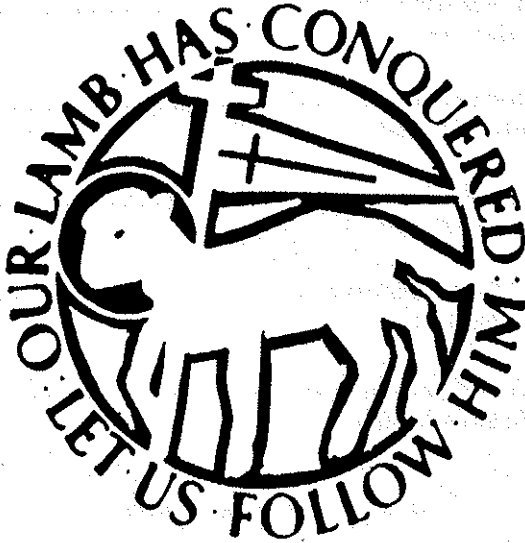


**WESTERN CANADIAN
MORAVIAN
HISTORICAL MAGAZINE**



**No. 1 May 1995
100th Anniversary Issue
Complimentary Copy**

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FOREWARD

This inaugural issue of the Western Canadian Moravian Historical Magazine is dedicated to the memory of the late Rt. Rev. Clement Hoyler, who was the founding pastor of Moravian work in western Canada. The early German settlers from Russia, who came to America over 100 years ago to find religious freedom, earnestly desired to establish Moravian churches here. Clement Hoyler was clearly an answer to their prayers. The Moravian Church in Alberta still bears the stamp of this remarkable man. His exemplary life of dedication to God and of service to the people has gone on to inspire the generations of those who followed him.

In publishing material about the life and work of the Moravian Church in western Canada, we are following the example set for us by Clement Hoyler. He had a passion for recording history and because of this we are certainly indebted to him. Our Historical Society has published "The Hoyler Diaries 1896-1909" and for our 100th Anniversary we published Hoyler's accounts of "Pioneering in Western Canada".

The inspiration for the Magazine comes from Britain where the Moravian Church there began publishing a Historical Magazine in September of 1991. The Rev. Henry Williams, President of the Moravian Historical Society in Bethlehem, Pa., thoughtfully sent copies of this magazine to us. Our Historical Society felt that we could do something similar. A Publications Committee was formed, a list of suggested topics was prepared and people were invited to prepare articles. What is contained in this issue is the result.

The purpose of our Historical Magazine is simple. We want to chronicle church history. Hopefully the Magazine will encourage ordinary people to tell their stories. Academic or lofty articles are not required. Rather we favour encouraging people to share their memories and experiences so our church history can be preserved and published.

One of the pleasures of being involved with the work of our Historical Society is that we are rarely rushed or hurried. We simply work away steadily without worrying too much about deadlines. At first we thought that the first issue of this Historical Magazine would come out in 1994. However, as the articles came in and the Publication Committee met to work on the content of our first issue, it was felt that the first issue should come out in 1995, our 100th Anniversary year.

Sincere thanks are expressed to all of the authors who contributed material for this issue. We welcome contributions to the Historical Magazine or suggestions about topics which should be covered in future issues. Please feel free to contact any member of the Society's Board of Directors if you would like to become involved.

Wm. G. Brese, Editor

ASPECTS OF THE MINISTRY OF THE REV. HERMANN SCHULZE

Missionary Heritage

The spirit of Moravian Missions was strong among missionary families in the 19th century in Germany. Children who were born to missionary parents in various parts of the world returned to Germany, when the school for missionary children in Nisky and Kleinwelka provided an education as well as environment for spiritual growth and Christian missions. Missionary work was considered the highest calling for any individual.

My Mother and Father were both educated in these schools, their parents having sent them there from South Africa and Labrador respectively. With the view of service in the Kingdom of God anywhere in the world presented to them as they grew up, any Moravian mission field of that time was a possibility. My Father thought of the possibility of serving in Tibet, but then consented to go to Canada when that need for German pastors was presented.

Husband and Wife Partnership in Ministry

Missionary couples in the Moravian Church worked together, considering that both husband and wife were called to mission work. I saw in my parents a partnership in homemaking as well as in the ministry. There was nothing in house work that Dad would hesitate to do, and not much of the Church work that Mother did not feel at home in, except maybe the preaching. Her role, however, was mostly the supportive role.

She participated in the teaching ministry in Sunday School, the visitation ministry in homes of members of the congregation, as well as being active in the choir, Ladies Aid, and other activities.

Mini-Farm

It was customary for pastors in rural areas to avail themselves of agricultural resources. The parsonage lot at Heimtal included a garden and a small farmyard.

It was possible then, to raise vegetables, can them as did everyone in the rural areas, and benefit from the homegrown produce all winter long. Chickens were raised for eggs and meat, cows for milk and meat, and a horse for transportation. Thus it was possible for Dad to exist on \$500 a year in 1910. The promise of an additional \$50 a year if he got married was an inviting incentive.

Pioneering Hardships

Except for a few years before the depression, transportation for Dad was mainly by horse, buggy in the summer, cutter in the winter. His buffalo coat, hat, and gloves kept him warm as he travelled about the countryside in the cold winter. But often he walked. Even when he served New Sarepta in supply, he would often walk to Looma from Heimtal, and there catch the train to New Sarepta. When serving Hobbema he travelled by bus or train and then often walked the remaining miles.

In the spring of the year travel was often hazardous during the spring thaw. The 25 miles between New Sarepta and Heimtal were often travelled by horse and buggy. Sometimes deep water forced him to lead the horse through the water, followed by the buggy in which my Mother sat anxiously praying for safety.

Persistent Faithfulness, Basis of Home and Ministry

Feeling a deep sense of calling by God, Dad and Mother were committed to carrying out their duties in Church work faithfully. That commitment was strengthened with daily Bible reading in the home and times of devotional prayer mornings and evenings, as well as prayer before and after meals. The Bible was taught in Sunday afternoon story times, and the Christmas and Easter celebrations centered around the Christian interpretation of the festival, sing the Church traditions to draw attention to the birth of Christ at Christmas, and the resurrection of Christ at Easter.

Family play time was also important. When Dad was home on Sundays, the afternoons were often used for family table games or musical pleasure. Everyone played an instrument and so we could easily form a small orchestra. We often sang table graces, in harmony, of course, and carols at Christmas time, around a simple Moravian star with its little kerosene lamp inside, or the small tree decked with homemade decorations. Mother knew nearly every hymn in the Gesangbuch, and could sing a beautiful alto to every choral, while Dad held down the tenor, and the rest carried the melody and bass.

German School

An important aspect of ministry in the early days of the German congregations was the concern to preserve the background and language of these immigrants from Germany in their new home. I can speak only from what I remember of German School in Heimtal and only to the extent that memory allows of those days in the 1920's.

German School was held on Saturdays, from 10:00 A.M. until 2:30 P.M. with a morning recess and an hour break at noon when pupils ate the lunches they brought from home. We, of the parsonage family, ate our lunch at home, it being next door to the church. Dad, of course, was the teacher. We would learn to read and write German, using the German script. We had a small German Primer to start with, and used slates for writing on, using the proper stili as well and cloths for erasures. There were several levels of "curriculum" from beginners to those of confirmation age. Once a person was confirmed he or she no longer attended German School. And of course, most pupils did not attend public school after the eighth grade, which usually coincided with confirmation. One of the exercises that I especially remember was that of the older children when Bible stories were read by Dad and we were required to write it down, with an emphasis on correct spelling, everyone correcting their own writing afterward, and with emphasis also on understanding the story. This was,

naturally a good adjunct to confirmation instruction, which followed upon the dismissal of the German School itself. Sunday School was naturally also supplemented this way.

Certainly German School also offered a great deal of social interaction among the pupils. Recess and the noon hour offered times for playing ball or other games, either indoors or outdoors, as weather permitted. It also knit the children of the congregation into a special fellowship and many friendships, which carried over into public school, although I don't believe they interfered with public school friendships.

German School at the church also provided a special opportunity to prepare programs for Christmas and Easter and, I remember at least one such program even for Pentecost. Songs appropriate for such a program were learned from memory, as well as recitations for each pupil to take part. There were even dialogues or small skits prepared. These were special times and it was a great event when the 15 to 20 foot spruce was brought into the church and decorated with candles and other decorations for the Christmas program. And a sack of nuts was provided for each child at the end of the program. At Easter everyone got an Easter egg.

I don't recall that we considered German School a special burden in addition to Public School. But I have had many occasions to be grateful for having learned to read and write in the German language. It led later to earning extra credits for language in high school, though that took a little extra instruction in grammar and syntax. While German became the first language of all those pupils at home, much of it was not practised when children went to public school and conversed only in English among themselves.

A Musical Heritage

One feature of the life and ministry of our father and the whole family was music in various modes and forms. A frequent feature of Sunday afternoon activity was the

playing of duets on the piano by dad and mother, dad playing the lower part and mother the higher. And sometimes it was a duet with organ and piano. And there were times when, as we boys grew older, there would be a little orchestra of organ, piano, violin and cello. And in the community, while a good many homes had a reed organ, music teachers were not within reach outside the city. Therefore the parsonage became a kind of music studio for any aspiring musicians in the congregation and other residents of the area. There was even minimal emphasis on music in the public school, except perhaps a little singing at Christmas time. Thus church organists were "homegrown" in this sense. Accompaniment to singing often became the responsibility of the pastor, as naturally also, the leading of, as well as the recruiting of a choir.

Another important addition to church life was a brass band. Naturally, members of some families had more interest in participating in this kind of activity than others. But dad himself played trumpet and so was able to teach young men and older boys to play wind instruments. At one time a brass band of ten consisted of four members from one family, the Wudels, and three from the Schulze family, plus the director, and three others from other families. The band often enhanced morning worship services on Sundays, accompanying the hymn singing. And on Easter Sunday morning it provided the music at the cemetery. Frequently on those occasions, if Easter was early or the cold of winter remained, the instruments would tend to freeze up, but the hardy group made do with what they had. Occasionally for special celebrations the Heintal and Bruderfeld band joined their efforts under the leadership of the director of the Bruderfeld band in the person of Ephraim Schmidt.

One other aspect of music in the ministry of dad should be mentioned. In a small congregation it was not easy to finance a lot of music that was needed. This posed no problem in that instead of buying choir music to be sung, dad would compose anthem after anthem according

to the season or the situation in which it was needed. There was, of course no electricity in farm homes then, and much less, were there the sophisticated copy machines that are available now. But the slow process of writing out music that had been composed on a master copy, with special equipment needed, and then press out one copy at a time on a machine that consisted of a hand roller and hand inking on a smooth plate surface, was a bit tedious, but it did save the time of writing out separate copies by hand.

Thus the praise of God and worship through music was promoted and practised in a small rural congregation of the Moravian Church in the early years of the 20th century.

--Reflections by Eric and Rudy Schulze
(both retired Moravian pastors)

MUSICAL ENDEAVORS IN TIMES PAST

Joint Choir Events

Because of the close geographic proximity of the Edmonton area Moravian congregations, the choirs of the congregations joined to sing on special occasions. The following can be identified:

1) In 1942, Rudy conducted a joint choir with participants from Edmonton, Bruderfeld, and Bruderheim in the singing of Stainer's "The Crucifixion". The cantata was then presented in all the area Moravian churches, as well as one or two others.

2) In 1957, for the 500th Anniversary, I was asked by the 500th Anniversary committee to direct a joint choir for the big celebration in March. Rehearsals were held at the Edmonton Moravian Church, then on 99th Street. Among the anthems sung were "The Lord is My Shepherd", "Lead Kindly Light", "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded", "O the Blessedness is Great".

The celebration was held at the Jubilee Auditorium in Edmonton, one of the first events in that new auditorium, which was a gift to the people of Alberta taken from Provincial oil revenues. Moravians took over the building for the celebration and refreshments afterwards.

The choir was made up of singers from all area congregations join together in the musical renditions! Several rehearsals were held and the various selections formed a major core of the service.

Camp Choirs and Octet - A Feature

Enthusiasm was always high for the summer youth conference, held first at various locations, such as New Sarepta, Bruderheim, Gull Lake, Didsbury, but since 1941 at Van Es. From among the conferees many enjoyed singing in the choir of the week, which sang for the morning and afternoon services on Sunday. Grace (Hoppe) Marx directed the choir at times, as did August Frauenfeldt, Rudy and I.

Church Orchestras

I am aware of orchestras having been formed in three of the Edmonton area Moravian congregations. In Edmonton members of the Arndt family formed the nucleus of an orchestra in the late 1930's.

In Heimtal attempts were made especially at various Christmases, when Dad formulated a small orchestra. The Klapsteins were the core persons in that orchestra, Harry and Stanley both playing instruments.

In New Sarepta, the orchestra was of longer standing. The core there was the Harke family, Lawrence leading the orchestra and carrying the first violin section with considerable strength. His brothers, Alvin, Wes, and Cyril were musical also. Cousins Norman and Mabel also joined in, as well as Gus Liedtke, Florence Drebert, and several of our family. That congregation provided a choir and brass band at times, as well as the orchestra.

Early Brass Music

Brass bands were a popular feature in several Moravian churches in the Edmonton area. An outstanding band was an attractive feature of special occasions at Bruderfeld. I remember both the bands of the 30's when I was a child, and the band of the 50's and 60's in Bruderfeld which provided a variety of musical selections during the noon hour at the anniversary festivals, when outdoor meals were served by the host congregation. Whether the sun shone brightly, or the winds blew, the band gathered on the church lawn and played vivacious music, hymn arrangements, marches, and other selections which pleased the large gathering.

To accomplish such a task before the advent of music in the school curriculum was a unique experience. The home and church provided individuals with the only musical training and performance opportunities they received. But enthusiasm ran high and music was a high priority in worship. Brass bands were also formed in Heimtal, New Sarepta, and Bruderheim congregations. They not only provided music for special occasions, but also accompanied the congregational singing at Sunday worship services.

--By Eric Schulze

TRANSITIONS REMEMBERED

When I rejoined the Edmonton Moravian Church in 1944, all the Sunday morning Worship Services were held in German, the language of the founding members. English services were held in the evening.

As some of the children of the members had not been taught the language of their founding members (German), and conversed only in English in their homes, it was very difficult for them to sit through an all German service, especially after already sitting through an hour of Sunday School.

When some of the members would meet socially in our homes, the subject of language change would always come into the conversation. How could we bring about this change? The first advance we made came about at an annual Church Council meeting, when the subject came up. It was moved and seconded that we try one service a month in the English language, and, when the motion was voted on, it was approved. This was in 1948. On the last Sunday of the month, we had an English service. About this time, we gained two families from Bruderfeld, the George Weiss' and the Walter Dregers', which helped our attendance. This new arrangement proved to be successful, but some of us were not satisfied. We wanted more.

A group of members, especially August Stoltz, Dan and Elsie Martin, and Edgar and Margaret Schwanke, asked that a special Church Council meeting be called to discuss the changeover to all English services. This was in July of 1949, but guess what happened. August Stoltz and Edgar Schwanke forgot about the meeting. Of course the opposition was in full attendance, so for us it was a disaster. We lost the vote.

For a while, we were downhearted but we did not give up. We organized a group who were interested and we visited every family (of the opposition) and encouraged them to vote for the changeover. We pointed out that there were several couples where only one of them understood

the German language and we would lose them as members (some had already left over the years). I should also point out that the members who were in opposition were not the original founding members but those who had come to this country in the 1920's and 1930's.

When the time came for a special Church Council to be called, the vote was favorable. Of course, there were some disgruntled members, but in the long run it was a successful venture. Rev. Wedman was asked and agreed to hold a German Service for the members who preferred German at 10:00 a.m., the same time as the Sunday School was in session. This service continued for many years following with Rev. Kroening and then later Rev. Weiss.

The attendance at the Edmonton Moravian Church increased until we were bursting at the seams. The time came when we had to vote to sell our church building in order to build a larger one, but that is another story. A few years later, Bruderfeld, Bruderheim, and Heimtal also made the changeover, with similar experiences.

--By Elsie D. Martin (Mrs. Dan)

* * *

Nurse--
Lorraine
(Sampert)
Riske

AHUAS, HONDURAS, C.A.
1952 - 1955

The trees in the jungle below reminded me of broccoli bunches. After crossing a river, the M.A.F. pilot pointed to a clump of buildings and said, "There is the village of Ahuas", which would become my home for three years. The plane began to descend and landed on the bumpy savannah--I felt as though I had just arrived at the end of the earth! Soon, a sea of smiling faces welcomed me with the familiar Miskitu greeting, "Naksa" (Hello). This was my initiation as the new "nurs mairin" (lady nurse) at the Ahuas Clinic.

Many new and different experiences were mine as I attempted to learn a new language and adjust to another culture. Illnesses before unknown to me presented themselves (i.e. malaria, intestinal parasites, snake-bites and machete wounds). I was impressed how Dr. Sam Marx treated each patient with compassion, taking time to listen with concern. Spiritual counsel was always a high priority as well.

One year in January, during the dry season an epidemic of measles and whooping cough struck our area. Many children died, in spite of our best efforts. We were on duty day and night, dealing with complications from these diseases.

The year Dr. Marx and family were on furlough, a young lady was brought to the clinic. She had delivered a healthy baby; however had retained the placenta. She was in a weakened condition following three days of travel in the hot sun. I realized this case was beyond my capacity as a nurse, thus I kept a watch over her during the night and radioed for the M.A.F. plane in the morning to fly her out to a hospital on the coast. A week later, she returned with her baby, in good health. How I praised God for His help and M.A.F.!

Always challenging were the out-patient trips to the various villages. I especially enjoyed going to Koko-bila, a village on the coast, where the white sand

beaches were so refreshing. We stayed in native homes where we slept in hammocks or on the floor. The gracious hosts fed us well--I can still taste the good "wabul" (banana soup) and fresh coconut juice! No clocks were needed, since the roosters woke us up early in the morning (like 3 a.m.!).

The local Moravian church was a special blessing for me. Moses Bendlis, the Miskitu pastor always used practical illustrations, including drama. After learning some of the language, I didn't find the 3-hour + services on the high, backless benches so bad.

Every Wednesday afternoon was a highlight of the week for me. The young women from the village came for Crochet Classes and Bible study. It was a learning experience for me as well, to gain an understanding of their lives and culture.

I regard it a privilege to have lived in Honduras. I owe so much to so many people who graced my life. Dr. Sam and Grace Marx "smoothed the road" so often for me and were loved and appreciated by all. Astria Allen, my Miskitu helper and mentor, tutored me in the language and became a much loved friend. There are also the many Miskutu believers who accepted me and gave so much of themselves for my welfare.

In 1977, I was able to return to Ahuas for a visit. I was pleased to see improvements in the life at the village (i.e. fenced gardens, washlines for clothes and water wells). However, my greatest joy was to learn that two doctors and a number of nurses were being trained to minister to their people's needs. I pray that the Ahuas Clinic will always be a "comfort zone" for Christ's physical and spiritual help and healing.

--By Lorraine (Sampert) Riske

* * *

WHY GO TO ALASKA?

The word was out to all the churches that a teacher was needed for the lower grades at the Children's Home near Bethel, Alaska. After much deliberation and prayer I accepted the challenge and left Edmonton for Alaska on August 2, 1956 for a term of three years. This was definitely a new adventure for me and I must say that I was full of anxiety--not really knowing what experiences I would encounter. A promise of assurance I took with me was Philippians 4:19, "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

My air flight took me to Seattle then to Anchorage and finally to Bethel, Alaska. In Seattle I met up with Fran Huetter who was returning to Alaska after a brief visit home. It was good to have a travelling companion and Fran filled me in about what it was like living at the Children's Home, Bethel, and some of the many nice people I would meet and work with.

Serving as missionaries when I arrived there were: Charles B. Michael (Supt.) and his wife Dorothy, Douglas Schattschneider (Treasurer) and his wife Grace, Clarence Henkelman (Supt. of Children's Home) and his wife Pauline, John and Marion Braun (Parents at the Boys' Dormitory), Frances Huetter (Matron and Substitute Teacher), Clara Cooper (Housekeeper), Constance Sautebin (Teacher), Wilton and Cecilia Schwanke, (Kwigillingok) Samuel and Edith Vaughn (Bethel). Don and Lillian Schmidt came to the Boys' Dorm when the Brauns returned home and Mary Jeane Moser served as matron when Fran was on furlough. Ken and Marie Peterson were at the Boys' Dorm after the Schmidts left.

Some of my first impressions were overwhelming. Before school started in September I spent a few days in Bethel and attended a Bible Conference. Native people from neighboring villages and fish camps attended. They all looked alike to me with their brown faces, black eyes and hair. How would I ever remember who

was who and they had such a strange sounding language. Even the names of the villages they called home were hard to pronounce. I didn't learn much of the language as most of the children spoke English. My sense of smell was invaded with the strong odor of fish that lingered with the people and was prevalent at the assemblies. It seemed almost unbearable at the time but I guess I got used to it and hardly noticed it after awhile.

Travelling by boat, "The Messenger II" from Bethel to the Children's Home took us up the Kuskokwim River, Church slough, the Kuskoquaque River and finally the Kwethluk River. I felt in awe of the vast bareness of the tundra and the isolation of the villages and wondered at how the very first missionaries must have felt. The rivers were and are the roadways.

There was the usual warm welcome at the Home upon my arrival and as the weeks went by I settled in to my duties. There was always something new and different to learn as well as to give of myself.

The buildings on the campus were connected with a boardwalk. Nearest to the river was the Boys' Dorm. Next a little guest cabin, the pretty Schwalbe Chapel, the diesel house, the Superintendent's House and last of all the Girls' Dorm. Well off to the side beyond the chapel was a workshop and a Quonset hut used for storage. Oil stoves were used for cooking and some of the heating. There were still two wood furnaces in use. A diesel plant supplied the necessary power and water was pumped through pipes from the river to large storage tanks in the basements of the buildings.

The food supply for children and staff was purchased mainly from the West Coast Grocery in Seattle and came to Bethel twice a year by ship. Supplies were unloaded at Bethel onto a barge which brought them to the Children's Home. Everyone had a hand in the unloading and putting things in their rightful places. It was possible to have a garden and greenhouse there. The

vegetables grew well in the long summer days and were prepared for the freezers. Fish canning and smoking were also done. Some King salmon weighed up to 60 lbs. Fresh salmon was delicious! The men and boys were allowed to set nets out to catch them. I remember when the first fish (smelt) of the season were running after the ice was gone. It was an exciting time and everyone tried their hand at catching them by dipping a large net into the water and scooping them up and putting them in large washtubs. Sometimes this was done at night when the fish were running. By this time daylight was nearly around the clock, so we could do this. We would build a bonfire and roast some right then and there. The smelt was mostly dried, stored and fed to dogs. In the fall we picked wild berries on the tundra - mostly blueberries. We had to wear mosquito netting for these outings or suffer the bites of insects. In the winter we also had moose meat which we froze and also processed. It was given to the Home by the Fish and Wildlife Association.

There were about 35 to 40 children in residence at the Home during my term. Only one or two may have been orphans. Many were placed there by welfare agencies - others by their parents. In such cases perhaps one or both parents were away in hospitals receiving T.B. treatment. So while the children were at the Home, the staff members tried to provide, as much as possible, a real home atmosphere for them. One's duties then were really quite varied. Sometimes you were a supervisor, a nurse or a mother to them. The children were taught a lot of homemaking skills from taking turns at cooking, washing dishes, baking, cleaning, washing, ironing and mending clothes.

The upper grade classroom was in the Girls' Dorm and the lower grade classroom was on the third floor of the Boys' Dorm. School was held during the week. On Sunday we had Church and Sunday School. The staff shared

duties of play supervision on Sunday afternoons and during the week. Often there were visitors from neighboring villages. Some activities were planned for most every evening. These included classes of sewing, cooking, woodworking, scouts, extra Sunday School classes, choir and a store night. The children were given an allowance, part of which went for Sunday offering and the rest was used to buy candy, pencils, paper, small toys and other articles of interest that were sent to us by various church groups. Saturday was bath night.

Each child had an "outfitter"--some interested church group or family that sent clothes for one child. Other clothing that was sent was also used for the children and needy families from surrounding villages. Most of the clothes were stored in the attic of the Girls' Dorm. We used to refer to it as our department store.

Not all of my students were native. Some were children of the staff and some were a mixed race (white and native). I remember only a few that came to the Home that couldn't speak English. I taught the U.S. curriculum with revisions made suitable to the needs of the children.

Some of the children who graduated from the eighth grade went onto attend either Mount Edgecumb Jr. College or Sheldon Jackson Jr. College in Stika. A lot of prayers went with them since they had never been so far from home before and could very easily be led into bad habits with the wrong friends.

Travel to and from Bethel and other villages in summer was by boat, mail plane or other small float planes. In winter we travelled on the frozen river or across the tundra by dog-sled, tractor and wagon or small airplanes. Going by dog-sled through bush trails and on the tundra was beautiful on sunny days and evenings in the moonlight. Some people were able to afford snowmobiles in later years. The Home had sled dogs. The men and boys looked after the care and feeding of

them. I remember some Sundays in winter when another staff member and I would go off for a ride on the dog-sled (driven by one of the older boys) and then stop, build a fire and have a winter picnic of roasted weiners, hot coffee or cocoa. Imagine a picnic at -25 F!

It did get very cold sometimes (-40 F). The Schwankes invited me to spend Christmas vacation with them my first year. I flew over to Kwigillingok in the mail plane. While there a blizzard set in for a week or more. What a storm! Everything was white and bleak. We felt so isolated. The plane couldn't return to pick me up until the weather cleared. I was late getting back to the Home for school opening after the holidays.

Visitors were always a welcome change for staff members and the children. Often hospital and teaching staff from Bethel would come for a day or weekend. Holidays were always looked forward to and made special, including birthdays, Ice Break-up and July 4th. We had a good number of picnics at a place called "Birch Hill." We all travelled there on a barge pushed by the boat. Often we would take the makings for home-made ice cream (canned milk) along with us and make it on the hill. Ice was found along a river bank near-by that had some exposed perma ice. The boys would chip some of this ice for our ice cream freezers. The children and staff took turns turning the handle until the ice cream was ready.

The view from the hill was fantastic and awesome. You could see for great distances in every direction.

During the summer months activities included such things as gardening, fishing, D.V.B.S. at the Home, in villages or fish camps and "Young Ambassadors" Camp - held at the Home for the first time in 1958. Approximately 50 to 60 young people did attend and had a wonderful time. When D.V.B.S. was held at the villages or fish camps usually two staff members would go to conduct the school. If no buildings were available we had to take along two big army tents and all our supplies and food for the week. One summer, Gladys Fancher (a teacher

from Bethel) accompanied me on the D.V.B.S. tour. I remember it rained a lot and we had to conduct classes in the tents. We wore our rain gear the whole time. Another year Fran Huetter and I did the D.V.B.S. tour. I can still remember the scenes of the fish camps with the tents and racks and racks of drying fish and the women working at preparing them. Teaching here brought us closer to the people in understanding them and in witnessing to them.

In the winter sometimes when Rev. Henkelman visited his up-river villages he would take other staff members with him. On such trips we would meet new and old friends and visit them in their homes. It was a nice experience for me.

Other times that we associated with the people of the villages were Christmas Candlelight, Lovefeast and Sunday School program services. We baked hundreds of Lovefeast buns. The services were beautiful. The people loved to sing. Some brought their guitars and services often were lengthy. Village choirs came to sing any day, any time. People came for baptisms. People came for July 4th celebrations and about 200 came for a special reunion weekend in 1957 for all those who had lived at the Home at one time or another.

There always seemed to be something going on--even two weddings were held at the Home while I was there.

My second summer was spent in Fairbanks attending the University summer session. Here were new sights to see, new experiences to be had and new friends to be made. At this time in history Alaskans voted in favor of statehood and entered the union as the 49th state on January 3, 1959. That summer of 1958 Alaskans dyed the China River gold and flew a 50 foot gold star over the city plus staging an interesting parade.

A new church was built at Bethel and dedicated in September 1958. Dr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Drebert were able to return to Alaska for a visit and attend the dedication services.

It was always encouraging to see young men enter the Bible Seminary at Bethel. "We build a new tomorrow on plans we make today," has surely been true for the Moravian mission progress in Alaska over the many years that have gone by since work was started there in 1885.

I am happy to have had a small share in the work at the Children's Home and my hope and prayer has always been that my just being there may have helped someone and made a difference in their life for the good.

--By Gladys (Kittlitz) Bartz

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HISTORY OF THE ARCHIVES

Historically churches have been known for their attention to record keeping. The Moravian Church has been a part of this important tradition. Especially the pastors in the early days were fastidious in their record keeping. Accordingly a vast amount of historical material has been compiled and passed down to us. However as is often the case, there is an interesting sequence of events which led up to records being preserved and finding their way into the Archives.

Keeping a record of the life and activities of a congregation used to include making regular records in the church diary about the life of the congregation and recording baptisms, confirmations, marriages and deaths. Some pastors also recorded the "Lebenslauf" or historical summary of each person who they buried. Others wrote out each sermon and kept it on file. Over time, the customs and practices of the congregation could be reviewed by examining the Diaries. However the fact that German was the language of the people and of the pastors for the first few decades presents a problem. Either the diaries have to be translated or the investigator must know German or have access to a translator.

Apart from these considerations, an interesting tale relates to just how these old records were preserved and how they came to be housed in our denominational Archives. It was customary for the old records to be put into boxes and stored away in the church. Often they found their way to an attic, if the church had one, or to some back room storage shelf.

In the 1950's when the Rev. Elmer Stelter was the President of the District Board and serving at Bruderfeld, which is now Millwoods, many of the first pastor's records (Hoyler) were in the church attic. This fact came to the attention of Edward Sampert, who was at that time the District Treasurer and a member of the District Board. Edward Sampert and Elmer Stelter shared a concern for the safe keeping and preservation of these

early records. Accordingly when the new Edmonton Moravian Church was being built in 1957, the District Board contributed some funds for the construction of a District Office. It is known affectionately as the "Upper Room" because it is upstairs in the north east corner of the building. This room was an "add-on" as it was not included in the original plan.

Soon after the completion of the District Office the old records were moved to an adjacent storage room which had been fitted out with shelving. The District Board granted Edward and Lydia Sampert permission to sort out the boxes full of records.

This was but the first step in the process. Next the Archivist from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the Rev. Vernon Nelson made a visit to Edmonton to examine the records. He submitted a report to the District Board which made recommendations concerning the safe keeping of these records.

The records were moved to the Sampert residence for organization and safekeeping. The Samperts bought filing cabinets with their own money and put the materials into files. In 1970 they purchased a fire proof safe to keep some particularly valuable records in. A photocopy machine was also acquired by the Samperts.

Edward Sampert passed away in 1971. Lydia continued on, fulfilling the function of Archivist. She continued to gather records for safekeeping and supplied a number of people with information about their family histories, birth dates, etc. It was during this time that Lydia Sampert transcribed the Hoyler Diaries from the German Gothic script into the German Latin script. This greatly aided the Rev. Kurt Vitt when he was compiling the History of the Founding of the Moravian Church in Western Canada.

Things carried on much the same during the following years until the new church was built at Millwoods in 1981. Again the District Board made a contribution,

this time to fit out an Archives room in the north east corner of the church basement. The records were moved from Mrs. Sampert's home to the Archives. Mrs. Sampert also donated her safe to the Archives.

At that time the Canadian Moravian Historical Society was formed. Following the official incorporation of the Society as a non-profit society, the Historical Society entered into an Agreement with the District Executive Board to take on the responsibility for the Archives.

With the funding from a Federal Government grant designed to create employment, the Historical Society was able to hire a staff, purchase needed acid free folders and storage boxes and properly organize the records. This work was done by Susan Rowe and a staff of 2 or 3. Later Ernie Lange provided the leadership. He was succeeded by Betty Voelker.

The room in which the Archives is housed was officially designated as the "Clement Hoyler Room" in memory of the founding pastor. This took place at a special Annual Meeting on March 18, 1983 which was attended by Mabel Hoyler, the founder's daughter from Northfield, Minnesota. She was the featured speaker at the Annual Meeting.

In 1993 the Historical Society was granted membership in the Archives Society of Alberta. This made us eligible for a grant to do back log filing and cataloguing. This work is to be done in 1994 and the Archives should be in good order for 1995, the year in which the 100th Anniversary of the founding of the Moravian Church in Western Canada will be celebrated.

--(As related to Bill Brese by Lydia Sampert)

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ALASKA MEMORIES

It began during Confirmation instruction when Rev. Wolff suggested to my father that I go into training to go into missions--which my father believed would be impossible. However, the thought stayed with me for many years. Then one day there was in the "MORAVIAN" magazine, a request for a housekeeper at the Moravian Children's Home in Alaska, for a period of two years. It was hard to forget. It seemed like that was where I should be.

After receiving the list of responsibilities from Mission Board in Bethlehem, PA, it really did seem an impossible task. However with encouragement from Rev. Eric and Connie Schulze and Rev. Joe and Anne LaFortune, I proceeded to get all the legal papers required and eventually I was on my way.

Leaving here on November 20, 1963 on a morning plane to Vancouver, on to Seattle, then on to Anchorage, Alaska where an overnight stay was necessary. I was met at the airport by Mrs. Griffeth, the wife of a Baptist minister in Anchorage, whom the LaFortunes had advised me to contact. They were gracious hosts, but we arrived at the house about 10:00 p.m. and at 6:00 a.m. we were up, had breakfast and on the way again. The plane to Bethel was to leave at 8:00 a.m. but there was a delay so I did not arrive at Bethel until noon. I was still 20 miles from the Children's Home. Ray Peterson and his bush plane had just left to transfer Stan and Gladys Schlaak and family to the Home, so I had to wait for his return. This left a bit of time to visit with the Schattschneiders and to get to meet the Eichmans. When the plane returned to Bethel I was off on the last leg of the journey. At first sight of the Home it was good to hear the pilot say "There is my home. I grew up there." That was the first introduction to my new home. A warm welcome awaited me when I landed--from both staff and children. I had indeed arrived!

The next morning the news came that President John Kennedy had been shot. It was a sad day, but with 40 children on campus life soon returned to "normal".

It was two days before Thanksgiving, my second one that year. As an introduction to my responsibilities I was allowed to help cook the turkey dinner--the two turkeys which the people back home had told me I would never see again until I returned. Obviously they did not know about the gussak ptarmigan. The huge fish I had been promised was served by the girl's dorm staff the day I arrived. Delicious and how nice not to have to worry about small bones getting stuck in your throat.

Getting to know the children was a challenge. Having six helpers in the kitchen at all times and a shift change every two weeks helped a lot. The huge bread oven was an object of wonder--up to 24 loaves in one load--three times a week. Two of the kitchen helpers were the "bread girls". Three times a week they "punched up" a pan of approximately 12 loaves each, before school, came back to shape the loaves during the noon hour. Then I had the honor of putting it in the oven and trying to keep it from burning. By the time the loaves were ready to come out of the oven, the girls were again home from school and took care of it. Most of them were proud of their accomplishments--so was I. That adds up to 72 loaves per week, to last for 21 meals for 40 children. Not much, figured that way.

Tuesday and Thursday afternoons the students in the upper classroom were excused from class to help with some of the regular jobs around the home. This was considered to be a part of their training for the future and was still a part of their school curriculum. An incredible number of tasks were completed by the time the afternoon was over. Somehow, by this time the supervisor was more frustrated than the students. In later years when the students went on to high school, into dormitory situations, it was gratifying to receive letters from a few of them saying how thankful they were for what they learned about cooking and cleanliness while at the Home.

Preparing menus for the week ahead was a new experience. This was required because of the Government School Lunch Program and was a real lesson in nutrition. The menus had to be posted in the kitchen. Once or twice a year a representative of the Government came to visit, check the menu sheet, have a meal with the children, and check the cleanliness of the kitchen and storerooms. So far as I know we were always given a passing grade. Membership in the School Lunch Program made us eligible for staple foods provided free by the Government--flour, cereals, rice and beans. Several winters we also received halves of moose. For a week or so the kitchen was transformed into a "butcher shop" to cut up and grind all this meat. It provided all the ribs to flavor the sauerkraut, roasts for Sunday dinners and dozens of 5 lb. packages of ground moose for casseroles, chili, spaghetti and meatsauce--ever try moose pizza or moose chowmain? Oh, for a bone to chew on!

Cooking itself was kept as simple as was feasible. What made things difficult was the size of the cooking pots and baking pans. Thanks to previous cooks who left recipes on hand for the most popular dishes and others. It took only correct measurements and a lot of elbow grease to get the job done--right down to a birthday cake for each child (40 cakes for 40 children each year).

Those huge king salmon, I soon realized, proved to be one of the most important foods in the kitchen. In the winter they were served from jars or "fresh" from the freezer. Occasionally in winter, one of the villagers brought us a whitefish caught through a hole in the ice, a special treat baked with onions. There was enough to feed the 40 children and more. In the summertime the king salmon were brought in fresh from the river--big enough to more than fill the huge roasting pan--enough for one meal with leftovers for a fish casserole the next day. During summer vacation there was no need to worry about school lunch menus so fresh fish was often served daily in some form or

another. For several weeks in June/July, the kitchen was turned into a "fish cannery". Most summers we averaged 500 quarts or more of canned salmon. Everyone pitched in to help, boys, girls, and staff. Cooperation was the key word.

Food and all other supplies came in by huge freight barges from Seattle. These large freighters came up the river to Bethel. There the supplies were loaded on to smaller barges which could navigate the shallower portion of the Kuskokwin river to the villages and the Children's Home. Preparing the food order--enough to feed 40 children for a whole year seemed like one more impossible task. However, again many thanks to those who were there before me, there was a list of necessary items with approximate quantities needed for the year. In March, with the help of one of the older boys to do the lifting, there was stock taking of supplies on hand. Then you simply took the original list, subtracted the quantities on hand and you knew how much needed to be ordered. Simple!/? But only if you could stretch your time to have it all ready on the deadline date. Those people of the immediate past were ingenious. What would I have done without them?

The first barge arrived late in June. It was an exciting day. Classes were dismissed and EVERYBODY helped with the unloading of the barge. Usually several villagers were hired to help. First the barge had to be unloaded as quickly as possible and everything was stacked on the riverbank, We tried to keep things sorted--to the girl's dorm, to the boy's dorm, and to the Henkleman house. Next everything had to be hauled to where it belonged. This required much supervision. As the cook, I was usually responsible for the food storage in the basement. It was necessary to sort all boxes as they came in and direct them to the right spot. I had to know where to find them when needed. That skill I have never perfected, even in these 20+ years since then.

A second barge came early in September, before the rivers started freezing up. For that our order was usually for things that were either missed or were not available at the time the first barge was being loaded. Other items ordered at this time were fresh fruits, potatoes, etc. which would not keep in the summer, but with colder weather ahead they would be good until Christmas. Again the sorting, lifting, stacking, often to find that several cases slipped into the wrong spot. More sorting and stacking.

One more kitchen specialty--all those tundra berries. First came the salmon-berries. They were different; one needed to acquire a taste for them. But the children loved them. A dish of salmon-berries with a bit of sugar was a perfect dessert. Next came the blue-berries; blueberries and more blueberries. When 10 or more girls go out to pick berries every day for several weeks there are berries everywhere. Blueberries with sugar for dessert, blueberries packed in cartons in the freezer for desserts to come. Occasionally there was blueberry jam. Then there were the lowbush cran-berries. They usually were enough for a dozen or more gallon jars of cranberry sauce as well as several gallons of cranberry punch. The more berries there were the less canned goods needed to be ordered. The fresh berries were so tasty!

Enough about food! Other things took up much of our time. Some organization was required to keep the children busy in the evenings. During the summer holidays they were free to entertain themselves, within limits. The girls had to stay in their boundaries and the boys in theirs. One staff member was on supervision duty at each end each evening. With special arrangements between the two supervisors the children were occasionally allowed to mingle. During the school year, there were organized evening activities.

Wednesday evening was "Sunday School" evening. In addition to the Sunday morning classes this was an extrahour to spend with the children, giving us an

opportunity to keep up with the weekly lessons as outlined in the study guides and to emphasize the fact that God does love them and cares for them. Also it gave us time to get into the craft projects assigned with the lessons. These the younger children really enjoyed. Each staff member was assigned a class. At the beginning of the school year, everybody was assigned to a different class than the year before, giving a great opportunity to learn to interact with children of all ages.

Thursday night was choir night. There were two choirs, the "Little Choir" with people from Grades 1-4 and the "Big Choir" with those from Grades 5-9. Choir was a voluntary thing and it was encouraging to see the number of children coming faithfully. The native people of Alaska love to sing.

Those not in a choir were kept busy with sports. Lap ball was a favorite game summer and winter. Also in the winter there was ice-skating. Everyone had a pair of skates. Evenings they skated on a small pond beside the chapel. Sunday afternoons they were allowed to skate on the river, if the ice was safe. This gave them a lot more space and was therefore a whole lot more fun. Always there was staff supervision. Tobogganing was great. Toboggans were not always necessary. Sometimes a piece of cardboard or an old shovel would do. All else failing, your rear would do the trick. This was kind of hard on the clothes and sometimes on yourself; so it was discouraged.

During the winter there were also evening classes of six weeks duration. The children were allowed to choose which class they wished to attend. The classes included knitting, sewing, cooking (even the boys were interested in this), etc. Each one of us were "teachers", except for the one staff member who was left to care for those who chose not to attend any class.

Bedtime was a special time with each of the staff members taking turns to try to keep it that way.

Even the older girls looked forward to a bedtime story and the prayer session before the day was over.

Sunday afternoons one staff member was responsible for the whole gang of 40. Again lap ball, ice skating, tobogganing and in later years, basketball were the chief entertainments. To give the rest of the staff an opportunity to relax, the person in charge was required to keep the children outdoors, except in temperatures below -20° F. When you hear about being dressed like an Eskimo, well that is sort of what made it possible.

Travel was another new experience. In the winter the dog team was used extensively. There was also a small tractor to which they hitched a flatrack to transport the children and staff when the children had a special Christmas invitation from the village teachers to attend the afternoon dress rehearsal for their Christmas concert. With hay covering the floor of the flatrack, it was just like an oldfashioned hayride. To me the most impressive part of this was the ride home in the evening, when the sky was clear. The sky was covered by an uncountable number of stars which seemed so much closer to us than I have ever experienced before or after. It was difficult not to feel the presence of the Christ of Christmas. The snowmobile was a small vehicle driven by an airplane propeller. It carried five passengers and gave us protection from the weather. This was used for more distant travelling to Bethel and the villages which Rev. Clarence Henkelman served in addition to his responsibilities at the Home. The old station wagon was a real luxury but could be used only when the river ice was thick enough to support it. There were times, even in the winter, when the dogsled seemed safer. Summer travel required a boat. An outboard and the large Mission boat were available to us. The Mission boat carried a goodly number of people. This was a pleasant way to travel, so long as the helmsman knew the way through the channels between the sandbars. All year round, whenever the river was

safe for the plane to land at the Home, we could charter a bush plane. This privilege was used only in emergencies or other travel which warranted it's use.

Christmas was always a great celebration. There was a month of preparations--practise for the children's presentation of the Christmas story, cookies to bake and the week before Christmas all those 200 "love buns" to bake. The children were very shy before an audience and very few of them could be coaxed into saying anything. Instead of that there was usually one person to read the story while the children acted out the various parts. The service began with the children's presentation. This was followed by the traditional Love Feast, which in turn was followed by a candlelight service. With some of the villagers travelling 40 miles or more, by dog team, to attend, it was one trip for all the celebrations for one Christmas. The upper classroom, which was the largest room, was filled to overflowing into the adjoining dining room. The spirit of Christmas was indeed present throughout the celebration.

With the Lenten services and the Passion Week services we tried to impress on the children the deep sorrow of Christ's suffering and death on the cross. To celebrate Christ's resurrection, an Easter sunrise service was held at 7:00 a.m. just outside the chapel. Sunrise at that time of the year was approximately at 5:00 a.m. but we felt it would be an enormous task to get the children up and ready for church by that time of the morning. Next followed the once a year special of bacon and eggs for breakfast (the eggs were hard boiled). Then the great basket hunt. The baskets were hidden outdoors, all over the campus. Woe to the staff member who couldn't remember where a basket was hidden, specially if no one else could find it. After all the fun there were chores to do, but everyone was ready for the Easter morning service at 11:00a.m.

School closed the end of May. Youth camp began early in June. Many of the regular children were able to spend the summer months with relatives. This enabled us to provide space for the campers coming in from the villages. The children remaining with us for the summer were put up in staff quarters somewhere, somehow. The few who were of camp age were allowed to mingle with the campers. For the campers every available mattress was spread out on the floor of the dormitories, between the beds regularly in use. Campers numbered 50 - 60. A staff of 12 or more also had to be housed. One summer, on one day, there were 90 mouths to feed, including visitors. How could it all be accomplished? Once again, many thanks to those ingenious people who were my co-workers. They believed in planning ahead, organizing, cooperation, hard work, and they had faith that God would see us through. He always did. Being a part of this enthusiastic group is unforgettable. There were classes for the youth. There were several chapel services each day. These we were welcome to attend--if we could find time. There were campfire services each evening and except for the crowded quarters, it was all very much like "back home".

My first Easter season there will remain unforgettable. It brought the devastating Good Friday earthquake in the Anchorage area. We were several hundred miles across the mountains from there but even we felt the sudden heaving of the earth, enough to frighten everyone.

Several years later we survived a spring flood at breakup time. Once again those people who had previously lived through a similar experience were the ones who took charge and helped the rest of us through it all. The men and boys and several helpers from the village worked around the clock constructing dikes of sandbags to keep the water away from the buildings. But all their labor proved to be in vain when early one morning one spot in the dike gave way and the water came rushing into the basement of the girl's

dorm. As much as possible the groceries were lifted to the main floor by a relay of people at arms length, right to the restacking in the classroom. Most of the canned goods which were left behind were later salvaged. However, before they could be opened they all had to be washed clean and disinfected by soaking in a chlorine solution. Some of these cans had lost their labels and for several weeks it was a guessing game--guess what we're having today.

It was a Monday morning so all the laundry had been sorted ready for wash day. When the windows were opened it was discovered that the tubs full of clothes were swimming, the contents untouched by the water. Someone came up with the idea of using a fish hook to pull the full tubs out through the windows. That way most of the clothes were salvaged. "Wash Day" was moved to the Henkleman house until the basement dried out and the machinery down there was once more in working order. Of course everyone had to eat and the boys thought it quite an adventure to come to meals in a row boat. Several trips were made to bring them all in. The cleanup meant a lot of work, but mostly we thank God for His protection and for enabling us to carry on with the job of caring for the children entrusted to our care.

The call I answered for a two year term of service were stretched out to last nine years. During that time I was granted two furloughs. The first came about two and one-half years. Father had become seriously ill and the family requested my return. After promising to be back I was granted a three month furlough. To my joy, when I arrived home Father was home from the hospital. He gained strength steadily and one day I found him hoeing the potato patch. Even he had come to terms with the fact that I wanted to go back to Alaska. When my three months of vacation were over, I was on my way back. The welcome I received at the other end was overwhelming. I had arrived back "home".

The second furlough came three years after my first return. This was the normal rotation of service/furlough. This time I stopped at the Banff School of Fine Arts for a two week course in music theory, then I came to Edmonton where I was able to enroll in a piano class for the remaining months of my furlough. All this was a help in working with the children in choir and in teaching the rudiments of piano. Time spent with friends and family was precious. However when the time came to return to the Home, I was ready to go. My travel plans took me to San Diego, California where I visited with Rev. and Mrs. Michael who had retired from Mission service in Alaska a few years before. From there, with a rabbit skin parka over my arm I boarded the plane to Alaska. It was December 31st and what awaited me in the land of ice and snow I could only guess.

This time the welcome was not so enthusiastic. The matron, Elfrieda Kuerner had been recalled because of visa problems. This left the Home with two staff members short until my return. To make matters worse, several of the staff were down with the flu. Karen Fluegel had come in from Bethel to help out but she had to go back to work. It seemed a case of "we waited for your return; now you're here!" With both teachers ill, there were no classes and that meant the children were around all day. How it all came together still seems beyond understanding, but gradually things changed to "normal" again.

During the next few years life became more frustrating. The point of exhaustion came ever closer, but determination kept me on the job. When I finally realized what was happening the decision to leave it all behind became my aim. When Dr. Kortz of the Mission Board in Bethlehem, PA visited the Home in February, 1972 before my next furlough was due I talked to him about it. He didn't agree with me. He suggested that all I needed was that 6 month furlough and I'd be more than happy to get back. Later that year, I sent my letter of resignation to Mission Board and it was accepted. I was leaving the end of December. In the beginning of December an official visit from Dr. Kortz and Mr. Hartman brought the disappointing decision

to close the Children's Home when school closed the end of May. My own plans were not changed. On my way home I spent a few days in Anchorage visiting with Mildred Siebke and Lorretta Burhart who were friends of the Home and were always accommodating when we needed a place to stay. That New Year's Eve we attended the watchnight service at the Chapel by the Sea. It was a most blessed ending to my years in Alaska.

When I reached Vancouver on January 2, 1973 I heard of the crippling snow storm in the Edmonton area. A plane carrying a load of cattle had crashed near Leduc and the storm kept raging on. However, my ticket was paid for and the plane was flying so I headed home. The seats beside me on the plane were occupied by a young couple with three young children, on their way home from Hawaii, dressed in their summer best. There was no need to worry about myself, at least I was wearing ski pants and that faithful old rabbit skin. What a wild ride it was from the airport into town. I was no longer sure I had left Alaska behind, but I was home again.

The Children's Home is now history. How thankful I am that God's call to service comes even to those who are just cooks and housekeepers. Those years were years of much learning and a bit of teaching; much giving and much loving received in return. There were trying times and happy times but through it all the knowledge that God was watching over us made it all worthwhile.

--By Leah Frauenfeld

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