

St. Pauli News in Detail



Annual Meeting

Don't forget to thoroughly read your Annual Meeting materials, including the Amended Constitution.

Mark your ballots and bring them to the church on Sunday, February 7th, between 10:00 am – Noon.

If you are unable to bring your own ballots, let one of the Council members know and they will pick it up from you. Call or text:

Ivette Garrett: (612) 955-3214
Erin Rondorf: (218) 416 2833
Virginia Anderson: (218) 686-0361
Craig Folkedahl: (218) 686-4611

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February Milestones

Birthdays

Feb. 20 Gary Iverson
Feb. 25 Arlo Rude
Feb. 26 Evie Johnson
Feb. 27 Edna Rondorf



Anniversaries

None that the editor is aware of

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Recipes

We continue to ask for your favorite recipes to include in our 125th Anniversary cookbook. They may be mailed to Susanne (Johnson) Heinrichs or Chris (Mathson) Carter. Or you may email or post mail them to Faye Auchenpaugh.

You can also enter them online. For detailed directions, go to our church website, historicstpauli.org. Click on "News and Events" and then on "Newsletters." Details are in the December 2020 issue.

We keep our St. Pauli family in our prayers

Those in particular need of prayer at this time are:

- Eunice Grove, who has been under hospice care at the Thief River Care Center since June 2020.
- Shirley Johnson, who was moved to Villa St. Vincent in Crookston on January 28th after being in the hospital for a few days.
- Evie Johnson, who *FINALLY* got to have her knee replacement surgery at the Mayo Clinic on January 29th.
- Wally Rondorf's daughter Cassandra, who underwent surgery on January 29th.
- Gavin Bugge who continues to recover from cancer in his leg.

As well as those in our neighborhood:

- Tim Raiter, who fell off a machine shop roof in early January, broke 10 ribs, his pelvis, and also had surgery on his face and wrist. He was in Fargo for a couple of weeks but has been moved to Grand Forks for rehab.

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THANK YOU

Over the past 11 months I've been going through chemo treatment for osteosarcoma. I had surgery in June and finished treatment December 3rd. After my treatment, scans have all been clear and we pray they stay that way! Over those 11 months countless people, many I know and many I don't, have reached out, prayed, and have sent cards and donated to help my family and I get through this difficult time. It was very hard to keep up with thank you's. So I figured I'd write this so I could say "Thank You" to everyone I missed. None of it went unnoticed, and my family and I appreciate it so much. It's unbelievable to me how many people reached out with words of encouragement. So, all in all, I really want to say, "THANK YOU TO EVERYONE!"

Gavin Bugge and Family



In Memoriam

Agnes (Torkelson) Hanson

On Saturday, January 2, 2021, Agnes Hanson, loving mother, and grandmother, died in Princeton, MN at the age of 98.

Agnes Alvina Torkelson was born on August 22, 1922 in Thief River Falls to Anfin and Annetta (Lokken) Torkelson. She was baptized at St. Pauli Church on October 1, 1922 by Pastor Carl M. Grimsrud, with Mrs. and Mrs. Arthur Torstveit, Emil Thune and Clara Moe as sponsors.

Agnes married Eddie Hanson in 1939. They had three children: Marlene, Richard, and Donald. They moved to Minneapolis in 1968. Following her husband Eddie's death, Agnes returned to live in Thief River Falls for many years. She enjoyed gardening, painting, and baking bread.

Survivors include her son Donald, grandson Rodney, granddaughters Kari, Lee, Lisa, and many great grandchildren.

Agnes is preceded in death by her husband Eddie, son Richard, daughter Marlene, parents Anfin and Annetta, sisters Sophie, Ragna, Mabel, Rose in infancy, brothers Thorvald, Ludvig, and Oscar.

Agnes' remains will be interred next to her husband Eddie at Crystal Lake Cemetery in Minneapolis. A celebration of life will be held at a future date.

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Minutes of the Church Council

December 17, 2020

The St. Pauli Church Council met on Thursday, December 17, 2020 at 7:00 pm. at St. Pauli Church. Board Members present: Virginia Anderson, Swade Benson, Craig Folkedahl, Ivette Garrett, Erin Rondorf and Pastor Carl Hansen.

President Garrett called the meeting to order. Pastor Carl opened the meeting with prayer.

Approval of Agenda: Reviewed and approved.

Secretary's Report: **M/S/C** (Benson/Hansen) to approve the November 2020 secretary's report.

Treasurer's Report: **M/S/C** (Anderson/Rondorf) to accept report as presented. Total church account balances at the end of November were \$139,719.95. Cemetery Association fund balance as of end of July was \$59,156.12.

Pastor Carl's Report: He will not be taking time off after Christmas, as he is not traveling. He will send out a sermon for Christmas Eve.

Reports of members in sickness or distress: Gavin Bugge has finished his treatments and will have three-month checkups. Edna Rondorf is home recovering after her broken leg and is healing well.

New Members or Interested in Membership: No report.

Reports: WELCA donated \$2,000 to various charities! No other reports.

Old Business:

Annual Meeting:

M/S/C (Rondorf/Anderson) We the St. Pauli Council adopt a resolution that the St. Pauli 2021 Annual Meeting be set for February 7, 2021 and that voting be completed by paper ballot for said meeting. Faye Auchenpaugh will send a notice of the annual meeting to voting members at least 30 days prior to February 7th. This will also include a copy of the amended constitution.

M/S/C (Benson/Folkedahl) We the St. Pauli Council make a motion that St. Pauli Church adopt this constitution with the underlined additions and stricken words as presented. Voting will take place between 10 and noon. Members will bring completed ballots to the church. Members of the council will collect ballots and count the votes.

New Business:

M/S/C (Benson/Folkedahl) to approve a six-month contract for Pastor Carl.

The January council meeting will be held earlier in the month to create an agenda, assemble reports and create a paper ballot for annual meeting. January 7th at 7pm.

Bulletin inserts: Calvary will not be ordering inserts. Wade will order on St. Pauli's behalf.

The meeting closed with the Lord's Prayer.

M/S/C (Anderson/Hansen) to adjourn.

Erin Rondorf, Secretary

In honor of Valentine's Day

Three Roses

A Tale of Love by Garth Nix



This is the story of a gardener who grew the most beautiful single rose the world had ever seen. It was a black rose, which was unlikely, and it grew the whole year round, which was impossible.

Hearing of this rose, the King decided to see it for himself. With his entourage, he rode for seven days to the gardener's simple cottage. On the morning of the seventh day, he arrived and saw the rose. It was even more beautiful than the King had imagined, and he wanted it.

"How did you come to grow such a beautiful rose?" the King asked the gardener, who was standing silently by.

"I planted that rose on the day my wife died," replied the gardener, looking only at the flower. "It is a true, deep black, the very color of her hair. The rose grew from my love of her."

The King turned to his servant and said, "Uproot this rosebush and take it to the palace. It is too beautiful for anyone but me."

But when the rosebush was transplanted to the palace, it lasted only a year before it withered and died. The King, who had gazed upon it every day, angrily decided that it was the gardener's fault, and he set out at once to punish him.

But when he arrived at the gardener's cottage, he was amazed to see a new rosebush growing there, with a single rose. But this rose was green, and even more beautiful than the Black rose.

The King once again asked the gardener how he came to grow such a beautiful rose.

"I planted this rose on the anniversary of my wife's death," said the gardener, his eyes only on the rose. "It is the color of her eyes, which I looked into every morning. The rose grew from my love of her."

"Take it!" commanded the King, and he turned away to ride the seven days back to his palace. Such a beautiful flower was not fit for a common man.

The green rose bloomed for two years, and the King looked upon it every day, for it brought him great contentment. Then, one morning, it was dead, the bush withered, the petals fallen to the ground. The King picked up the petals and spoke to no one for two days. Then he said, as if to convince himself, "The gardener will have another rose."

So once again he rode off with his entourage. This time, they took a spade and the palace jardinière.

Such was the King's impatience that they rode for half the nights as well as days, but there were wrong turns and flooded bridges, and it still took seven days before he once

again rode up to the gardener's cottage. And there was a new rosebush, with a single rose. A red rose, so beautiful that the King's men were struck silent and the King himself could only stare and gesture to the palace jardinière to take it away.

Even though the King didn't ask, the gardener spoke before the spade broke the earth around the bush.

"I planted this rose three years after the death of my wife," he said. "It is the color of her lips, which I first kissed under a Harvest Moon on the hottest of summer nights. This rose grew from my love of her."

The King seemed not to hear but kept staring at the rose. Finally, he tore his gaze away and turned his horse for home.

The jardinière watched him go and stopped digging for a moment.

"Your roses are the most beautiful I have ever seen," he said. "They could only grow from a great love. But why grow them only to have these memories taken from you?"

The gardener smiled and said, "I need nothing to remind me of my wife. When I walk alone under the night sky, I see the blackness of her hair. When the light catches the green glass of a bottle, I see her eyes. When the sun is setting all red against the hills and the wind touches my cheek, I feel her kiss.

"I grew the first rose because I was afraid I might forget. When it was gone, I knew that I had lost nothing. No one can take the memory of my love."

The jardinière frowned, and he began to cut again with his spade. Then he asked, "But why do you keep growing the roses?"

"I grow them for the King," said the gardener. "He has no memories of his own, no love. And after all, they are only flowers."



From the author: *I wrote this story the day before I needed to read something at an event in Melbourne in late 1997. The occasion was the annual celebration for librarians, teachers and book aficionados, and this one was entitled "An Enchanted Evening." Half a dozen authors were to speak, each reading or telling a story about love or in some way related to love.*

I don't know why I wrote a story about a dead wife, since at that time I was single. I had never been married, nor have I ever had a significant partner die. I also don't know why it came out as a fable or fairy tale. Part of it was written on a plane, and part in a hotel room. It wasn't even typed when I read it for the first time at "An Enchanted Evening."

But it surely was a tale of love, and the evening was indeed enchanted, for I met my future wife, Anna, there. So perhaps it is the most important story I have ever written, for the greatest reward.

OH, HOW HE LOVES YOU AND ME

A church in Atlanta was honoring one of its senior pastors who had been retired many years. He was 92 at that time and it made you wonder why the church even bothered to ask the old gentleman to preach at that age.

After a warm welcome and introduction of the speaker, and as the applause quieted down, he rose from his high backed chair and walked slowly, with great effort and a sliding gait to the podium.

Without a note or written paper of any kind he placed both hands on the pulpit to steady himself and then quietly and slowly he began to speak....

"When I was asked to come here today and talk to you, your pastor asked me to tell you what was the greatest lesson ever learned in my 50-odd years of preaching. I thought about it for a few days and boiled it down to just one thing that made the most difference in my life and sustained me through all my trials. The one thing that I could always rely on when tears and heartbreak and pain and fear and sorrow paralyzed me.

The only thing that would comfort me was this verse....

"Jesus loves me this I know.
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong,
We are weak but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me...
The Bible tells me so."

The old pastor stated, "I always noticed that it was the adults who chose the children's hymn 'Jesus Loves Me' during a hymn sing, and it was the adults who sang the loudest

because I could see they knew it the best. Here for you is a Senior version of 'Jesus Loves Me.'"

Jesus loves me, this I know,
Though my hair is white as snow
Though my sight is growing dim,
Still He bids me trust in Him.
(CHORUS)

Though my steps are oh, so slow,
With my hand in His I'll go.
On through life, let come what may,
He'll be there to lead the way.
(CHORUS)

When the nights are dark and long,
In my heart He puts a song.
Telling me in words so clear,
"Have no fear, for I am near."
(CHORUS)

When my work on earth is done,
And life's victories have been won.
He will take me home above,
Then I'll understand His love.
(CHORUS)

I love Jesus, does He know?
Have I ever told Him so?
Jesus loves to hear me say,
That I love Him every day.
YES, I LOVE JESUS. YES, I LOVE JESUS.
YES, I LOVE JESUS, AND HE LOVES ME TOO!

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THE PICKLE JAR

The pickle jar as far back as I can remember sat on the floor beside the dresser in my parents' bedroom.

When he got ready for bed, Dad would empty his pockets and toss his coins into the jar. As a small boy, I was always fascinated at the sounds the coins made as they were dropped into the jar. They landed with a merry jingle when the jar was almost empty. Then the tones gradually muted to a dull thud as the jar was filled.

I used to squat on the floor in front of the jar to admire the copper and silver circles that glinted like a pirate's treasure when the sun poured through the bedroom window.

When the jar was filled, Dad would sit at the kitchen table and roll the coins before taking them to the bank. Taking the coins to the bank was always a big production. Stacked neatly in a small cardboard box, the coins were placed between Dad and me on the seat of his old truck.

Each and every time, as we drove to the bank, Dad would look at me hopefully. "Those coins are going to keep you out of the textile mill, son. You're going to do better than me. This old mill town's not going to hold you back." Also, each and every time, as he slid the box of rolled coins

across the counter at the bank toward the cashier, he would grin proudly. "These are for my son's college fund. He'll never work at the mill all his life like me."

We would always celebrate each deposit by stopping for an ice cream cone. I always got chocolate. Dad always got vanilla. When the clerk at the ice cream parlor handed Dad his change, he would show me the few coins nestled in his palm. "When we get home, we'll start filling the jar again." He always let me drop the first coins into the empty jar. As they rattled around with a brief, happy jingle, we grinned at each other. "You'll get to college on pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters," he said. "But you'll get there; I'll see to that."

No matter how rough things got at home, Dad continued to doggedly drop his coins into the jar. Even the summer when Dad got laid off from the mill, and Mama had to serve dried beans several times a week, not a single dime was taken from the jar.

To the contrary, as Dad looked across the table at me, pouring catsup over my beans to make them more palatable, he became more determined than ever to make a way out for me. "When you finish college, Son," he told

me, his eyes glistening, "You'll never have to eat beans again - unless you want to."

The years passed, and I finished college and took a job in another town. Once, while visiting my parents, I used the phone in their bedroom, and noticed that the pickle jar was gone. It had served its purpose and had been removed.

A lump rose in my throat as I stared at the spot beside the dresser where the jar had always stood. My dad was a man of few words. He never lectured me on the values of determination, perseverance, and faith. The pickle jar had taught me all these virtues far more eloquently than the most flowery of words could have done.

When I married, I told my wife Susan about the significant part the lowly pickle jar had played in my life as a boy. In my mind, it defined, more than anything else, how much my dad had loved me.

The first Christmas after our daughter Jessica was born, we spent the holiday with my parents. After dinner, Mom and Dad sat next to each other on the sofa, taking turns cuddling their first grandchild. Jessica began to whimper softly, and Susan took her from Dad's arms. 'She probably needs to be changed,' she said, carrying the baby into my parents' bedroom to diaper her. When Susan came back into the living room, there was a strange mist in her eyes.

She handed Jessica back to Dad before taking my hand and leading me into the room. "Look," she said softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the dresser. To my amazement, there, as if it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom already covered with coins.

I walked over to the pickle jar, dug down into my pocket, and pulled out a fistful of coins. With a gamut of emotions choking me, I dropped the coins into the jar. I looked up and saw that Dad, carrying Jessica, had slipped quietly into the room. Our eyes locked, and I knew he was feeling the same emotions I felt. Neither one of us could speak.

This truly touched my heart. Sometimes we are so busy adding up our troubles that we forget to count our blessings. Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life, for better or for worse.

God puts us all in each other's lives to impact one another in some way. Look for GOOD in others.

The best and most beautiful things cannot be seen or touched - they must be felt with the heart. ~ Helen Keller

- Happy moments, praise God.
- Difficult moments, seek God.
- Quiet moments, worship God.
- Painful moments, trust God.
- Every moment, thank God.

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What's the Real Origin of "OK"?

For starters, it's not even 200 years old.

"OK" is the all-purpose American expression that became an all-purpose English expression that became an all-purpose expression in dozens of other languages. It can be an enthusiastic cheer (A parking spot! OK!), an unenthusiastic "meh" (How was the movie? It was ... OK.), a way to draw attention to a topic shift (OK. Here's the next thing we need to do), or a number of other really useful things. It's amazing that we ever got along without it at all. But we did. Until 1839.

There may be more stories about the origin of "OK" than there are uses for it: it comes from the Haitian port "Aux Cayes," from Louisiana French *au quai*, from a Puerto Rican rum labeled "Aux Quais," from German *alles korrekt* or *Ober-Kommando*, from Chocktaw *okeh*, from Scots *och aye*, from Wolof *waw kay*, from Greek *olla kalla*, from Latin *omnes correcta*. Other stories attribute it to bakers stamping their initials on biscuits, or shipbuilders marking wood for "outer keel," or Civil War soldiers carrying signs for "zero killed."

The truth about OK, as Allan Metcalf, the author of *OK: The Improbable Story of America's Greatest Word*, puts it, is that it was "born as a lame joke perpetrated by a newspaper editor in 1839." This is not just Metcalf's opinion or a half-remembered story he once heard, as most OK stories are. His book is based in the thorough scholarship of Allen Walker Read, a Columbia professor who for years scoured historical sources for evidence about OK, and published his findings in a series of journal articles in 1963 to 1964.

It Started With a Joke

OK, here's the story. On Saturday, March 23, 1839, the editor of the *Boston Morning Post* published a humorous article about a satirical organization called the "Anti-Bell Ringing Society" in which he wrote:

"The 'Chairman of the Committee on Charity Lecture Bells' is one of the deputations, and perhaps if he should return to Boston, via Providence, he of the Journal, and his train-band, would have his 'contribution box,' et ceteras, o.k. —all correct—and cause the corks to fly, like sparks, upward."

It wasn't as strange as it might seem for the author to coin OK as an abbreviation for "all correct." There was a fashion then for playful abbreviations like i.s.b.d (it shall be done), r.t.b.s (remains to be seen), and s.p. (small potatoes). They were the early ancestors of OMG, LOL, and tl;dr. A twist on the trend was to base the abbreviations on alternate spellings or misspellings, so "no go" was k.g. (know go) and "all right" was o.w. (oll write). So it wasn't so surprising for someone to come up with o.k. for oll korrekt. What is surprising is that it ended up sticking around for so long while the other abbreviations faded away.

Then it Got Lucky

OK got lucky by hitting the contentious presidential election jackpot. During the 1840 election the "oll korrekt" OK merged with Martin van Buren's nickname, Old Kinderhook, when some van Buren supporters formed the O.K. Club. After the club got into a few tussles with Harrison supporters, OK got mixed up with slandering and sloganeering. It meant out of kash, out of karacter, orful katastrope, orfully confused, all

kwarrelling or any other apt phrase a pundit could come up with. It also got mixed up with the popular pastime of making fun of van Buren's predecessor, Andrew Jackson, for his poor spelling. One paper published a half-serious claim that OK originated with Jackson using it as a mark for "all correct" (ole kurrek) on papers he had inspected.

OK was the "misunderestimated," "refudiated," and "binders full of women" of its day, and it may have ended up with the same transitory fate if not for the fact that at the very same time, the telegraph was coming into use, and OK was there, a handy abbreviation, ready to be of service. By the 1870s it

had become the standard way for telegraph operators to acknowledge receiving a transmission, and it was well on its way to becoming the greatest American word.

But, as Metcalf says, its ultimate success may have depended on "the almost universal amnesia about the true origins of OK that took place early in the twentieth century. With the source of OK forgotten, each ethnic group and tribe could claim the honor of having ushered it into being from an expression in their native language." By forgetting where OK came from, we made it belong to us all.

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Why People Who Have Less Give More

Every one of us can learn valuable lessons from the generosity of the poor.

The incident happened three decades ago when I was in high school. But I still remember it vividly. We had gone on a "culture trip" to spend a few days in a remote village in central India to learn about village life. The village was nondescript, clusters of mud huts surrounded by wheat fields. For someone who grew up in the maximum city of Bombay, it was a remarkable experience.

After the village leader had welcomed us, I was walking around the village when a beaming old woman loudly beckoned me. She was at least 70, grizzled and lean with the build and posture of someone who has labored in the fields all their life. Her hut was very basic, essentially a one-room shack made of mud and cow dung and a thatched roof. When I peeked inside, it had little more than a *charpai*, or a traditional woven bed, a few pots and pans in the corner, some containing stored foodstuffs, and a smoky fire burning in the center.



Everything the woman possessed could be easily stacked on the single charpai bed with plenty of room to spare. Despite her meager house and few possessions, her face lit up with the most brilliant and welcoming smile. Because I could not understand her language, she gestured to me to sit on the charpai. She offered me a steaming glass of tea and a plate of food. After I finished it, she offered me even more and would not take 'no' for an answer.

I was floored. Here was a woman who had barely enough to eat and little else besides. Yet she was offering me, a perfect stranger, a large fraction of what she possessed. On a relative scale, this is greater generosity than I have encountered before or since. What is more, her offering was

made unreservedly and with complete good nature, with no expectation of receiving anything in return.

The reason I remember this experience so vividly all these years later is because of the question that formed in my mind then, which I still haven't been able to answer satisfactorily:

How can someone who is hanging by a thread economically, having so little money and possessions, still be so happy, so confident, so full of joie de vivre, so generous, and so willing to share?

There are many lessons to learn from this old woman about what it means to be happy, to live a meaningful life, and the relatively minor role money and possessions play in such a life. However, the lesson I want to focus in on this is the relationship between having and giving.

This old woman is not an anomaly. It turns out that people who have less, give more. In one paper, social psychologists compared low and high social class individuals, defining social class with the person's own estimate of their socioeconomic rank based on education, income, and occupation status relative to others in their community. In their studies, low social class participants were more generous and believed they should give more of their annual income to charity (4.95% vs. 2.95%). They were also more likely to trust strangers and showed more helping behavior towards someone in distress.

Contrarily, other research has found that higher social class individuals are more unethical. They are more likely to take things from others, lie, and cheat.

Why do those who have less give more? Part of the reason lies in the fact that they are more compassionate and more sensitive to the needs of others. Psychologists refer to their way of thinking as a "contextualist tendency" marked by an external focus on what is going on in their environment and with other people.

On the other hand, those who have more tend to be self-centered with "solipsistic tendencies" that are concentrated on their own internal states, goals, motivations, and emotions.

They also vary in their time orientations. Those who have less are focused on the present, whereas those who have more

are future-oriented to a greater extent. Like the old woman, the poor may choose to behave on their generous impulses in the here and now, instead of thinking much about the future repercussions of their giving inclinations.

Many will consider the old woman's generosity to be foolish and reckless, harmful to her own well-being. However, when I look back and recall the expression of unalloyed happiness on her face, I cannot help but feel envious of her in a way that I don't feel envious of anyone else.

Yes, having money and high social status is certainly a good thing in many respects. Money provides comfort and security, and a lack of it can produce real hardships. But once our basic needs and even some comforts are met, isn't there

value in experiencing compassion for others and acting on this impulse? Isn't there some benefit to being sensitive to the distress of others, and behaving like the old woman in the Indian village at least once in a while?



Utpal Dholakia is a professor of marketing and holds the George R. Brown Chair of Marketing at Rice University in Houston, TX. He teaches pricing strategies and customer experience management to MBA students and conducts research on consumer welfare, digital marketing, and marketing strategy. He provides consulting and expert witness services to law firms, and financial services, technology, healthcare and technology companies.

And Then It Is Winter

You know, time has a way of moving quickly and catching you unaware of the passing years.

It seems just yesterday that I was young, just married and embarking on my new life with my mate. Yet, in a way, it seems like eons ago, and I wonder where all the years went. I know that I lived them all. I have glimpses of how it was back then and of all my hopes and dreams.

But, here it is—the winter of my life and it catches me by surprise. How did I get here so fast? Where did the years go and where did my youth go?

I remember well seeing older people through the years and thinking that those older people were years away from me and that winter was so far off that I could not fathom it or imagine fully what it would be like.

But, here it is—my friends are retired and getting grey. They move slower and I see an older person now. Some are in better and some worse shape than me, but I see the great change. Not like the ones that I remember who were young and vibrant—but, like me, their age is beginning to show and we are now those older folks that we used to see and never thought we'd be.

Each day now, I find that just getting a shower is a real target for the day! And taking a nap is not a treat anymore. It's mandatory! Cause if I don't on my own free will, I just fall asleep where I sit!

And so—now I enter into this new season of my life unprepared for all the aches and pains and the loss of strength and ability to go and do things that I wish I had done but never did!

But, at least I know, that though winter has come, and I'm not sure how long it will last. I know, that when it's over on this earth, it's NOT over. A new adventure will begin!

Yes, I have regrets. There are things I wish I hadn't done. . . things I should have done, but indeed, there are many things I'm happy to have done. It's all in a lifetime.

So, if you're not in your winter yet. . . let me remind you, that it will be here faster than you think. So, whatever you would like to accomplish in your life please do it quickly! Don't put things off too long!

Life goes by quickly. So, do what you can today, as you can never be sure whether this is your winter or not! You have no promise that you will see all the seasons of your life. . . so, live for today and say all the things that you want your loved ones to remember, and hope that they appreciate and love you for all the things that you have done for them in all the years past!

“Life” is a gift to you. The way you live your life is your gift to those who come after. Make it a fantastic one.

REMEMBER:

“It is health that is real wealth and not pieces of gold and silver.”

Live happy in this year and every year. Lastly, consider the following:

- Today is the oldest you've ever been, yet the youngest you will ever be, so enjoy the day while it lasts.
- Your kids are becoming you.
- Going out is good. Coming home is better!
- You forget names. But it's okay because other people have forgotten they even knew you!
- You realize you're never going to be really good at anything.
- The things you used to care to do, you no longer care to do, but you really do care that you don't care to do them anymore.
- You sleep better on a lounge chair with the TV blaring, than in bed. It's called “pre-sleep.”
- You miss the days when everything worked with just an “ON” and “OFF” switch.
- You tend to use more 4 letter words: “what?”... “when?”... “what?” . ???
- Now that you can afford expensive jewelry, it's not safe to wear it anywhere.

- You notice everything they sell in stores is “sleeveless?” !!!
- What used to be freckles are now liver spots.
- Everybody whispers.
- You have 3 sizes of clothes in your closet, 2 of which you will never wear.
- But Old is good in some things: Old Songs, Old Movies, and best of all, OLD FRIENDS!!

Stay well, "Old Friend!"

It's not what you gather, but what you scatter that tells what kind of life you have lived.

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(Your editor enjoyed the following article so much that she asked and received permission from Grant Nelson to reprint it in this newsletter. Grant is married to Lisa Walseth, who is the daughter of Jeannette Walseth and sister to Laurie Nelson.)

Rural Reflections: “Learning to Age Gracefully”

By Grant Nelson, *The Times*, November 14, 2020

The new Minnesota Department of Transportation radio tower was built last week in Thief River Falls. It is really nice: 330 feet tall, self-standing and brand new. It is [an] acknowledgement of the importance of communication to public safety in the area.

When I saw it on Thursday, I noticed the older tower—which would soon be replaced, taken down and hauled in for scrap. It made me a little sad to see the new tower in full view of the old, reliable structure that had outlived its planned life and had watched over Thief River Falls all these years. The old tower would have transmitted a lot of different frequencies and helped make northwest Minnesota a safer place.

Replacing the tower was the right thing to do, but it still made me just a little sentimental. I know it is an inanimate object, but I still get a little nostalgic.

I have watched people and things get old all my life. In some cases, the age has been worn well, other times not so much. I have seen people age, mellow and bloom into happiness. At other times, they seem to become angry, mean and vindictive as their efforts to preserve their self-concept destroys how they are perceived by others. It could be so much better.

I have noticed a few things about age: Mistakes take longer to change, but a person seems to make fewer of them. Learning from past mistakes is combined with a more careful decision-making process that creates fewer, but more productive, actions. I also see interactions and people who do not need my input or energy as neither of us will benefit from the investment. There are people who seek to only absorb energy and use relationships, and they are best avoided. To argue with them is to only make them feel validated with your attention. Age has taught me to walk away and leave them on an island of their own creation.

As of last week, I now—oftentimes—qualify for the senior discount. I have often thought how age seems to take away certain gifts, mostly physical. I decided this week to see age as an opportunity, and forget any negative stigma attached to it. I think it's important to remember that there are many people who have never enjoyed the opportunity to age.

I want to see age now as an opportunity to challenge some of my own ideas. Humans are so interested in improving themselves from the outside in, which is fine. I want to develop myself more from the inside out. Patience, understanding and forgiveness are valuable acts that seem to need as much exercise as those physical aspects cherished by humanity. I have no long-term goals, but rather a day-by-day presence in the time and space I occupy to try and develop those characteristics.

During the aging process, as long as the outside is becoming rusty, I might just as well try to make the inside shine.

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Social Status in Norway in the 1800's

What was the social setting in Norway in the early 1800's?

Lowest: Beggars, menial laborers, many who were orphans or illegitimate or both.

Hardly Better: The “good for nothing” Danish or Swedish soldiers stationed in Norway.

Next: Servants hired out at age 15 or younger.

Next: *Husmenn* and families (provided contract help on a farm, but didn't own any land).

Next: Craftsmen such as shoemakers, smiths, stonemasons, carpenters.

Next: *Føderaad* couples (who had turned over the farm to others), widows.

Next: Farm “users” who were leasing small farms from the owners.

Next: *Bonder*, whose families had owned their farms forever.

Next: School teachers, priests, civil officers.

Next: Nobility, who were still largely Danish ever since Black Death times.

Highest: Danish (later Swedish) royalty governing Norway.

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Why You Cannot Read Some Census Records

Excerpt from the Natchez Trace Newsletter

“I am a census taker for the city of baffalow. Our city has groan very fast in resent years and now in 1865, it has becum a hard and time consuming job to count all the peephil.

There are not many that can do this work, as it is nesesarie to have an ejchuashun, which a lot of pursons still do not have.

Another atribeart needed for this job is good spelling, for many of the peephill to be counted can hardly speek inglish, let alone spel there names.”

The Birch Trumpet



Anna Vinje about to play her "lur"—a shepherd's horn. The location is Geiranger, Stranda, Møre og Romsdal, Norway. Hand-colored photo taken in 1935. Photo: Anders Beer Vilse

One of the oldest Norwegian instruments is the birch trumpet. But is it really an instrument at all? Or did it originally have a completely different purpose?

Since time immemorial, humankind has used sound as a means of communication: to signal danger, to pass on a message, to call people and domesticated animals home, to scare off enemies and wild animals, to express emotion – and for ritual communication with the great unknown. As our ancestors evolved, so did the use of sound and sound-tools. Let us take a closer look at one such tool: the ancient birch trumpet. Or as the Norwegians call it: the *lur*.

What is it?

Simply put, the *lur* is a hollowed-out piece of wood, designed to create a loud sound. It is narrow at one end and wider at the other. By blowing air into the narrow end – at the same time as shaping and vibrating one's lips – sound is created and further enhanced on its journey through the hollow wood-pipe. The sound is similar to that of a trumpet – and can be heard over long distances. The longer the *lur*, the more tones it creates. Tones are solely generated by the shape of the player's lips, and the pressure of the airflow coming from her lungs.

A long and a short version

Historically, there have been both a long and a short version of the *lur*. (1) The short version is a hollowed-out whole piece of wood. (2) The long version is made from a young tree trunk or a branch – split into two halves – hollowed-out – and then put back together again. The outer surface is often clad with birch bark.

Scaring wild animals away

In Norwegian folklore and historical storytelling, the instrument is strongly associated with the lonely existence of the summer dairy milkmaid and the young herder girl or boy. Every summer, the milkmaid and the herder took the animals up into the *seter*, summer farm on the mountain – and lived there alone in simple seasonal abodes until the autumn, milking the animals and making cheese.

Living alone with the farm animals could be dangerous in areas with aggressive predators – like wolves and bears. Usually, people did not have weapons. Instead, they used noise to scare unwanted intruders. The milkmaid nearby milkmaids by blowing the

horn – and – depending on distance and topography – also with the people back home at the main farm. She also sounded the *lur* to call the herder and the domestic animals back for milking in the late afternoon. Maybe it was during her limited spare time in the evenings that she started creating simple tunes with the crude instrument; expressing loneliness and longing; turning the *lur* into more than just a practical tool.



A hollowed-out birch lur—a "stuttur"—made by Ole Fure Christoffersen in 1862. The location was Selje, Sogn og Fjordane, Norway. Photo: Anne-Lise Reinsfeldt, Norsk Folkemuseum.

The meaning of the word

The word *lur* comes from the old Norse *lúðr* and simply means a hollowed-out tree trunk or branch. When hearing the word *lur*, most modern-day Norwegians think of a foghorn – a *tåkelur*. Today, the sound guiding the seafarers lost in the fog

comes from automated machines. But once upon a time – a man or a woman blew the horn – like a human beacon of sound – helping the sailor to find his way to safety.

Bronze-Age trumpets

In 1894, Norwegian archaeologists found 2 bronze trumpets outside the city of Stavanger, dating back some 3000 years. The wooden version of lur is believed to predate these metal instruments by millennia.

Is the birch trumpet still in use?

Today, only enthusiasts and folk music groups play the instrument, keeping the traditions and the old tunes alive. Sadly, the milkmaids and the young herders are long since gone.

If you search the internet, you will find video-examples containing the birch trumpet's sound, an ancient link back to our distant ancestors. And if you close your eyes and listen carefully – you may hear their laughter, and see their smiling faces appear before your very eyes.

The word *lur* is still in the Swedish language, indicating any funnel-shaped implement used for producing or receiving sound. For instance, the Swedish word for headphones is *hörlurar* (hearing-lurs), and a telephone might be referred to as a *lur* in contemporary Swedish (derived from *telefonlur*,

telephone handset). The Norwegian and Swedish words for foghorn are respectively *tåkelur* and *mistlur*. The Danish butter brand *Lurpak* is named after the lur, and the package design contains pictures of lurs.



Ceremonial Bronze Age horns found outside Stavanger, Rogaland, Norway in 1894. Photo: Terje Tveit – Arkeologisk museum.

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Charlie Chaplin lived 88 years

He left us 4 statements:

- (1) Nothing is forever in this world, not even our problems.
- (2) I love walking in the rain because no one can see my tears.
- (3) The most lost day in life is the day we don't laugh.
- (4) Six best doctors in the world...:
 1. The sun
 2. Rest
 3. Exercise
 4. Diet
 5. Self-respect
 6. Friends

Stick to them at all stages of your life and enjoy a healthy life.

- If you see the moon, you will see the beauty of God.
- If you see the sun, you will see the power of God.
- If you see a mirror, you will see God's best creation.
So believe it.

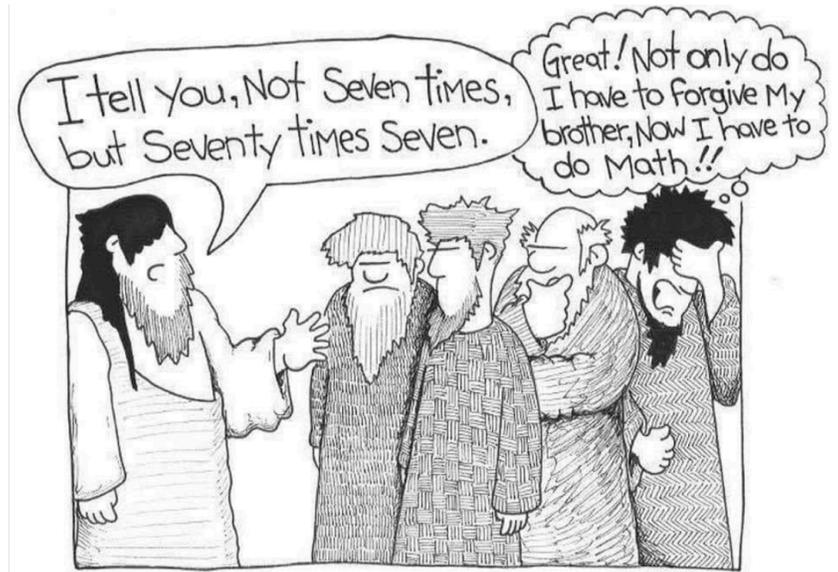
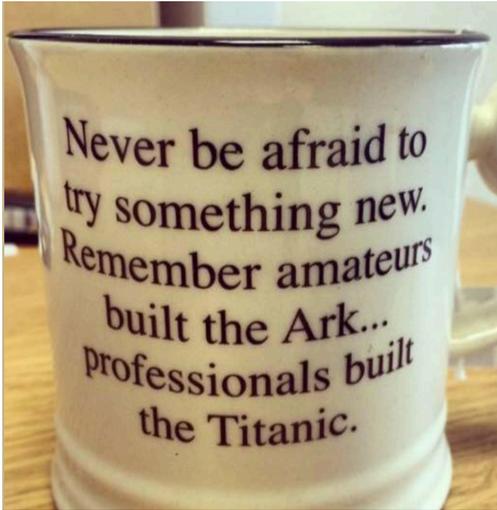
We are all tourists. God is our travel agent who has already identified our routes, bookings and destinations. Trust him and enjoy life.

Life is just a journey! Therefore, live today!
Tomorrow may not be.



Photo by Wade Benson

The Back Page



The main function of the little toe on your foot is to make sure that all the furniture in the house is in place.



Easter dresses for online church this year

