

SUMMER EDITION

Your editor is again taking a couple of months off during the summer, so the next issue will come out in September.

Due to the uncertainties of the coronavirus pandemic, the Council made the decision to postpone our 125th Anniversary Celebrations to July 31-August 1, 2021. Below is a letter from Bishop Bill Tesch on guidance for gathering for worship.



Northwestern Minnesota Synod

Evangelical Lutheran Church in America

God's work. Our hands.

22 May 2020

Greetings faithful leaders of the Northwestern Minnesota Synod,

If you have watched or read local and regional news the past couple of days, you have heard that the Minnesota's Catholic Conference and the Minnesota North and South Districts of The Lutheran Church –Missouri Synod have chosen to reopen, in defiance of our state's "Stay Safe Order." And just today, President Trump gave an address telling churches to gather in-person this weekend.

Our vision as a Synod is "a people being set free by the gospel to be wholly devoted to Jesus and our neighbor in love." You have continued to demonstrate love for Jesus and your neighbor even in this difficult time; thank you for your faithful ministry.

In a letter sent out just nine days ago, with the other five ELCA Bishops from Minnesota, we articulated the values that we believe should guide your decisions to returning to in-person worship. Which could be summarized as faith, facts, and love:

We the six bishops of the ELCA in Minnesota share particular values as we live and lead together - with you in this pandemic reality. We continue to engage with and listen to state and local officials. We look to scientists and epidemiologists to guide our decision making. We keep ever before us a commitment to the wellbeing of our neighbors, those in our congregations, communities and beyond. We remain focused on our shared vocation of proclaiming the gospel.

It is the good news of Jesus Christ, crucified and risen, that anchors our hope. I know that you are longing to be with your congregations in person. I am, too. You may be feeling pressure from people to return to in-person gatherings and ignore the clear advice of public health officials here in Minnesota.

As your bishop, and in alignment with both Presiding Bishop Eaton and Governor Tim Walz, I urge you to refrain from in-person worship except for groups of 10 or fewer until such time as Minnesota officials have informed us that it is safe to do otherwise (drive-in worship is also a way that you have been finding to gather that is considered safe).

My prayer is that you continue to look to those most vulnerable in your community and that their safety be paramount in your decisions around in-person gathering, people whom the CDC calls "People Who Need to Take Extra Precautions."

Thank you for your faithful leadership, and do not hesitate to contact your synod office with questions or concerns.

Pastor Bill Tesch,
Bishop of the Northwestern Minnesota Synod of the ELCA

PRAYERS FOR OUR BROKEN WORLD

from our NW MN Synod

Let us join together in prayer,

God of all people, we come before you today with heavy hearts over the issues of injustice and the many divisions among your people. We come to you today concerned for those who work to protect your people to the best of their ability, living into the calling you have given them. You have given order to the world from the first day you created it. We are only second best in care of our neighbors.

Forgive us, O God.

As the people of God, we need to hold one another to accountable when justice is misused. But we are also called to care and honor those who do their jobs with due diligence. We have only a small understanding of the grief George Floyd's family is experiencing and so we lift them to your love and caring presence. We know the family and friends of the police officer committing the injustice will suffer from consequences of his actions. May your hand protect them as well.

Forgive us, O God.

God of the people, we come to you when we do not understand all the circumstances surrounding issues like eviction or violence, we do not understand what it is like to walk in someone else's shoes. Teach us compassion and good ways to care for one another. In events of injustice, may the eyes of all people, be open to healing, regardless of background or color or economic circumstances.

Forgive us, O God.

God, you name and claim us as one of your own. Do not let the actions of one person destroy many others in its quake. May we remain faithful to the forgiveness of Jesus Christ. Life is sometimes very complicated, and we feel powerless to make a difference when we confront the power of those in authority. We pray that our minds will become clearer to us and we will not shrink from the hard decisions and that we will encourage each other more in doing that. There are many longings in our hearts as we remember the task before us.

Forgive us, O God.

Come to us, Spirit of wisdom, be present in our midst, Spirit of truth, and may we be strengthened to challenge all that stands between us and your will for the world. This we pray, for Christ's sake. **Amen.**

Written by Kathy Levenhagen, SAM

Minister for Community and Leader Engagement for Conferences 1 & 2

In light of these ever-changing times, Bishop Bill will be creating a video message that speaks to this moment in our lives together. The video will be posted on social media when it is complete.

Pastor Carl's Sermons for the Month of May

Pastor Carl has been sending sermons out each week via email. We include them here for our readership as a whole.

May 3, 2020—The Fourth Sunday of Easter—Good Shepherd Sunday—Psalm 23

Dear Sisters and Brothers in Christ,

I started working on a sermon early this week. Good Shepherd Sunday is one of my favorite days of the church year and I began to study and reflect on the scriptures appointed for this uplifting occasion.

On Wednesday I learned that Michele Hansen (my wonderful daughter-in-law) and her sisters, Jennifer and Joan lost their mother, Lillian to cancer, after a long and difficult struggle. That scrambled my thoughts about the direction of this Sunday's sermon. Together with the pandemic explosion that is constantly on our minds, I needed to hit the pause button. Where should I/we go?

Thankfully we have the best possible Bible reading today right before our eyes in Psalm 23. I often pray this Psalm as I prepare to go to bed. And I have discovered over the years that many of you follow that same blessed practice.

I invite you now to read aloud and meditate on these words of blessing, hope and promise.

"The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures and leads me beside still

waters. He restores my soul. He leads me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. For thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil. My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Dr. Rolf Jacobson, who is a professor of Old Testament at Luther Seminary in St. Paul and one of the funniest men alive, points to the most important words in Psalm 23. Rolf says that the key words in Psalm 23 are "For thou art with me."

Rolf is a dangerous driver. Rolf came down with cancer at an early age and lost a substantial part of his lower extremities to amputation in order that he might survive. He has learned to zoom around in a wheelchair, and you need to be on the lookout for Rolf and his wheelchair. He has 3 speeds—fast, faster and out of sight.

Later on, the cancer returned, and Rolf experienced further amputation in order to save his life. Rolf told his compatriots at

Luther that he could no longer believe and would cease to be a theological professor. His colleagues encouraged him to keep teaching and told him, "We will believe for you." They believed and so did Rolf. He is still teaching Old Testament. For the Lord is with him.

I ran across a fascinating, counter-intuitive piece of information a while back which initially puzzled me. A public opinion poll sought to determine at what time in their lives were Americans the happiest and most contented, as well as the time in their lives when Americans were most discontented. According to this survey, Americans were most discontented at the age of 47. Conversely, Americans were most contented when they were in the 80's!!! I did some head scratching on that one. **But as I thought about it, some in their 40's** may recognize that their dreams for the future are fading. While many in their 80's are simply thankful for children, grandchildren, lifelong friends and the joy of sharing God's blessings. *"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."*

Wherever we are, the most important thing is that Lord is with us. In life. In death. In eternity. Thanks be to God.

Amen.

May 10, 2020— The Fifth Sunday of Easter and Mother's Day—Psalm 23 (selected text)

Dear Sisters and Brothers in Christ,

It seems to me that geese are some of the best organized creatures that God has made. I love seeing those V-formations that professors of gooseology tell us reduce the wind resistance on each individual goose by 71%. And I enjoy observing the development of their family life, although I wish that they wouldn't start honking so early in the morning.

You see the couples together--not out with just the boys or the girls. Then the kiddos appear. There are few more heartwarming sights than the new family out for a swim with one parent at the head, the goslings following in an orderly and graceful line, and the other parent bringing up the rear. To revise an old adage, the family that swims together stays together.

Moms and grandmas, wouldn't it be terrific if children were just like goslings? Following parental leadership in a graceful and orderly fashion? Everyone knows their place and follows your direction. They take time out together for well-organized and enjoyable family recreation with squawks of delight and not of protest.

Now I don't know about your household, but I would not have described the behavior patterns of our children as closely resembling that of goslings. They were and are a delight to Mary and to me, as well as occasionally contributing to the crop failure on the top of my head. Before we were married, Mary tried to alert this 28-year-old bachelor that human children, including our 3, aren't like goslings. They do not always stay in an orderly line and follow instructions. But I was in love and I didn't listen very carefully to her wise observations. And in retrospect, I'm thankful for the family life that the five of us shared.

The Bible almost always uses one particular animal to describe the behavior of human beings--sheep. Now lambs are incredibly cute. Every day when I drove to work in Audubon, Iowa, I drove by a pasture filled with grazing sheep. February was lambing time, and it was a delight to see the lambs running around. They were beautiful and energetic and fun to watch.

But lambs are different than goslings. You can herd them together, but they don't always stay together. They stray away. They get tangled up in messes. When you tell them to do something, they say "baaa." They love to eat junk food that makes them sick. They often don't recognize danger. But when they do, they panic and take off for who knows where.

Isaiah describes our children and each of us very well, when he says; *"All we, like sheep, have gone astray. We have turned, everyone, to his own way."* That's our children. And that's us. We want to figure it out for ourselves. We don't want anyone else telling us what to do. We want to make our own mistakes, thank you very much.

That's the way it is as a mom. You may have hoped for goslings to occupy your carefully prepared nest, but what you got were sheep. And they're cute, but they are a challenge. Keeping them herded and safe, providing for nutritious food, and teaching them what they need to know in a world filled with an infinite variety of wolves.

It seems to me that being a mother is probably the most difficult job that there is. And, along with being a father, it is the world's most important. Listen to what Martin Luther says about the 4th Commandment in the "Large Catechism:"

"God has given this walk of life, fatherhood and motherhood, a special position of honor, higher than any other walk of life under it. Not only has he commanded us to love parents but to honor them. In regard to brothers, sisters, and neighbors in general, he commands nothing higher than we love them. But he distinguishes father and mother above all other persons on earth, and places them next to himself. For it is a much higher thing to honor than to love. Honor includes not only love, but deference, humility, and modesty directed toward a majesty concealed within them."

Being a mother in every era of human history is a challenge. 75 years ago, it probably involved caring for as many kids as there are in a typical swimming line of goslings; and caring for those kids with lots of labor that needed to be done by hand. Today, being a mother probably means caring for children while working a substantial amount of time outside the home. Research tells us that the average adult has 37% less leisure time than they did 20 years ago. My hunch is that the decrease of leisure time falls disproportionately on the backs of mothers with children at home. You have the world's most important and challenging job and less time to do it.

But along with the world's most important and challenging job, you have the world's greatest resource to help you do it. For the Good Shepherd is your shepherd. You have the love of a God who loves you so much that he voluntarily laid down his life for you, for your husband, for your children and for all of his sheep. You are not alone as you seek to share God's love with those special persons entrusted to your care. The Lord is

behind you, before you, and with you as you carry out this wonderful, scary, exhausting, exhilarating and vital task. You have the firm foundation of God's grace to carry out your ministry of love, nurture and guidance.

The greatest gift that can be given on Mother's Day and beyond by husbands, grandparents, children, extended family and friends—the greatest gift that each of us can give is support for the ministry of mothers. Personal support and love, in both prayer and action. I'm not speaking of the gift of second guessing and unsolicited advice. I am speaking of the gift of supporting, encouraging and joining with the person whom God has chosen to bear the awesome title and responsibility that we call "mother."

President.

Doctor.

Judge.

Officer.

Pastor.

All of these persons bear important titles and responsibilities. But those who bear the title "Mother" and "Father" have the greatest titles and responsibilities that God gives. May the Good Shepherd guide and enable you in your shepherding so that your children, grandchildren and all of God's children may realize in their own lives these words of the 23rd Psalm:

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Amen.

Heavenly Father, you bless the family and renew your people. Enrich wives and husbands, mothers and fathers and children with your grace, that strengthening and supporting each other, they may serve those in need and be a sign of the fulfillment of your perfect kingdom. Amen.

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**May 17, 2020—The Sixth Sunday of Easter—
Acts 17:22-31**

Dear Sisters and Brothers in Christ,

At the end of 1957, our family moved from Milwaukee to the Boston area. My Dad had secured a new job with an electronics firm, so off we went on this new adventure. My parents were both born and raised in Iowa. My brother Steve and I had spent our lives in Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin. In many ways Massachusetts seemed like a foreign country.

When I enrolled as a freshman at Wayland High School, I discovered that some of the students and teachers seemed to be speaking a language other than English. Or at least a different dialect. Dad was busy with his new job. But Mom and I struggled for a while in this new and somewhat strange venue.

The Boston area is renowned for many things. The Atlantic Ocean was half an hour from our home. The mountains to the north and west were close at hand. The scenery was utterly gorgeous when the leaves turned red and yellow. New England's fall scenery is truly magnificent. The Boston area is also the home of many well-known academic institutions, such

as Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Bostonians are truly proud of their home turf. It was said that if you asked a beantowner what route he would take to drive from Boston to Chicago, the response would be "I would go by way of Worcester." Worcester is a Massachusetts city that is 50 miles west of Boston. Chicago is about 1000 miles west of both Boston and Worcester. Thief River Falls to a Bostonian, of course, must be a hangout for some pretty mysterious, unsavory characters.

Today's first lesson from Acts 17 reminds me of some of my experiences in New England. The Apostle Paul was visiting the center of the intellectual and cultural world in the first century A.D. While Rome was the political capital in that era, Athens was still the intellectual and cultural capital. The people of Athens loved to talk and debate and exchange ideas.

Athens was a religious hotbed. Athenians would gather and listen to and explore religions of all kinds. Acts 17:21 gives us a graphic picture of this culture when it says, "Now all the Athenians and the foreigners living there would spend their time in nothing but telling or hearing something new."

As he was continuing his missionary journey, Paul had a choice of how he would share the Good News of Jesus with the people of Athens. Paul was a powerful preacher and with some frequency, he would find himself involved in debating people with a very different religious perspective. He often would tell it like it is. Sometimes the Apostle's life would be in danger as a result of those confrontations.

But Paul's approach in preaching to the crowd gathered at the Aeropagus was different. He began speaking by identifying with his audience:

"Athenians, I see how extremely religious you are in every way. For as I went through the city and looked carefully at the objects of your worship, I found among them an altar with the inscription, 'To an unknown God.' What therefore you worship as unknown, this I proclaim to you.

The God who made the world and everything in it, he who is Lord of heaven and earth, does not live in shrines made by human hands, nor is he served by human hands, as though he needed anything, since he himself gives to all mortals life and breath and all things. From one ancestor he made all nations to inhabit the whole earth, and he allotted the times of their existence and the boundaries of the places where they would live, so that they would search for God and perhaps grope for him and find him—though indeed he is not far from each one of us. For 'In him we live, move and have our being'; as even some of your poets have said, 'For we too are his offspring.'

Since we are God's offspring, we ought not think that the deity is like gold, or silver, or stone, an image formed by the art and imagination of mortals. While God has overlooked the times of human ignorance, now he commands all people everywhere to repent, because he has fixed a day on which he will have the world judged in righteousness by a man whom he has

appointed, and of this he has given assurance to all by raising him from the dead.”

Paul’s approach in his Areopagus sermon was to begin by describing what he and his audience held in common. He drew upon the mutual experiences and perspective of his listeners and led them to the one who calls them repentance and faith in Jesus.

Our Lord calls us today to share the Good News of the one in whom we live, move and have our being. We are living in anxious and contentious times. Let us follow the example of the Apostle Paul in seeking to reach out with the love and compassion of Our Lord Jesus Christ to all whom we encounter.

Christians are neither red, nor blue. We are one in the name of Our Lord and Savior who has made us his own and empowered us to live as ambassadors of the Good News.

Amen.

May 24, 2020—The Seventh Sunday of Easter— John 17:1-11, Jesus Prayer

What is today? Today is the Sunday of Memorial Day weekend.

And what is Memorial Day weekend?

In this part of the world, it is usually the beginning of the summer recreation season. The coronavirus has thrown a monkey wrench into many sets of recreational plans. But I have a hunch that lots of people will find a safe way to celebrate the beginning of the outdoor recreation season this weekend.

When I was a boy my Grandpa McFall would speak of this day as “Decoration Day” rather than “Memorial Day.” Just after the Civil War it became customary to decorate the graves of the more than 700,000 soldiers who were killed in America’s most traumatic conflagration. Thus, the name “Decoration Day.”

One of the things to which I look forward on Memorial Day weekend is to join in singing “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” with all who gather at St. Pauli. Julia Ward Howe was paid \$4 as the composer of this magnificent hymn. It was and is America’s best musical bargain.

Today’s Gospel at first glance would not seem to connect with Memorial Day. The words of John 17 are what is commonly called Jesus “High Priestly Prayer.” Jesus is praying for his disciples in the knowledge that he will soon be arrested, tried and crucified. In light of this, Our Lord thanks the Heavenly Father for giving the disciples to him and prays: *“All mine are yours and yours are mine; and I have been glorified in them...Holy Father, protect them in your name that you have given me, so that they may be one as we are one.”*

Jesus continues: *“I ask not only on behalf of these, but also on behalf of those who will believe in me through their word.”* The mission of Christ does not end with his crucifixion and resurrection; it continues on into Judea, Samaria and to all the ends of the earth. At the center of Jesus’ mission is the beating heart of prayer. Jesus prays without ceasing to his

Father and Our Father. And He prays continuously for his disciples--past, present and future.

The scriptures are loaded with prayer. The longest book in the Bible is a prayer book; the book we know as the Psalms. Prayer is a glorious gift. But there are lots of misconceptions about prayer. Prayer need not be a magnificent literary composition. You will not develop a stomachache if someone other than the pastor leads in prayer.

In the 6th chapter of Matthew, Jesus teaches you and me how to pray:

“And whenever you pray, do not be like the hypocrites; for they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and at the street corners, so they may be seen by others. Truly I tell you, they have their reward. But whenever you pray, go into your room and shut the door and pray to your Father who is in secret; and your Father who sees in secret will reward you.”

“When you are praying, do not heap up empty phrases as the Gentiles do; for they think that they will be heard because of their many words. Do not be like them, for your Father knows what you need before you ask him.

“Pray then in this way:

*Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name.
Your kingdom come.
your will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts,
as we also have forgiven our debtors.
And do not bring us to the time of trial,
but rescue us from the evil one.”*

“For if you forgive others their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if you do not forgive others, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.” (Matthew 6:5-15)

Christians have many ways and places of prayer. Some are common. Others may seem a little strange. Let me share two ways of praying that I find helpful.

You probably have heard of people singing in the shower. I make it a practice to pray in the shower. The water cascading over my body reminds me that I have been baptized into God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit—that my sin is washed away. And I so I give thanks for God’s grace and offer intercessions for family, for congregation, for nation & world, and for peace for all humanity.

St. Augustine of Hippo was one of the greatest theologians of the church who lived in the late 300’s and early 400’s in North Africa. Augustine said, “He(She) who sings once, prays twice.”

The best-known monk of the Augustinian Order was a man by the name of Martin Luther. Luther himself wrote 38 hymns and said that music is God’s greatest gift to drive the devil away.

If you ever notice me driving and singing, I'm probably singing hymns and seeking to drive the devil away with songs of praise.

Pray. Pray without ceasing.
Pray for those who serve in the armed forces and for their loved ones.
Pray for this country and for the world that there may be peace.
Pray for the healing of the Virus.
Pray for those whose loved ones have departed this life and rest in the arms of Our Lord.
Pray for all in all times and in all places.

Amen.

May 31, 2020—Day of Pentecost—Acts 2:1-21

Everyone loves Christmas. What is there in human experience that is more touching and heartwarming than the birth of a child? Particularly, one born in strange, but memorable circumstances. That birth has brought forth an unparalleled explosion of art and song. People are drawn to Christ at Christmas as at no other time.

I remember a man by the name of Andy Weinstein. Andy was a Hungarian Jew who grew up in Mexico, because his family fled there to escape the Nazis. Andy, whose wife Gretchen belonged to the church that Pastor Mary and I served, came to worship with her once a year—on Christmas Eve. Why??? Andy loved to sing Christmas carols. And he would sing them with even more gusto than most Christians. Everyone loves Christmas.

Easter has almost as much pulling power as Christmas. At Easter we deal with the ultimate issues—issues of life, death and eternity. And in our part of the world, Easter coincides with the coming of spring. So the creation itself sings of the triumph of Christ over the powers of sin and death. The birds, the flowers, the trumpets and all of God's people declare that Christ is risen.

Now everyone knows that Christmas and Easter are two of the three most important days in the church year. But what's the third? Today. Pentecost. Do you ever have trouble finding a pew on Pentecost? Whereas churches are jammed at Christmas and Easter, Pentecost is usually greeted with a yawn or the scratch of a head. Why?? Perhaps it's because Pentecost seems more strange than inspiring. Let's take a closer look.

There are a bunch of people at a church gathering who hear a rush of a mighty wind, see tongues of fire on one another's heads and begin speaking in a whole variety of foreign languages. Now, most people suspect that religious folks are a little strange anyway, and all of these things reinforce that impression. Aside from appearing to be weird, these events are not as powerfully appealing as Christmas and Easter.

But if you listen carefully to the story of Pentecost, you'll find something interesting. You'll find that instead of being the story of confusion that appears on the surface, Pentecost is a story of understanding. And it's a story that deals with God's love every bit as much as Christmas and Easter.

Almost 2000 years ago, thousands of Jews gathered in Jerusalem. They came from Iran, Iraq, Kurdistan, Russia, Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, Crete, Israel and many other places. They came together to celebrate the Jewish spring harvest festival known as the Feast of Weeks or Pentecost. These Jews did not speak a single language, but each spoke the language of their own nation. Jesus' disciples were Palestinian Jews and spoke the first century version of Hebrew known as Aramaic.

After Jesus' disciples experienced the sound of the mighty wind and the tongues of fire, they were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak of the glorious deeds of God in the languages of the other Jews who had gathered in Jerusalem for the festival. The story of the Tower of Babel where the people's languages are confused is now reversed. At Pentecost, God calls people together around his mighty acts of power in Jesus Christ.

Today we may assume that our task of sharing the story of God's love given in Jesus is simpler than it used to be. Simpler than it was in the early part of the 20th century when you spoke English at school, but Norwegian at confirmation class. Information now flies all over the world instantaneously.

Have you ever tuned across the radio dial and stopped to listen to what's on it? Hard rock, soft rock, country & western, talk radio, easy listening, soul music, classical music. It seems to me that those folks are speaking very different languages. Not only different musical languages, but very different varieties of English reflecting very different sets of values, needs and priorities. It seems like we're headed back to the Tower of Babel.

We can no longer assume that the ways that you and I understand God's love are ways in which everyone will understand it. Some of you may think, as I do, that "O Day Full of Grace" is a wonderful hymn with a great combination text and music which powerfully conveys God's Pentecost message. Or you may be like one of my very thoughtful confirmands who often wrote on the place on our sermon note form provided for confirmands to ask questions and offer suggestions—this confirmand often said "speed up the music—it's too slow."

Have you ever thought that you were speaking a different language than your children or grandchildren or your parents or your grandparents? You probably are. And sometimes it can feel pretty hopeless, when communication seems to break down with those you love the most.

But Pentecost is not about hopelessness. Pentecost is full of hope and promise for people of every age and time and place. Pentecost is about the Good News breaking through in unexpected and powerful ways.

The following hymn is a prayer that I think would pass our confirmand's test of not being too slow. The refrain is prayer for the Spirit of God to shake us up and wake us up.

*Spirit, Spirit of gentleness,
blow through the wilderness calling and free.
Spirit, Spirit of restlessness,
stir me from placidness, wind, wind on the sea.*

*You moved on the waters, you called to the deep,
Then you coaxed up the mountains from the valleys of sleep.
And over the eons you called to each thing:
Awake from your slumbers and rise on your wings.*

*You swept through the desert, you stung with the sand,
And you goaded your people with a law and a land.
And when they were blinded with idols and lies,
Then you spoke through you prophets to open their eyes.*

*You sang in a stable, you cried from a hill,
Then you whispered in silence when the whole world was still;
And down in the city you called once again,*

*When you blew through your people on the rush of the wind.
You call from tomorrow, you break ancient schemes.
From the bondage of sorrow all the captives dream dreams;
Our women see visions, our men clear their eyes.
With bold new decisions your people arise.*

*Spirit, Spirit of gentleness,
blow through the wilderness calling and free.
Spirit, Spirit of restlessness,
stir me from placidness, wind, wind on the sea.*

Amen.

Thank you, Pastor Carl!

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New Cookbook for 125th Anniversary



At the request of our younger generation, we will issue another cookbook to celebrate this milestone. Suzanne, Chris and Michelle said their 100th anniversary cookbooks are well-worn treasures, with many recipes used so often they no longer need to open their books.

Many of you purchased the 100th Anniversary cookbook and have much-loved recipes you use over and over again. Please let us know your favorites and we will reprint them in a special section of the new cookbook.

Please send your favorite recipes (digitally, if possible, to save us typing time) to auchenpaugh@gmail.com. They may also be mailed to our church address: PO Box 944, Thief River Falls, MN 56701. If you have photos, send those, too! This new cookbook will be available for purchase during our reunion in 2021.

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Pill Bottle Collection

The St. Hilaire Lions Club is collecting empty pill bottles for Matthew 25: Ministries. There is a green, labeled collection bin in the basement of St. Pauli on the cart to the right of the telephone.

The work of Matthew 25: Ministries helps the poorest of the poor and disaster victims throughout the United States and around the world. They accept donations of gently used supplies from corporations, organizations and individuals nationwide. They also supplement outside donations by manufacturing, assembling and blending products in-house including school notebooks, pencils, rice-soy meals, and paint.

Lion Terri Cuppett is in charge of this project for the St. Hilaire Lions. Their criteria:

- We do not intend to send bottles for recycling, as they can be recycled locally.
- We will not send bottles larger than the equivalent of one cup.
- We need plastic bottles with plastic caps.
- Remove the label. If the label is too difficult to remove, recycle the bottle.

These recycled bottles will be cleaned and shipped to developing countries for use in distributing medicine from clinic sites. Without available bottles in these countries, patients often are given medications that they carry home in a napkin or in their hands.

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ST. PAULI GRADUATES RECEIVE QUILTS

It is St. Pauli's custom to give new graduates the gift of a quilt handmade by the WELCA ladies. Due to the COVID-19 circumstances, the quilts were not presented during church services; instead, they were given privately by our WELCA president, Jan Strandlie, on behalf of the congregation.

This year's recipients were Josie Cervantes (below) and Devin Haugen (right).

Devin is the son of Jared and Tammy Haugen and was a member of the swim team.

Josie is the daughter of John and Shelley Cervantes. She was an honors graduate and was voted the most artistic by her fellow students.



Congratulations, Class of 2020!

The Krumkake Iron and Bundt Cake Pan

Minnesota Made and Family Owned

An inspirational American success story, Nordic Ware was founded in 1946 by a determined wife, Dotty, and her resourceful husband Dave, newly back from the second world war. With only \$500 in their pockets, a few good ideas and a desire to create a business of their own, a humble kitchenware company was launched from the basement of their home in Minneapolis, Minnesota.



In the beginning, Nordic Ware's product line was only a handful of items, all of which were specialty Scandinavian ethnic cookware products—the Rosette iron, Krumkake iron, Platte Panne pan, and the Ebelskiver pan.

The iron at right is housed at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History.



This *krumkake* iron was the first consumer product manufactured by Nordic Ware in 1948. The *krumkake* iron sold well due in part to Minnesota's large Scandinavian population.

Then in 1950, Dave Dalquist created a cast aluminum, fluted cake pan—a ring form with a center post and elegantly fluted sides—for the Minneapolis chapter of a Jewish women's society whose members sought to reproduce a cake their European mothers had made. He trademarked it as the "Bundt" pan.

It was not his only first. Dalquist also pioneered a carousel that rotates foods during microwaving, microwave splatter covers, microwave egg poachers, and other products that worked in both conventional and microwave ovens. But none of these innovations made him as famous as the humble Bundt pan.

A native of Minnesota, the state that also gave the world Bisquick and Spam, Dalquist trained in chemical engineering and served as a Navy radar technician in the Pacific during World War II before entering the plastics business with his brother.

In 1948, Dalquist and his wife, Dorothy, purchased Northland Aluminum Products and began manufacturing bake ware under the Nordic Ware name. It proved to be a smart move in the postwar boom years as women returned to domestic routines, including home baking.

In 1950, Dalquist was approached by members of Hadassah, the Zionist women's volunteer society, who wanted to re-create the dense cakes their mothers made. One of the women provided as a model a ceramic dish that her German grandmother had used to make the ring-shaped bread called kugelhopf. They asked if Dalquist could make one of these pans in a modern material.

Dalquist, whose motto was "If you can sell it, you can usually make it," produced the pan in cast aluminum for the Hadassah members. He also made some to sell in department stores and called this early model a bund pan, borrowing a German word that means an alliance or bond. Later, in order to trademark it and perhaps avoid association with the German-American Bund, a pro-Nazi organization active in the 1930s and 1940s, he added a T.

The pan languished in relative obscurity until 1966, when a Texas woman named Ella Helfrich used one to win second place in the 17th annual Pillsbury Bake-Off contest.

She received \$5,000 for a nutty chocolate cake with a gooey center that used only half a dozen ingredients, including a Pillsbury frosting mix that seemed to magically transform the cake's core into a delectable chocolate pudding.

Dubbed the "Tunnel of Fudge Cake," her concoction looked impressive and was easy to prepare, a combination that appealed to a generation of women who were going back to school and starting careers.

After Helfrich's success, Bundt pans flew off store shelves. Pillsbury was flooded with 200,000 queries from women wanting to know where they could find the pan.

Dalquist put his factory into round-the-clock production, eventually churning out 30,000 Bundt pans a day. By 1970, he had licensed Pillsbury to produce special Bundt cake mixes and sold the pans in a package with the mix.

"No matter how many pans Pillsbury ordered," Dalquist recalled in a 1997 Washington Post interview, "the amount was underestimated." Bundt mania raged through the next two decades. With the introduction of novelty Bundts in shapes including a rose, a star, a cathedral and a Christmas tree, annual sales climbed to 1 million pans.

For years, a grateful Dalquist gave the Minneapolis Hadassah chapter his production seconds. The pans became a goldmine for the group, which sold them and used the proceeds to pay for schools and hospitals in Israel.

"Who could have imagined that a simple aluminum cake pan, invented more than a half century ago, could have become a fundraising vehicle for an organization that today boasts more than 300,000 members across the country?" National Hadassah President June Walker said in a statement issued after Dalquist's death.

"With that homey little baking pan, Hadassah women built the most advanced medical center in the Middle East, the Hadassah Medical Center at Ein Kerem," she said. "We thank David Dalquist for his contribution."

Dalquist's wife Dorothy did her part to sustain the pan's popularity by writing a book with 300 Bundt recipes. But none rivaled the Tunnel of Fudge cake, which remains the most-requested recipe in the 56-year history of the Pillsbury Bake-Off.

Pillsbury's own Bundt cake mixes fared less well and were eliminated from the product line in the late 1990s, a move that may have contributed to a decline in Bundt pan sales. By 2002, according to the market research firm NPD Group, the specialty pan could be found in only 15% of American households, down from 21% in 1993. A baking industry expert suggested that the downturn was due to trends that favored snack cake mixes and store-bought goodies.

Some signs, however, suggest a revival in the offing.

On websites catering to people who bake, tributes to Dalquist and his pan have abounded. On egullet.org, for instance, some cooks reported that news of the inventor's passing caused them to dust off an old Bundt pan or buy a new one. They whipped up Banana Mini-Bundts and Bundt cakes of sour cream and dried cherries and posted photos of their creations in honor of Dalquist, when he died in 2005.

One chef was so moved by Dalquist's legacy that he rushed not to his kitchen but to his desk to compose this verse:

Regarding the casket,
May I be blunt?
Screw the coffin,
And bake me in a Bundt!

Ella Helfrich's "Tunnel of Fudge" cake, which won second place in the 17th annual Pillsbury Bake-Off in 1966, gave H. David Dalquist's Bundt pan national exposure and made it one of the most popular baking pans in the world. Pillsbury no longer makes one of the original ingredients and offers this revised version of the much-requested recipe.

"New" Tunnel of Fudge Cake Recipe

CAKE

1 3/4 cups sugar
1 3/4 cups margarine or butter, softened
6 eggs
2 cups powdered sugar
2 1/4 cups Pillsbury BEST® All Purpose Flour
3/4 cup unsweetened cocoa
2 cups chopped walnuts*

GLAZE

3/4 cup powdered sugar
1/4 cup unsweetened cocoa
4 to 6 teaspoons milk

Directions:

Heat oven to 350°F. Grease and flour 12-cup Bundt pan or 10-inch tube pan. In large bowl, combine sugar and margarine; beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Gradually add 2 cups powdered sugar; blend well. By hand, stir in flour and remaining cake ingredients until well blended. Spoon batter into greased and floured pan; spread evenly.

Bake at 350°F for 45 to 50 minutes or until top is set and edges are beginning to pull away from edge of pan.** Cool upright in pan on wire rack 1-1/2 hours; invert onto serving plate. Cool for at least 2 hours more.

In small bowl, combine all glaze ingredients, adding enough milk for desired drizzling consistency. Spoon over top of cake, allowing some to run down sides. Store tightly covered.

Yield: 16 servings

Tips:

*Nuts are essential for the success of this recipe.

**Since this cake has a soft filling, an ordinary doneness test cannot be used. Accurate oven temperature and baking times are essential.

* * * * *

And now, from *Martha Stewart Living* magazine. April 2020
<https://www.marthastewart.com/274977/bundt-cake-recipes>

"Bundt cakes have captivated bakers for generations, ever since the Minneapolis-based Nordic Ware company began crafting their signature pans in the 1950s. However, the crowd-pleasing creations you're about to see are anything but a nostalgia trip. With our mold-breaking recipes, Bundt cakes are the shape of things to come.

What's more, a Bundt cake can dazzle for dessert (put any of these cakes on a pedestal and serve as your meal's sweet ending), charm at teatime, or be a hit at brunch (we're looking at you, Aunt Patty's Coffee Cake).

A Bundt pan produces beautiful cakes with more curves and crevices than a mountain range, which means these treats

don't need a lot of decoration to wow—the shape of the cake itself is more than enough to catch everyone's eyes. If you really want gild the lily, go ahead and top your Bundt cake with pools of whipped cream or a glossy chocolate ganache. A coat of sanding sugar in the *pan* is another way to define the shape of a Bundt and add a touch of sparkle. That's actually the secret to the tangy Lemon-Rhubarb Olive Oil Cake. We're sure you'll agree it's a knockout. A bonus is that the sanding sugar helps the cake come out of the mold cleanly.

If individual desserts are more up your alley, don't rule out Bundts just yet. Mini pans, which are sometimes called Bundtlets, are absolutely adorable. They are typically formed

as one mold with six cake forms rather than separate tiny Bundts, and they're used to produce delightful desserts like our Mini Pistachio Bundts.

For a little slice of heaven (or a big one!), bake up one of our irresistible Bundt cakes. You'll be pleasantly surprised at just how easy they are to master in your own kitchen."

WOW! We're a bit more down-to-earth here at St. Pauli when we describe our food. But your editor wasn't able to find one Bundt cake recipe in our 100th anniversary cookbook. Did I miss something?

How the English Failed to Stamp Out the Scots Language



Against all odds, 28 percent of Scottish people still use it. And it's an interesting case study in how languages are viewed and changed.

*A 19th-century map at left of the British Isles.
Photo from the Public Domain.*

Over the past few decades, as efforts to save endangered languages have become governmental policy in the Netherlands (Frisian), Slovakia (Rusyn) and New Zealand (Maori), among many others, Scotland is in an unusual situation. A language known as Scottish Gaelic has become the figurehead for minority languages in Scotland. This is sensible; it is a very old and very distinctive language (it has three distinct *r* sounds!), and in 2011 the national census determined that fewer than 60,000 people speak it, making it a worthy target for preservation.

There is another minority language in Scotland, one that is commonly dismissed. It's called Scots, and it's sometimes referred to as a joke, a weirdly spelled and -accented local variety of English. Is it a language or a dialect? "The BBC has a lot of lazy people who don't read the books or keep up with Scottish culture and keep asking me that stupid question," says Billy Kay, a language activist and author of *Scots: The Mither Tongue*. Kay says these days he simply refuses to even answer whether Scots is a language or a dialect.

What Scots really is, is a fascinating centuries-old Germanic language that happens to be one of the most widely spoken minority native languages, by national percentage of speakers, in

the world. You may not have heard of it, but the story of Scots is a story of linguistic imperialism done most effectively, a method of stamping out a country's independence, and also, unexpectedly, an optimistic story of survival. Scots has faced every pressure a language can face, and yet it's not only still here—it's growing.

Scots arrived in what is now Scotland sometime around the sixth century. Before then, Scotland wasn't called Scotland, and wasn't unified in any real way, least of all linguistically. It was less a kingdom than an area encompassing several different kingdoms, each of which would have thought itself sovereign—the Picts, the Gaels, the Britons, even some Norsemen. In the northern reaches, including the island chains of the Orkneys and the Shetlands, a version of Norwegian was spoken. In the west, it was a Gaelic language, related to Irish Gaelic. In the southwest, the people spoke a Brythonic language, in the same family as Welsh. The northeasterners spoke Pictish, which is one of the great mysterious extinct languages of Europe; nobody really knows anything about what it was.

The Anglian people, who were Germanic, started moving northward through England from the end of the Roman Empire's influence in England in the fourth century. By the sixth, they started moving up through the northern reaches of England and into the southern parts of Scotland. Scotland and England always had a pretty firm border, with some forbidding hills and land separating the two parts of the island. But the Anglians came through, and as they had in England, began to spread a version of their own Germanic language throughout southern Scotland.

There was no differentiation between the language spoken in Scotland and England at the time; the Scots called their language "Inglis" for almost a thousand years. But the first major break between what is now Scots and what is now English came with the Norman Conquest in the mid-11th century, when the Norman French invaded England. If you talk to anyone about the history of the English language, they'll point to the Norman Conquest as a huge turning point; people from England have sometimes described this to me, in true English fashion, as the time when the French screwed everything up.

Norman French began to change English in England, altering spellings and pronunciations and tenses. But the Normans never bothered to cross the border and formally invade Scotland, so Scots never incorporated all that Norman stuff. It would have been a pretty tough trip over land, and the Normans may not have viewed Scotland as a valuable enough prize. Scotland was always poorer than England, which had a robust taxation system and thus an awful lot of money for the taking.

"When the languages started to diverge, Scots preserved a lot of old English sounds and words that died out in standard English," says Kay. Scots is, in a lot of ways, a preserved pre-Conquest Germanic language. Guttural sounds in words like *fecht* ("fight") and *necht* ("night") remained in Scots, but not in English.

Over the next few centuries, Scots, which was the language of the southern Scottish people, began to creep north while Scottish Gaelic, the language of the north, retreated. By about 1500, Scots was the lingua franca of Scotland. The king spoke Scots. Records were kept in Scots. Some other languages remained, but Scots was by far the most important.

James VI came to power as the king of Scotland in 1567, but was related to Elizabeth I, ruling queen of England. When Elizabeth died, James became king of both Scotland and England in 1603, formally joining the two nations for the first time. (His name also changed, becoming James I.) He moved to London, and, in a great tradition of Scotsmen denigrating their home country, referred to his move as trading "a stony couch for a deep feather bed."

Scottish power was wildly diminished. The country's poets and playwrights moved to London to scare up some patronage that no longer existed in Edinburgh. English became the language of power, spoken by the ambitious and noble. When the Reformation came, swapping in Protestantism for Catholicism in both England and Scotland, a mass-printed bible was widely available—but only in English. English had become not only the language of power, but also the language of divinity. "It's quite a good move if you're

wanting your language to be considered better," says Michael Hance, the director of the Scots Language Centre.

At this point it's probably worth talking about what Scots is, and not just how it got here. Scots is a Germanic language, closely related to English but not really mutually comprehensible. There are several mutually comprehensible dialects of Scots, the same way there are mutually comprehensible dialects of English. Sometimes people will identify as speaking one of those Scots dialects—Doric, Ulster, Shetlandic. Listening to Scots spoken, as a native English speaker, you almost feel like you can get it for a sentence or two, and then you'll have no idea what's being said for another few sentences, and then you'll sort of understand part of it again. Written, it's a bit easier, as the sentence structure is broadly similar and much of the vocabulary is shared, if usually altered in spelling. The two languages are about as similar as Spanish and Portuguese, or Norwegian and Danish.

Modern Scots is more German-like than English, with a lot of guttural *-ch* sounds. The English word "enough," for example, is *aneuch* in Scots, with that hard German throat-clearing *-ch* sound. The old Norwegian influence can be seen in the converting of softer *-ch* sounds to hard *-k* sounds; "church" becomes *kirk*. Most of the vowel sounds are shifted in some way; "house" is pronounced (and spelled) *hoose*. Plurals are different, in that units of measurement are not pluralized (*two pund* for "two pounds") and there are some exception forms that don't exist in English. There are many more diminutives in Scots than in English. The article "the" is used in places English would never use it, like in front of days of the week.

Almost everything is spelled slightly differently between Scots and English. This has caused some to see, just for example, the Scots language Wikipedia as just a bunch of weird translations of the Scottish English accent. "Joke project. Funny for a few minutes, but inappropriate use of resources," wrote one Wikipedia editor on a Wikipedia comments page.

That editor's suggestion to shut the Scots Wikipedia down was immediately rejected, with many Scots speakers jumping into the fight. But it's not really that different from the way the ruling English powers treated the language.

There are, generally, two ways for a ruling power to change the way a minority population speaks. The first happened in, for example, Catalonia and Ireland: the ruling power violently banned any use of the local language and sent literal military troops in to change place names and ensure everyone was speaking the language those in power wanted them to speak. This is, historically, an extremely bad and short-sighted strategy. This sort of blunt action immediately signifies that these minority languages are both something to fight for and a unifying force among a population. That usually results in outright warfare and underground systems to preserve the language.

What England did to Scotland was probably unintentional, but ended up being much more successful as a colonization technique in the long run. The English didn't police the way the Scottish people spoke; they simply allowed English to be seen as the language of prestige, and offered to help anyone who wanted to better themselves learn how to speak this prestigious, superior language. Even when the English did,

during the age of cartography, get Scottish place names wrong, they sort of did it by accident. Hance told me about a bog near his house which was originally called *Puddock Haugh*. *Puddock* is the Scots word for frog; *haugh* means a marshy bit of ground. Very simple place name! The English altered place names, sometimes, by substituting similar-sounding English words. Scots and English are fairly similar, and sometimes they'd get the translation right. For this place, they did not. Today, that bog is called "Paddock Hall," despite there being neither a place for horses nor a nice big manor house.

This strategy takes a lot longer than a linguistic military invasion, but it serves to put a feeling of inferiority over an entire population. How good a person can you really be, and how good can your home be, if you don't even speak correctly?

Scots is a language and not a dialect, but this strategy is not too dissimilar from what happens with African American Vernacular English, or AAVE, in the United States. Instead of recognizing AAVE as what it is—one American English dialect among many—education systems in the U.S. often brand it as an incorrect form of English, one that needs to be corrected (or as a "second language"). It isn't different; it's wrong. Inferior. This is a wildly effective, if subtle, ploy of oppression. "There are plenty of people in Scotland who actually think it's a good thing," says Hance. "The narrative is, we've been made better through this process."

The Scottish people even have a term for their feeling of inferiority: the Scottish cringe. It's a feeling of embarrassment about Scottish heritage—including the Scots language—and interpreting Scottishness as worse, lower, than Englishness. "Lots of Scottish people think to demonstrate any form of Scottish identity beyond that which is given formal approval is not something that should be encouraged," says Hance.

Scots faces a unique and truly overwhelming set of obstacles. It's very similar to English, which allows the ruling power to convince people that it's simply another (worse) version of English. The concept of bilingualism in Scotland is very, very new. And English, the ruling language, is the most powerful language in the world, the language of commerce and culture. More than half of the websites on the internet are in English, it is by far the most learned language (rather than mother tongue) in the world, is the official language for worldwide maritime and air travel, and is used by a whopping 95 percent of scientific articles—including from countries where it isn't even a recognized official language. Until very recently, says Hance, even Scottish people didn't think their language was worth fighting for; today, the funding to preserve Scottish Gaelic outstrips that for Scots by a mile.

Amid all this, Scots is defiantly still here. In the 2011 census, about 1.5 million of Scotland's 5.3 million people declared that they read, spoke, or understood Scots. "Despite being in this situation for centuries, we kept going," says Hance. "We still exist. We're still separate and different, and have our unique way of seeing the world and our unique way of expressing it."

Scots isn't endangered the way Scottish Gaelic is; it's actually growing in popularity.

Census data isn't always as clear as it might sound. There are people who only speak Scots, and can probably understand English but not really speak it. There are people who are fully bilingual, capable of switching, with awareness, between the languages. Some people will start a sentence in Scots and finish it in English, or use words from each language in the same conversation. There are those who speak English, but heavily influenced by Scots, with some words or pronunciations borrowed from Scots.

Technology has been a boon for the language, for a host of different reasons. Spellcheck has been a headache; computers and phones do not include native support for Scots, even while including support for languages spoken by vastly fewer people. (There are a few university research projects to create Scots spellcheck, but they're not widespread.) But this has had the effect of making Scots speakers ever more aware that what they're trying to type is not English; the more they have to reject an English spellcheck's spelling of their Scots, the more they think about the language they use.

The informality of new forms of communication, too, is helping. Pre-email, writing a letter was a time-consuming and formal process, and the dominance of English as a prestige language meant that native Scots speakers would often write letters in English rather than their own language. But texting, social media, email—these are casual forms of communication. Most people find it easier to relax on punctuation, grammar, and capitalization when communicating digitally; Scots speakers relax in that way, too, but also relax by allowing themselves to use the language they actually speak. "Texting and posting, those are largely uncensored spaces, so the linguistic censorship that used to take place when you communicated with other people in written form, it doesn't happen any longer," says Hance. "People are free to use their own words, their own language."

Scots is still wildly underrepresented in television, movies, books, newspapers, and in schools. Sometimes students will, in a creative writing class, be allowed to write a paper in Scots, but there are no Scots-language schools in Scotland. The lack of presence in schools, though, is just one concern Scots scholars have about the language.

"In general, it's better now," says Kay, "but it's still not good enough."

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Please continue to make your donations to St. Pauli Church either by putting them in Gary Iverson's church mailbox or by mailing them to:

St. Pauli Church
PO Box 944
Thief River Falls, MN 56701

The Man in the Iron Lung

When he was six, Paul Alexander contracted polio and was paralyzed for life. Today he is 74, and one of the last people in the world still using an iron lung. But after surviving one deadly outbreak, he did not expect to find himself threatened by another.
By Linda Rodriguez McRobbie, *The Guardian*, May 26, 2020



Paul Alexander in his iron lung. Photograph: Allison Smith/The Guardian

The summer of 1952 was hot, even by Texas standards: 25 days above 100F, the “cool” days not much cooler. But across the state, swimming pools were shut. Cinemas, too, and bars and bowling alleys. Church services were suspended. Cities doused their streets with DDT insecticide; by now, health officials knew that mosquitoes didn’t spread the disease, but they had to be seen to be doing something. Nothing seemed to work. As the summer wore on, the numbers of polio cases grew.

One day in July, in a quiet Dallas suburb, a six-year-old boy named Paul Alexander was playing outside in the summer rain. He didn’t feel well – his neck hurt, his head pounded. Leaving his muddy shoes in the yard, he walked barefoot into the kitchen, letting the screen door slam behind him. When his mother looked up at his feverish face, she gasped. She made him run out and grab his shoes, then ordered him to bed.

Paul spent the first day in his parents’ bed, filling in Roy Rogers coloring books. But even as his fever soared and aching pains blossomed in his limbs, the family doctor advised his parents not to take him to hospital. It was clear that he had polio, but there were just too many patients there,

the doctor said. Paul had a better chance of recovering at home.

Over the next few days, the boy’s condition worsened. Five days after he had walked into the kitchen barefoot, Paul could no longer hold a crayon, speak, swallow or cough. His parents rushed him to Parkland hospital. Though the staff were well trained and there was a dedicated polio ward, the hospital was overwhelmed. There were sick children everywhere, and nowhere to treat them all. Paul’s mother held him in her arms and waited.

When the boy was finally seen by a doctor, his mother was told that there was nothing to be done for him. Paul was left on a gurney in a hallway, barely breathing. He would have died had another doctor not decided to examine him again. This second doctor picked him up, ran with him to the operating theatre and performed an emergency tracheotomy to suction out the congestion in his lungs that his paralyzed body couldn’t shift.

Three days later, Paul woke up. His body was encased in a machine that wheezed and sighed. He couldn’t move. He couldn’t speak. He couldn’t cough. He couldn’t see through the fogged windows of the steam tent – a vinyl hood that kept the air around his head moist and the mucus in his lungs loose. He thought he was dead.

When the tent was eventually removed, all he could see were the heads of other children, their bodies encased in metal canisters, nurses in starched white uniforms and caps floating between them. “As far as you can see, rows and rows of iron lungs. Full of children,” he recalled recently.



Children in iron lungs during a polio outbreak in the US in the 1950s.
Photograph: Science History Images/Alamy Stock Photo

The next 18 months were torture. Although he couldn’t talk because of the tracheotomy, he could hear the cries of other children in pain. He lay for hours in his own waste because he couldn’t tell the staff he needed to be cleaned. He nearly

drowned in his own mucus. His parents visited almost every day, but his existence was unrelentingly boring. He and the other children tried to communicate, making faces at each other, but, Paul said: "Every time I'd make a friend, they'd die."

Paul recovered from the initial infection, but polio left him almost completely paralyzed from the neck down. What his diaphragm could no longer do for him, the iron lung did. Paul lay flat on his back, his head resting on a pillow and his body encased in the metal cylinder from the neck down. Air was sucked out of the cylinder by a set of leather bellows powered by a motor; the negative pressure created by the vacuum forced his lungs to expand. When the air was pumped back in, the change in pressure gently deflated his lungs. This was the regular hiss and sigh that kept Paul alive. He could not leave the lung. When medical staff opened it to wash him or manage his bodily functions, he had to hold his breath.

What Paul remembers most vividly about the ward is hearing the doctors talk about him when they walked through on their rounds. "He's going to die today," they said. "He shouldn't be alive." It made him furious. It made him want to live.



Paul inside his iron lung as a child. Photograph: Courtesy of Paul Alexander

In 1954, when Paul was eight, his mother got a call from a physical therapist who worked with the March of Dimes, a US charity dedicated to eradicating polio. Paul's months on the polio ward had left him with a fear of doctors and nurses, but his mother reassured him, and so the therapist, Mrs. Sullivan, began visiting twice a week.

Paul told the therapist about the times he had been forced by doctors to try to breathe without the lung, how he had turned blue and passed out. He also told her about the time he had

gulped and "swallowed" some air, almost like breathing. The technique had a technical name, "glossopharyngeal breathing". You trap air in your mouth and throat cavity by flattening the tongue and opening the throat, as if you're saying "ahh" for the doctor. With your mouth closed, the throat muscle pushes the air down past the vocal cords and into the lungs. Paul called it "frog-breathing".

Sullivan made a deal with her patient. If he could frog-breathe without the iron lung for three minutes, she'd give him a puppy. It took Paul a year to learn to do it, but he got his puppy; he called her Ginger. And though he had to think about every breath, he got better at it. Once he could breathe reliably for long enough, he could get out of the lung for short periods of time, first out on the porch, and then into the yard.

Although he still needed to sleep in the iron lung every night – he couldn't breathe when he was unconscious – Paul didn't stop at the yard. At 21, he became the first person to graduate from a Dallas high school without physically attending a class. He got into Southern Methodist University in Dallas, after repeated rejections by the university administration, then into law school at the University of Texas at Austin. For decades, Paul was a lawyer in Dallas and Fort Worth, representing clients in court in a three-piece suit and a modified wheelchair that held his paralyzed body upright.

At a time when disabled people were less often seen in public – the Americans With Disabilities Act, which banned discrimination, wouldn't be passed until 1990 – Paul was visible. Over the course of his life, he has been on planes and to strip clubs, seen the ocean, prayed in church, fallen in love, lived alone and staged a sit-in for disability rights. He is charming, friendly, talkative, quick to anger and quick to make a joke.

At 74, he is once again confined to the lung full-time. Only one other person in the US still uses one. The last person to use an iron lung in the UK died in December 2017, at the age of 75. No one expected someone who needed an iron lung to live this long. And after surviving one deadly epidemic, Paul did not expect to find himself threatened by another.

Poliomyelitis kills by suffocation – not by damaging the lungs, as Covid-19 does, but by attacking motor neurons in the spinal cord, weakening or severing communication between the central nervous system and the muscles. The ensuing paralysis means that the muscles that make it possible to breathe no longer work.

Polio existed in isolated outbreaks around the world for millennia, but it didn't become epidemic until the 20th century – helped, ironically, by improvements in sanitation. Poliovirus enters the body through the mouth, via food or water, or unwashed hands, contaminated with infected fecal matter. Until the 19th century, almost all children would have come in contact with poliovirus before the age of one, while they still enjoyed protection from maternal antibodies transferred from mother to baby during pregnancy. However, as sanitation improved, children were less likely to come into contact with poliovirus as babies; when they encountered it as older children, their immune systems were unprepared.

In the US, from 1916 onwards, each summer brought an epidemic of polio in some part of the nation. At its peak in the 40s and 50s, the virus was responsible for more than 15,000 cases of paralysis in the US each year. During this same period, it killed or paralyzed at least 600,000 people annually worldwide. The year Paul contracted the virus, 1952, saw the largest single outbreak of polio in US history: almost 58,000 cases across the nation. Of those, more than 21,000 people – mostly children – were left with varying degrees of disability, and 3,145 died.



A caregiver adjusts Paul's head rest. Photograph: Allison Smith/The Guardian

Though polio was not the most lethal of epidemic diseases, it transformed everywhere it touched. "It was like the plague, it drove everybody mad," Paul told me when I first spoke to him last year. In places where outbreaks occurred, families sheltered in fear at home with the windows shut. All kinds of public gathering places closed. Human interactions were laced with uncertainty. According to the historian David Oshinsky, some people refused to talk on the phone out of concern that the virus could be transmitted down the line. During the first major outbreak in New York in 1916, 72,000 cats and 8,000 dogs were killed in one month after a rumor went around that animals transmitted the disease (they don't). By the 40s, parents had their children perform "polio tests" every day during the summer – touch their toes, tuck their

chin to their chests, checking for pain or weakness – while insurance companies sold "polio insurance" to parents of new babies.

Before the arrival of a vaccine in 1955, what made polio so terrifying was that there was no way of predicting who would walk away from an infection with a headache, and who would never walk again. In most cases, the disease had no discernible effect. Of the 30% or so who showed symptoms, most experienced only minor illness. But a small proportion, 4-5%, exhibited serious symptoms, including extreme muscular pain, high fever and delirium. As the virus hacked its way through the neural tissue of the spinal cord, a few of those infected were paralyzed; this progression of the virus was known as paralytic polio. Roughly 5-10% of patients who caught paralytic polio died, although this number was far higher in the days before widespread use of the iron lung.

If we had forgotten the terror of epidemics, we are now being forcibly reminded. The last time I spoke to Paul, in April, it was over Skype, from our respective lockdowns – him in his iron lung in an apartment in Dallas, with a rotating staff of full-time carers and an Amazon Echo next to his head, and me in my house in Surrey, England.

Like polio, Covid-19 can be transmitted by silent carriers who don't know they have it. Like polio, it has put normal life on hold. And just as with polio, we are pinning our hopes on a vaccine. There is even talk of bringing back the iron lung – a UK-based [initiative](#) is trying to bring a new negative-pressure ventilator called Exovent to hospitals for Covid-19 patients. Unlike positive-pressure ventilators, this smaller iron lung would fit over the patient's chest, allowing them to remain conscious, speak, eat and take medication orally as a machine breathes for them.

"It's exactly the way it was, it's almost freaky to me," Paul said of the parallels between polio and Covid-19. "It scares me."

Though this virus, if he gets it, will likely kill him, life hasn't changed dramatically for Paul since the start of the pandemic. He hasn't been able to venture outside of his lung for more than five minutes in years. As one of his friends told me: "It's not a strain for him, it's his life. This is Mr. Shelter-in-Place." I asked Paul if he is worried about Covid-19. "Sure, sure," he said. Then he added: "Well – I don't sit around and worry about it. I'm dying a lot. It doesn't make any difference."

Paul's health has always been precarious, but it has declined in the past few years. When I first met him in May 2019, he was a long-term inpatient at Clements Hospital in north Dallas. More than four months earlier, he had developed a persistent respiratory infection, which had sent him to hospital. He also suffers pain in his legs every time he is moved. He had hoped the doctors could help him manage that pain, but, he told me, "It's not about to go away," looking up from a pillow on a wide board attached to one end of the lung. His voice is slow, raspy and sometimes punctuated by gasps. Hearing Paul over the machine's constant sighs requires the listener to focus on him and tune out the lung; accordingly, he is used to being listened to.

Next to Paul's head was a clear plastic stick, flat and about a foot long, with a pen attached to the end of it. His father

crafted a stick like this when Paul was a child, and he has been using versions of it since. He clamps the end of the stick in his mouth and manipulates the pen to write, type and push buttons on the phone; he used it to sign the hospital's waiver allowing him to talk to me, although he bristled at having to sign anything at all to tell me his own story. "That is the most ridiculous thing," he grumbled. Paul's teeth are flattened and worn from years of using the stick. Though his body inside the lung is scarcely larger than it was when he was a child and his muscles atrophied, his neck measures 18 inches around and his jaw muscles bulge.

Paul's iron lung – his faithful "old iron horse" as he calls it – is the butter-yellow color of 50s kitchen appliances. Its metal legs, ending in black rubber wheels, raise it to a height that suits a caregiver, while windows at the top allow them to see inside, and four portholes on the sides let them reach in. To open the machine, which weighs almost 300kg, carers must release the seals at the head and slide the user out on the interior bed. The portholes, the pressure valves, the cylindrical shape and the color all give the impression of a sturdy miniature submarine.

Iron lungs were built to last, even if no one thought the people in them would. The device was invented in 1928 by Philip Drinker, a medical engineer, and Louis Shaw, a physiologist, at Harvard. Drinker had visited Boston Children's Hospital to investigate a malfunctioning air conditioner in the ward for premature babies, but he came away haunted what he saw in the polio ward – "the small blue faces, the terrible gasping for air", as his sister and biographer, Catherine Drinker Bowen, later wrote. His invention was a simple mechanism, doing the job of depleted muscles, and it meant that thousands of children who would have died didn't. The iron lung was intended to be used for two weeks at most, to give the body a chance to recover.

Over time, the claustrophobic iron lung became emblematic of the devastating effects of polio. Only the sickest patients ended up in one; if they made it out, a lifetime of disability was likely to follow. But once the vaccine was administered to children across the US from 1955, incidence of the disease plummeted. Those who needed short-term breathing assistance were treated by more invasive but much smaller positive-pressure ventilators, invented in 1952 by an anesthetist during a polio outbreak in Copenhagen. These push air directly into and out of the lungs either through the mouth, via a tube that is snaked down the throat while the patient is sedated, or through a hole made in the trachea. These, like the iron lung, were only intended for short-term use; those few people who needed help breathing for the rest of their lives saw a hole in their throat as an acceptable price to pay for the increased mobility that positive pressure offered. The last iron lungs were manufactured in the late 60s.

By the time positive-pressure ventilators were in widespread use, however, Paul was used to living in his lung, and he had already learned to breathe part of the time without it. He also never wanted a hole in his throat again. So he kept his iron lung.

With the decline of the disease, and the visual reminders of it hidden away in a handful of homes and care facilities, across much of the western world the terror of polio faded from

collective memory. "You can't believe how many people walked into my law office," Paul said, "and saw my iron lung and said: 'What is that?' And I'd tell them: 'It's an iron lung.' 'What does it do?' 'Breathe for me.' 'Why?' 'I got polio when I was little.' 'What's polio?' Uh oh." David Oshinsky, the author of *Polio: An American Story*, believes that the success of vaccines in eradicating so many deadly diseases is precisely why the anti-vaxx movement has gained ground in recent years. "These vaccines have done away with the evidence of how frightening these diseases were," he told me.

When I visited him at Clements Hospital, Paul seemed like a kind of medical celebrity – none of the hospital staff had ever seen an iron lung before. As we talked, two women in nurses' scrubs came in. They were from another unit, but they just wanted to meet the man in the iron lung, they said. Paul told them that he was in the middle of an interview. "That's all right, sir," the older nurse said, "we'll just listen for a bit." After they left, Paul told me this happens all the time. "That's the way it is – like living in a zoo," he said.

People often come away from meeting Paul humbled. Norman Brown, a retired nurse who has been good friends with Paul since 1971, said: "The guy is such an impressive character ... most people are in awe when they first meet him." Paul doesn't mind answering people's questions: "I'm a lawyer, I'm paid to talk!" He likes talking about polio and the lung, and about his life, because what terrifies him, even more than the possibility of Covid-19, is that the world will forget what polio was like, and what he achieved in spite of it.

On Christmas Eve 1953, a year and a half after Paul was admitted to Parkland Hospital, his parents rented a portable generator and a truck to bring him and his iron lung home. It was a short, nerve-racking drive: "Any minute it looked like that old generator would go off," his father Gus later told a Texas newspaper. "It kept popping. I didn't know if we would make it home or not." Part of the reason Paul was cleared to leave the hospital was that no one expected him to live much longer.

But Paul didn't die. He gained weight; the day he got home, his older brother made him a plate of bacon – the best he'd ever tasted, he said. His parents slept in the same ground-floor living room with him, always half-awake in case the swish-swish of the machine stopped. It did during power cuts – even today, Texan storms and tornadoes sometimes knock down power lines – and his parents had to pump the machine by hand, calling neighbors in to help.

After three years, Paul could leave his lung for a few hours at a time. His frog-breathing had become muscle memory – like riding a bicycle, he told me. His education had been left to founder during his 18 months on the ward. One day, his mother walked in with a pile of books borrowed from the local elementary school: she was going to teach him to read.

"I had all these ambitions. I was going to be president," he said. But it took his parents, along with the parents of several other disabled children, more than a year to convince the Dallas school system to allow him to take classes from home. In 1959, when he was 13, Paul was one of the first students to enroll in the district's new program for children at home. "I

knew if I was going to do anything with my life, it was going to have to be a mental thing. I wasn't going to be a basketball player," he told me.



Paul as a young man, outside his iron lung.
Photograph: Courtesy of Paul Alexander

Most days, he would leave the lung around the time other children got out of school and sit out front in his wheelchair. Friends would push him around the streets; later, as they got older, the same friends took him to diners and cinemas, then restaurants and bars.

And he went to church. The Pentecostal church, to which the Alexanders belong, is a denomination characterized by a personal, passionate experience of God. At the end of each service, congregants are invited to come to the front of the church and pray. "My dad would take me down there sometimes to pray with him, and he would let all of his emotions out then," Paul's younger brother, Phil, told me. "He'd just cry and cry."

Paul dealt with his emotions in a different way. Polio had robbed him of his independence. "He let his anger out a lot. He had a mouth," Phil recalled. "I completely understand it. He would yell and scream and curse and get it all out, and my parents would just let it happen, because obviously, Paul would need a release ... he was normal." It hurts Paul to think about it now. "There were frustrating times, times I'd get really mad, scream. But Mom and Dad were so tolerant, they seemed to just understand," he said. As he spoke, tears trickled down his temple to the pillow.

In 1967, Paul, now 21, graduated from high school with almost straight As. His one B was in biology, because he was unable to dissect a rat. "I was so mad," he said. (He still is.)

He applied to Southern Methodist University in Dallas, but despite his academic record, he was rejected. "I was too crippled," he said bitterly. "Broke my heart. I fought for two years, repeatedly called them. 'Well, wait a minute,' I'd say, 'I want you to reconsider, think about this. I'm coming over, I want to talk to you!'" His high school teachers backed him. Eventually, the dean of admissions relented, on two conditions: that he find someone to help him get to his classes, and that he get the polio vaccine.

Paul was "scared to death" rolling into his first class. "You have to understand, back then, there were no cripples. There was none on campus, I was the only one. Wherever I went, I was the only one. Restaurant, movie theatre – I thought: 'Wow, there's nobody else out here. I'll just pave the way,'" he said. "I kind of thought of myself as representing a group. I fought for that reason. 'What do you mean I can't go back there? I want to go back there!' ... 'You can't do that.' 'Oh yes I can!' I was always fighting."

Paul met a woman, Claire, and fell in love. They got engaged. But one day when he called, her mother – who had long objected to the relationship – answered, refused to let him talk to her, and told him never to speak to her daughter again. "Took years to heal from that," he said. He transferred to the University of Texas at Austin. At Southern Methodist University, he'd been living at home, but now he was on his own. His parents were terrified.

At UT, the caregiver Paul had hired never turned up, so for a month, the guys in his dorm took care of him – even "the most intimate things", he said – until he was able to hire a new one. Paul graduated in 1978, and later began studying for a postgraduate degree in law. He again made headlines in November 1980: "Iron-willed man leaves iron lung to vote", declared an article in the Austin American Statesman newspaper.

Paul struggled with trying to pay for a full-time carer and his education at the same time, but in 1984, he graduated from the University of Austin with a degree in law, and found a job teaching legal terminology to court stenographers at an Austin trade school. When a newspaper reporter asked if his students found it uncomfortable to be in his class, he responded: "I don't allow people to feel uncomfortable for very long."

He passed his bar exams, and on 19 May 1986, he slightly raised his right thumb as he took the oath promising to conduct himself with integrity as a lawyer in front of the chief justice of the supreme court of Texas. He was 40 years old, wearing a natty three-piece suit, living on his own, and able to spend most of his day outside the machine that still kept him alive.

The story of how Paul taught himself to breathe is central to how he thinks about himself. It represents the determination that made everything else – getting into university, the law degree, the life of relative independence – possible. It even inspired the title of the memoir, *Three Minutes for a Dog*, that he self-published in April. It took him more than eight years to write it, using the plastic stick and a pen to tap out his story on

the keyboard, or dictating the words to his friend, former nurse Norman Brown.

But the title of the book was Kathy Gaines's idea. Kathy, 62, has been Alexander's caregiver since he graduated from law school and moved to the Dallas-Fort Worth area, although neither can remember precisely when she found his advert in the paper and became his "arms and legs".

Kathy is a type-1 diabetic and, as a consequence of the disease, has been legally blind for years, so she can't drive. During Paul's five-month stay in hospital last year, she took the bus or got a lift there every day. She taught the nursing staff how to manage the machine and, to some degree, Paul. While we talked, Kathy brought us foam cups of hospital coffee, and a plastic bendy straw for Paul. She left it close enough for him to reach with his tongue and mouth, but not so close as to be in the way. Kathy knows how to shave Paul's face, change his clothes and sheets, trim his hair and his nails, hand him his toothbrush, do his paperwork, make his appointments, do his grocery shopping, and that when he says "biscuit" he usually means "English muffin". Sometimes, if she sees his head in a position that she thinks will be uncomfortable for him, she'll move it without asking. (He doesn't always appreciate that.)

Kathy knows everything about him, Paul says. "Kathy and I grew together ... she stretched herself over as many things as I needed," he said. For most of their relationship, Kathy has either lived with Paul or nearly next door. They've moved a lot: his legal career was not lucrative, and he has struggled financially. Today, Kathy lives upstairs in their communal apartment building. She sees him every day, whether she's working or not.

Though Kathy and Paul have never been romantically involved, his brother Phil describes their relationship like a marriage. "Paul has always been aggressive about things that he wants and needs around other people," he said. "He's pretty demanding. But Kathy is more demanding than he is. They've had their moments, but they always work it out."

Paul has always craved independence. But his life depends on his caregivers showing up for work, on his iron lung not blowing a gasket, on the electricity staying on. "He's been 100% depending on the kindness of others since he was six years old – 100%. And he's done it by virtue of his voice and his demeanor and his ability to communicate," said Norman Brown. "I would do things for him that I wouldn't do for people. For example, he got evicted from an apartment, and he says: 'I want to egg that manager's door.' And when he says 'I want to do something', he means you're going to do it. So we got a bunch of eggs and drove over to that manager's apartment," Brown said, laughing.

What Paul hates is being invisible. He remembers going to restaurants where the server asked his companion, "What will *he* be having?" His voice shook with anger at the memory. "I think it's why I fight so hard, because there's people standing there with the gall to tell me what I'm going to do with my life ... You have no right to tell me what to do," he said. "You should get down on your knees and thank God it wasn't you."

Paul has now outlived both his parents and his older brother, Nick. He has outlived his old friends. He has even outlived his original iron lung. In 2015, the seals were failing and it was leaking air. Not surprisingly, spare parts for iron lungs, and mechanics who know what they're looking at, are difficult to find, but after a friend posted a video of Paul on YouTube asking for help, a local Dallas engineer fixed him up with a refurbished one.

Paul still has big plans – he has hopes that his memoir is "going to smack across the world" – but Covid-19 is a new danger. Paul is, Phil said, "probably the most vulnerable you can get" to a virus like this one. "He's staying positive, but we've also had conversations that this is probably going to do it. It's very likely."

Paul has always thought that polio, the "demon" that tried to destroy him, was going to come back. "I can see hospitals inundated by polio victims again, an epidemic, I can see it so easily. I tell the doctors, it's going to happen. They don't believe me," he told me when he was in hospital last year.

It is only thanks to concerted vaccination efforts that there hasn't been a new case of polio in the US since 1979, or in the UK since 1984. By 2000, the World Health Organization had declared all of the Americas and the western Pacific region polio-free. India, which had seen 200,000 cases of polio a year through the 1990s, was declared polio-free in 2014 after a series of aggressive vaccination campaigns. The virus is now only endemic to three countries in the world – Afghanistan, Nigeria and Pakistan – and cases of polio number in the dozens.

But Paul was right that most people have largely forgotten about the terror of polio, just as we have forgotten the terror of other diseases we now routinely vaccinate against – diphtheria, typhus, measles and mumps. And that could be fertile ground for their return if we do not remain vigilant. It's hard to imagine, in the middle of this pandemic, that we'll forget Covid-19, too. But we might. It's hard to remember our nightmares the day after. The lesson of polio – and of every time we are confronted by our own terrible fragility and survive – is that sometimes we need to remember.

St. Pauli members who had polio as young children or teens:
Craig Folkedahl, Wally Torkelson, Lorrie Weckwerth.

- In the United States, the 1952 polio epidemic was the worst outbreak in the nation's history, and is credited with heightening parents' fears of the disease and focusing public awareness on the need for a vaccine. Of the 57,628 cases reported that year 3,145 died and 21,269 were left with mild to disabling paralysis.
- Jonas Salk became a national hero when he allayed the fear of polio with his vaccine, approved in 1955. Although it was the first polio vaccine, it was not to be the last. Albert Sabin introduced an oral vaccine in the 1960s that replaced Salk's.
- The U.S. recorded its last case of polio in 1979, among isolated Amish communities in several states.

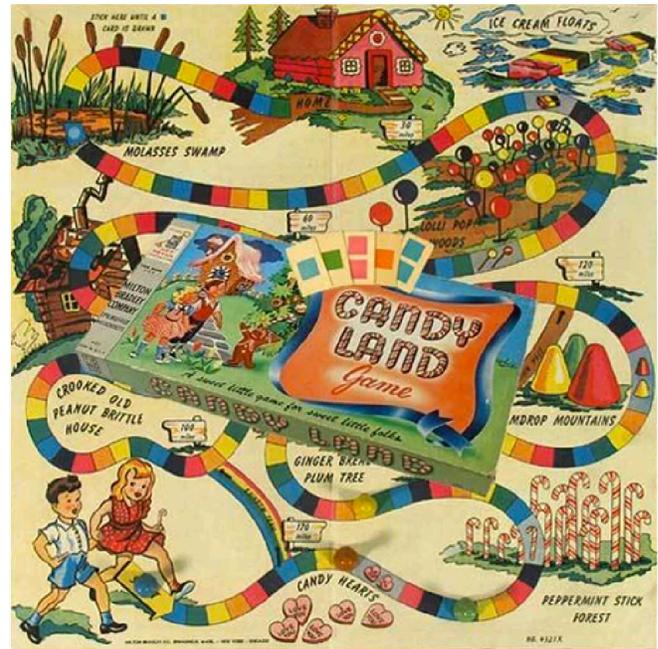
In 1949, in the midst of the polio epidemic—a disease that placed tens of thousands of children inside iron lungs, and many thousands more around the country quarantined at home—a young San Diego schoolteacher named Eleanor Abbott invented *Candy Land*, one of the most popular board games of all time.

Abbott created the game inside a polio ward, as a patient herself, with the hope of giving the immobilized children around her a momentary sense of freedom and mobility. As a way of further connecting with the kids, Abbott featured on the game board an illustration of a boy with a leg brace.

Easy to play and incredibly colorful, the *Candy Land* board game has been a household staple for 70 years. Players draw a card—or, in more recent editions, use a spinner—to advance on a board in pursuit of King Kandy, ruler of a delicious utopia with locations like Molasses Swamp and Gumdrop Mountain. The child-friendly gameplay has made it a perennial hit for Hasbro, which still sells 1 million copies of the game each year. Interesting facts:

1. *Candy Land* was invented in the polio wing of a hospital.

In the late 1940s, polio was still a looming threat to the population. While convalescing in the polio wing of a San Diego hospital in 1948, a retired schoolteacher named Eleanor Abbott decided to create a board game that could become a distraction for patients. The result was *Candy Land*, a fanciful and easy-to-understand diversion that saw players advancing game pieces through a sweetened landscape based on a color system—so no reading was required. The game proved to be so popular that Abbott decided to submit it to Milton Bradley (which was purchased by Hasbro in 1984). The company examined the layout, which Abbott had drawn on butcher paper, and decided to publish it in 1949.



2. *Candy Land* helped put Milton Bradley on the map.

Before *Candy Land* was released, Milton Bradley was still primarily known as a maker of school supplies. Their other big game acquisition, *Clue*, had just been released, but it had yet to fully take off. *Candy Land* distinguished itself because, unlike most board games, kids could play it by themselves—an important feature in a country still concerned with the spread of polio. As parents kept their children indoors, distractions like *Candy Land* became a way to keep them occupied. The game's success leveled the playing field against game rival Parker Brothers, and the royalties it earned for Abbott paid off in another way: She reportedly donated most of her earnings from the game to be used for the purchase of supplies and equipment for area schools.

3. *Candy Land* didn't get populated until 1984.

For decades, an anonymous boy and girl were the antagonists of *Candy Land*. In 1984, Hasbro contracted with Landmark Entertainment to create characters for the game, including King Kandy, Lord Licorice, and Princess Lolly of Lollypop Woods.

4. *Candy Land* was the subject of a trademark dispute involving an adult website.

In 1996, presumably with some consternation, Hasbro discovered that an adult website had registered the phrase "candy land" for its URL. In one of the first major domain name disputes, Hasbro argued that the website diluted the value of the board game. An injunction was granted in the U.S. District Court of Washington.

5. *Candy Land* carried a mistake on the board for years.

If you ever feel dumb, just remember there are two kids in *Candy Land* holding their left hands, an awkward posture that would make skipping through the game difficult. The board's updated artwork in 2010 added two more kids and eliminated this curious artistic choice.

6. *Candy Land* almost became a movie starring Adam Sandler.

In 2012, Adam Sander was announced as being the star of a *Candy Land* feature film. The hold-up? Landmark Entertainment, the company that created the characters for the game in 1984, argued that Hasbro had no right to enter into an agreement to license those characters out for a feature film; Hasbro contested the characters were part of a work-for-hire agreement. To date, the only adaptation of the game has been a 2005 direct-to-video animated feature, *Candy Land: The Great Lollipop Adventure*.

7. *Candy Land* came in an edible version.

Normally, the game pieces in *Candy Land* are not edible. In 2014, a company named Gamesformation issued a Belgian chocolate version of the game that had chocolate cards wrapped in paper. Once they were played, they could be eaten.

THE BACK PAGE

In Minnesota...

We don't say, "I'm leaving." We slap both hand on our knees and say, "Well, I s'pose," which means it was time to go 30 minutes ago but we are too polite to rush off.

"You betcha!" is a simple affirmative phrase that is mostly used to show that you agree with what is being said.

"Oh, for cute." Is an exclamation for something adorable or amusing. The phrase can also be pronounced as "Fer cute!"

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" is used when we encounter something unbelievable. The funny thing with the phrase is that it has nothing to do with anyone called Pete.

"Oh, my garsh." Is a clear attempt to evade actual cursing.

"Oh, yah" is another affirmative phrase that can also be used to pose a question. For instance: when responding to a question, ("You excited about your new ride?" "Oh, yah!"), or a surprising statement ("This season, the Vikings might have a good chance at the super ball." "Oh, yah?!") Where the emphasis is, is what matters.

"Have some bars!" simply means, "Have some cookies or brownies." Here in Minnesota, lemon squares, brownies, or any sweet baked quadrangles are all labeled bars. These include Rice Crispie bars, scotcheroo bars, pumpkin spice bars, chocolate chip bars, etc.

"Dontcha know" is one Minnesota phrase that you can insert into any conversation with a Minnesotan and still make sense. The funny thing here is, the phrase usually doesn't mean anything.

"Uff-da," which is of Norwegian origin, is used as a joke by most millennials, but it's quite commonly used by older folks. It's an exclamation phrase that expresses various emotions such as surprise, disgruntlement, tiredness, astonishment, or relief. The tone will help you understand the meaning.

"Ish" is applicable when showing that something is yucky or gross.

Things Minnesotans Pronounce Weird

1. Bag – In any other part of the word, this word is pronounced as a bag. In Minnesota, however, it sounds more like a "beg or a bayyyyyyggggg."
2. Roof – This is even weirder! Do you recall that funny sound a dog makes? That might be precisely how the word sounds from a Minnesotan. Supposedly rhymes with wood.
3. Milk – How can this word sound different? Well, with people in our good state, it's more than possible. Melk is what we call this fantastic liquid here.
4. Wagon – You'll simply think Minnesotans are talking about waggin or weghon. You're left to wonder what that even means!
5. Sorry – There is only one correct way to pronounce this: saa-ree. Yet Minnesotans hang on to soar-ree.

Words that only a Minnesotan Would Understand

1. "Skol!" – A Scandinavian word that means "cheers" or "good health."
2. "Pop" – While the rest of the world has coke or soda, in Minnesota, we have Pop. Just Pop!
3. "Lutefisk" – Minnesota's fruitcake.
4. "Kitty-corner" – Used to indicate diagonally across from where you are.
5. "Kinda spendy" – Indicates that something is pricier than what someone initially thought.
6. "Yous guys" – Applicable when you want to refer to a certain group of people.

Words with a Different Meaning than Elsewhere

1. "Hotdish" – While the word means a hot plate of any dish elsewhere, in Minnesota, it's the perfect way to ask for casserole.
2. "Borrow me" – Means to lend. Used in a similar manner as one would use "lend me" elsewhere in the country. Example; "can you please borrow me your car?"
3. "Salad" – To the rest of the world, this means a light leafy green dish, sometimes with a dressing or white meat. But to Minnesotans, the term refers to Jell-O, marshmallows and possibly some fruit. Even with shredded carrots or cabbage.
4. "Could be worse" – Just what a Minnesotan will say after receiving bad news. Example: "Mom, I was in a motor accident, and the car is a complete wreck." Mom: "Could be worse."
5. "Darn tootin!" – A phrase that can fit perfectly in place of "damn right!"
6. "Geez" – Used to express disbelief. The term is ideal when 'Oh, for Pete's sake!' sounds a bit dramatic.
7. "Interesting" – When people in Minnesota use this phrase, it's a nice way to say that something should be judged, but they don't want to appear offensive.
8. "Minnesota nice" – To visitors/outsideers, it refers to the friendliness and hospitality shown by the locals. But to some locals, it's the same as the passive-aggressiveness you're likely to encounter from Minnesotans.
9. "Unthaw" – A common phrase used on someone who has spent time in the Minnesota cold. It's also possible to unthaw a cold hamburger after getting it out of the freezer. It means to remove ice.

And, if anyone ever thought that people here are boring, then they might want to rethink that. One of the amazing slogans that show just how funny we Minnesotans can be:

"Have You Jump Started Your Kid Today?"