

# St. Pauli News in Detail



## First Communion

Sunday, May 5<sup>th</sup>

Three of our young people have prepared for and will receive their First Communion:

Devin Haugen  
Christopher Trinciante  
Samuel Trinciante



*The arms of Jesus are open.  
The table is set.  
There is room for all,  
and Jesus has never stopped  
saying,  
"Let the children come to  
me."*

\* \* \* \* \*

## Graduate Recognition

Sunday, May 19<sup>th</sup>

Racheal Rondorf, daughter of Jim and Roxane, will be graduating from Lincoln High School in 2013. She will be honored this Sunday and will receive the traditional gift of a quilt from the WELCA ladies.

Refreshments will be served following worship services.

\* \* \* \* \*

## An Afternoon of Music



Sunday, May 19<sup>th</sup>  
2:00 pm

The Greater Crookston  
Area Men's Chorus will

present a one-hour program that will include favorite hymns and spirituals with an emphasis on early American hymn-tunes, culminating in a patriotic medley in honor of the upcoming Memorial Day weekend.

The chorus is directed by George French, Associate Professor and Director of Music/Theater at the University of Minnesota, Crookston. There is no admission charge, but a freewill offering will be taken to help support the activities of the chorus. Refreshments will be served.



## Greeting and Ushering

May 5 Barb Nelson  
May 12 Keith Nelson  
May 19 Staci Reay  
May 26 Edna Rondorf

### 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:** Deone Cerny  
(1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Sundays)

\* \* \* \* \*



## May Milestones

### Birthdays

May 3 Barb Smith  
May 8 Inez Mathson  
Shelley Mathson  
May 13 Jodie Torkelson  
May 15 Tammy Haugen  
May 18 Becky Stickler  
May 21 Virginia Anderson  
Meribeth Dicken

### Anniversaries

May 7 Craig & Sally Torkelson (1966)

# Minutes of the Church Council

March 21, 2013

The St. Pauli Church Council held its monthly meeting on Thursday, March 21, 2013 at St. Pauli Church. Members present: Arlo Rude, Evie Johnson, Wahna Smith, Barb Nelson and Pastor Carl Hansen. The meeting was called to order by Council President Rude at 7:00 p.m.

Pastor Hansen opened the meeting with a prayer.

The agenda was approved as presented.

## Secretary's Report

Nelson distributed the Minutes of the February meeting. After they were reviewed, Johnson made a motion to approve the Minutes. Smith seconded, motion carried.

## Treasurer's Report

The Treasurer's report for February 28, 2013 was distributed and reviewed.

Expenditures:	\$2,633.90
Income:	\$5,792.00
Checking account balance:	\$ 33,198.18
Savings account balance:	\$ 20,399.30
Edward Jones balance:	\$ 19,741.70
Memorial Fund balance:	\$ 34,966.09
Total assets:	\$108,305.17

Cemetery Association balance: \$ 6,170.13

Nelson made a motion to approve the Treasurer's report. Smith seconded the motion, and the motion carried.

## Pastor's Report

Funeral Services for Emily Lokken will be held on Saturday, March 23, at St. Pauli. Emily's family has indicated there would be some memorial gifts directed to the St. Pauli Cemetery. Other things the council may want to consider would be a Pascal Candle to be lit during Easter season and for baptisms, funerals and confirmations. Rude suggested a type of bar stool that could be used for flowers or for seating for when a performing group needs an extra stool. Pastor will be discussing further with the family and will let us know.

Pr. Hansen will be working with three young men to prepare for First Communion on May 5<sup>th</sup>.

Pastor Hansen is planning to attend the NW MN Synod Assembly in Moorhead June 7-9. Among other items, the Assembly will elect a pastor to a six-year term as bishop. Our conference has nominated Bishop Wohlraabe and Pastor Bob Dahlen for consideration by the Assembly. (Editor's note: Jim and Jan Strandlie are delegates to the Assembly)

Pastor Hansen will be gone the weekend of April 7<sup>th</sup>. Pastor John Wollenzein will serve as our pastor that day.

## Reports

WELCA – serving Emily Lokken's funeral on March 23rd. Quilting will not be held this month.

Board of Education – no report.

Men's Group – has not been meeting.

Other – Rude attended the conference on March 10<sup>th</sup>. Discussion was held on process of nominating someone for Bishop. The conference has a checking account and a committee of three is to be set up to meet regarding funds, and also go to the bank and sign a card so they can write checks.

## Old Business

The council reviewed all projects and goals for 2013. Rude is working on the hymnal numbers board.

Carpeting and linoleum for narthex and sanctuary: Johnson reported the committee had met and had received estimates. Carpet installed estimate is \$2,500. The committee is looking at free-floating tile for the sanctuary. Total cost of that installed is estimated at \$4,500, for a total of \$7,000. Smith is going to ask WELCA if they can help with the additional \$1,400 over the church budgeted amount. Johnson will bring samples to the next council meeting.

Septic system is temporarily working but will need to be rechecked later, possibly in June, to see what else may need to be done. Thanks to Arlo for all of his work on this.

Constitution and Bylaws: Rude is gathering information.

Membership growth: Committee members have been gone.

New Liturgy: Some committee members have been gone.

## New Business

Control of church funds – A motion was made at the annual meeting to donate \$5,000.00 to the Cemetery Association. Johnson will do that now. Smith made a motion that anything in excess of \$10,000 be transferred to investor savings account. Nelson seconded, motion carried.

Communion records – Rude will discuss with Valarie Torstveit regarding any notice we receive of members taking communion elsewhere.

The meeting closed with The Lord's Prayer.

## Adjournment

The meeting adjourned at 8:15 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,  
Barb Nelson, Church Council Secretary

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

**11 December 1905**

St. Pauli Scandinavian Lutheran congregation held its 12th annual meeting in the church on December 11, 1905.

The meeting was opened with reading from the scriptures and prayer by chairman I. T. Aastad who thereafter declared the meeting opened and everyone free to speak.

Whereupon the secretary and the treasurer read their reports. The report of the secretary was unanimously accepted. That of the treasurer was unanimously accepted with a formal correction.

Proposed and supported and unanimously accepted to elect Hans Fredrikson as trustee for three years.

Proposed and supported and accepted to settle for a sum of ca. eighty dollars as pastor's salary for the coming year.

Proposed and supported and unanimously accepted to elect a committee of three men, which were A. Odegaard and J. Amundson and H. Torstvet to oversee the installation of a pulpit and communion table and altar rails, which are made by Albert Angell at a cost of ca. seventy dollars.

Also [*illegible*] a subscription for improvements at the church. For this was collected ca. ten dollars and fifty cents which, with a small contribution from the funds of the congregation are used to wall up the privy and the installation of stairs.

Proposed and supported and unanimously accepted to re-elect J. Amundson and H. Torstvet as secretary and treasurer for one year, and J. Amundson as sexton for one year. Proposed and supported and unanimously accepted to elect O. Helgeson, A. Odegaard, L. Lokken as religion school committee and proposed and supported and unanimously accepted to elect P. Nilson, J. Amundson and H. Torstet as cemetery committee for the coming year.

After which the meeting was ended by the chairman with the Lord's prayer.

Jacob Amundson, Secretary of the congregation

To be the trustees of the congregation were elected:  
A. Odegaard 1906  
Ole Helgeson 1907  
Hans Fredrikson 1908.

## **Historic Minutes of the St. Pauli Luther League**

No program was given nor any business discussed on August 10, 1952 as catechization was held that evening.

The Luther League served lunch and the hostesses were the following families: Eugene Rondorf, Melvin Thorstveit, Sig Folkedahl, Omar Lian, and Roy Lokken.

Proceeds were: \$24.30

Signed: Connie Alberg, Secretary

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On August 31<sup>st</sup>, services were held in the evening conducted by Mr. Stadum of Concordia College, so no regular meeting was held.

Lunch was served by: Russell Thune, Anton Torkelson, Jesse Skaaren, and Paul Gilbertson families.

Proceeds: \$22.25

Signed: Connie Alberg, Secretary

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A special Luther League officers meeting was also held in August. We voted on giving a \$5.00 memorial in memory of Ronald Finstad. Also, we decided to give \$100.00 to the Building Fund.

Meeting closed with devotions.

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The St. Pauli Luther League held its September meeting on the 28<sup>th</sup> at the church.

The program opened with "Love Divine, All Loves Excelling" sung by the congregation. A candle lighting service was put on by a group of leaguers. The "Luther League Rally" song was sung by the congregation. Melba Gustafson gave a reading entitled "Thy Kingdom Come." The audience sang another hymn "When Jesus Comes in Glory." A reading was given by Connie Alberg: "Christ Shall Come Again." Shirley Hagen of the Rindal church sang a solo.

The Secretary's report was read and accepted.

The meeting closed with the Lord's Prayer.

Lunch was served by the Edwin Nelson, Herman Rude, Theo. Bjorge, and Joe Belange families.

Proceeds: \$11.35

Signed: Connie Alberg, Secretary

# Desperation

Stan Stalla  
Ethiopia

*Stan is a Food for Peace Officer for USAID now working in Sudan. He has been doing this type of work for 35+ years. His home is in Maine on an island, when he gets to the States. A Stanford grad, a great man, and a friend of Kevin and Pam (Torkelson) Kittridge, who met Stan during Kevin's service in foreign countries on behalf of the U.S. Dept. of Justice.*

Today's piece is inspired by people like (in alphabetical order) Dave, Garrett, Jane, Marie, Nana, and Rosie. And by all of you "out there" who find creative ways to involve yourselves in the world around you. Thanks!

Washington, DC, is a terrific capital city. For instance, take the Mall. There are vantage points to see impressive monuments commemorating individuals and heroic actions. There's the capitol building where laws are debated and passed; and the White House, protected by a black, wrought-iron fence and uniformed security guards with walkie-talkies and guns on their hips; the gi-normous buildings that house all sorts of national treasures, ranging from the Hope Diamond to the Declaration of Independence; the amazing art galleries. Yes, indeed, Washington, DC is a place to feel proud, to wonder at our country's history and its greatness.

Washington is divided into quadrants, of which NW (Northwest) is one. It's where USAID's headquarters is located, not more than two or three blocks up 14<sup>th</sup> Street from the Washington Monument. NW is where the White House is, not to mention large sandstone buildings with pillars and adorned with carved friezes, numbering in the scores and scores (more than "four score and seven," that's for sure). NW is where I stop, on my way to the latest overseas assignment, sometimes for a few days, occasionally for a few months. Walk about seven blocks from USAID's Ronald Reagan Building (ten minutes at a quick pace), and you'll find yourself at St Thomas Circle, which is where I like to stay. Between office headquarters and hotel, I pass street vendors operating out of huge, silver trailers, selling sweat shirts and caps, and Polish sausages and sauerkraut, and bottled drinks of ice tea and flavored water. I pass storefronts with fancy clothes and little sub shops where you can get any manner of foot-long subs for \$5 (plus DC tax, naturally). There are bookstores and banks, insurance buildings and a post office, flower shops and dry cleaners, and even the National Press Club.

And there are also desperate people. At high noon, you don't see this side of humanity much, on a bright spring day. But they're there, all right, hard to miss, hard to avoid, sometimes hard not to stumble over, if you get up at the crack of dawn to arrive at the office as part of the early bird shift. On a warm day in May, you might even kid yourself that there's something romantic about spreading a dirty blanket on top of a piece of cardboard, sheltered from the elements under a covered doorway of a bank *cum* shoe store on 14<sup>th</sup> Street. Sure, the sidewalk must be awfully hard, with only a thin blanket and piece of cardboard for a buffer. And where and how do those scruffy people go to the bathroom, anyway!? But it almost seems like urban camping, doesn't it? A way to avoid the cost of a hotel room (which, by the way, will easily run you \$200 - \$300 per night, like the place where I stay). I guess any of us could survive a night on the sidewalks of 14<sup>th</sup> Street, couldn't we?

But these people are desperate. Traipsing through the wet snow of an early February morning, passing the CVS pharmacy in the 700 block of 14<sup>th</sup> Street, you may hear, "Hey man, can you spare a quarter for a cup of coffee?" It's easy to pretend that you didn't hear that staged whisper, let alone pause and turn and look at the actor's face. If you do glance sideways, will you actually reach into your pocket, remove your wallet, and hunt for that elusive quarter (that he hopes will end up being a greenback with George Washington's face)? How guilty will you feel, if you keep on slogging through the snow, letting those few syllables permeate your consciousness ("Hey man, can you spare a quarter...")?

Yep, along that extremely affluent stretch of 14<sup>th</sup> Street NW, between the USAID headquarters and my hotel at St. Thomas Circle, you may (avoid the) encounter a guy on a thin strip of cardboard; a woman with ratty, disheveled hair, seated on a public bench, hands clutching a shopping cart of blanket, mismatched clothes and mysterious paper bag; that man, asking for a quarter (and hoping for a dollar bill). Nope, there's nothing romantic about homelessness, about mental illness, about nowhere to turn in a world that looks down on the unemployed and dirty as shiftless, worthless people. Desperation.

When I let that man's words penetrate, even permeate, my consciousness, I think of all the invisible people in this world. It seems like a paradox, doesn't it, to "think about the invisible people." How do we know that they even exist, except for the exposés of a thoughtful article in the local newspaper? What about those relegated, doomed, sentenced to a rural trailer along the by-ways of Maine, or huddled in a one-room apartment in an urban jungle? Their desperation is as real – maybe more so – as the humanity we try not to notice on the busy streets of NW.

Such were my thoughts, this morning, seated at my hotel breakfast table here in Addis Ababa, from my second story vantage point over the humanity walking along the street below. As I ate my fried eggs and plate of tropical fruit, I watched two street sweepers hack away at the crusty earth that buttressed a median strip of trees and weeds. At an altitude of almost 8,000 feet, Addis Ababa has chilly nights. These women were bundled in an assortment of wraps that protect their torsos and heads

from the early morning cold. While one sat on the stone curb that enclosed this long strip of dirt, overgrown weeds, and trees, the other hacked, hacked, hacked at the accumulated dirt, breaking off chunks that could be shoveled off the pavement and tossed into the median strip. One hacked and shoveled for a few minutes. Then her companion, seated on the curb, picked up the shovel and carried on with the crusty work.

That thin median strip serves as a bed for a half dozen people on nights when it doesn't rain. I know, because I've arisen at dawn, donned running shoes and shorts, and left my comfortable hotel with queen size bed, kitchenette, ample bathroom hot water, and security locks, to do an early morning workout on the streets of Addis. Like the NW quadrant, my hotel is located in a nice part of town. Down the street and to the left on one of the cross streets is a public sports club where I play weekend tennis. Though not as organized as the streets of DC, here too are high rise buildings for office space and the occasional hotel. Vendors sell a variety of fruits and vegetables under tin roofs and out of wooden crates: avocados, tomatoes, onions, potatoes, papayas, green oranges, limes, bananas hanging on wire hooks.

During my early morning workout, or if I choose to walk the several blocks to my USAID office building, desperation is all about me. Where is even the thin sheet of cardboard or dirty blanket for the people sleeping face down on the median strip? Blind beggars lean against a dirty railing, overlooking a stream polluted by garbage and cast-off detritus, shaking a thin hand of worthless coins. Their deformed companions sit on the muddy sidewalk (oh, THERE is a ragged piece of cardboard for comfort, I see it!). Some notice a *farenji* (white foreigner) passing by, and their monotonous litany of begging syllables takes on a heightened urgency. Does the *farenji* pause, glance to the side to take in the wasted face at his feet? Does he search his pocket to add a few coins to the accumulation of shiny, worthless brass and nickel objects around the beggar's legs? What will these dozen coins, whose value may not total more than one of the quarters asked for on 14<sup>th</sup> Street, purchase for this mother clutching a silent child to her breast? How ironic to walk past tin-roofed kiosks of colorful, neatly stacked piles of green and orange and red and white, framed by hands of yellow bananas hung on metal hooks, and stumble upon helpless mothers clutching silent children, alongside aged and crippled men, steeled against the daily afternoon rains with a piece of plastic over their heads.

Like their brethren on 14<sup>th</sup> Street, these *desperados* are merely the visible representatives of a sea of humanity hidden in dark hovels throughout the land, waiting for sunrises to turn to sunsets, hoping for a bit of food and the abatement of the pains that consume head and belly.

My thoughts go to a remote town on Haiti's southern peninsula – a finger of land that points toward Cuba and, beyond, to the southern coast of the United States. In the town of Les Cayes, the Missionary Sisters of Charity (Mother Teresa's worldwide band of dedicated sisters) take in humanity's detritus. Children (how old are they? Two years? Ten? More?) lie from sunrises to sunsets in cribs, their bodies twisted by cerebral palsy into unyielding bows of unmalleable masses of sinew and cramped muscle, their skeletons re-formed, deformed in a permanent arch of unrelenting tension. A few spoonfuls of gruel, a smile and pat on the head by a passing sister, are their daily highlights. Except for the unplanned visit of a foreign aid worker, they are invisible to the world.

So, what to make of all this, as I eat my fried eggs and watch the street sweepers hack at the crusty earth that has fallen from the median strip? Do they, or the man with his "Hey man, can you spare a quarter..." have any ambition? (I don't know) Any hope? (I don't know) What to do about the invisible, desperate people in rural trailers and shells of urban high rises, or in the mud houses of the central African desert and the stone huts on the steep slopes of northern Pakistan?

How to answer? I know that I'm not impressed by people asking for more "things," be they an accumulation of bank accounts in a divorce settlement or simply the latest mobile phone or designer jeans. I'm not so impressed by the facebook comments that expound on the definitions of love and harmony and compassion, as if merely writing those words would make any difference. I do draw hope from real people.

There's the middle aged woman, from an affluent family, who spends four months each year making dreams come true in a Tanzanian orphanage. There's the senior citizen in mid-coast Maine whose ambition is to grow vegetables for her small-town soup kitchen. There's the Dartmouth graduate, now in her mid-20s, whose work with refugees has taken her from one side of the African continent, to the other. There's my friend, and his wife, who have given a home to two Liberian brothers, to give them the college education they once only dreamed of. And there's the son of a friend, about to embark on a 27-month-long Peace Corps adventure in rural Zambia, where he'll teach people about aquaculture while acquiring immeasurable life skills in the process.

Maybe those people, and the invisible faces yet to be discovered, are my answer.

## St. Pauli Welcomes New Members!



Three new members were welcomed into the St. Pauli congregation on Sunday, April 28<sup>th</sup>: Ron Anderson, and Andrew and Michelle Halvorson.

Wahna Smith, president of WELCA, presented the new members with gifts on behalf of the congregation. A potluck lunch was served following worship services, with freewill offering being given to Lutheran Social Services.

Ron is the husband of Virginia (Walseth). Andrew and Michele have three daughters: Siri, Annika and Kjersti.

**Pastor Carl Hansen, Ron Anderson, Siri Halvorson, Annika Halvorson, Kjersti Halvorson, Andrew Halvorson and Michele Halvorson.**

\* \* \* \* \*

## Blanket Sunday

Each year, the WELCA ladies prepare items to be donated to Lutheran World Relief. Shipments are made the beginning of May and November.

During this past winter, the ladies have been joyfully busy quilting and had 17 quilts ready this year! Three of the quilts will be given locally to help families in distress; the remainder will be sent to LWR.

To celebrate this mission service, the last Sunday in April is designated as "Blanket Sunday" and the quilts, layette kits and personal care kits are placed on and around the altar to be blessed prior to shipment.

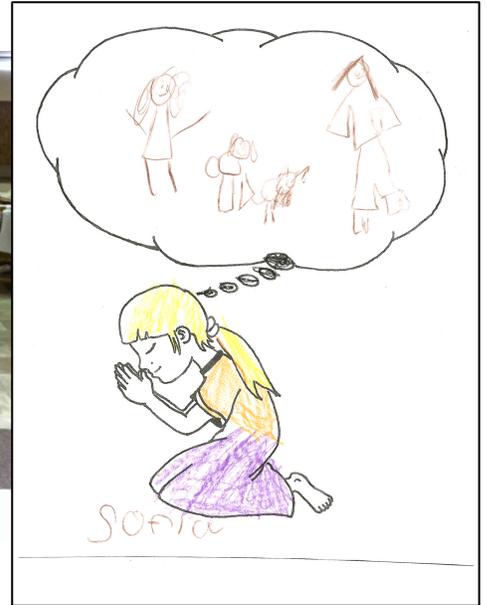
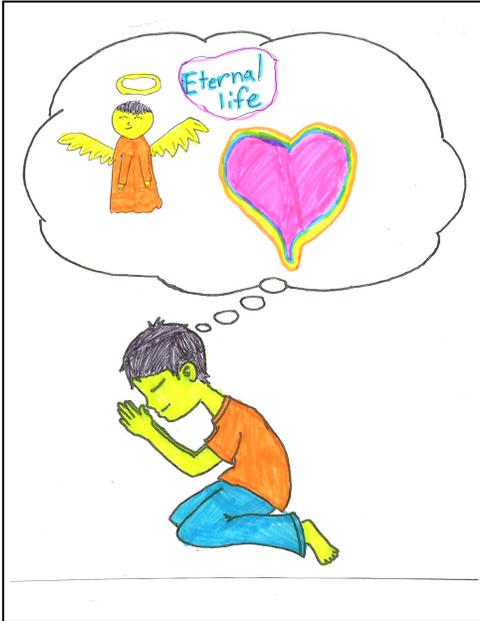
In the fall, school kits will be added to the items donated.

We welcome everyone who wishes to take part in quilting (you don't have to be a veteran seamstress), assembling the kits, or donating money to help purchase kit items.



# Our Sunday School

Another year is quickly coming to an end. We have three young men who have received training and are ready for their First Communion on Sunday, May 5, 2013. Here are photos of a few of our students and their thoughts on what they want to pray for and what it means to be a neighbor.



**YOU SHALL  
LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR  
AS YOURSELF.**

---

I Like MY NEIGHBOR BECAUSE  
THEY Let ME USE THEIR  
BASKET Ball hoop. And if they  
NEED help I Will help them

---

**MATTHEW 22:39**

Samuel  
Trincante

**YOU SHALL  
LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR  
AS YOURSELF.**

---

I Like My Neighbor Because he is My friend, and he helped Me  
do My snow fort this winter.  
If the Neighbor I don't know needs help I Will help him out.

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**MATTHEW 22:39**

## Jonathan Torstveit captains Reserve Champion Junior Poultry Team

The Pennington County Junior Poultry Knowledge Bowl team captained by Jonathan Torstveit participated in the State Project Bowl contest in Foley, MN on April 20.

The team lost their opening match by one question (10 points) to the eventual 3rd place team.

They then went through the loser bracket and eliminated the next four teams and got into the championship match.

They then beat the undefeated team by 55 points to force a second match for the State Championship.

They lost that match by only 10 points to earn Reserve Champion honors.

They became the first Junior Team in *any* project area from Pennington County to make it to the Championship Round.

The members were Lauryn Nordine and Katelynn Nordine, both of Highlanding 4-H Club; and Jonathan Torstveit, Elaina Knott and Zack Stenvik, all of Sanders 4-H Club. They will be helping the Pennington County Senior Poultry team this summer as they prepare for Nationals at Louisville, Kentucky.

Blaine Torstveit was the captain of a very young Pennington/Marshall Poultry team that competed at the Regional contest in Grand Rapids in March. *Blaine and Jonathan are sons of Chad Torstveit.*



**The Pennington County 4-H Junior Poultry Team placed second in its division at the State 4-H Project Bowl contest. Members were (front row) Katelynn Nordine, Elaina Knott; (back row) Lauryn Nordine, Jonathan Torstveit, and Zack Stenvik.**

### The Golfing Preacher

There was this preacher who was an avid golfer. Every chance he could get, he could be found on the golf course swinging away. It was an obsession.

One Sunday was a picture perfect day for golfing. The sun was shining, no clouds in the sky, and the temperature was just right. The preacher was in a quandary as to what to do ... play golf or give the Sunday service. Shortly, the urge to play golf overcame him. He called an assistant, told him he was sick and asked the assistant to take care of the Sunday church service for him. He packed the car up and drove three hours to a golf course where no one would recognize him. Happily, he began to play the course.

An angel up above was watching the preacher and was quite perturbed.

He went to God and said, "Look at the preacher. He should be punished for what he is doing." God nodded in agreement.

The preacher teed up on the first hole. He swung at the ball and hit a perfect drive, straight as an arrow, four hundred yards right to the green, where it gently rolled into the cup (as they say in basketball, "nothing but net"). A picture perfect hole-in-one. He was amazed and excited.

The angel was a little shocked. He turned to God and said, "Begging Your pardon, but I thought you were going to punish him."

God smiled. "I did. Think about it -- who can he tell?"

# Prom is extra exciting for a couple in Thief River Falls

By: Kayla Strayer, WDAZ, WDAY



**Racheal Rondorf and Nate Halsal**

Thief River Falls, MN (WDAY TV) -- It's prom season, with grand marches all over the area tonight, but some extra excitement in Thief River Falls.

"We have two of our brightest stars here in Lincoln."

Hundreds of people are gathering inside Lincoln High School anxiously waiting to see the couple of the night.

Sara Johnson: "Nate was born with cerebral palsy and Racheal was born with a chromosomal abnormality."

Racheal, a senior at Lincoln, asked Nate to prom...he said yes.

Racheal: "That makes me feel very awesome."

The happy couple got the honor of being the first to walk out during the school's prom celebration, called the Grand March. Nate is confined to a wheelchair, but decided to make a change tonight.

There was a personal request by this young man that he be able to walk in (for the) Grand March. So always remember and don't forget that sometimes those dreams do come true.

Peter: "It's a big thing for him to get out of his chair."

Sara: "Nate and Rachel amaze me every single day of the week and so I'm just really happy that everyone else gets to see it tonight."

After the grand entrance, there was still a big surprise to come.

Sara: "The students are very excited about it and Racheal doesn't know yet but she's prom queen!"

Elle: "She's going to be ecstatic."

Racheal: Are you excited? "Yeah, I'm very excited."

Elle: "She told me she felt like a princess."

The students tell me this year's prom will be a tough one to beat.



**Queen Racheal**

*Racheal is the daughter of Jim and Roxane Rondorf.*

# The Empty Egg

Jeremy was born with a twisted body and a slow mind. At the age of 11 he was still in second grade, seemingly unable to learn. His teacher, Doris Miller, often became exasperated with him.

He would squirm in his seat, drool, and make grunting noises. At other times, he spoke clearly and distinctly as if a spot of light had penetrated the darkness of his brain. Most of the time, however, Jeremy just irritated his teacher.

One day she called his parents and asked them to come in for a consultation. As the Forresters entered the empty classroom, Doris said to them, "Jeremy really belongs in a special school. It isn't fair to him to be with younger children who don't have learning problems.

Mrs. Forrest cried quietly into a tissue, while her husband spoke. "Miss Miller," he said, "there is no school of that kind nearby. It would be a terrible shock for Jeremy if we had to take him out of this school. We know he really likes it here."

Doris sat for a long time after they had left. She wanted to sympathize with the Forresters. After all, their only child had a terminal illness. But it wasn't fair to keep him in her class. She had 18 other youngsters to teach, and Jeremy was a distraction. Furthermore, he would never learn to read and write.

As she pondered the situation, guilt washed over her. Here I am complaining when my problems are nothing compared to that poor family, she thought. Lord, please help me to be more patient with Jeremy. From that day on, she tried hard to ignore Jeremy's noises and his blank stares.

Spring came, and the children talked excitedly about the coming of Easter. Doris told them the story of Jesus, and then to emphasize the idea of new life springing forth, she gave each of the children a large plastic egg. "Now," she said to them, "I want you to take this home and bring it back tomorrow with something inside that shows new life. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Miller," the children responded enthusiastically – all except for Jeremy. He listened intently. His eyes never left her face. He did not even make his usual noises. Had he understood what she had said about Jesus' death and resurrection? Did he understand the assignment?

The next morning, 190 children came to school, laughing and talking as they placed their eggs in the large wicker basket on Miss Miller's desk. After they completed their math lesson, it was time to open the eggs.

In the first egg, Doris found a flower, "Oh, yes, a flower is certainly a sign of new life," she said. "When plants peek through the ground, we know that spring is here."

The next egg contained a plastic butterfly, which looked very real. Doris held it up. "We all know that a caterpillar changes and grows into a beautiful butterfly. Yes, that's new life, too."

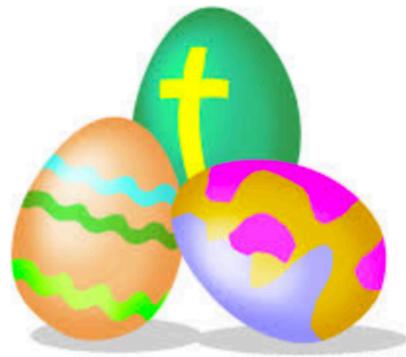
Then Doris opened the third egg. She gasped. The egg was empty. Surely it must be Jeremy's, she thought, and of course, he had not understood her instructions. Because she did not want to embarrass him, she quietly set the egg aside and reached for another. Suddenly Jeremy spoke up. "Miss Miller, aren't you going to talk about my egg?" Flustered, Doris replied, "But Jeremy, your egg is empty."

He looked into her eyes and said softly, "Yes, but Jesus' tomb was empty, too."

Time stopped. When she could speak again, Doris asked him, "Do you know why the tomb was empty?" "Oh, yes," Jeremy said, "Jesus was killed and put in there. Then His Father raised Him up."

The recess bell rang. While the children excitedly ran out to the schoolyard, Doris cried. The cold inside her melted completely away.

Three months later, Jeremy died. Those who paid their respects at the mortuary were surprised to see 19 eggs on top of his casket...



All of them empty.

*Every life has worth and every one can teach us something important, even the mentally challenged.*  
-D.C.

# The Back Page

## OPINIONS

On the first day of school, a first-grader handed his teacher a note from his mother. It read, "The opinions expressed by this child are not necessarily those of his parents."

## NUDITY

A little boy got lost at the YMCA and found himself in the women's locker room. When he was spotted, the room burst into shrieks, with ladies grabbing towels and running for cover.

The little boy watched in amazement and then asked, "What's the matter, haven't you ever seen a little boy before?"

## DEATH

While walking along the sidewalk in front of his church, our minister heard the intoning of a prayer that nearly made his collar wilt. Apparently, his 5-year-old son and his playmates had found a dead robin.

Feeling that proper burial should be performed, they had secured a small box and cotton batting, then dug a hole and made ready for the disposal of the deceased.

The minister's son was chosen to say the appropriate prayers and with sonorous dignity intoned his version of what he thought his father always said: "Glory be unto the Father, and unto the Son, and into the hole he goes."

## ELDERLY

While working for an organization that delivers lunches to elderly shut-ins, I used to take my 4-year-old daughter on my afternoon rounds. She was unfailingly intrigued by the various appliances of old age, particularly the canes, walkers and wheelchairs.

One day I found her staring at a pair of false teeth soaking in a glass.

As I braced myself for the inevitable barrage of questions, she merely turned and whispered, "The tooth fairy will never believe this!"

## SCHOOL

A little girl had just finished her first week of school.

"I'm just wasting my time," she said to her mother. "I can't read, I can't write, and they won't let me talk!"

## DRESS-UP

A little girl was watching her parents dress for a party. When she saw her dad donning his tuxedo, she warned, "Daddy, you shouldn't wear that suit."

"And why not, darling?"

"You know that it always gives you a headache the next morning."

## POLICE #1

While taking a routine vandalism report at an elementary school, I was interrupted by a little girl about 6 years old.

Looking up and down at my uniform, she asked, "Are you a cop?" "Yes," I answered and continued writing the report.

"My mother said if I ever needed help I should ask the police. Is that right?" "Yes, that's right," I told her.

"Well, then," she said as she extended her foot toward me, "would you please tie my shoe?"

## KETCHUP

A woman was trying hard to get the ketchup out of the jar. During her struggle the phone rang so she asked her 4-year-old daughter to answer the phone.

"Mommy can't come to the phone to talk to you right now, she's hitting the bottle."

## POLICE #2

It was the end of the day when I parked my police van in front of the station. As I gathered my equipment, my K-9 partner, Jake, was barking, and I saw a little boy staring in at me.

"Is that a dog you got back there?" he asked. "It sure is," I replied.

Puzzled, the boy looked at me and then towards the back of the van. Finally he said, "What'd he do?"

## BIBLE

A little boy opened the big family Bible. He was fascinated as he fingered through the old pages. Suddenly, something fell out of the Bible. He picked up the object and looked at it. What he saw was an old leaf that had been pressed in between the pages.

"Mama, look what I found," the boy called out.

"What have you got there, dear?"

With astonishment in the young boy's voice, he answered, "I think it's Adam's underwear!"