

Now living in Finland - needing an objective for living. Have thought so many years of writing - for magazine publication - but mostly to leave a testimony to the children. It should include history & memories - a philosophy of life - an evaluation of our life: work (Rachel & I) an evaluation of the children - a testimony to my faith in God - revelation of my own inner life - to leave something of a worthy memoir. It must be my own.

Divisions:

- Ancestry -
- Childhood -
- Education -
- Ministry - Northern Minnesota
- Oakland - Bedford - Oak Lawn -
- Seattle - Kenosha - Interiors -

In the providence of God, we have been placed in a world of mystery and wonder - There to work out in daily toil and labor each of us our destiny. The joys of life of which there are so many feed our confidences and give a sense of pleasure. The burdens and cares which too, are numerous keep our inner spirits humble and point us to our true foundation. All of the vicissitudes of life form us and each adds in its own way to make us what we shall eventually become. It is my hope that I shall be able to faithfully portray our life so that what is written will be a true revelation of a life - an ordinary life - lived in the 20th century.

My life began in most humble circumstances. The ^{birth} (values) of a truly Christian home was mine by the providence of God. I was born to goodly parents. My early years were spent in the ^{usual} ~~usual~~ activities of a rather normal childhood. The Christian ministry was destined to be sphere of interest and service. The one whom God had chosen to give me as my wife has been a constant strength to me, providing a countenance of support

which did not fatter than some of the
slacker days -

The churches we served were the
sphere of labor where we invested the
talents & time meted out to us by the
Lord. H

Now we are approaching the day
of our homegoing, it is good to look
back over a life time of service to God
and his church. They have been years
where we have sought to be faithful.
There is the lingering consciousness of
many failures - so many of them
made when we thought we were doing
right. There have been many to whom
the Lord was ~~promitted~~ enabled us to be
a blessing. In all things we would like to
have done better. But as God is our
witness we have tried.

Now as we remember somewhat -
may we be given grace to see
things clearly and to write honestly.
As we review our homegoing, we
trust God's help to in writing these
remains of a life which daily is urged
to please Him and to be useful to others

When a child is born into a family he/she must accept his parents, as it is not a matter of choice, and over the parents must accept their child as he is, the child will be theirs to shape and enjoy until he comes to his maturity. The child cannot take an active role in the shaping of his parents' life and character, though he will have these potentials and will be a great influence over them - to be unconsciously so at the beginning.

The home into which I was born was not an affluent home. Neither of my parents had attained any educational goals. Ignorant they were not. Both of my parents were bilingual - speaking their native tongue and becoming quite proficient in the English language. Both immigrated from Sweden at an early age: my father coming with his family at the age of sixteen, my mother coming at the age of twelve with her sister, two years older. They were part of the great immigration period of the late '80s when so many Europeans came to America to make their way.

They loved America. They always

Owned and displayed an American flag, it being in the front of our home on special days: Memorial day, July 4th, Labor Day and such. I cannot recall an ill word spoken of a president or government official, nor of the country at its involvements & activities. Mother especially always spoke with deep respect of her country, always compared it favorably with her Swedish home land. Democracy was so much better than the aristocracy of the old land.

Father and his family (parents and four sisters) came to the south side of Chicago — The Roseland - Pullman area. I can faintly remember my father speaking of having worked in the steel mills where so many immigrants from Europe were first introduced into American society — especially the labor force. &

I have been told he was not of particularly athletic build. He was not a large nor muscular man. It is one of the regrets of my life that I did not know him better than I did. During the years of my youth he worked

daily in the forge (foundry) of what came
to be the Wash Water Company of Kenosha,
Wisconsin. Father always went to work
before my rising time and was
invariably tired out when he came home
at night. The factory was hard work
Father was completely worn out when
he entered his sixties and died of
cancer. What leisure time he did give
to his family I remember with much
joy.

There were three or four summers
when Father ~~and~~ on his vacation
time and I spent a couple weeks in
Dow County, Wisconsin. Father's sister,
Clara, was married to Ernest Hanson
who at that time managed a cherry
orchard for the owner, a Mr. Blacking, then
a lawyer living in Evanston. It was
cherry picking time each year when we
who were there - cherry pickers from
the community came to pick the cherries
which we all shipped to ~~the~~ the cannery
in Sturgeon Bay, a few miles south
of Fish Creek where Uncle Ernest and
Aunt Clara lived. The Hansons had
three children: Eleanor, Edna & Fred.

There are a few times in life when I have felt great peace, these days, were one of them. I was with my father when I loved and respected, I was with the family, feeling wholly accepted — at peace. There were no threatening elements. It was a young lady's native air. Other days have come since then.

When I left home after High School graduation, it was to bring a great change in our home & family. I entered MBS in Chicago and never went back to my parental home to live again except for a few months following graduation from MBS. I went home to visit as often as I could and wrote home to my parents every week. But I am sure my Mother & Father wanted me to "settle down". My sister Esther was to follow me to MBS ~~for~~ on her graduation for High School. I now know what I did not know then — how strong is the tie and the affection of a parent for their child — no matter the years in between.

I graduated from MBS in August 1929 and after a short stay at

home left to do home mission work
with a colleague of mine from W.S.D. - the
year - 1930. ~~It was~~ I was to not
to see much of my parents ~~and~~ from
that time on until his death in 1932.
His last year was so difficult - pain
and a wasting away of the body. He
was then 63 years of age. He died
with a deep spiritual commitment
to God. Mother has told me of his
concerns for the salvation of his
neighbors. There was no anxiety about
his own relationship to God. Prayer
was almost his sole activity toward the
last.

I was called to come home, and
left immediately, but arrived too late to
speak to him. He was taken home
his heavenly home before I could get
home to see him. It is one of the great
many regrets of my life.

If there is singing in heaven,
Father will be joining joining the spirits
in their songs. Father loved music,
I so often heard him sing the Swedish
songs we sang in church each Sunday.

Mother was born June 15, 1891, in ~~the~~
Sweden ~~in~~ which became a
family of five girls, Mother being
the second oldest. Her father
was a mason who practiced ~~the~~ his
art whenever he found work. It seems
as tho he ~~was~~ was not often
home for Mother spoke of his visits
when he was able to come home, he
often brought gifts for the children.
Mother remembered his bringing an
~~orange~~ orange for the girls. It was
so precious a gift they did not
want to eat, keeping it ~~over~~ over
long spoiled it ~~as~~ with care
with many other things in life.

Mother's father died while
the girls were young, and her mother
was called upon to raise her daughter
alone. The poverty in the home made
it advisable for the two older
girls to go to America where relatives
in the Rockford area promised to
receive them and care for them.
So it was arranged for Mother
and her sister Elsie to leave their
Swedish home and family. They
arrived at Ellis Island by a ship

operated by the Red Star line. In the
matter of a few years after landing
Mother would have to 17th birthday.
Elin was two years older.
Mother stayed in the Rockford
area, bearing English, attending
catechism, and securing a few
years of education. Elin went to the
Pacific NW. There she eventually
married & had three children. There was
not much communication between
Mother and her sister. Elin's mind
became ill and she spent her last
days in a State Hospital in Olympia,
WA.

Later after Mother & Father had
married and Elin had become hospitable
Elin's son now an orphan was invited
by ~~mother~~ my parents home in Huron Co,
Wt. He was about 12 or 13 years of age
at the time. What was offered as a
labor of love to a sister's son in
distress turned out to be a tragedy
for our home. For, Elin's son, seemed to
be unable to adjust to our home.
Perhaps it was an inherited mental illness
that troubled him. But on the other hand
our home was not a large one, and

both myself and my sister Ethel were in our adolescent years, I have settled upon our home as tensions which was often expressed in in temperate words and feelings of a temporary nature. Neither our home or our hearts had big enough to loose us all. I do not remember how long John stayed with us - perhaps two or three years. He left one evening. I do not remember the circumstances. He lived to be a bank forty-six years of age ~~standing~~ living at the State Hospital in Galesburg, Wis. Home was never the same after that. The closeness and tender love which should characterize a family was gone, it seemed.

Mother went to work as a housemaid in some of the wealthy ~~south~~ houses on Chicago's south side. Swedish maids and housekeepers were much desired in those days. When the maids had their days off they would of the find each other and take excursions into the city, sharing their lives with each other. Mother has spoken of visiting M.F. and other stores.

They were also tired together in a bond

of Christian love. Sundays were usually free for the maids - at least after the noon meal. They would meet together ~~at~~ church and share an evening bench together and always there was the singing of the Gospel songs, testimonies given in the old fashioned way, and meditation on some Bible text. Several churches were a spiritual home to the girls - The Rowland Mission Church and the Swedish Methodist church.

It was not only the girls who attended these church services - the age long affinity between the men and women was there. It was at one of these Sunday afternoon church gatherings that Mother & Father met. Mother has told the story in one of her papers. It was a courtship of love which brought them to marriage on Nov 8, 1905.

Before her marriage, Mother took an ocean trip to visit her ~~aging~~ Mother and her sisters in Sweden. The trunk she used is still in our family possession. It seems that Mother's mother and her family of girls lived in a home which they did not own. On learning of their financial plight, Mother took the

money she had planned to use in buying
Sunder and gave it to her mother
to pay off the mortgage and lift a
heavy burden from her Mother's shoulders
and heart. Mother's heart was always
sympathetic and tender. I remember
later after in my adolescent years Mother
would send her money home to her
family - usually five or ten dollars sent
by ^{postal} money order - I purchased many of
them for her.

Mother's early years were difficult,
coming as she did to America, not knowing
the language but with a faith in God
which brought her through all her difficult
days - and grew stronger with the passage
of the years.

She, like my father were people of
impeccable integrity. I never saw either
of them act falsely or dishonestly. The
our home was never affluent, it was a
home where God was honored and
where we knew what our values
were and when they came from.