for protection from wolves and bear, and the girls slept above the animal barn. Iver was sent there to get the milk products to bring back to the farm. He stayed overnight before setting out on the return trip with his load.

"So I got a harness on my back to carry four bottles of milk, also a primost in a package across my front. It was a heavy load for such a little fellow, but I finally made it home with my load."

Life continued this way for about three or four years. Work at the farm in North Aurdal and the endless abuse by his stepfather brought a change. It is uncertain where he lived, but Iver went back to South Aurdal before he was fourteen years old. Possibly his paternal grandparents, who lived there, took him in again or possibly he worked for a farmer and stayed with him. The record is unclear. What is known is that he was confirmed in the Bagn church of South Aurdal in July of 1851. Iver was now considered a man who could marry and own property.

“I was liked by all and the farmers in the community preferred to have me work for them on the farm, even though I was only 16 years old.”

The farmers of the area wanted him for work so much that they would bargain with Iver, giving him higher wages. He continued to work near Bagn for a couple of years. His father, Knut, had left the North Aurdal area after his experience with Andrea and went to Ringevike where he practiced law. Knut was a very intelligent man who had gained some experience in law working for judges. Now he became a practicing lawyer. Iver went to him when he was about eighteen years old thinking that his father could give him work. Knut had nothing for him to do, so Iver went to work near Ringevike for a farmer named Skogarud. It was a very good experience that lasted two years. Both the farmer and Iver were happy with the arrangement, but the army called. Iver quit his work and went back to Bagn. The year was 1856 and Iver was 21 years old.

“I remained with the man for two years, then I was drafted as a soldier and had to go to Bagrudsmo as a young man according to the Norwegian law and custom. This was 1856 and I stood there ready and excited for thirty days.”

He had a very good experience with the army. His natural leadership ability and intelligence impressed the officers who made him a corporal and leader of the March parade. It was decided that he would, some autumn, go through a non-commissioned officer school and become a military man. That did not happen. He spent the next four years working on farms for 30 specie dollars and a pair of boots per year. During the fall of 1860, Iver took a husman’s contract with Ole Yukam. He worked for Yukam half the time and got, in return, a small piece of land where he could build a house and barn. It was on the back side of the mountain just above Bagn.



Iver and Anne Kleven ca 1861
Possibly their wedding picture Bagn, Valdres

“In the spring of 1861, I took a job for an indefinite time with Anne Lyhusaugen. The fact is, we were married April 17, 1861 in Bagn’s main church, South Aurdal.”

There is no record of his mother attending the wedding nor is there any indication that he ever saw her again even though the distance between them was not far. Iver always thought of his mother dearly and spoke well of her and of her life. Despite the hardships of his youth, he did not show anger toward those circumstances, but regarded them as “...the way it was in Norway at that time.”

“She was only 22 years old when she married me. She had only 3 dresses, 2 pairs of shoes, and stockings for a year of work for the farmer, which was the year’s wage for a girl in Valdres at that time. Thus we stood empty handed without means to pursue. So you see, all we had were strong arms and an iron will which did not give up until we had attained our goal which was 1000 square meters of land. Anne never stood back whenever it was necessary to carry out anything. She had many heavy steps with her man, never spared herself. She was strong, work for her was as if greased, as one says. She was always willing to help, one never heard her complain. Without such a helpmate it would have been impossible for me to accomplish what I did in Braaten.”

With these words, Iver described Anne. Together they walked up the mountain to their little place after the wedding. They called their little farm Klevenbraaten, a little place among the rocks. I stood on

their farm in 1999. It was now overgrown with small trees, but the old rock foundation of their house and barn were still visible. The house, about sixteen feet by twenty feet with a partition through the middle, had just two small rooms. A rock hearth with a flat top afforded them a fireplace for heat and cooking. It was meager at best. The barn foundation was about the same size. A little way to one side of the house was a discoloration of the grass and ground. That was the little spring that provided water. All would, including the land they had, cover less than the size of a football field. The ground was all rock with very little soil for growing plants. Anne and Iver set to work building the house so that they would have a roof over their heads. When done, they started on the barn. It became necessary to buy pots, pans, and other household goods.

Iver worked building roads for six weeks to get the money for those things. He made everything else. Working for others gained some money each year.

“In the winter I was always in the forest as a wood cutter when I could be away from home. I became terribly sore when I was in the forest because we did not have bedding for the night, but lay almost like in an open field many times. Very simple food we had. The forest was our pantry, and we had to prepare our own meals if we wanted something to quiet the hunger. This was the only way to save a little money, especially at this time, and in this manner we did our best.”

So life went. Iver worked half of the time for Yukam to pay for renting the land, part of the time in the woods, and part of the time doing his own work. After a year they had two cows, a few calves, goats and a few sheep. The animals needed hay of which there was very little on Klevenbraaten. They could graze in the summer, but winter required hay. Anne and Iver found hay in other places, sometimes a long way from home. They pulled a wagon or sleigh to the grass, cut it by hand, and hauled it home pulling the carrier behind them or carried the hay on their backs. It was backbreaking work that had to be repeated many times a year. So, time went. Knut and Gulbrand were born, filling an already full house. Then Anne’s father died leaving her mother without someone to care for her. She moved in with them. They could provide, but Iver worried about the possibility of either one getting sick. If he could not work out in the woods they could not make ends meet. This and one other troublesome thought worried Iver’s mind. He wanted to be free from the yoke of being under the command of someone else, free of the endless toil just to make a simple living, free of being a commoner without a decent future, and free of the poverty of his condition.

“...but after New Year 1867 I said to Anne. Listen to me now. I want to tell you my thoughts. Now you know just how difficult it is to put things together here. How hard we struggle, both of us, so we can barely get along, that yet while we both have a good bit of health. But if your or my health fails, then I do not understand how it will be with us. If we get old and helpless who then will do all the work on the place. I don’t see any other recourse than that we should be forced to accept welfare. Also the fact that I must be a commoner, that bothers me to the point that I can hardly stand it any longer. I will prove if we can get there, that we can become free people. We’re going to go to America this spring.”

Anne told Iver to do as he wished. He wrote to Martin Iverson in Madison, Wisconsin asking him to help them with money to come to America. Martin was married to a sister of Iver’s father, and one who had made a good living in America as a stonemason. The money arrived in March. There was much to do before April when the ship would sail. Anne cooked and prepared food, shoes, and clothing for the trip. Iver built boxes and trunks to put things in. All must be ready in a short time. They had to find a home for Anne’s mother, sell the animals and buildings, and prepare the means to travel to the shipping port. It was a very busy time.

“On April 9, 1867, the Braaten family departed from the community where their cradles had rocked and where they had lived as children, grown up among their old well known friends and relatives, where they knew everyone and everybody was so friendly and everything went on in such a kind, friendly, and comfortable manner. Now circumstances were such that Anne and Iver had to leave, even with heavy hearts, they had to say farewell to the Norwegian folks and the mountains which were so dear to them.”

The World is Mine

Today, upon a bus,
I saw a very beautiful woman
and wished I were as beautiful.
When suddenly she rose to leave,
I saw her hobble down the aisle.
She had one leg and wore a crutch.
But as she passed, she smiled.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two legs.
The world is mine.

I stopped to buy some candy.
The lad who sold it had such charm.
I talked with him, he seemed so glad.
If I were late, it'd do no harm.
And as I left, he said to me,
"I thank you, you've been so kind.
It's nice to talk with folks like you.
You see," he said, "I'm blind."
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two eyes.
The world is mine.

Later while walking down the street,
I saw a child I knew.
He stood and watched the others play,
but he did not know what to do.
I stopped a moment and then I said,
"Why don't you join them dear?"
He looked ahead without a word.
I forgot, he couldn't hear.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two ears.
The world is mine.

With feet to take me where I'd go.
With eyes to see the sunset's glow.
With ears to hear what I'd know.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I've been blessed indeed.
The world is mine.

This poem is a simple reminder that we have so much to be thankful for!

Give the gift of love.
It never comes back empty!

The Back Page

If You Look for Me at Christmas



You won't need a special star –
I'm no longer just in Bethlehem,
I'm right there where you are.

You may not be aware of Me
Amid the celebrations –
You'll have to look beyond the stores
And all the decorations.

But if you take a moment
From your list of things to do
And listen to your heart, you'll find
I'm waiting there for you.

You're the one I want to be with,
You're the reason that I came,
And you'll find Me in the stillness
As I'm whispering your name.

