



Oak Leaves

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Dedication of the Saude Lutheran Church

By S. A. S. [Scarvie?], translated by the Rev. Craig A. Ferkenstad

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The Saude Lutheran Church (rural Lawler, Iowa) was dedicated 100 years ago.

The following is a report of the dedication activities.

June 24-26 [1904] were festival days for the Little Turkey [Saude] congregation, which is served by Pastor J. G. Rugland. The first day the Cornerstone for the new church was laid and the last day was the Dedication.



1903 Saude Church building

The Cornerstone Laying was performed by Pastor B. Askevold. He preached on Isaiah 28:16. The following pastors participated in the reading of the Scripture lessons: Borge, Seehuus and Scarvie. Pastor Moses read the same history of the congregation which was read at the cornerstone laying of the former

church building twenty-nine years earlier. Then the congregation's pastor, J. G. Rugland, read the congregation's recent history. The congregation was organized in the year 1857 by Pastor V. Koren. Divine Services were held in private homes until the congregation built a log-church which was 20' x 30'. In the year 1875, a new frame-church was built. It was 40' x 60'. The Chancel was 14' x 20'. The steeple was 16' x 16' and rose to about 100'. This church was struck by lightning the 8th of July last year and burned to the ground. The new frame-church was erected by contractor Martin Johnson from Cresco at a cost of a little over \$6,000.

Pastor Koren served the congregation for thirteen years. Pastor Moses for twenty-one years. Then Pastor J. G. Ness came, who became ill and died shortly thereafter. He was buried in the church cemetery. After him, Pastor Eivind Broch served as pastor until Pastor Xavier accepted the call in September 1895. About one year ago he was called as a teacher at Lutheran Normal School in Sioux Falls.

The great majority of those individuals who organized this congregation do not worship any longer in a house made with human hands but, we hope, before God's throne in heaven. Of the men who organized the congregation, only one, Gregor Olsen Vaala, is still a member of the congregation. He and the entire congregation hold firmly to God's revealed Word which is explained and taught in the

Confessions of the Lutheran Church. The following is a list of the writings which were placed in the cornerstone: Book of Concord (Lisbon edition, 1866), Synod's Hymnbook (1874), "Short treatise explaining the differences between the Evangelical Lutheran and the reformed teachings" (Christiania, 1874), Synod Report of 1872, a copy of *Kirken-tidende*, *Børneblad*, and *Norden* from 1875. These items had been placed in the old cornerstone. New items added were: memorial booklet from the anniversary at Little Turkey, report of the fiftieth anniversary of the Norwegian Synod in Decorah 1903, an issue from 1904 of *Kirketidende*, *Børneblad*, *Our Friend*, *Amerika*, and the *Decorah Posten*.



1875 Saude Church building

During Friday afternoon and Saturday a discussion was held centering on Hebrews 10:25: "Let us not forsake our particular gathering, as some have the custom of doing, but exhort each other, and do so more-and-more, especially as you see the day approaching." Pastor Borge was the leader. He presented the following thesis for discussion: "How shall we not neglect God's Service and come together?" We neglect it by: 1) Disregarding God's will, 2) Disregarding God's grace, 3) Disregarding Christ and His holy example. Both the leader and others pointed out the blessings and benefits which we receive from coming to God's house. Likewise, it is the

duty and responsibility of the members of the congregation to attend the congregation's meetings. May we take these truths to heart and bear fruit!

Sunday morning the church was dedicated in the Name of the Triune God by President Torgerson. Pastor Moses preached on 1 Thesalonians. 5:18. The following pastors participated in reading the lessons: Rugland, Borge, Askevold, Torrison, Otteson, and Scarvie. On the basis of Ephesians 1:12-23 the president preached a thorough and serious sermon. His theme was: "Little Turkey Norwegian Evangelical congregation's dedication is a celebration to the glory and praise of God. 1) For what should we thank God? and 2) How can we more-and-more thank and praise God?" The offering was gathered for home missions and totaled \$65.58.

At noon, there was a large gathering of 600-700 people at the parsonage, where the Little Turkey congregation's Ladies' Aid served an "overflowing table" in the literal sense. Here Professor Preus spoke, stressing the benefit and necessity of promoting both for us and the Norwegian Synod, our Luther College as the proper place to send our boys.

After noon the people gathered again at the church for a Service with Communion. The confessional address was given by Pastor Scarvie. Pastor Otteson preached in English on Psalm 84:9-12. The large assembly was left with the feeling that God's grace is new to us each morning.

On Monday a special meeting was held in Decorah as the pastoral conference had called for last August, and also because of a report which arrived late; this meeting was held Monday morning.

May the Lord bless the seed of God's Word, which was sown these days, to His glory and the salvation of souls. S. A. S. ❄️

Craig Ferkenstad grew up in the Jerico and Saude parish in Iowa. He now serves as pastor of Norseland and Norwegian Grove Lutheran Churches in rural Saint Peter, MN.

Some Recollections from My Youth and My First Years in America

Part Three of Three

By Ulrik Vilhelm Koren

(Original title: *Nogle Erindringer fra min Ungdom og fra min første Tid i Amerika*)
Originally printed in *Symra* (Vol. 1, 1905). Also in Koren's *Samlede Skrifter*. Vol. 4.

Translated by Mark DeGarmeaux

III.

Our closest neighbors were: one from Sogn, one from Hjartdal, one from another place in Telemark, one from Tinn, one from Eggedal, and one from Lier. In the west there was a whole group from Valdres, and in the east a whole group from Sogn. Representatives from other Norwegian communities are found here and there in between.

We came to Egge's in the afternoon on Christmas Eve. The little house, 14x16 foot, we divided with calico curtains into two rooms, one of which gave room for two beds, which filled the one wall of the house and were divided from each other by another curtain. The rest of the little house was to be at the same time kitchen with cook-stove, space for the father of the house, his wife, and two children, and for the pastor and his wife, and likewise a study for the pastor. For the following day, Christmas Day, announcements of Divine Service were sent around as far as possible. So then I should study my Christmas sermon. For books I had only the *New Testament*, *Altar Book*, *Ritual*, and *Hymnbook*. My whole library was still in Milwaukee and wasn't unpacked until about a half a year later. Pen, ink, and paper I had, but it was difficult to get proper lighting to write by. There were no lamps. But we made a lamp by putting a linen rag in a bowl with some fat, overturning a coffee cup, and putting the bowl on it, so that it was higher than the paper. And so I worked then on my introductory sermon almost the whole night, for it never occurred to me to speak God's Word without as good a preparation as possible, and I have not learned that since then either.

The Christmas Day Divine Service was held in the house of Thorgrim Busnes from Telemark, Egge's nearest neighbor, about a mile east of the present Washington Prairie Church. Considering the circumstances, there was a large gathering and everything went fine and well. Only one thing the people had to object to afterward: I had not called for the offering hymn, nor was there any offering, and the people were used to it on Christmas Day and didn't like the fact that it was left out. The fact was that I simply hadn't thought about it. Partly, I was not used to it from the cities in Norway, and I had forgotten that it was in the letter of call that an offering was promised on the great festivals. I really had other things to think about rather than money. So I had given a sermon for the third time, and the day after, Second Christmas Day, I was to give my fourth, 6-7 miles farther west. I would never have dreamed of giving the same sermon again, and so most of the night again went toward the new sermon. For New Year's I was to go to another main section of my call, about 30 miles east at Paint Creek in Allamakee County. There too I was received extremely well and told that they wanted me to stay there. The next preaching day, Epiphany, I was again at Busnes' and the Sunday after 12-14 miles west at Hans Aakre (near Ridgeway). I had now begun to perform baptisms, weddings, and communion, and since then it went on non-stop, so that in the month of January I had Divine Service 14 times as well as meetings, some in Winneshiek County, some in Allamakee, Clayton, and Fayette Counties. It was not an easy task for me to know where to find the people of my congregations. Only after a month did I hear that a part of the Little

Iowa congregation members were supposed to live at “Whiskey Grove” — that’s around the present town of Calmar.

The country was new, and there were no old landmarks and names which could serve to show the way. Only when I learned how the land was divided by measures into townships and sections, did I find something to go by. I got myself a map with the divisions in the manner mentioned, and by using all the letters and numbers which I knew, I indicated which farmers lived in the various sections, since each farmer was indicated by a letter or number. The meanings of those letters and numbers were added in the margins around the map, and that helped me. In my letter of call the congregations were gathered under only three names: “Little Iowa”, “Painted Creek”, and “Turkey River”. In reality the call comprised the following territory, designated by the present congregations: Decorah, Madison, Lincoln, Calmar, Stavanger, Washington Prairie, Glenwood, West Paint Creek, East Paint Creek, Fægre, Lansing, Norway, Marion, Clermont. All this comprised my set call and to this a little later were added Little Turkey River [Saude] and Crane Creek [Jerico]. Little by little a mission region came, which comprised the congregations that are now served by Pastors Seehuus, St. Reque and Wein, Kasberg, Magelssen, Jaastad (Krohn’s), H. Rasmussen, G. Rasmussen and Bu.

Now it was a matter of putting things order, for my letter of call contained only the general instruction that I should preach God’s Word according to the Lutheran Confession, and use the Church of Norway’s *Ritual* and *Altar Book*. Otherwise I was to be in each of the three main areas of the call every third week. Three weeks after my arrival I convened a congregational meeting to have the Little Iowa congregation divided into school districts and sections for a pastor’s assistant and to choose places for churches and homes in which to gather, and I got a committee established at this meeting. A month later I had meetings to prepare a constitution and special

rules for various matters. I had little to direct me. From Pastor A. C. Preus I had obtained a paper which contained various decisions that were in use in Wisconsin. Much of it I didn’t think I could use, and therefore the difficulties were great, so much more as, without the *Ritual*, I had no books to advise me. I therefore referred myself to old Thron Lomen and said to him: “*There is something I want to ask of you. You are old; I am young. You have experiences in many things; I am inexperienced. Will you now promise me when you find that I in some thing or other propose or advise what you do not believe is right or beneficial, that you will then make me aware of it?*” Yes, he thanked me for my confidence and promised to do what I asked him. He kept his promise, which I shall later give an example of.

There I sat then in the little room at Egge’s, about four days’ journey from my nearest neighboring pastor, without books and without experience, and now everything was supposed to be put in order. I say: “I *sat*”. No, there wasn’t much “sitting”. I was almost continuously traveling. It would amuse you to see my primitive vehicles: My first sleigh where poles and runners were in one piece, made of two long hickory sticks, above which a little box was placed with a board for a bench, all put together with wooden pegs without the help of a single nail — or my first wagon, a one-horse carriage with wooden axles and lynchpins, without spring under the wagon box — or my first harness, where all running parts, reins included, were made of “bed-rope”.

I remember well the curious, uncertain, and calculating looks with which people measured me when I came to a “tavern” once with this vehicle, gave a “hotel-keeper” the reins, and asked him to grease my wagon. In his look I saw that he wasn’t sure whether I was a “tramp” and if it wouldn’t be more reasonable to ask me to grease my own tattered wagon.

I didn’t have traveling-furs, nor buffalo robes either, and I did freeze. But I had good

courage, and the tasks that lay before me helped and spurred me on to eagerness and effort as well. Most of the time when I was on my trips, I spent most nights with my congregation members, especially when I was not in the Little Iowa congregation, but often even there. So I got well acquainted with the people who everywhere willingly received me with kind attention.

One of the things that struck me again and again was that the dear land of my birth should have to lose this great number of admirable men and women. They belonged to a class of people I earlier had had little occasion to become acquainted with except through books, and that basically means that I didn't know them at all. In the circles I knew in Christiania and other cities there was a different kind of people. Among them I had the reputation of "having good understanding for people" (as it read in a certificate I once received). Here I soon learned that my knowledge of people was very little and that what I had was not of great use in those new circumstances. I had to relearn it. And I found out that with regard to real value my new circle of acquaintances, the Norwegian farmers, stood far above the majority of the finer people I had frequented among, although *the best* among these undeniably had special, considerable advantages.

I found more genuineness, more sincerity, more fear of God, more industriousness, greater willingness to make personal sacrifices, greater honor, less pretense, than I had familiarity with before, as a rule. There certainly were differences here also. Here and there I found bad individuals, untrustworthy characters, hypocritical people, difficult people, judgmental, self-made saints, eye-servers, and drunkards, but the average person had the mentioned virtues, and not a few farmers and farmers' wives I found to be such genuine pearls that I had to consider it an undeserved honor to be their friend, and our Norwegian farmers here in this country in my eyes stand *as a class* of real value above every other class

I have personally been acquainted with. No wonder then, that I, as a patriotic Norwegian, was sad at Norway's loss. One thing amazed and troubled me not a little, and that was that among most people I found they thought so little about Norway and missed the fatherland so little. When I tried to direct the conversation toward this, most often it quickly came to a standstill. "Do you think about Norway often?" in my early day I once asked a brave Hallingdaler, in whose house I often stayed; "Don't you long for it?" "Do I long for Norway?" he answered, "No, sir, not on your life—there were so many stones there." Then he sat a while as though in deep thought and then said: "Mind you, the lingonberries in the fall — those I remember. Well, sir, those were healthy berries!"



The outward circumstances were meager enough. Many particulars they didn't have, but they met me with kindness and took care of me the best they could. When it came to bedtime, that meant: You may crawl in that corner over there, or: You may see if you can climb this ladder before we get a bed ready for you upstairs. Sometimes there could be quite a lot of "upstairs" with the roof in those days. For example, it might be necessary to lie with an umbrella over oneself when it rained, or one could see the stars blinking down over the bed, or in the morning one could find a little snow-cover on the blanket. Or one could find the sheet frozen stiff as far as one's breath had reached (if there was any sheet there). But those were all little things for a young, fit man.

People have frequently talked about how

much we first pioneer pastors had to go through, how much longing, how many difficulties, etc. According to my thinking the later mission pastors and pastors in new congregations didn't have it any better, perhaps sometimes worse than we, and the big difference comes from the fact that almost everywhere we were met with joy and confidence, while now the situation is very different. More difficult than missing outward comfort was sitting at night and writing one's sermon, meanwhile wearing with all the traveling clothes you had, with your back turned toward the fire-red cook-stove and still having fingers stiff from the cold. Or studying your sermon and making pencil-notes on it in a little room full of small children where the floor had just been washed for the weekend and was still wet, while it was raining outside and there was no room "upstairs". I had to have a new sermon for each Divine Service. Maybe I expected too much of myself in this regard, but I had gotten a warning from Pontoppidan in one of his pastoral letters, where he speaks about "warmed-up food", and I considered it my duty to offer the people the best I could arrange. In the first years I thought that I had to have my sermons completely written out, and I remember well my fear the first time I hadn't been able to get the conclusion completely written out, but only noted the main points. In the meantime it soon became impossible, and I had to limit myself to writing a rather detailed outline. I don't have great thoughts about those who are ready to give a sermon right away, although I allow exceptions in cases of necessity. There is no weave that is easier to weave than the "Church's homespun cloth".

As soon as I got my books unpacked, I began to use Luther to prepare my sermons whenever I could, and I continued with this for about the first 10 years.

Over against such a struggle in the world of the spirit one feels small if he has a sense for it, and Luther's "*methodus heroica*" doesn't allow him to be imitated. But everyone who really wants to can begin to learn one

thing from him at any rate, and that is to speak plainly and simply, although even in this Luther seem unreachable to me. He can teach people who have such bad habits as ostentatious words, pretentious declamation and phraseological striving for effect, which unfortunately is often taken as eloquence. The common Norwegian communion practice brought me special concern. I told the people that I didn't want to have the responsibility alone, and desired that honorable Christians should give me direction if they were rightly familiar with something I ought to know regarding those who could want to receive the Supper. I also announced preparation for communion as soon as it was possible, which was also begun when I was free from serving such a large number of congregations.

The Divine Services were well attended; the settlements were still not large, and if anyone was absent, it was noticed immediately. The outward order was as simple as possible, since the Divine Services most often had to be held in the newcomers' small houses, where so many times the red-painted emigrant trunk had to serve as altar and pulpit. It often struck me how good these people were for a young pastor, in that all the external things that so often become essential otherwise, and the casual distinctions were gone, so that the main thing, *the pastor's message*, was easier to see and remember.

By the way, it wasn't just in log cabins that we held our Divine Services. Sometimes we could be in the woods, sometimes in a schoolhouse, sometimes in an empty "store", sometimes in an empty barn, sometimes, (where there was a larger house), "upstairs". I remember that some years later in the summertime when we were going to install the first pastor in Highland Prairie Congregation, the people had set a meeting in the largest log-house in the region. When I got there, I found the house completely filled by the women of the congregation, while the men were outside, in the burning sunshine. In the meantime I didn't think it reasonable to install the pastor

in front of only the women. So I went out and asked: “How far is it by road to ‘Øverland’s woods’?” “Two miles” was the answer. “Are there any planks or boards nearby?” “There is always something like that around,” thought Ole Øverland. “Yoke up,” I shouted to the people, “we have to go to Øverland’s Grove. I can’t install the pastor here.” So we went there, and the new pastor was installed, in the woods near by the present Highland Prairie parsonage.

There was a desire for God’s word among our people in those days, just as there was need for it. There was a real eagerness to get the church order set up. From many corners I received letters with urgent requests for me to come to areas where there were no pastors, and various people traveled the roads to be able to speak with me, some of them on foot.

While I was traveling, my wife sat quietly at home. She didn’t have any housekeeping to busy herself with, because we couldn’t have our own household. So she spent not a little of her time making home-visits around the neighborhood, which is not always so easy in this country, where the farms are far from each other. She occupied herself mostly with letter-writing and with her diaries, or she busied herself with feminine pursuits, with sewing and knitting, which shortened so many an hour that otherwise would have been long.

When we had been with the Egge’s for three months, we had to look for lodging elsewhere, because of the family situation in the house there. Then we came to the neighboring Sørland farm, where there was a bedroom for us in the loft, while during the day we were with the family in the living room below. After the course of three months we couldn’t stay there either for the same reason. An older married couple, Erik and Guri Skaarlia (from Eggedal), were then so kind to rent us their tiny, little house, while they themselves moved over to their claim-hut, which they had lived in at first. This new, little house then was our first private residence. There was just enough room for a bed, a table, two chairs

and a stove. We didn’t have a stove to fill it up. When we got one, we put it outside and had some boards put on top of it to protect it against rain.

My wife reports in her diary that when we moved to Skaarlia’s, our housewares consisted of a coffee mill, a stirring stick [*tvare*], and four tin cups. She doesn’t say how we had gotten these. But then we did have a 20-dollar gold-piece, she adds.



A tvare (whisk) was made from a small tree branch where several smaller branches intersect.

At first we didn’t have a bed, and we contented ourselves with a straw sack on the floor. Lying on this straw sack I had my first serious illness, a bilious fever (knowledgeable people said later). It is thought that I had brought it on myself by overexertion on trips and by drinking ice-cold water when I was hot. Those were hard days for my young wife. We didn’t have a doctor, but after a month’s time, although still weak, I got so far that I could walk with my wife up to the parsonage land and count the logs that had been delivered and from which the promised house was to be built. It went very slowly.

In August 1854 a pastoral conference was to be held in Wisconsin (at that time synod meetings were held only every other year, and the first meeting after the founding [of the Synod] was therefore to be held in 1855 (at Spring Prairie)). I then traveled with my wife over the same road on which the year before I had come to Iowa. I had only a horse and the same uncomfortable wagon as described above. We had only an umbrella against sun and rain, but made it all the same. It was an unpleasant summer in Wisconsin, since there was a cholera epidemic, and severe heat besides. At Spring Prairie I had occasion to be amazed at Pastor H. A. Preus and his guest, Mr. Jørgen Ziølner (Solner in Austin, Minn.) for their sacrificing and fearless concern for

those who were sick with cholera by visiting them, dressing their bodies and burying them when others sometimes would not. After we had had the pleasure of visiting many of the pastors, we went on our way home and experienced the most peculiar event of having to stay put on September 8 on account of the weather, because there was an inch or two of snow-cover on that whole area of Wisconsin. There has never been anything like that at that time of year for the past fifty years,

When we left home, the farewell agreement had been that we should at least find a room ready in the new house when we got back. We didn't consider it proper to keep the new little house at Skaarlia's any longer, and thus to be in the old couple's way as it must have been. Nonetheless we found the new house unready and uninhabitable, since there were neither windows nor doors. So I assembled some of the congregation's newly-elected trustees and told them that I considered it necessary now to travel around to the congregations at Paint Creek and Turkey River. The trip would take several weeks, but if there were still no livable room upon our return, then I would have to drive my wife back down to Wisconsin. They made a good promise, and we left. When we came back three weeks later, we observed carefully that we came just after the windows were put in the new house. Yes, there were windows, but there were no doors.

So again we had to turn to our friends at Egge's and asked for a night's shelter. They kindly accepted us, although they had the house full of workmen, but we could find a place "upstairs". We went up there, and I remember that we sat on a red trunk, and there for the first time I saw tears in my wife's eyes. I had never heard a sound of complaint from her, and she scolded herself, for not being satisfied. She had reason enough to be upset. This was far into October, and in the beginning of December our eldest daughter was born. The next day we got doors in the new house, moved there in the afternoon, and then


we could joyfully wish each other well in *our own* new home. Sunday morning a kind man came walking about a mile with a bundled-up coffee-kettle and milk for it so that we could have something warm in the morning. Then I left for the Divine Service, while she stayed home this time.

Little by little we brought some kind of church organization to the congregations. It was not very difficult to get the people to see that it was their duty to see that God's Word and Sacraments could be had and used among them, and that they had no right to rob their children of these benefits. It was somewhat more difficult to bring them to the realization that there was no provision for maintaining the means of grace farther into the future if each congregation stood on its own and didn't work together with other congregations. It was this very recognition that had brought about joining a Synod that had just been founded. Indeed it was also with help from other congregations that the congregations, whose pastor I had become, were gathered together, and that I had come to them. How could individual spread-out groups have any hope for the future?

I presented this at a congregational meeting at in the home of Thron Lomen mentioned above and I did so with great zeal and enthusiasm. I had expected that everyone would immediately be glad to support my proposal that we should join the newly-established Synod. But I was mistaken. Our people are cautious, and this was something new. "Synod?" "What is that anyway?" "It is something that put bonds on us?" In my youthful zeal I pressed on, but the people didn't seem to be struck by my arguments, and the meeting was well attended, so that there were many heads and many opinions. Then old Thron Lomen made a gesture to me, which I understood but no one else noticed, and immediately I went out of the house. A while later I made another assignment for myself and found him. "You asked me," he said, "to give you advice when it was needed, and

this now is one of those times, I think. Now, you have given good reasons that we should join the Synod. I agree with it too. But it is something new for the people. So don't push for a decision today, but let the people think the matter over for another meeting. If you do this, then I think the proposal will go through unanimously." "Many thanks," I said. "I'll follow your advice." I did too, and the matter went as Thron Lomen had predicted.

So then we joined the Synod, had our representatives there in 1855, and hosted the Synod meeting in 1857 here at Washington

Prairie. It had been my hope that gradually all our Norwegian Lutherans would join the Synod. For a while it also looked like this could happen, but it went otherwise. I have written about this in my pamphlet: "Why There Is No Church Union Among Norwegian Lutherans in America." What the future will bring us, only God knows. 

U. V. Koren was the first resident Norwegian Synod pastor west of the Mississippi. He served many congregations in northeast Iowa and southeast Minnesota and served as Synod president for many years.

Name these people

This photo comes from Synod history. Do you know who they are? We'll print the answer and explanation in the next issue of *Oak Leaves*.



Anniversaries: Churches and Schools of the ELS

(Please inform the editors of errors and omissions.)

1844: 160 years ago

Western Koshkonong Lutheran Church, Cottage Grove WI, organized.

1859: 145 years ago

First Shell Rock Lutheran Church, Northwood, IA, organized.

Somber Lutheran Church, Northwood, IA, organized.

1869: 135 years ago

Holton Lutheran Church, Holton, MI, organized as the Scandinavian Lutheran Church.

1874: 130 years ago

First Lutheran Church, Suttons Bay, MI, organized.

1884: 120 years ago

Pinewood Lutheran Church, Burlington, MA, organized as the Boston Norwegian Lutheran Church.

1894: 110 years ago

Parkland Lutheran Church, Tacoma, WA, organized.

1919: 85 years ago

Bethany Lutheran Church, Ames, IA, organized.

Center Lutheran Church, Scarville, IA, joined the ELS.

First Shell Rock Lutheran Church, Northwood, IA joined the ELS.

Mt. Olive Lutheran Church, Trail, MN, organized.

Our Savior's Lutheran Church, Albert Lea, MN, joined the ELS.

Our Savior's Lutheran Church, Elderon, WI reorganized.

Scarville Lutheran Church, Scarville, IA, organized and joined the ELS.

Somber Lutheran Church, Northwood, IA, joined the ELS.

St. Mark Lutheran Church, Chicago, IL, joined the ELS.

1924: 80 years ago

First American Lutheran Church, Mayville, ND, organized.

Norseland Lutheran Church, St. Peter, MN, joined the ELS.

Pinewood Lutheran Church, Burlington, MA, joined the ELS.

West Paint Creek Synod Lutheran Church, Waukon, IA joined the ELS.

1939: 65 years ago

Pinehurst Lutheran Church, Eau Claire, WI, organized.

1944: 60 years ago

Trinity Lutheran Church, Calmar, IA, organized.

1949: 55 years ago

Zion Lutheran Church, Thompson, IA, organized and joined the ELS as a merger of the Thompson and West Prairie Lutheran Churches.

1954: 50 years ago

Zion Lutheran Church, North Huntington, PA, organized.

1959: 45 years ago

St. Matthew Lutheran Church, Myrtle Creek, OR, organized.

1969: 35 years ago

Concordia Lutheran Church, Hood River, OR, organized.

Faith Lutheran Church, Hillman, MI, joined the ELS.

Immanuel Lutheran Church, Riceville, IA, organized.

Scriptural Lutheran Church, Cape Girardeau, MO, organized.

St. Paul Lutheran Church, Clintonville, WI, joined the ELS.

1974: 30 years ago

Faith Lutheran Church, San Antonio, TX, organized.

First Trinity Lutheran Church, Marinette, WI, joined the ELS.

Redeemer Lutheran Church, Iola, WI, joined the ELS.

1979: 25 years ago

Holy Scripture Lutheran Church, Midland, MI, joined the ELS.

King of Grace Lutheran Church, Golden Valley, MN established a Christian Day School

Our Savior Lutheran Church, Lake Havasu City, AZ, organized.

1984: 20 years ago

Christ Lutheran Church, Windsor, CA, organized in Santa Rosa. It moved to Windsor in 1989.

Nazareth Lutheran Church, Trail, MN, joined the ELS.

Trinity Lutheran Church, Sebastian, FL, joined the ELS.

1989: 15 years ago

Concordia Lutheran Church, Hood River, OR, joined the ELS.

Family of God Lutheran Church, Fort Mohave, AZ conducted its first worship service.

Gloria Dei Lutheran Church, Saginaw, MI, joined the ELS.

Good Shepherd Lutheran Church, Brownsburg, IN, organized and joined the ELS.

1994: 10 years ago

Faith Lutheran Church, Clara City, MN, organized.

Grace Lutheran Church, Hobart/Lake Station, IN, organized and joined the ELS.

Messiah Lutheran Church, Omro, WI, organized.

Our Savior Lutheran Church, Lake Havasu City, AZ established a Christian Day School.

Resurrection Lutheran Church, Winter Haven, FL, organized.

1999: 5 years ago

Faith Lutheran Church, Carthage, MO, joined the ELS.

Grace Lutheran Church, Newton, IA, joined the ELS.

Good Shepherd Lutheran Church, Linden, MI, joined the ELS.

Send us your ideas, articles, and suggestions for **Oak Leaves**. We welcome information and articles on church anniversaries, and articles of Synodical and local significance.

Annual Meeting — June 19, 2004 at Bethany Lutheran College.

Topic: *Storytelling as History. – How to Collect Oral History.*

Come and see reenactments from Synod pioneer history

In the next issue: Preview of the Annual Meeting

How We Came Into the ELS (Christ Lutheran Church in Klamath Falls, OR)

Announcing the
Eighth Annual Meeting
of the
ELS Historical Society

Saturday, June 19, 2004
Bethany Lutheran College
Mankato, Minnesota

Theme: *Understanding Our Heritage
through the Stories Handed Down from Our Forebears*

in the Ylvisaker Fine Arts Center

Saturday, June 19

- 9:30 am - Registration & Coffee
10:00 am - Opening Service (Silber Hall in the Ylvisaker Fine Arts Center)
10:20 am - Welcome and Presentation:
Storytelling as History. – How to Collect Oral History.
Reenactments, readings, and reflections from pioneer letters and diaries.
10:30 am - Session 1
(25 minute presentation followed by 20 minute discussion period)
11:15 am - Short Break
11:30 am - Session 2
(25 minute presentation followed by 20 minute discussion period)
12:15 pm - Luncheon
*Cost of \$9 to be paid at the meal, also covers expenses for coffee breaks.
Please make reservations for the luncheon through eteigen@blc.edu*
1:30 pm - Session 3
(25 minute presentation followed by 20 minute discussion period)
2:15 pm - Short Break
2:30 pm - Session 4
(25 minute presentation followed by 20 minute discussion period)
3:15 pm - Business Meeting
3:30 pm - Coffee

Topics for the Four Sessions

- A.** The Crossing and Early Settlement Period:
Stories of the Lee and Reque Families from Koshkonong Prairie
B. Arrival of Pastors from the Old Country:
Scenes from the Diary and Letters of Elisabeth Koren
C. A New Generation is Born in the New Land:
Vignettes from the Boyhood of Peder G. Tjernagel
D. Transition to the Twentieth Century:
Reminiscences of Gladys Tolander

For further information, contact Erling T. Teigen, eteigen@blc.edu
or 507-344-7325 (office) or 507-388-8327 (home)

Oak Leaves
ELS Historical Society
6 Browns Court
Mankato, MN 56001

Renew your membership!
ELS Historical Society

Name: _____

Address: _____

Send completed form and check (see box below right
for type of membership and correct amount) to:

ELS Historical Society
6 Browns Court — Mankato, MN 56001

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Oak Leaves welcomes articles of both Synodical and local significance for publication. Articles maybe edited for style, clarity, or length to allow for publication. Submitted manuscripts will be deposited in the archives of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod.

MEMBERSHIP

All membership
renewals are due **June 1**

Voting Membership:

\$10/year: individual
\$15/year: husband & wife

Associate Membership:

\$15/year: individual
\$25/year: institutional
\$5/year: student

Lifetime Membership:
\$200