

THE STORY OF A PREACHER FROM RUSSIA

BY E. J. BONIKOWSKY



THE STORY OF A PREACHER FROM RUSSIA

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY E.J. BONIKOWSKY

“I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner.”

Psa. 39:12

Family History and an
Account of his Experiences

Translated by his nephew,
Adolf Bonny

Poster's Note: The family of Emil J. Bonikowsky would like to thank the SGGEE for the posting of his autobiography on their site. We hope that, although the book was primarily written for the family, it will also provide historical insight into the eventful experiences of German-speaking peoples in Eastern Europe from someone who lived in that time.

Copyright is held by Alice McLellan, Helen Kupp, and Ben Bonney, the surviving children of the author, who grant permission to reprint in whole or in part for non-profit purposes.

D Rod Bonikowsky, June 5, 2012

Introduction by the Author

For a long time I have had it in mind to write a family history but on account of my limited ability, I postponed it. But old age is creeping on and my ability will not improve. Since Oscar has it in mind to write a more complete family history in English he urged me to provide the necessary material for him. So finally I decided to write.

In the beginning I did not have in mind writing such a long story, but while writing, involuntarily different experiences from our family life and that of our forefathers, and also incidents during my more than thirty year long ministry came to mind. Consequently, the following story is not only a family history but also an account of my experiences. I did not write this history for publication, only for our family and their descendents. But I have nothing against it if someone else wants to read it.

May this story with all its imperfections be a blessing to the children and their descendents.

Emil J. Bonikowsky

Jansen, Sask.
February 10, 1951

Translator's note: The contents of pages 91-96 were written by uncle about ten years later, at Kelowna, B.C.

Preface by the Translator

After my retirement, when we toured Canada in 1963 and visited almost all of my uncle's children and grandchildren, my dear wife suggested a project to me, namely the translation from German to English of my uncle's family history and his memoirs, as a preacher of the Gospel.

We had noticed that the grandchildren could not speak the German language and it seemed that eventually the testimony of my uncle would be lost to them. In view of the fact that I had never learned the English language perfectly, I hesitated to undertake such a project. But the more I thought and prayed about the matter, the more I felt that "the love of Christ constrained me" to start the translation and do the best I could. I must confess that I could not have done it without the help of my wife, who cut all the stencils for me and mimeographed fifty copies. I am aware of the fact that there are many grammatical errors which might have been corrected if I had taken more time for this work. But I am already in years and not knowing when the Lord would call me away from this world, I did not want to leave the work unfinished. In spite of the mistakes, I think the story is understandable. I did not do this simply to honor my uncle, but because it is a testimony to the faithfulness of the Living God. I shortened the manuscript somewhat, especially where incidents were repeated. I trust that the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of my dear uncle will profit spiritually by the reading of this story to the glory of our Lord and Savior. "Blessed is he that readeth".

Lovingly, Your Cousin

Adolf Bonny
Ann Arbor, Michigan
U.S.A.
May, 1965

P.S. Wherever "Province" is mentioned in reference to Russia, it should read "Guberniya" - a local governing body in the U.S.S.R.

CONTENTS

Father's birth, youth, marriage and conversion	1
A terrible accident, son was killed	2
Father's second marriage	3
Grandfather's conversion (Mother's father)	4
Mother's conversion. A hunter shot himself accidentally	5
Father sentenced to 16 days in jail	6
Birth and childhood of the author	7
Apprenticeship. Carrying on the weaver's trade	12
Conversion and activity in church	15
Love that did not last	17
Fighter preachers	18
In the army	19
A year's leave from military service. Disappointed love	22
Preparing for the ministry	23
Found a bag full of money	24
Back to the army	25
Revolution in Poland	26
Home for good from the army	27
Marriage (unusual method used in finding a wife)	28
Wife's family history and the terrible experience of sister Natalie during the second world war	30
Beginning of ministry as assistant to Brother Truderung	34
In Podole. Blessings and other experiences	35
Brother Truderung's death	36
A call to Krobanosch-Chelm	37
Ordination at Krobanosch-Chelm	38
First Baptists in Poland	38
First world war	41
Banished to the interior of Russia	42
Ministry in exile	45
Moved to Vosnesensk	46
Ministry at Vosnesensk. Interesting experiences	47
Murder of a Christian family	52
Home-going of a preacher	53
A pleasant surprise	54
Preparing to go back home to Krobanosch-Chelm	55
On the way to Volhynia. Difficulties on the trip	57
Arrived safely in Volhynia. Took over the church at Horstschick	60
Buried two children	62
Ministry in Volhynia. Baptized 45 souls	63
Baptized 121 souls at three places	69
Death of Father and Mother	70
Moved to Novo Rudne	72
Unexpectedly met a fellow soldier. Ministered to three large churches	73
Change of attitude of the Bolsheviks toward religion. An opportunity to go to Canada	74
On the way to Canada through Moscow, Riga and England	75
Bitter experiences in England	76
Arrived in Canada	80
Ministry in Canada. Blessings and difficulties	81
Retirement from the ministry	86
Moved to Kelowna, B. C.	91
Natalie's visit from Germany. Golden Wedding	92
Wife's death and funeral	94
Second marriage	97
Family Tree	Last page

My grandfather Stanislaw (Stanley) Bonikowsky was of Lutheran faith. His origin is not known to me. He died long before I was born. As much as I know from my father, he lived as a lumberman in a forest in the Province of Kalish in Poland, which at that time was under the Russian government. He was a victim of drunkenness. When my father was seven years old his father took him often along to work in the forest. One day when his father received his week's wages and on the way home got drunk in a tavern his little son had to lead him. But because the little son was too weak to hold up his falling father he struck him in the face so that the blood flowed from his nose and mouth. Even when my father was married the grandfather, still a poor and depraved man, often helped my father to thresh grain by hand with a flail.

In that forest my father was born March 10, 1824¹². His parents were Lutherans. At that time the Lutheran pastors and teachers taught their churches and impressed it upon the people that when parents let their newly born children die without baptism, then the soul of that unbaptized child would wander around in space as a lost, restless, wandering light. And the bodies of the dead, unbaptized children were not buried in the cemetery but next to the cemetery, where also the suicides were buried. Since there was no Lutheran church in the neighborhood, nor a Lutheran pastor nor a Lutheran church school teacher, my grandparents took my father on the eighth day after his birth, with his Godfather and Godmother to a catholic church and had him christened by a Catholic priest. Consequently he also received the Polish name Yusef (Joseph).

My father was born and brought up in very poor circumstances. As soon as he grew up his father hired him out as a cowherd. When he was home, then he and his brothers were mistreated by their father when he was drunk. When my father was a young man his friends and neighbors advised him, because his father exploited and mistreated him, to leave home and hire himself out so that he could save a little money for himself. He accepted their advice and hired himself out to a farmer as a farmhand. At that time a farm laborer received 15 to 20 Rubles (about 7 1/2 to 10 Dollars) a year besides food and clothing. This sort of service was similar to slavery. For instance, before daylight and late in the evening father had to prepare all the necessary fodder for the horses and cattle. For light he used a kerosene lantern. During the day he did all the work outside and hauled lumber from the forest to sell. The farm work was not done with tractors and other machinery on which the driver could sit, as it is being done here in this country. Horses were used and he had to walk behind the horses, sometimes all day long. The grain was mowed by hand with a scythe and with strawbands bound in big sheaves and hauled into the barn. In winter the sheaves were threshed out by hand with a flail. Even mother and I still had to learn this kind of work.

My father married a widow, Mrs. Schweibs, with four children. She was not my mother. This widow had a farm but it was very run down. In the second or third year after marriage father was converted through the preaching of the gospel by travelling Baptist preachers and he was received as a member into the small Baptist church.

By his first marriage he did not only have four of his wife's small children to support but also her old parents. They had their own room in the house but ate at father's table. They usually got up later in the morning and so the breakfast also had to be served to them later. My father, as a Christian, took his faith in Christ very seriously. These old people, being Lutherans were not accustomed to doing as father did, that is, after rising kneel down and pray, neither did they pray at the table before eating. One day father,

when he left the house gave strict orders to his stepdaughters who were then about fourteen to sixteen years old not to serve breakfast to them until they knelt down and prayed. That morning when they came in to eat, the granddaughters told them what father had said. Nevertheless, the grandparents sat down at the table and asked for their breakfast but the granddaughters did not serve them. They insisted that they must first kneel down and pray. When the old people saw that they could not get their breakfast without prayer, they knelt down and prayed about like this: "My God we are old and stiff and we never had to kneel before and now we have to kneel in our old days" and so on.

One child of his first marriage, a boy, when he was about five years old often climbed up a ladder to the roof. Though he was told not to do it, he did it repeatedly and when he got to the top he sat down and sang the song "Over there, over there, I think of the home over there". One day in the afternoon when all were busy in the field digging potatoes, all at once they heard the child sing again the same song. Older people said that this child would not grow up, he would soon die. One day the child became sick and died. He indeed went to the heavenly home.

Before my father became a Baptist, when his first child, my oldest stepbrother Frederick was born, preparations were made for the celebration of christening the child. Godparents were chosen and besides the special feast, whiskey was provided for that occasion, for it was altogether out of order to celebrate the christening of a child without whiskey. Unfortunately, the godparents drank a little too much of that holy water. Since it was the winter season, they wrapped the infant in a small pillow and placed the small pillow in a big pillow. The horses were decorated and hitched to a sleigh and off they went to the Lutheran pastor to christen the child. When they returned home they took the big pillow to the mother in bed and proceeded to recite the customary saying on an occasion like this: "A heathen we have taken away but we are returning a christian". Imagine the terrible shock when they discovered that in the pillow there was neither a heathen nor a christian. Being a little tipsy, they had lost the little christian on the way home. The shock of course sobered them up a little more and quickly they hitched the horses to the sleigh again and galloped back to seek the little christian. Luckily they found him in a ditch next to the road, lying in the small pillow not yet frozen to death. Great was the joy and with joy and gladness they could drink another glass of whiskey.

For some reason, which I do not remember any more, as told by my father, his first wife was excluded from the church. At that time she became very sick and felt that she would die. She repented and confessed her mistake and sought forgiveness from God for her sin. After this happened, she did not want to die as an excluded member. According to her wish the members of the church gathered together in her home and after she had asked the church for forgiveness she was again received into the church and they celebrated the Lord's supper together. After this she soon died and went home rejoicing.

The third child of my father's first marriage, also a boy, became eighteen years old and had a terrible end through an accident. At that time, I served as an eleven year old boy in the colony Korobley where also this my stepbrother worked as a farmhand on his older stepbrother's farm. One day I came home from school to dinner. I told Mr. and Mrs. Kutz that in school I had had a strong ringing in my ears and this meant, according to popular belief, that I would hear some news. At once Mrs. Kutz told me that my step brother Ferdinand was killed. It was about eleven thirty at noon when they cleared the floor of the barn to set up the machine for cutting fodder. He climbed up to

the loft to throw down sheaves of oats and straw for the necessary fodder. When he got to the top he slipped and fell down head first to the floor of the barn and injured his head severely. It was about two miles to that place and after dinner I immediately walked over there. He lay in bed, and the blood flowed from his nose and mouth, and apparently he had lost consciousness. He was breathing and groaning. The shock at this sight that overwhelmed my heart as a young boy, I shall never forget. In this terrible condition he lay till the next day at four o'clock in the morning, when he passed away.

My parents who lived a long distance away, where there was no telephone and no automobiles, could only hear the terrible news the next day. My mother claimed that in that night when her stepson Ferdinand passed away she saw a white form in the house where they lived. In the morning after that night, mother asked father whether or not he had gotten up at night and gone out. Father replied that he was not outside, neither did he get up. Then mother said that somewhere something had happened in our family. She said that a form entered through the middle door, rattled the rings of the cookstove, looked around in the room and then vanished. What a shock it was for my loving parents when my stepbrother Frederick arrived the same morning on horseback before daylight and brought them the terrible message, I can hardly comprehend.

Later, when I was a young man and already converted, my stepbrother Frederick (who is now in eternity) related to me that he suffered great anxiety about Ferdinand's condition of his soul, when he saw him near death, through the accident, and could not speak to him any more. It was too terrible for him to think that his brother was lost for all eternity. Schweibs, his stepbrother at whose place the accident happened was a christian by name, Lutheran, but not converted and had no mind for the things of God. My stepbrother fasted and prayed earnestly for the salvation of the soul of his dying brother as long as he lived. He called unto God and prayed again and again until his brother Ferdinand passed away at four o'clock at night. My stepbrother Frederick said: "After Ferdinand had passed away my heart became quiet and I could believe that the Lord saved him even as a brand plucked out of the fire". I Cor. 3:15

As was mentioned before, my father's first wife died. How long afterwards he stayed on the farm I do not know. But father had no security for the money that he had invested in his former wife's farm and when the farm was sold he had to leave and all his hard earned money was lost.

Before my father had to leave the farm he married the second time. He married a girl, Theofile Krueger, 19 years old, and she became my mother, who by God's grace gave me life and with anxiety, suffering and prayer brought me up.

My mother's parents were farmers who also lived in the same neighborhood in the Province of Kalish, Poland. Her father's name was Peter and her mother's Wilhelmine nee Mattis.

This grandfather from my mother's side was a farmer but some time before, though a pious Lutheran, was also a tavern keeper. In these taverns beer, whiskey, wine, cigarrettes, bread, rolls and other things were sold. And Sunday afternoon until late at night they played, danced, drank and sometimes fought each other till they left the place with bleeding heads.

At that time when the Baptists came to that country and preached the gospel, my grandparents from mother's side also were converted. It was said that my grandfather Krueger, before his conversion, was a heavy smoker and whiskey drinker. They had no matches, and so he often got up at night and when he could not find a live coal in the stove he sat down and with a flint and a piece of steel and some kind of a sponge to catch the sparks, he started a fire to light his pipe. While he was smoking it sometimes happened that he fell asleep and the bed was set on fire and caused a fire alarm.

When the Lord awakened him from his sleep in sin through the newly proclaimed gospel he also became convinced that tobacco smoking was a vice and a burden to him. He saw himself in fetters and shackles. But, as he related it himself, it cost him a hard struggle until through prayer and calling unto God he was free from it. When he saw that with God's help he finally was free from this vice, he took his smoking pipe with all the tobacco he had on hand, and went out to the border of his land, lifted up a great stone, placed the tobacco idol, as he called it, with all its fixings in the cavity where the stone lay, lifted up the stone again and with all his might he threw the stone on the tobacco idol with these words: "You, devil, stay there. You will never tempt me again". Then he knelt down and thanked the Lord that he had made him free from this vice. He consecrated his life fully to the Lord, followed Jesus in holy baptism and joined the local Baptist church. As much as I knew, and I knew them well in my youth, to the very end of their lives grandfather and grandmother remained faithful members of the church and followers of Jesus.

In my early days these grandparents were the nearest neighbors to my parents. When grandfather divided his land he kept only a few acres for himself. He had one cow, which he watched himself, on the pasture. He knew many songs by heart, and I heard him sing often when he was watching the cow.

About the year 1875 my grandparents and also my parents moved from the Province of Kalish to the Province of Petrikau, farther east in Poland, and settled down near a small city, Belchatow. Grandfather had a little of this world's goods, and when a nobleman subdivided his land into farms for a whole village, he also bought fifteenmorgen of land (I do not know how many acres it was). My parents lived there on different places as tenants and laborers. Grandfather gave a third of the land he had bought, that is ten morgen, to his oldest son Michael, who in the meantime had married, with the understanding that he would pay to his sister, my mother, for her share in money. But his wife was a wicked and greedy woman. Since there was no legal security arranged for my mother, the wife saw to it that uncle Michael kept quiet and did nothing about it. When grandfather saw this, he gave half of his third of land to my mother, that is 2 1/2 morgen. So my parents had a small piece of land but no house and no money to build one. After much pleading by my grandfather and my parents, uncle finally took my parents as well as the grandparents into his house and we lived there in a small rear room.

Now I would like to insert something about the religious thinking at that time in Poland. The Baptists were a despised and persecuted people. When my grandparents from mother's side were Lutherans and not yet converted, they hired out their only daughter, who later became my mother, to Lutherans in another village. She was then about twelve years old. It happened often that travelling Baptist preachers came to that village and conducted meetings. The employers of my mother out of fear did not go to any Baptist meetings. One Sunday Teofile wanted to go home for a visit, but when it was known that a Baptist preacher would be at her parents' home and would conduct meetings there, they tried to dissuade her. Finally they gave her permission to go but

earnestly called her attention to the fact that Baptists were dangerous people and warned her to get out of their way. The pastors and teachers warned the people in schools and churches not to go to the meetings of the Baptists because the Baptists did not mention the name of Jesus in their books, and if one wanted to be baptized and join them he must, in a dark room, sign his name with his own blood. And when the Baptist preachers sat at the table, in a lighted room, in the evening, their shadow would not be seen on the wall, and one of their feet was like a horse's foot.

But Teofile went home anyway on that Sunday and when she returned in the evening everybody was eager to hear the report. She told them that at home she had secretly investigated the preacher's books, and in the evening she had looked under the table at his feet, and also had watched his shadow, and she had not observed anything strange or peculiar about him. The preacher is a man as we are. He also sang songs about the name of Jesus. Then her employers thought that he probably was not one of the real Baptists.

Soon after this my mother also was converted to the Lord, was baptized in her youth and joined the Baptists.

After a number of Lutherans were converted and followed the Lord in baptism and joined the Baptist church, then the Baptists conducted their own meetings in homes regularly.

One Sunday noon when a group of Baptists walked from a meeting through a forest, among them was also my mother. A naked little boy with a red ribbon tied around his neck came across the road dancing from one side of the road to the other. One who saw him first screamed loudly. Then an old brother who was leading the meetings shouted, "Look, look what the old Satan can do". When he said these words, the dancer disappeared.

At the same locality on a winter night my grandfather walked to a windmill to grind at an appointed hour. During the day it had thawed a little and at night it froze. So grandfather walked across the field, covered with snow, straight to the mill. It was a bright moonlit night. All at once he noticed a child walking with him. Assuming the appearance of a ghost, he felt rather uneasy. He did not say a word. When he changed his pace and walked faster or slower the form alongside him also changed its pace. When he arrived at the mill and walked up the stairs this form disappeared. Who can say what this was?

At the same place a terrible accident happened. There were two Lutheran neighbors who were habitual hunters. They often went hunting on Sunday. One Sunday when other people and also his sister-in-law went to church one of these men was cleaning and loading his gun. He was sitting in front of the oven. They had no cartridges at that time. They loaded a gun by pounding a certain quantity of powder and small pellets into the barrel of the gun. The dog was barking and his wife said that the Baptists were coming home from their meeting and Christine was bringing guests to dinner. In order that the Baptists would not find him occupied on Sunday, he quickly stuck the gun with the butt end first into the draft opening of the oven. By doing this the gun discharged and all the fresh powder, pellets and loading stick shot into his abdomen. In his pain he lay on the floor, screamed and cursed his gun. He also confessed that he often felt that he should turn to God but did not do it. At his request their neighbor, his fellow hunter was called and he warned him not to go hunting on Sunday, but to turn to God before it was too late. When it was brought to his bed,

he also cursed and demolished his accordian that he played Sunday afternoons in the tavern at dances. No doctor was available and he screamed in pain till he passed away.

For a long time his neighbor did not go hunting on Sunday but attended church services regularly, but in time he became indifferent and again he went hunting one Sunday evening on a bright moonlit night. He sat down behind a bush waiting for a deer. Instead of a deer he saw his deceased neighbor walking towards him. He claimed the neighbor wore the same short fur coat and the same other clothes that he had worn when hunting. Frightened, he jumped up and ran as fast as he could towards his house. While running he looked around and saw his neighbor pursuing him till he came to the door of his home, when his pursuer disappeared. From that time on he never again went hunting.

As it was mentioned before, a nobleman was selling land in the Province of Petrikau near Belchatow, the colony Poltanitze. A few German families, among them also my grandparents from mother's side and my parents, moved over there. Since there were no buildings on the land that was for sale, the newly arrived families settled down for the summer on the estate of the nobleman. Here the first child by my father's second marriage was born. But the child lived only a few weeks. One day my mother was washing in a big laundry tub. This was a handmade wooden barrel about three feet high. While she was washing, it was about noon, she heard the outside door open, and apparently someone was in the vestibule. She thought that her stepson Frederick had come home with the cattle and when she looked up to tell him to bring wood into the house for the stove, she saw a white form and was terribly frightened. When she wanted to look it over, the form instantly disappeared. After a while grandmother came in, who also lived in the same courtyard, and mother told her about it. Grandmother said that the child would probably die, and in a few days the child died.

Being harvest time and very hot, the nobleman advised father to bury the child the second day instead of the third day, according to law. Father accepted his advice. The Lutheran pastor in the next town, who was an enemy of the Baptists, reported that father had buried the child the second day, which was illegal. For this my father was sentenced to sixteen days in jail.

In view of the fact that the pastor also had buried two children the second day after death, the nobleman urged my father to also report the pastor. But father said, "Recompense to no man evil for evil, vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord". At the funeral something very unusual happened. Because the few Baptists did not yet have their own cemetery (cemeteries were owned by churches) they were compelled to bury their dead at the Lutheran cemetery. Lord pastor Fiedler and his church council, as enemies of the Baptists, did not want to permit them to bury the child at their cemetery. The municipal council did not want to get mixed up in this matter and father was advised to appeal to the director of the district government in Petrikau, about twenty miles away. There was no other means of transportation available, so father walked that distance. The director (Naczalnik) said that at the time of the funeral he would send out six Cossacks. Everybody was eager to see what the Baptists would do with the corpse. The corpse was laid out in the courtyard. Many came to the funeral. The out-of-town Baptist preacher preached the funeral sermon. The funeral procession started to move. In the meantime, the

Cossacks arrived and took their place. On each side of the funeral procession were three mounted cossacks who escorted them to the cemetery and stayed until the corpse was buried. So God heard the prayers of my parents and grandparents and His help was extended to them in a marvellous way.

At this place, or was it somewhere else, a similar incident took place. The grave was dug for the corpse but when the Baptists came with the casket to the cemetery the gate to the cemetery was locked, and guarded and they were not permitted to enter. The preacher preached the funeral sermon at the gate and after the service asked whether they would permit the corpse to be buried. The men at the gate answered "No". "Then", said the preacher, "we will not take the corpse back. We'll leave it here at the gate and you are responsible for it". As they said, so they did. Three men were secretly appointed as witnesses. They went unnoticed to another side of the forest and watched to see what the Lutherans would do with the corpse. The watchmen at the gate stood a long time at the casket and counselled with each other what to do. Finally they opened the gate, carried the casket with the corpse to the open grave and buried it themselves. So one of the dead Baptists was buried by the Lutherans.

My uncle Michael, though as a child christened in the Lutheran church, attended the services of the Baptists, but did not help to support any church. He lived without any religion.

My grandfather and uncle Michael built first a house and later a barn and stall. At one end of the house were the living quarters and at the other end, separated by a corridor, was the stable, cowbarn and pigsty. My parents had no house. For several years they lived as tenants at various places. When they finally received the small piece of land from grandfather they would have liked to live on their own land, but were financially so situated that they could neither buy nor build their own house. As I mentioned before, uncle Michael let them move into a small room of his house. The grandparents lived with him in a larger room. With three families in one house it was tight living, and depressing. Because my father was poor and had only a small piece of land he was seldom home on week days. He always went away to work for richer farmers and noblemen. Many times he worked, together with a Polish neighbor, when building was going on, sawing lumber into boards, planks and other building material. For sawing lumber they erected wooden sawhorses about seven feet high, a log or beam was laid across them, one man stood on the top, the other on the ground and with a long lumber saw they sawed all day. To help earn a little mother was spinning and sewing by hand for other people, aprons, shirts and other things. She also was knitting stockings and gloves for various families and friends. My stepbrother, who was eleven years older than I was hired out as an apprentice to a shoemaker to learn his trade. He had to work four years for his master.

Near the new colony where my parents lived was a Polish village. During the years when they lived as tenants at various places they had also lived a certain time in this Polish village, Poltanitze. The new place was called the colony Poltanitze. When my parents lived in that Polish village I was born. Near the corner of the house of my birth stood a huge poplar tree. All this I still remember. It was about a mile from my parents' house in the colony. Mother told me that I was born on Sunday morning, May 24, 1881 and sometimes she said that being a Sunday child I must also be a good child.

One of the earliest memories of my childhood is that my parents took me along to a wedding in the colony Dzeschulitze about five miles away, where the Baptists had their meeting place. It was winter and when we arrived there I had frozen feet. Mother took me on her lap and warmed my feet at the fireplace. They told me later that I said at that time that I would never again go along to a wedding if I would get frozen feet. I was then about four years old.

Once when we lived with uncle in the colony Poltanitze my mother and I went to the same colony Dzeschulitze to visit old people by the name of Lach. This was the same place where the Baptists were meeting on Sundays. Their youngest daughter took me outside and led me to a flock of geese. I was delighted to see these little creatures. She asked me if I would be willing to take care of the young geese. I said, "Yes". I was about five years old. The daughter went away and I stayed to watch the geese. All at once I became lonesome for mother. I ran into the house and asked for mother. They told me that I had promised to watch the geese, and so mother had gone home and left me there to take care of the geese. Then I started to scream, "I want my mama". They brought me all kinds of toys to quiet me but nothing helped. I wanted my mama.

They saw that they could do nothing else with me but take me home. The daughter took me by the hand and led me part way walking and part way carrying me pig-a-back. When we came to the border of my uncle's land where my parents lived she set me down and asked me whether I knew our house. I looked a while, then I said, "Yes, that is the house where the ladder is standing against the roof". When she was convinced that I knew the house, she let me go, and she went home. You should have seen me running with joy in my heart that I could go back to mother.

I also remember a little about our moving to uncle, to the colony. I was about four years old. I remember the trousers I wore. They had a slit in the front and a slit in the back. While moving, mother set me down in the corridor that was leading to the rear of the house. I looked up and saw the open loft and a ladder leading to it.

My parents lived with uncle Michael four years. These were hard and painful years for my parents. Aunt Krueger, as I mentioned before, was a wicked woman, who especially did much evil to my loving mother. Father was very seldom home so he felt less of the hatred of the aunt. When the aunt had a little daughter a couple of years old and I also had a couple of small sisters we often played together with her daughter in summer time in the yard. Aunt did not want us to play with her children, lest people should think that all the children belonged to her. She influenced her little Emma to beat us to keep us away from her. I was already older and did not let her beat me, but she often beat my sisters Emma and Ernestine. Once she knocked one of them down before the outside door where there lay a big stone. She fell on that stone and lay screaming and the blood flowing from her nose and mouth. What made it worse and caused more hatred was that we had to use the same door to the house and the same vestibule.

My mother often sat at the spinning wheel, spinning, singing and crying. While spinning, when mother was singing, I felt myself drawn especially close to her. I lay my head in her lap and listening to the monotonous noise of the spinning wheel and her singing I often fell asleep.

I remember one day before evening mother took me by the hand and my little sister (I think it was Emma) on her arm and went with us out to the field at the border of our own piece of land and there she sang and prayed. She prayed that God would be merciful and help us to build a house on our own piece of land, so that we could get away from her sister-in-law.

Because father could not keep a horse on the small piece of land he had to work it with a hired horse and pay for it by working himself for that farmer. To fertilize a different part of the land every year father wheeled the manure to the field in a wheelbarrow.

A worker received very small wages. For threshing with a flail father received, according to the length of the day, fifteen to twenty five Kopeks (A Kopek was usually worth half a cent). In the first years, because of poverty, there was seldom bread in the house of my parents, so father often when he came home from work in the evening, brought home a piece of bread either given to him by his employer or that he had saved from his afternoon lunch. This he divided among us children. It was called rabbit's bread. Oh, how good this dry rabbit's bread tasted to us children. In the morning mother usually cooked a flour soup with a little milk in it. When there was no milk mother fried a little bacon and added it with the fat to the soup. For dinner we usually had boiled or mashed potatoes with a little bacon and sour milk or cabbage. When I was a little boy, I did not want to eat cabbage. Once mother took the strap in hand, which we children greatly feared, and I received a few lashes. From that time on I ate and I am still eating cabbage.

I was about eight years old when it became possible for my father to buy an old house. In rebuilding the house I also helped to carry pieces of lumber. When father was about finished with the house and one half was covered with a straw roof, on a Saturday morning my parents moved into the half covered house for Sunday. Things were carried over. The heavier things father wheeled over with the wheel barrow. The grandparents also helped. When everything was moved over and put in its place, then father and mother knelt down and asked us children to kneel, and thanked God from the bottom of their hearts that they could move out of the house of their sister-in-law into their own home. No matter how poor it was, it was their own home. When and how father could buy a cow I do not remember but we had a cow. One spring I became sick. I had the measles, but I soon became better. Somebody had to lead the cow to the pasture. I was the oldest so I had to do it. I remember it was a wet spring day. Mother tried to dress me warm with various kinds of clothes. The top coat, it seems to me, was my father's for I remember the sleeves reached way over my hands. I had to lead the cow on a rope. But because I could not hold the rope tight enough with my hands father tied the rope around my body, and so tied me to the cow, or the cow to me. Being tied together with the cow, the cow sometimes went along with me where I wanted to go, but sometimes I had to go where the cow wanted to go. Fortunately neither one of us ran away with the other. After this exposure I again became sick, but thanks to God I recovered slowly. I had a severe cough and part of this cough stayed with me all of my life.

Later in the summer I had to watch the cow every day, either holding on to the rope or the cow's legs were tied together in such a way that the cow could not run away. The land and the pasture was not fenced in, for people were too poor. The cowherds had to watch the cattle carefully. They were held responsible for any damage the cattle did.

Rising early to lead the cow to pasture was rather hard for me. But I liked warm milk from the cow so mother soon got me out of bed by saying, "Emil, get up! You will get some fresh milk". And if there was bread, I also had a small piece of bread. It did not take me long to get up. The coming of Sunday always made me glad. Then father always got up early and took care of the cow by leading her to greener grass near roads until she was well fed and I could sleep longer than usual, and I could go along with the parents to the colony Dzeschulitze to the meeting. After breakfast the parents had morning devotions. Father could not read nor write so mother, after reading a verse of thanksgiving, also led in the singing of a song. We all sang as good as we could and usually father prayed earnestly, with all of us on our knees. At the table we always prayed standing but at devotions and in church everybody knelt.

A preacher visited us only once in three months and only on week days. He stayed several days and conducted meetings every day besides visitation in homes. Dzeschulitze was a station of the large church in Lodz. All other meetings were conducted by laymen. Sunday morning before the regular meeting there was always a devotional meeting. A brother chose a song. After the singing he read a portion from the Bible and then all knelt down to pray. After prayer, another song and then another brother stepped behind the pulpit. He also started with a song then continued with scripture reading and prayer. After prayer he read another scripture passage and then spoke about the Word of God he had read. After the message he called on others to pray, then again a song and the meeting closed. Later when there were more young people we started a choir and participated in the meetings. An old brother who did not have the gift of speaking in a meeting often read a sermon from a book.

After dinner the children went to Sunday School at two o'clock. After Sunday School the children who had to take care of cattle went home and the adults came to the afternoon meeting at four o'clock. The children in the meeting had to sit with the parents - not as they do here - they sit together and have fun. The afternoon meetings were conducted as the forenoon meetings but without the morning devotional meeting. Much praying was done in the meetings.

I stayed home until about the ninth year and had to watch the cow in the pasture in summer. In Russia there was no compulsory education. In our colony and the neighboring colony there was no school. Only in the city there was one. Later I had an opportunity to go to school when I served as a cowherd in a village, but only in winter. In summer when children had to tend cattle there was no school. Because I was interested in learning, even when I was home grandfather from mother's side often came over to us and wrote the alphabet with chalk on a wooden bench, and in time I learned this way to write. My mother had taught me to read print in the primer and the Bible.

Once mother bought for my younger sisters an unfinished doll. This was a porcelain head and bust and mother finished and dressed it. The girls also made a number of smaller dolls from various rags, and I knitted and crocheted small caps and stocking for the dolls. Mother had told us that sometime there will be a resurrection when all men who died will rise again. While I was watching the cow and we children talked about it, I got the idea to demonstrate a resurrection. We all agreed and we prepared a number of smaller and bigger dolls, and they all began to die till all were dead. Mother also had said that the resurrection would take place suddenly, so I

made for each one of us a small spade; a small hill was designated as the cemetery and after a song and funeral sermon all dead dolls were solemnly buried. One day the resurrection was to take place. We all gathered together at the cemetery and started to sing with all our might. When we were out of words we hummed. I handed everybody a small spade I had prepared and then I called with a loud voice: "All dead arise"! At a given sign everybody made use of his spade and the dead were flying out of the graves over the fence.

Once we also celebrated a wedding. I married a couple but they soon ran away from each other.

When I was about nine or perhaps ten years old, father hired me out in our nearest town Belchatow, about three miles distance. If I am right father received for my service eight rubles (4 dollars) a year and this without clothes. The land of this farmer was divided in small plots in various places. There I had three cows to tend to, also sometimes a horse and sometimes also a big hog. The land was everywhere open - nothing fenced in. This was a hard job. Today I often marvel how I as a little boy could handle it.

On a hot day the cattle became very unruly. I could not keep them together. They ran away from me into a neighbor's grain. I was more than half a mile away from home. I went home screaming. My boss farmer sent his farmhand to fetch the cows. The owner of the grain field had already taken the cows to his own premises and collected, if I am right, thirty five kopeks damages. At the end of the year my employer deducted the thirty five kopeks from my wages. No matter how the weather was, the cowherd was held responsible.

Over there the cows were also milked at noon, so the cattle had to be brought home at noon. After two or three hours, they were driven out again. How often I sat on the field and wept!

Since my employer lived in the city I sometimes had the opportunity to earn five kopeks on a Saturday for lighting the fire in a Jewish home. The Orthodox Jews never lit a fire themselves on Saturday - they always hired someone. How I rejoiced over the five kopeks (about 2 1/2 cents). One Sunday my employer took me along to the Lutheran church. While the old pastor Fiedler was preaching way up in the pulpit I noticed that he was chewing slowly and once in a while he turned somewhat and spit out something black. On the way home I asked my employer what the pastor was eating while he was preaching. He answered that he did not eat anything but chewed some kind of tobacco and spit it out. I had never seen nor heard anything like it before. This pastor was a great enemy of the Baptists. Through him my father was sentenced to sixteen days in prison.

At the end of my year's service as winter was coming on my parents took me home. But I was home only a few weeks when my father decided to hire me out to another city, Lodz, 50 verst (maybe 35 miles) away from home. A farmer, A. Zozman was driving to that city so father went with him and took me along to hire me out. I was about ten years old. I was sitting on a chair while the people who wanted to hire me were talking to father about me. I had to stand up so they could see how big I was. It was as if I was for sale like a calf. I seemed to be too small and too weak for them.

The next morning father started for home again. He had no other means of transportation and he had no money for railroad fare. We would have had to walk half of the way anyway from the station, so we walked all the way. It was

late in the fall and a cold, windy day. On the way father stopped several times at a tavern where I could get warm. There father bought a couple of pounds of bread and water. For the water we did not have to pay. O, how good the dry bread and water tasted. I had never in all my ten years taken such a long trip. Finally, we came home late in the evening and I, especially, was weary and tired. I was glad that I was home again, but I think father was not - he wanted to hire me out. I remember that after that trip I lay several days in bed.

If I am right father took me in the same winter to another colony about 35 verst (maybe 25 miles) distance and hired me out to tend cattle. In that colony were a number of Baptist families. The name of the people who hired me was Julius and Wanda Kutz. The Baptist families as a station belonged to the large church in Lodz. In this colony I could again go to Sunday School and in winter to the meetings and to the elementary school. In this village school I also, for the first time, learned the Russian language. Tending cattle here was also rather difficult. They had several cows, heifers, calves and one horse. The farm land was very long and narrow and so was the pasture. They also had a young dog which I took along to help me watch the cattle, for the pasture was not fenced in. But the dog had no ambition to chase after the cattle. When I called him to run after the cattle, he hung his tail down, went to one side and lay down. He was simply too lazy.

I was thinking what I could do with the dog. At one side of the pasture stood a small juniper bush and under the bush in the ground was a wasp nest. I got an idea and told the dog: "I will teach you to run". I took my whip and tied the dog slowly to the juniper bush and then knocked with the pole against the wasp nest and ran away. The wasps started to come out and land on the dog. At first he snatched a few with his mouth but more and more came out. I lay down on the ground, quite a stretch away and watched the game. I could not help but roll around on the ground and laugh. I would have liked to go and loose the dog but then the wasps would have landed on me. The dog jumped up high and down repeatedly and it did not take long till he slipped the whip off the bush and I saw him run as never before. I still took him along with the cattle but though he learned to run he never wanted to run after the cattle when I called him. Whenever he was with me near the juniper bush he always walked around it in a half circle. Apparently he never forgot the terrible experience he had with the wasps.

I was over two years with these people. In the third year, in spring most all of the Germans sold their farms and so did my employers and moved to Germany. Consequently, my father took me home again.

My parents wanted me to learn the weaver's trade. A year before my grandmother had taken her youngest son, my youngest uncle to a colony near the city of Pabianitze to learn the weaver's trade. He was about one year and three months older than I.

This place was about 40 verst (maybe 28 miles) from us. Grandmother also took me there to work as an apprentice. I was then thirteen years old. My loving mother packed a bundle for me, put in a New Testament and admonished me to read it diligently and strive to lead a godly life. One morning early, - it was in the spring of 1894 - my loving grandmother started off with me on foot. She took enough bread along, but whether she put something on the bread, I do not remember. But to us children dry bread tasted good if we only could get it. It was a beautiful day. On the way, we rested several times, ate, and drank water which was free in Poland. This colony was about four verst from the city. It was a large weaver's colony and all German-Catholic

people. Since my youngest uncle was there already, I had a good pal. Weaving was done with looms operated by hand. They made fine cloth for all kinds of clothing, also beautiful scarves with silk borders and flowers.

When I was leaving home my mother impressed it on my heart to be faithful in all things, to read God's Word diligently and pray in the morning and before I went to bed. Though I was not converted at that time I endeavored to do what she expected of me. There I had very little spiritual care. We had the Sunday free but it was four verst to walk to the Baptist church in the city. The Lutheran church was a little nearer.

The work behind the weaving loom was not hard but nerve-racking. At six in the morning we had to be at the loom so we worked six full hours in the forenoon with a short break for breakfast at eight o'clock. At noon we had two hours rest.- at eight, supper. After supper in winter we worked till ten at night - in summer as long as there was daylight. Saturday we worked till eight in the evening. Then the apprentices had to clean up and shine the shoes for the whole family.

Sunday morning one of the apprentices had to go early to the city to get rolls for breakfast. After breakfast Sunday morning each apprentice received five kopeks (2 1/2 cents). This was called beer money. This was all the weekly income we received as apprentices besides food and clothing. Our apprenticeship lasted three years.

In one summer the daughter of my master's wife's sister celebrated her wedding. It was the custom of these German Catholic people that all wedding guests had to dance a round with the bride. Since I also was acquainted with the bride and by living in the same house was a wedding guest, the bride also wanted to dance with me. But I had never danced in all my life, and I was taught by my parents that dancing was sin, and I did not know how to dance, so I tried to get out of it by simply saying that I could not dance. But this did not help me. The bride said to me that it would be an insult to her if I refused to dance a round with her. She grabbed me by the arm and simply pulled me into the dance circle, and good or bad, she danced with me.

So I danced with her one or two rounds, how I danced I do not know. I simply jumped up and down and kept myself from falling. Regardless of how I danced, everybody laughed and the bride apparently was satisfied. It was a beautiful day so the bridal dances and the whole wedding celebration took place in the open.

When my three year apprenticeship came to an end, according to the rules of the weaver's organization, I had to be declared no longer an apprentice but a journeyman. Every first Sunday of the month in the afternoon the weaver's organization had a meeting in a designated rented room in a tavern house. At this occasion those who had finished their three year apprenticeship were released from their apprenticeship and declared as journeymen. Sunday the 27 of June 1897 was the day in which two other apprentices and I graduated. This graduation was performed with a sort of ceremony and celebration. In the weaver's meeting hall were several meaningful pictures, among them also a picture of the emperor with the crown. On the platform stood a long table, behind the table chairs, and over the table hung an emperor's crown. Behind the table were sitting the chief masters, the assistant masters, chief and regular journeymen. According to rule I had to have a sponsor similar to a godfather at the christening of a child, who introduced me when I entered the hall and expressed my intention and also answered all formal

questions addressed to me. At the entrance my sponsor told me to button my coat and put my cap under my arm and after entering, stand at attention like a soldier at the door. Then my representative spoke for me and said, "I petition, with your favor, to become a journeyman." At this request, the whole weaver's assembly stood up, the chief master answered with a formal saying of which I remember only one sentence: Now you can wander through the land with the cane in thy right hand. Then I was asked to come to the table, and standing under the emperor's crown had to extend my hand to the chief master.

While the chief master was holding my hand he gave a rather long speech. The content of the speech was mainly about honesty and morality. Then I could sit down and unbutton my coat, and all my superiors wished me good luck. I sat there till my journeyman's certificate was written, signed and stamped. I still possess this certificate.

As I mentioned before two other apprentices graduated. It was a custom that the young man who was elevated to a full-fledged journeyman had to treat the whole group to beer, whiskey and cigarettes. As long as he was an apprentice he was not permitted to smoke or drink. Though I was not a drinker nor a smoker, I had no choice at this celebration but to bring this sacrifice. Since we were now three who became journeymen, we brought this offering jointly.

First we bought cigarettes and divided them among the crowd. Though I had never smoked and had no taste for smoking, but to distribute cigarettes and not smoke any was not even decent, so I too smoked one in order not to be conspicuous. I held the cigarette between my fingers and pretended to know all about smoking, but this was not the case. After a few puffs I felt nauseated. I went out for fresh air and what happened? My stomach boiled over. After the cigarettes we also had to serve beer and whiskey. We bought a keg of beer and carried it into the hall and divided it in a sociable manner and likewise the whiskey. In order not to look ridiculous I drank both as others did. In the meantime it became evening and it seemed to me as if the world was turning around with me. Smoking and drinking beer and whiskey made me drunk.

I started out on the way home but the wide road apparently became too narrow for me. How many times I fell down I do not know but finally I arrived home. I went up to my attic room and lay down to sleep. In view of the fact that my master's wife did not go along with him to the tavern house, she expected me to bring home a drink for her, but that had not entered my mind. She was rather offended and angry.

In view of the fact that in the vicinity of my parents' home, in the last years, weaving was becoming popular and small weaving factories were built, my parents wanted me to come home and carry on the weaver's trade there and teach it to my grown-up sisters. It was about two days after my graduation that I packed my bundle and started my homeward journey on foot.

At my home place the kind of hand looms we used were not known. They were simpler. With these looms they could not weave such fine cloth with silk borders and flowers. I had no money for a weaving loom, so I borrowed the needed money and had one made, for which I paid in time. When it became possible for me, I had another weaving loom made and later a third one and taught my two oldest sisters, Ernestine and Emma the weaver's trade. Because our living room was too low for the weaving looms father, with my help, raised

the ceiling. Father had no horse so we had to carry all the material on our backs and the same way we delivered the ready made cloth. The earnings from weaving were comparatively low. One could barely make a living, cover expenses and buy clothes.

Be that as it was, I was glad that I had learned weaving and could be home and teach it to my sisters. I was free again and could again live in a christian home with my parents and Sundays I could go to meetings. The meetings on our station were conducted alternately by the brethren. The preacher of the mother church in Lodz visited us once in three months and then only on week days. Later a preacher was stationed in the provincial city of Petrikau, about 24 verst (maybe 16 miles) distance, so then we were visited by a preacher one Sunday every month.

One year a Baptist man moved, with his family, from Pabianitze to our small city, Belchatow. He was a well digger. Though this man had no ability for singing, and no knowledge of music and notes, he showed great interest in singing. Among our young people nobody knew notes but we delighted in singing. This dear newly arrived brother Scheibe was anxious to start a choir. He saw to it that every Sunday morning, one hour earlier before the service at nine o'clock we young people met for choir practice. He always practiced with us a couple of songs, mostly familiar songs, and let us sing them in the meeting. As untrained singers each one of us sang as it seemed good to him.

Among the singers was a certain man, Ernest Hanke, who had a violin but could only play poorly, and what he played he played by ear. Brother Scheibe urged this young man to take over the leadership of the choir. He hesitated at first, but finally he accepted the offer and took over the choir. Brother Scheibe spurred him on to learn to play the violin better. He also encouraged him to direct the choir while practicing and presenting songs. The markings above the notes "ff" and "pp" and others he indicated with the baton. For example, when there was an "f" or "ff" he held the baton up high and when there was a "p" or "pp" he held it way down low. This was the way he understood the marks. And we singers, though it seemed foolish to us, were not wiser. But in our simplicity, we did what we could with joy. God gave grace and our choir improved. We all more or less learned the notes and the choir, I believe, was a blessing to many. And for the beginning and founding of the choir our loving, gracious God used the simple and untrained Brother Scheibe.

It was in July 1900 when the preacher Brother A. Gutsche from Lodz came and visited our homes. He also visited my parents. Among other conversation, he asked me whether I would like to be converted. Naturally, I said, "Yes". Preacher Gutsche stayed several days on this station and conducted meetings daily. After one of the meetings he said to the parents that they should send their children who were not yet converted to a special afternoon meeting. That afternoon five girls and four young men came to the meeting and also my Uncle Michael who was not yet converted. My parents had lived with him before. After the preacher had sung with us and read a portion from the Bible, he asked us again whether we really wanted to turn to the Lord. We all said, "Yes". He then prayed and said that we should carry a bench out into the garden and sit on it and he would call each one of us separately and then we should tell him exactly our condition and he would give us instruction and advice on how to seek and find Jesus. We all followed his instruction and advice and carried out a bench, sat down and waited for the things to come. But my Uncle Michael, after we had gone out, disappeared. To my knowledge he stayed in this unsaved condition till he died suddenly July 19, 1933.

The dear Brother Preacher Gutsche then called each one of us separately

and questioned us about the condition of our soul, and in a childlike way laid upon our heart salvation in Christ. He prayed with each one of us alone and urged us to pray also and pointed us to Christ as the Savior. Also he held similar meetings with prayer sessions for several days in the afternoon and all nine of us experienced an awakening and we prayed to God for forgiveness of our sins. The Lord gave grace and all nine of us found salvation and forgiveness of our sins, some sooner, some later.

During the time of my conversion I had all sorts of satanic temptations. First of all the devil tried to keep me from praying either in meetings or on the field - everywhere he persecuted me. One evening I went out and wanted to kneel down and pray behind a pile of stones that lay behind our house. As I knelt down to pray behind the stone pile it seemed to me as if the devil grabbed stones to throw them at me. I was frightened. I stood up and walked around restlessly and went into the house. One day I went out at noon into the field to pray. I walked between rye fields where nobody but God alone could see me, but the devil was there too. I threw myself down on my knees and called loudly to God for grace and strength that I could resist the devil and that I would not have to be afraid of him. One Sunday I stayed home intentionally to occupy myself with Bible study and prayer. The preacher, Brother Gutsche, before he drove away had written down for each one of us several Bible passages. These and other Bible passages, especially Isaiah 53 I read again and again, and again and again I prayed and put before the Lord His promises. In the early days of my conversion, I had a dream about the last judgment as we find it written in Matthew 25: 31-33. This dream terrified me. I saw how the angels were walking among men and placing one to the right and the other to the left and as they came nearer and nearer to me suddenly the question arose within me, "Where do you belong?" The terror got such a hold on me that I awoke from sleep. I thanked God that it was only a dream.

After much fighting, struggling, reading and praying I finally found salvation and forgiveness of my sins. Highly praised be Jesus Christ! What a joy it was that all of us nine souls had found peace, I cannot describe with words. When we came together each one had something to tell of what trials and struggles each one of us had to go through till he found peace. We decided right there to apply for baptism. One day the preacher let the members of the church come together for a special meeting, to examine the new converts for baptism. We were called in, each one separately, and examined about our conversion, faith and experience. Here we had, for the first time, the opportunity publicly to declare before the church our new-found salvation of which we were made partakers. We all were received by the church, to be baptized. On the 13th of July, 1900 being beautiful weather, we were baptized in a neighborhood river, in the death of Jesus. I will never forget the hour when we went to that river all dressed in white, and our hearts full of radiant joy. It seemed to me as if we were carried on angel's wings while walking down to the river. If I am right, the whole assembly, from the meeting place to the water, was singing. The preacher, Brother A. Gutsche, gave an impressive baptism message at the water and then he asked us a few questions which we answered joyfully. After this, he stepped with us into the water and baptized us in the death of Jesus. O what a blessed, solemn and holy hour this was! Highly praised be Jesus Christ, Who also in baptism went before us.

Already, after the first Sunday after baptism, an old brother, Ch. Lach commissioned me to conduct the Sunday School, the following Sunday. This request frightened me and I used all sorts of ways and means to free myself from it but to no avail. In view of the fact that over there only children take

part in Sunday School, I finally consented to lead. The lesson I had was from Matthew 3. As a nineteen year old youth and recently converted, I should stand as a teacher before the Sunday School? I prayed to God that He would give me strength to satisfy that old Uncle Lach and to perform my task to the blessing of the children. I still remember how I tried to make clear to the children the true and the untrue Christianity. While I was speaking about it the old Uncle Lach came in. Then I became hot. After a while another older brother came in. Now I trembled in body and soul, so to speak. But I did not stop. I held out and endured till we closed. As an illustration I used natural and artificial flowers. Off and on the old Brother Lach asked me again to lead the Sunday School.

In time it went better. But one Sunday the old brother said to me that the following Sunday I should conduct the afternoon meeting. This was a new shock to me. "What should I do now?" was my question. I could stand before the children, I thought, but before an audience of adults to choose a song, to read and then to speak about the Word I had read, no. I thought and I said, "I cannot do it". But the old brother stuck to it and told me that I could do it and should not be disobedient. I then meditated all week behind my weaving loom and in my spare time, read and searched for a suitable portion in the Bible and prayed to God for direction, strength and courage, that I would perform my task to the blessing of the hearers. Sunday afternoon came, and the nearer the hour approached the hotter I became.

I stepped behind the pulpit, announced a song - we sang but I could not look at the audience. I was wondering what the people would say about me. It seemed to me that they would say, "What will Emil do and say?" If I am right I read Romans 11 and tried to speak about that portion, but what I said in my anxiety I do not remember. My legs were trembling and it seemed to me that the legs of my trousers were also trembling.

It did not take long till I had to conduct a Sunday afternoon meeting again, but that time it went better. The old brother Lach gave me a book with various outlines for sermons. This book did me great service. How much I prayed during the week for my task and the coming Sunday, and how much I studied and meditated at work behind my weaving loom, I cannot describe here. Since I often was asked to lead meetings and I was elected as Sunday School director, I stopped resisting requests. In fact, during my conversion when I was asking God for forgiveness of my sins, I promised Him that if He would give me peace and it would please Him that He should use me as an instrument in his service, I would be willing to work and follow Him. Though I did not say anything to anybody I recognized the leading of the Lord in the repeated requests to take part in the work. I then helped along in Sunday School, choir, young people's society that was formed later and also in the regular church meeting .

Later when a few families of like faith moved to the city of Belchatow we rented a large room and started to hold meetings in the city.

At that time something very unpleasant took place. A sister, a member of our church, active in the choir, died. Her husband was not converted and was a worldly minded man. Not long after, this man wanted to marry a young woman, a member of our church, also a good singer in the choir and a member of the young people's society. This young woman, and eventually also her parents were willing to give their consent to this man's proposal. Brother Scheibe, the founder of our choir and our young people's society was of the opinion that if this sister would marry this worldly man she herself would lose out spirit-

ually and it would be a loss to the choir, the young people's society, the church and even the Lord's work. This Brother Scheibe tried to persuade me that I should marry ~~him~~. In the meantime, he had already without my knowing about it, talked to her about it and she at once agreed to it. But since every young man at the age of 21 had to report to a commission for service in the army and if accepted had to serve four to five years, I said to this Brother Scheibe that I would not marry before I reported for military service. Brother Scheibe thought that if I would be drafted she could live with my parents or her parents and carry on weaving as she was doing till I would return. After considering this proposal and not feeling disinclined towards this sister to choose her as my life partner, I consented to this plan. But I still was determined not to marry before I reported for military service. At an opportune time I talked this matter over with this sister in the presence of Brother Scheibe.

I said this to her, "If I should be drafted into the army and it would seem too long to you to wait for my return and you would have an opportunity to marry, I would have nothing against it if you marry. You can do in this case as you want. Further, if you want to wait till I return then I expect you to wait for me with a pure, christian mind and a christian walk. If, at my return I do not find it so, I shall be clear from this my oath, and I will not marry you." Agreed.

If I am right I still had to wait a year till I had to report for military service. During that time our choir increased in numbers and in quality. As the choir, so also the young people's society. I had the opportunity to help along in everything which contributed to the strengthening of my inner life and ability.

Another brother who often went to other colonies to preach the Word of God, sometimes took me along on his journeys. In one colony, about ten verst distance (maybe seven miles) where we had held meetings and experienced an awakening, some wanted to turn to the Lord and seemingly wanted to be baptized. To this place came so-called fighter preachers, who belonged to the Lutheran church but also conducted meetings there, and tried to turn the people away from us and worked against us. When three of these preachers arrived there a Lutheran man of a neighboring colony, whose wife belonged to our church, informed us about it and invited us to ride along with him to attend their meetings. This man's parents and friends also lived there. Three of us went there. We were anxious to know them, to attend their meetings and if possible converse with them. When we arrived there, we went first to the parents of this man. The preachers were there. The conversation became strained. The three men soon disappeared. But there was a meeting announced in a certain house that evening. "Well", we said, "we shall hear them there". So we went there that evening. The large living room was filled to capacity with people. The preachers were there but all was quiet. All at once one of them stood up and called, "Heinrich, come". Heinrich stood up, then the third one and all three preachers again disappeared.

We sat there and looked at each other. All at once we were asked to take over the meeting. But the older brother who was with me said that we had come to hear and not to be preachers, and the people had come here to hear the other preachers and not us, therefore we would not preach that day.

The owner of the house then called on one of their own men to take the lead, and so one of them stood up and did the best he could. In view of the fact that there was another meeting announced for the next day in the

forenoon in another house our Lutheran escort and leader said that we would stay over night with his parents and the next morning we would go to their meeting to hear the preacher. They brought in straw and prepared a resting place for us. After we had spent the evening with profitable conversation, with reading of the Word of God and prayer, we lay down to rest. During a part of the night we still carried on a conversation and only part of the night we slept. After breakfast we went again to a meeting.

The room was already filled. The preachers were also there and according to the fighters' way and manner, everything was quiet till the opening of the meeting. Apparently the preachers were surprised that we Baptists were there again. But this time they did not run away.

The oldest of the three preachers stood up quickly and announced a song. Most of the people sang sensibly, but the leader turned from singing to screaming. He did the same with prayer. The fighters way of preaching is not about a certain text but to pick something here and there out of the Bible and preach about it. His manner of preaching degenerated into hair-raising screaming that scared me and made me feel uneasy. Again and again he pounded the table with his fists and cried loudly, "Satan, bow down! Satan, bow down!" More and more people started to mutter, others to scream and to whine. Some knelt down on the floor while they were yelling, some started to pound the floor with their fists.

At noon we met one of the preachers in a home. The old brother who was with me started a conversation with the preacher about some statements from the sermon we had heard. It did not take long for the preacher to grab his cap and run away. This was the first time in my life that I had seen how they feared the Baptists. Now that we had seen, heard and learned to know the fighters, we went on our way by foot, the distance of ten verst, home.

Through this sort of preaching, screaming and pounding with fists some were awakened at that place. But because they who were seeking forgiveness of their sins were not told that they can receive and how they can receive forgiveness, but were told to resist unto blood and strive against sin, some fell into confusion and temptation and carried on as if they were possessed by an evil spirit. May God help us to proclaim the pure gospel and also to live it.

In the fall of 1902 the time came when I had to appear before a military commission. I was examined and found fit for service in the army. After a couple of weeks I had to leave my parents' home, my sisters and the fellowship with God's children and His work and go away into an unknown, godless world to the far north of our Russian homeland. I was sent way to Petersburg (now Leningrad). This was the second capital of Russia and was founded by Peter the Great. It had at that time 1,071,000 inhabitants. It had seven railroad stations and was the second residence city of the Czars till 1917. It was located at the gulf of Finland.

Though I prayed to God for freedom from army service before I was drafted into the army, God purposed it otherwise for me, and finally I had to say, "Lord, thy will be done". Because of the worldly and godless way of carrying on of the soldiers in the barracks I often suffered anxiety and loneliness. At times I was gripped by strong homesickness which drove me to prayer at a secret place. Being conscious of the fact that I should spend four years in such a godless atmosphere seemed to me rather difficult. I

figured it out that four years were 208 weeks. On the inner side of the lid of my soldiers trunk I made four rows of lines with chalk. After each week had passed by I erased one line, then it was one week less left of my service in the army. When I had free time I often went out into the open with my Bible, read God's Word and prayed to God. In the evening I often laid down somewhere alone on the grass and gazed at the known and unknown groups of stars and the moon in the sky and said to myself, "These are the only companions from home which came along with me - everything else is strange". The soldier's lot at that time in Russia was not as good as it is in this country, and probably is not much better today. The soldier's service was similar to slavery.

I was stationed in a military hospital where only sick soldiers were brought who had been arrested or court martialed. Seven other soldiers and I were appointed to this hospital department. Our duty was to watch the arrested soldiers, to care for all the necessary things and to keep the rooms in order. In comparison with other soldiers in the barracks, we were much better off in this hospital department. Each had to buy for himself a small tin kettle and in the morning at six o'clock could get boiled water from the kitchen. Of the pressed cubes of tea we received each crumbled a little tea into the kettle. In our room two men had one table and under the table a small cabinet in which we kept our bread. As spread on the bread we used table salt. Bread was made of coarse rye flour and in this bread were here and there whole rye kernels, which afterwards had to be ground in the stomach. This was the soldier's breakfast. After breakfast there was the command in the barracks, "Stand for morning inspection!" A boot had to be pulled off the right or left foot and the foot rag spread out on the floor and if the foot or the foot rag was not clean, punishment followed. After this came the command, "Out on a march!" After marching, practice with a weapon.

At eleven o'clock was dinnertime. Daily, a man by turns, went to the kitchen with a big enameled dish to fetch the dinner, or rather the dinner soup (anyway it was called soup). Each one of us also received half a pound of meat - theoretically it was half a pound. For dessert each one received about a cup full of steamed buckwheat or millet.

In the kitchen stood a big barrel with a beverage called Quas prepared from bread crusts and leavened with yeast. A cup was fastened to the barrel and after the meal each one could drink one cup, no more.

For supper they usually cooked a millet soup with potatoes. It was a thin soup and the coarse bread had to take the place of everything else.

Seven weeks before Easter were the holy lenten weeks. In these seven weeks we had, every Wednesday and Friday, for dinner fish soup with linseed oil. The fish were apparently very small and were cooked as they were when they lived. We German soldiers said, "Jetzt ist wieder die heilige Fast wo man nur Fisch mit Darmen ast." (In lenten season the soldier wails, he must eat fish with all entrails). When, at that time, one entered the kitchen and smelled the fish, he lost his appetite to eat. But when one could not buy anything else he had to eat what he could get. If I am right, we received only 45 kopeks every two months (23 cents). If one had wealthy parents at home he could, once in awhile, buy something extra but if this was not the case he had to get by as best he could. Everyone had to do his own laundry and as clean as he washed it, so it was. Every Saturday evening, if it did not interfere with our duties we could use the bathhouse that every regiment

had. In this bathhouse were huge iron kettles bricked in which were kept glowing hot. Into these kettles water was poured in which steam was produced. According to one's liking one could step higher or lower on steps and bathe in the steam and water. This bathhouse was the only place where one could sentence the Russian lice to death en masse.

After six months of service all young soldiers had to, under the regiment war flag, take the oath of loyalty. After the oath of loyalty a soldier was considered an old soldier. Before the oath, every Sunday forenoon a group was gathered together and usually an assistant officer was appointed as leader, who then with that troop of young soldiers under his command marched to church. In that garrison church one had to stand patiently and listen to and watch all the liturgies, and when the priest was walking around with the holy water we also received some of the showers of blessing. When a young soldier, after about six months of basic training, had taken the oath of loyalty he could, after reporting on Sunday, go to any church of his choice. In the passion week every Christian soldier had to go to his church priest or preacher. These days were considered for the soldier as days of repentance. After those days he had to bring a certificate showing that he complied with church rules, especially that he partook of the communion. On the first Easter day (they celebrated Easter three days) the commander came into the barracks; the soldiers stood at attention and he greeted all with the usual Russian Easter salutation: "Christos voskress". (Christ is risen). The whole regiment then answered with one accord: "On istinno voskress" (Indeed He arose). Then each soldier received a bun or roll, a piece of sausage and a small glass of whiskey. Because I did not drink whiskey I received five kopeks (2 1/2 cents).

It took an hour to walk to the Baptist church, but whenever it was possible I went to that church and marched joyfully through the city. I usually sang or hummed quietly in my heart my Sunday song: Halleluja schöner Morgen, schöner als man denken mag. (Hallelujah beautiful morning, more beautiful than I can imagine). But while marching I had to be very careful to salute any army officer I met and if a general, stand at attention to honor him.

One Sunday morning when I was again on the way to church and came to a certain street corner, a policeman who stood there said to me that the Emperor's family would pass by there in a few minutes and that I should stand there with him. The Emperor's family arrived in a beautiful coach drawn slowly by four horses. The policeman and I saluted. The Emperor, the Empress and the children replied by bowing their heads. The horses were pitch black, shining down to the hoofs. The nails in the hoofs shone like silver. The coachman held a separate rein for each horse in his hands. He was dressed in a large overcoat, the top part of which was cut like a tail coat and the bottom part was very wide and pleated, in which he could wrap himself. On his head he had a big black stovepipe hat.

One could see by the face of the empress that she was German. She was a princess of the royal house of Hessen. She was Lutheran and as a child has been baptized by sprinkling but as the Russian Orthodox churches baptize their children by immersion, she also had to be baptized by immersion when she accepted the Russian Orthodox faith.

As I mentioned before, I was serving in a hospital department. In comparison to other private soldier's service, I was well off there. I did not have to stand outside on guard. Each one of our group had to be on

guard six hours in the corridor. In a corner of the corridor was a table at which I could sit, read and write and do what I wanted as long as I watched what was going on. There I did not have to put up with the godless tumult that was going on in the barracks. I had the opportunity to read and study God's word quietly and in this way prepare myself for the work of the Lord.

When Oscar Truderung, the preacher of the church in Fabianitze, who also served the station Dzeschulitze, my home church, found out how I was situated, he sent me all kinds of literature, also a German grammar. He gave me various correspondence lessons which I filled out and sent to him for correction. After he corrected them he returned them to me.

When I had been there over a year I became sick. I had the influenza and was taken to the hospital across the street. I soon improved but did not fully recover. I asked for dismissal from the hospital. After one, or was it two weeks, I became sick again with the same sickness. Though no longer confined to bed, I continued under medical treatment. But I did not recover completely. When I was in the hospital sick, it was in February 1904, war broke out with Japan. I was glad that I was in the hospital, otherwise they probably would have taken me to the war theater. After two and a half months in the hospital I was taken before a medical commission. After the examination the doctors said that they could not cure me. I must go out into the country for recovery. I was then sent home for a year but that year was reckoned as a year in service.

After staying a few days in my service quarters I received my papers to go home. It was before Easter 1904 when I departed from Petersburg. The city and country around Petersburg, in that northern territory, lay enveloped in deep snow but when I arrived home there was no snow and the fruit trees were in blossom. On my trip home my right leg became so swollen that only with great effort my soldier's boot could be pulled off. My loving mother applied all kinds of home remedies till finally my leg was better and I myself improved in health. After I recuperated a little I had an opportunity to visit my brother Frederick and other acquaintances in the colony Koroblev, about 35 verst distance (maybe 24 miles). There at my brother's I stayed several weeks. Since my leg was not yet fully recovered, my sister-in-law applied hot river sand and vinegar compresses. Those compresses removed all pain from my leg.

In those days two fighter preachers came to that colony to hold meetings. Though I had heard that kind of preachers before, I again went along to their meetings. At the very beginning of the service the preacher started to scream loudly. My sister-in-law was sitting in front of him and looking straight at him did not bow down as others did. Thereupon he pounded the table with his fist and called out loudly; "Satan, bow down". But she remained firm and did not bow. It seemed that their purpose was that the listeners should bow down even to the floor. This screaming and pounding with fists reminded me of the terrible contest that took place on Mount Carmel when the prophets of Baal cried aloud and cut themselves with knives and lancets. I Kings 18.

Now a few remarks about my marriage planned before I went into service, which I mentioned on page 17. When I was in the army my future bride moved to my parents' and with my sisters carried on weaving. In spite of the promises she made, she did not behave and did not live according to agreement. Already the first year when I was in service she carried on love affairs with other men and in her daily walk did not act like a Christian should. When I returned from service to improve my health, she was no longer with my parents. At times she was with her parents and again she was somewhere else supposedly as a guest

When I personally saw what I had heard by mail while in service, I lost my interest in marrying her. Thus our plan to marry came to an end.

When preacher Truderung heard that I was home he invited me to come to Pabianitze. I immediately started out on foot. Pabianitze was a city of 30,000 inhabitants, about 40 verst distance (a verst is about 2/3 of a mile). He secured employment for me at a brother's who was in the weaving business. So I worked in the forenoon behind the weaving loom and in the afternoon I went to the preacher to study for the ministry. On Sundays Brother Truderung usually sent me out somewhere to preach. Saturday I stopped work in time, cleaned up, ate and got dressed and off I went afoot with an umbrella in hand, and a Bible and song book in my pockets.

After about a half year I returned home from Pabianitze and with my sister carried on the weaving business. The loving brother Truderung kept an eye on me and made an earnest effort to prepare me for the ministry. When he visited our station he also had a travelling plan ready for me. I was to drive out somewhere Sundays to preach. But because I had to work from six in the morning 'till the end of daylight at weaving, and in winter 'till ten at night, I had very little time for studying. I often read, prayed and studied after ten in the evening until late at night.

Brother Truderung usually visited our station once a month, preaching and visiting homes. When he knew me better, he often jotted down on paper travelling schedules for me to visit certain places on Sundays, ministering the word of God, which I gladly did. Saturday I stopped working early and made ready for the trip. The Bible in one, the songbook in the other pocket, the umbrella in my hand and I was ready to start out by foot. The distance to various places was usually ten to twenty verst (about 7 - 14 miles). If the route was not known to me he sketched it for me on paper.

Once I was asked to go to a certain station for a Sunday. Since I was not known to the people there, he gave me a letter of recommendation to the deacon. When I arrived there Saturday, before evening, I introduced myself and told them the reason for my coming. The dear deacon was rather critical. He looked me over from top to bottom with suspicion and seemingly questioned whether or not I should minister the Word. But after I had handed him the written recommendation from preacher Truderung and he read it quietly, his tune changed somewhat. What Brother Truderung had written, I did not know.

His scrutinizing me from top to bottom, nevertheless, almost robbed me of my courage to preach on that Sunday. How often, being conscious of my weakness and inability, I prayed to God on my knees, only God knows. The Lord was gracious and I could speak with joyfulness in the forenoon, afternoon and at Sunday School.

From a village about ten verst (about seven miles distance) a Lutheran family moved to the colony Dzeschulitze where our meeting place was. This man and his wife were awakened and both began to pray to God earnestly for forgiveness of their sins. The Lord gave grace and the wife soon found peace in Jesus. The husband, on the contrary, though he prayed earnestly one Sunday to God for forgiveness of his sins, fell back from his promising beginning of conversion into the old life of sin. In him the word of Jesus was literally fulfilled as it is recorded in Luke 11:24 -26. Please read it. He met a tragic and sad end. He had forbidden his wife to attend the meetings and when, nevertheless, she went, he beat her. At that time he was troubled with inner restlessness. Seemingly he was sick. A doctor was called, but he did not find anything

especially wrong with him. One morning very early the wife got up and went to the adjoining barn to look after the hatched little geese. While she was in the barn she felt uneasy about her husband who was still seemingly sick and in bed. She wanted to go into the house to look after him. When she came out of the barn the husband, who wanted to go out, was lying before the door. She stepped close to him but he was already dead. The manure with straw from the cattle stall was piled up near the stall till spring when it was hauled and spread on the land. He is supposed to have foretold his wife's death on the manure pile. Now it happened to him.

One day Adventists came to Dzeschulitze where our meetings took place. They tried to spread and brag up the old legalistic doctrine. Our dear brother Scheibe, of whom I wrote before on page 15, who did so much good for our young people came under the influence of that legalistic doctrine. We young people saw how the predictions of older brethren were fulfilled in the dear brother Scheibe. From past experience they had said that brother Scheibe did not stand on solid Biblical ground. We young people often wondered why they had said this about the zealous brother Scheibe. He also sought to win me and others to Adventism. But thanks to God, through reading, seeking, searching and praying, I stood fast in that storm. The dear brother Scheibe and one of our young comrades remained under the control of this legalistic doctrine. Through this confusing doctrine of the Adventists these brothers fell down so low that Scheibe became addicted to drink and the young man fell into total unbelief.

One year in February an older brother Freier and I made a colporteur trip into a large Lutheran village. Brother Freier was gifted in singing and playing the violin and zither. He filled a large handbag with Bibles and all sorts of literature, took his zither and we started out, loaded. We had joyful and also sad experiences. At some places we were welcomed, but at other places we were roughly dismissed as idlers. We went from house to house. In one house we had an interesting experience. We were hungry. It was in Lenten season when it was customary to bake a certain kind of sweet rolls. In the vestibule we smelled the pleasant odor of the sweet rolls. We entered and offering our goods we also talked about the soul's salvation, but they did not want anything and did not want to listen to us longer. Mother and the two daughters were busy baking sweet rolls. Brother Freier asked them whether or not he could play a piece. Well, yes. The mother and the daughters were interested. Brother Freier then sang the melody and accompanied it with the zither and I sang bass. Now they became enthusiastic about our singing and playing, besides we could sell a few pamphlets and distribute a few tracts. We thought that they would give us something to eat. The sweet rolls smelled so good, but they did not invite us to stay for a meal. When we were already in the open doorway they stopped us, offering a couple of rolls to take on our way. What should we do? We were hungry. We took the hot, sweet rolls and put them on our sleeves - they were too hot to hold in our hands - and we walked out. Out in the garden was a pile of hard frozen snow. There we sat down, cooled our rolls on the snow and ate them with a good appetite, thanked God and walked on. When it was possible and we had an opportunity we conducted evening meetings or prayer meetings.

Every Monday in our city Belchatow was a market day. One Monday I had to settle some business matters and so I walked to the city. When I came to a bridge near the city I found a money bag stuffed full of money. Though many people had walked to the city on the market day nobody had seen it. Nobody was around when I picked up the money. I was very disturbed about the grief and heartache of the person who lost the money. I was ready to return the money if I only knew who had lost it. When I came to the city I went to

a secret place and counted it. I wanted to know exactly how much money there was in the bag. There were 100 rubles and 55 kopeks (about fifty dollars and twenty seven cents) and a small piece of cloth. I assumed that that person had ordered a suit at a tailor's and cut off a piece of the cloth for a sample. I became more and more restless. I walked around in the city and watched to see if someone was looking for the lost money or asking about it. It started to rain. I went into a store, bought a bun and stood at the side of the door and looked out at the rain. All at once I noticed several men and an old woman walking around a wagon as if they were seeking something. I then went through the market crowd and nearer to the wagon and listened. I heard them speaking Polish and understood that they had lost something. I approached the old mother and asked her what she had lost. She screamed in Polish, "Moi sin piniondze zgubil". (My son lost money) She asked me right there whether I had found it. I told her that I knew a man who had found some money. I asked her to describe the bag and the kind of money he lost. From her statements I was convinced that it was their money. Then I reached into my pocket and gave her the money. What a joy and what a miracle that I had admitted that I found the money! She asked my name and the name of my father. They wanted to take me to a bar and thank me for my good deed with a drink of whiskey. I told them that I did not drink whiskey and did not want anything for finding the money. I was glad that I had found the one who lost it and I could return it. The old woman then called out loudly after me that she wished me a good wife and much happiness throughout my whole life.

My sick leave year came to an end and I had to report for examination to the medical war commission. I was examined and found fit for military service. Provided with all proper documents, I was assigned to a regiment in the city of Lowitz, Poland and was ordered to report there. This was, I believe, in the month of June, 1905. I was sorry that I was not sent back to the regiment in Petersburg where I had served before. The city of Lowitz was in the guberniya of Warsaw. Though it was much nearer home, I still would have liked to go to Petersburg. In Lowitz I had to go through the regular soldier's training again, with a rifle, which I did not have to do in Petersburg. Here, among other things, it was impressed upon me that I should keep my rifle as a sacred thing. The number of my rifle I had to commit to memory and I impressed it so on my mind that I still can recite it by heart. And this is how it sounds: Pjatdjesjat vosiem tisjatch vosiem sot sorok pjat - 58845.

The war in the east with Japan was not yet over. Most of the soldiers of my regiment had already been sent to the theatre of war. I was among the small number of the regiment that was left to keep order and to protect the city. The population of the city of Lowitz was over 12,000.

One night I stood guard at a powder house in an open field. It was a dark night. No one dared to come nearer to the powder house than fifty steps. Once I noticed something coming nearer. I asked, "Who is coming?" No answer. The second time, "Who is coming?" No answer. The third time I called loudly: "Stoi" (Stop). But it came nearer. I jerked the rifle off my shoulder and was ready to fire when I noticed a horse before me swinging his head and frightened. He ran away. In some manner a horse had come from somewhere and while grazing, came slowly towards me.

At the time of war with Japan various revolutionary groups organized in large cities. Thousands of workers went on strike. On account of these disturbances in various large cities, martial law was enforced, and gallows were erected and many, including some innocent ones, were sentenced to death by being shot or hanged. Our regiment was being strengthened with reserves. One

day we received orders by telephone to come at once to Lodz to suppress an uprising. Lodz was the largest manufacturing city in Poland. It had over 542,000 inhabitants and hundreds of factories. When we were ready to leave a telegram came, saying STOP AND WAIT. It was discovered that the revolutionaries had placed a bomb somewhere under the railroad tracks. In about a week we departed anyway. The train arrived there at night. After it stopped we got out and were divided in small groups and marched silently on various streets through the city to our designated quarters, with the rifle loaded ready to shoot. After resting a while after the trip we had to go on a patrol march, the whole company together, through the streets. If I am right no civilian dared to show himself on the streets after eight o'clock in the evening. Our group divided into two rows, one on each side of the street, walking near the gutter. Turning at a corner there stood a young man putting up revolutionary posters. The soldiers in the front grabbed him. He received a few blows with the butt end of the rifle and quickly was thrown into the middle of the row. There were a few more of such heroes so we gathered a number of them. One disappeared into a house. The house was surrounded and we marched on.

One morning on a patrol march at the end of a street near a brick yard, which was empty, we met a large group equipped with revolutionary posters. Seemingly they hesitated, not being sure whether they should attack us, or flee. But, instead of attacking, they fled and attempted to escape into the empty brick yard but they had to go through clay, ditches and pits. It was late in the fall. The clay was frozen on the top but did not hold the weight of a man. Some got through and some got stuck in the clay. Here again the brick yard was put under guard and we marched on with the prisoners and delivered our catch of fish to a large camp. One Sunday morning we received an emergency call to surround a certain Catholic church, with our rifles ready to shoot. There we stayed several hours but we soldiers could not find out what the reason was for this emergency call. Anyway, we did not bother much about it. Our task was to obey orders and to perform our service faithfully. It was a cold fall day in the year 1905 and we froze plenty at that church. At that time we heard people talk about a so-called "Black Hundred" that would come to the city and massacre people. Seemingly the revolutionaries wanted to stir up the people and cause a panic. The talk about it became more intense and the people became more and more excited and restless. One afternoon after returning from a march to our quarters we had dinner and then we proceeded to clean our rifles. Exactly at four the factories in the city began to blow their whistles. This was the signal that the "Black Hundred" was coming. (Tshorne sotnja). People were so terrified that they stormed out of the factories in a panic, for everybody wanted to get home first to his own. There was a frightful confusion in the streets. It was a terrible sight in the city. The streets were crowded with people. Some climbed over fences. Some got hung on the fences. The hair and clothes of some women were torn apart, and so forth. The factories were blowing their whistles and the people were screaming and roaring. To protect themselves against the "Black Hundred" many took various weapons in their hands as fire hooks, clubs, pieces of iron and other similar things. We received orders to march out into the streets with rifles loaded ready to shoot and we could only, with much effort, get to the streets. Any person found with a weapon was taken. The mounted Cossacks simply rode through and woe unto him who fell under the horse's feet. When the Cossacks saw that anyone had a weapon in his hand to strike someone, he was grabbed and tied to the horse. Whoever looked suspicious was arrested and taken to the prisoner's camp. It took several hours for the city to become quiet but a "Black Hundred" was not seen.

In view of the situation the commander of that city was considered too

mild and was replaced by a certain General Kasnakov. This man had no mercy. Since the city was under martial law, any person under suspicion was arrested and shot or hanged. I also had to stand guard in the court yard where the gallows were erected.

One evening the choir of the Baptist church wanted to practice, for which every member had to get permission. On the way home some heard bullets buzzing through the air, but, thanks to God, everybody arrived home safely. At home one man took his handkerchief out of his pocket and noticed that there was something wrapped up tight in the corner of the handkerchief. He unwrapped it and found a bullet that had gone through the coat unnoticed and wrapped itself in the handkerchief.

In the neighboring city, Pabianitze the examination of recruits took place and new troops were mobilized. A number of soldiers, including myself, were sent there to keep order. The military medical commission met in a large building, in the upper story, to examine the troops. The order was given that no one was permitted to look down from the upper story through an open window. An officer made a speech to the people in the large yard, and the people became rather restless. The officer started to go upstairs, a window was open, and one of the recruits stuck his bottom out through the window to the passing officer, and quickly went away. When the officer, who was accompanied by a soldier, ordered him to shoot, another recruit went to the window to see who was there, and he mistakenly received the bullet and fell down dead. He was a German and was innocent in this matter. His parents were notified. They came, and what a scene of woe and lamentation took place, and what crying, especially by the mother, who took her dead son home. After the examination of the recruits was over, we returned to our headquarters in Lodz; to that restless, turbulent nest.

One day one of our soldiers went, according to order, with a loaded rifle to a store to buy something for himself. One passer-by shot him in the face. The soldier's face was covered with blood and at that moment he could not see anything. Frightened, he started to shoot in any direction. Whether somebody was hit I did not know.

During the time we stayed in Lodz to guard that city it was possible for me to visit the Baptist Church only twice. That was our mother church at Navrot Street, Number 27. We did not dare to go out without a loaded rifle so I had to go with the rifle to the church. The picture of this church can be seen on page 155 in the History of the Baptists in Poland, written by Edward Kupsch. After the end of the war with Japan on September 5, 1905 the revolutionary movements also stopped in the large cities; then we moved back to our barracks in Lowitz.

The next year, 1906 if I am right, in the month of September my service was over and so, provided with my military documents, I went home. I was glad that I could return with honor my rifle, Number 58845, which had been entrusted to me during my service.

While at Lowitz where I served last, I was once granted a few days' leave of absence and I went home for a Sunday. I had about sixteen miles to walk from the railroad station. It was a beautiful spring night when I marched home. I felt lonesome but I remember how the birds, especially the nightingales, were singing their glorious melodies. They were my companions. I arrived home in Poltanitze Sunday morning early. My parents and my sisters were still sleeping soundly. The joy of meeting my parents and my sisters was great. When it was time we all went together to the meetings at Dzeschulitze, and what a joyous meeting it was with young and old brothers and sisters in the Lord.

When I returned home for good, after service, I found everything in order. My sisters, who had learned the weaving business from me, had had a few difficulties in my absence, but they got by. I again set up a weaving loom and carried on the weaving business. On week-days I worked behind the weaving loom and Sundays I ministered the Word here and there. In the last years, in addition to the station Dzeschulitze, a meeting place was also secured in the city of Belchatow, so we usually went in the forenoon to Dzeschulitze and in the afternoon to Belchatow.

When I was twenty six years old I thought it was time to look around for a life partner to start my own home. But I looked at the choice of a life partner as something more serious than my companions did. Two accounts of marriage in the Bible were exemplary stories to me. One was the story of Isaac (Genesis 24) and the second, the story of Tobias in the Apocryphal books. I made the choice of my life partner a matter of prayer. Besides, I read in a mission periodical a serious and wonderful marriage story of a missionary in the heathen world. After praying to God, he made his intention known by mail, to a deacon of his home church. He wrote that they should, through united prayer and casting of lots, choose a life partner for him from the church and if she gave her consent, they were to send her to him. The deacons came to an agreement in this matter and the chosen bride also agreed to this plan and they sent her to him, and there the marriage ceremony was performed by another missionary. Both lived a happy life on the mission field.

During the days when I prayed about this matter, I decided that after casting the lot, I first would propose to that girl and if she would not be willing to join me in marriage, I would call it off, even if the lot had fallen on her.

This took place in February, 1907. I worked as usual with my sisters till ten at night behind the weaving loom. I suggested that my sisters should go to bed and nobody knew what I had in mind. If I am right, I read again the two love stories I had mentioned and then the verse in Proverbs 16:33, "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord". I knelt down and prayed earnestly to God for direction. I arose after my earnest prayer and prepared to cast the lot. Then I knelt down again and told the Lord about this. "Lord, the lot will be cast in the lap, but according to Thy Word the disposing of it is of the Lord, so let me know through this casting of the lot which Thou hast appointed as a life partner for me. Lord, Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Amen." I arose from my knees and looking up to the Lord, I drew the name, Maria Zozman. "Lord, Thy will be done as in heaven, so on earth." I knelt down again and thanked God for His direction and leading and asked the Lord to continue to direct and lead me in this matter. Now it was up to Maria and her parents to give their consent to my proposition. Maria was at first my Sunday School pupil and later, with me as superintendent, a Sunday School teacher. Now she should be my life partner! It was a wonderful leading of the Lord.

Now let us see how the Lord was leading in this matter. One evening when my sisters and also Maria and I came home from choir practice I invited her to come into our house for awhile. She and I stopped in the vestibule and I related to her the whole story of my matrimonial intentions through prayer and casting of lots. I told her that now it would depend on her parents and herself to make a decision. Naturally, as might have been expected, my dear Maria was startled and at first was quiet. Further, I said, that if she would give her consent then I would also speak to her parents about it. But, if not, then I would not even talk to her parents, but call it off. When I asked her for a decision she said yes, on condition that her parents would agree to it. I also told her that she should

tell her parents about it so that they could think it over. They were our neighbors, so I went over one evening and put the whole matter before them as I had done to their daughter. They also were very much surprised. What made it especially difficult for the parents was that if Maria would get married then they would have to give up farming because their son had gone to Germany to work and had not returned. The younger daughter, Natalie was only 14 years old. Taking all this into consideration it was self-evident that it was not easy for the parents to give their consent to our plans. I told them that I would leave it to their own free will to give their consent or not. If they felt that they could not give their consent, we would still be good friends. I felt that I should be clear from my oath before God. "Then", said the dear parents, "if you are convinced that it is the Lord's will, we will not interfere. The will of the Lord be done." Then I could say with Abraham's pious servant when he bargained for a bride for Isaac, his master's son, "The Lord hath prospered my way". Genesis 24:56.

When our preacher, H. Pufahl from Petrikau visited our station for a Sunday, we celebrated our engagement. This was on Sunday evening, June 16, 1907, in the house of my chosen bride. On each of the next three Sundays the announcement was made at the close of the meetings. Then, on Wednesday, July 10 we celebrated our wedding. Many guests were invited to our wedding, so there was a lot of work with the preparation for it. The preacher, Brother Pufahl said that some time ago he had married my parents, and now he had the privilege of marrying their son. The second preacher at our wedding was my uncle, my mother's brother, Julius Krueger. The wives of both of these preachers were also at the wedding. The pictures of both of these preachers are in the History of the German Baptists in Poland, written by Edward Kupsch, on pages 151 and 165.

The marriage ceremony took place in our meeting hall in the colony Dzeschulitze at six o'clock in the evening. The unforgotten text chosen by the preacher was Psalm 84:11-12. The weather for our wedding and marriage ceremony was beautiful. After the meals the wedding guests could enjoy themselves in the yard and the lawn behind the barn. Besides various songs and poems that were sung and recited, some games were played. I did not take much interest in the games but my bride, slim and light on her feet, jumped around like a young goat. One game, I remember was called, "Kid, come into the garden." On the third day our wedding celebration came to an end. These were pleasant days for the beginning of our married life. They are gone, never to return but, thanks be to God for His grace, guidance and help to this day.

Previously, in 1902 when in the spring my parents-in-law had come to Poltanitze and had become my parent's neighbors on the north side, Maria had been only 12 years old and I was then 21. I was Sunday School superintendent and she was my pupil. At that time I did not dream that she would become my life partner, and nobody else thought of it either. O, wonderful ways of God!

My parents-in-law had, on the east side of their house, two rooms vacant so after the wedding, we moved into those rooms. We received a few wedding gifts from our guests, but it was not the custom there to shower young couples with gifts as it is here. After we had settled down, I carried my weaving loom over from my parents' home, put it up and continued to carry on the trade I had learned. Mama had to get busy too and besides her housework, she helped me in my weaving business. First she had to spool for me and later I also taught her weaving. My father-in-law had the most necessary furniture made to order by a cabinet maker. Till that time we had only one or two chairs from our parents-in-law. As much as I can remember, in the first days after the wedding, when we ate I sat on my small soldier's trunk which I had brought along from military service.

In regard to matters of God's kingdom, we, from the beginning talked it over and agreed to give ten percent of our net income to the Lord's work, which never robbed us. The Lord, though we had to endure some affliction, wonderfully helped us through and blessed us.

Now I would like to insert a little history of mother's parents and grandparents.

Mother's grandparents from father's side

Grandfather Johann (John) Zozman, had lived somewhere in West Poland about 1850. Grandmother's name was Anna Julianna nee Zipke. These grandparents were Lutherans. They came from a place unknown to me, to the colony Koroblev. In that colony I had served as a cowherd. See Page 2.

Mother's grandparents from mother's side

Grandfather's name was Johann (John) Slamma. Grandmother's name was Maria nee Schebesta. These grandparents were Czechs and lived in the Czech city of Selov, district of Lask, Poland.

Mother's father, Ernest Zozman, was born March 29, 1855 in Koroblev, of Lask, Poland. His father had died before he was born. The leaders of the Lutheran Church at that time impressed it upon the people that if a child died unbaptized the soul of that child became a lost, wandering light in space. As the children of Israel had to be circumcised on the eighth day, so the children of Christians should be baptized on the eighth day. Because mother's father looked very weak after his birth, he was christened on the second day.

Mother's mother, Caroline Slamma, was born on the 16th of February, 1854 in the colony Ignaszov near Selov, district of Lask, Poland. She died January 24, 1932 in Przebeluchu, near Sarno, Poland. (formerly Germany) Mother's father died January 16, 1945 when the Russians, during the second world war bombarded Belchatow and vicinity in Poland. As it was mentioned the grandfather had died before mother's father was born, and the grandmother died when father was only five years old. His oldest brother, Ferdinand Zozman, took over his parents' farm with everything that was on it and also took the responsibility for his youngest brother, mother's father. But Uncle Ferdinand mistreated his little brother and when he was old enough to claim his share of the inheritance, he grossly cheated him. It was rumored about that he received only about 100 rubles. (\$50).

(~~1877~~-78) When mama's father was 21 years old, he had to serve in the army. About 1876 war broke out between Russia and Turkey, so father had to go to war where he lost part of his health. He was with the cannons which were, at that time, transported by horses. Many a soldier in the Turkish mountains fell down headlong with horse and cannon and was crushed to death. Since his brother Ferdinand had treated him badly, he had no real home to go to. After the military service he went to the large city of Lodz and looked for work there. Though he was Lutheran, in Lodz he went on Sundays to the Baptist Church. There, through God's grace, he was converted, was baptized and joined the Baptist Church.

At that time he became acquainted with the Czech young maiden, Caroline Slamm (mother's mother) who also was converted, baptized and had joined the Baptist Church. He became engaged with this maiden and on August 29, 1881 they celebrated their wedding. They were married in the Baptist Church by preacher K. Ondra. The picture of this preacher and the Baptist Church at Navrot Street,

Number 27 is on pages 153 and 155 in the History of the Baptists in Poland, written by Edward Kupsch.

On account of father's health they moved out into the country to his home colony, Koroblev. There they lived only a short time. From there they moved to the colony of Schlobnitze about 35 verst (about 24 miles) southwest. There father bought a small farm. Because they had debts on that small piece of land mother, for several years, went to Lodz whereshe had worked before in a factory and worked there during the winter. For the ~~summer~~ she returned home to the small farm. Father then kept house alone during the winter with his small children.

The Baptists in the colony were hated and persecuted by the Lutherans. One day father and another brother visited a family in which the wife was converted and a member of the Baptists but the husband was Lutheran. They talked with one another about salvation in Christ and other Biblical truths. The consequence was that the master of the house took a cane and beat both guests out of the house. Father claimed that because he was the first at the door and he had on a thick coat, he did not feel it as much as his companion. Father said that this was the first time in his life that he, as a Baptist, was beaten out of a house.

The first children which were born there died in early childhood. They brought up three. The oldest son, Gustav, who was born in Slobnitz on June 9, 1886 died in Germany November 21, 1953 at the age of 67. When he was 18 years old he went with a group of workers to Germany and did not return home. Later he married there a young lady, Katharine Kabe. To them a son, Ernest was born and two daughters, Else and Eva. The son is in Germany and the daughters ~~is~~ in the U. S. A. ~~Mamma~~ was also born in the colony Slobnitz, February 28, 1890. Her only sister, Natalie was born January 9, 1893 in Slobnitz. She lives at present in Germany.

Mother's parents came from Slobnitz in the spring of 1902 to the colony Poltanitze and became my parents' next door neighbors. At that time I was Sunday school superintendent in Dzeschulitze and Zozman's little Maria and her little sister Natalie became my Sunday school pupils. Who would have thought at that time that little Maria Zozman would become Emil Bonikowsky's wife? In the same year, 1902, I had to join the army. After our marriage the parents-in-law sold their farm and moved 14 verst (about 10 miles) farther to the Czech city of Selov. There they bought a large house and several building lots. The living rooms that they did not use, they rented out and father worked in the city on buildings.

When I was in the ministry in the church at Krobanosh-Cholm in the east of Poland and the first world war broke out in 1914 my parents-in-law in Selov were told that preachers also were drafted into military service and they worried about Maria and her four little children. Grandfather at once decided to visit us. On account of the war it was rather difficult to travel but he, as an old soldier, ventured out and through all the difficulties arrived safely. But he had to make a long detour by railroad. When grandfather was with us, the Germans advanced and took the place where grandfather lived. Consequently he could not go back to his home. And when, the next year, on July 9th we were exiled into the interior of Russia, grandfather had to go along with us. When, after the end of the war the roads were again somewhat open to travel, in spite of difficulties, some prepared to return to their homes. The war was over but within the country the civil war began. Some, nevertheless, took a chance and started to drive home. From our church at Krobanoch, Poland one family got ready to leave so grandfather went along with them. Mother prepared all sorts of baked goods for grandfather's journey and so on Christ's ascension day, 1919, our loved ones drove off. In the country here and there the civil war was raging. Though enduring a lot of hard-

ship on the way, they got through with horse and wagon and after about four months, arrived home safely. After resting a while at brother Schmalz's home, with whom he had made the trip, he proceeded on his journey home to his own in Selov. He found grandmother and aunt Natalie happy and safe in their home.

Grandfather did not want to stay in Poland after the war. He sold his house and moved to Bromberg in East Germany. But when later through the Versailles treaty, this place was annexed to Poland, he again came under the Polish government. The Poles then confiscated the Germans' property in their newly acquired territory. The grandparents then lost all their possessions and became destitute over night. The Polish government assigned to them a living place with a Pole in the country. This Pole made it miserable for them. Their living quarters were close to a cowbarn and the refuse flowed out right under their doorsteps. We can imagine how they felt about it.

Often when they bought some fuel, it was stolen from the yard where they had to keep it. They were mostly dependent for a living on their daughter, Natalie, who worked as a seamstress. At harvest time old father tried to help a little by gleaning in the stubble on the fields after the harvest was taken in. When she did not have enough work at home, Natalie went out to do housework to earn something. Another setback occurred for the grandparents when grandfather was chopping wood and a splinter injured one eye. First the sight of one eye was lost and later also the sight of the other. So he had to live the rest of his life in darkness. Grandmother, who already was sickly, suffered more and more through all this sorrow and grief. These were hard years for the grandparents and Natalie. After much suffering, grandmother died January 24, 1932 in her miserable home, but with faith in the Lord Who took her to the Heavenly Home.

In 1936 Natalie, with her blind father moved back to our home city Belchatow. In Belchatow living conditions improved somewhat for her and her blind father. Through work, diligence and thrift she could save enough to acquire a small house free of debt.

In 1939 the second terrible world war broke out. When Hitler took Poland over business was much better in Poland. Natalie could save a little money. But in January, 1945 the Russians with their beastly army pushed ahead in Poland and the German army had to retreat. Grandfather at that time was seriously ill and Natalie saw that his life was coming to an end. In view of this fact and the fact that the Russians were coming nearer, she took care in advance that a casket was made for her dying father. When the German army was retreating the German inhabitants became more and more restless for fear of the approaching Russians, and all prepared to flee towards the west. We can hardly imagine what terrible days these were for Natalie. Father became constantly weaker and could no longer help himself. She had to turn and lift him whenever he was in need of it. Through all this lifting and turning of her father, she was so overworked that her strength gave out. She could hear the thundering of the Russian cannons and finally, amid the thunder of the cannons the Lord loosed the bands of father's suffering and took him home January 16, 1945. He had reached the age of 89 years, 9 months and 18 days.

With the retreat of the German army the German inhabitants also moved along. But Natalie, looking up to the Lord in prayer, determined not to flee until she had first buried her father, come what may. The soul of the father fled away from all the pain and misery. He was Home, but she wanted to lay his body to rest, decently. Now she questioned: "Who can help me?" "Who will dig the grave?" All of the Germans were gone and the Poles were the most brutal, open enemies of

the Germans. The cemetery where my father and my grandfather from mother's side were buried was about three miles away. How could she transport the corpse to that cemetery and bury it? The questions troubled her. She cried to God for direction and courage. An old Polish woman had a merciful heart. She advised her to go to the Polish gravedigger, and offer him money to dig the grave for her. She went to him, asked him, offering him pay, and he dug the grave for her father. She was glad and thanked God for it. But now, how could she take the body there for burial? A Polish believing brother in Christ came out of a hiding place, and like Joseph of Arimathea, helped her. John 19:38. This man had a small hand wagon. They put the body on the wagon; he pulled and Natalie pushed the wagon and slowly under the thundering of the Russian cannons they arrived safely at the cemetery. But there they saw that they were not able to let the casket with the body down into the grave. Natalie was too weak to help. She went with tears in her eyes and a throbbing heart to the next village and begged two men to help her to bury her father. Two Polish men showed mercy and went with her and finally the body of the dear, old father was committed to its place of rest. Natalie, according to custom, threw three hand fulls of earth on the lid of the casket and together they filled the grave with earth. The Polish brother prayed at the grave and they went home. So the dear grandfather, after enduring pain, sorrow and grief went to the Eternal Rest of God's people for which he had yearned for a long time.

But dear Natalie, who had sacrificed herself for her parents, first to support them, and then to bury them, was now, after the Germans had fled and the Russians were in the city, at the mercy of the Russians and Poles. Father was gone, and in three days house, clothes, and everything else she had acquired through hard work, was robbed. She was chased out and almost beaten to death. The Bible, which she wanted to keep as an inheritance from her parents, was demolished on her head. The Germans, if there were any left were not allowed to use the railroad or any other means of transportation. Neither could they ride along with someone else. They were exposed to destruction.

Now she did not know what to do. Once in a while she went to the cemetery and tried to converse with her father, for she remembered while he was on his sick bed he had called her a ministering angel of God. Though she had lost everything, as she wrote to us, she did not lose her hold on the Heavenly Father. When she was followed by persecutors and in fear, did not know which way to turn, some well-meaning Pole took her in and hid her from the persecutors. After the death of father, she still remained in Belchatow about a year.

Then she found a well-meaning Pole who for pay in February, 1946 took her secretly, pretending that she was his wife, to the German border. Her destination was Bremen, where her Brother Gustav lived. Due to the demolished railroads her trip lasted about four weeks. It was a sad, in fact, a terrible trip. Her body and nerves were practically ruined from the beatings she had received from the Poles. On this long journey since windows and doors of the railroad coaches were broken or altogether knocked out, snow drifted in. She was day and night exposed to wind and cold. She caught a bad cold. But finally she arrived at her brother's in Bremen. But since Bremen was so over crowded with fugitives, she could stay in that city only two weeks. With much effort a small room was found for her in the country not too far from the city. So much for the family history of mother, of her parents and grandparents.

As it was already mentioned on page 29, after our wedding we moved to my parents-in-law. November 17, 1908 our first child, Erich, was born in the colony Poltanitze. He was a beautiful, plump child and afforded us great joy from the time of his birth to his early death. Not only we rejoiced over our little son, but also our parents from both sides.

After a few weeks I received a request from our former preacher, Brother Truderung, that I should become his co-worker. In the meantime he had moved to Warsaw. In recent years he had done a great deal for me. He wanted me to visit the station Podole on a Sunday and minister the Word there. This station was located at the river Vistula, about 70 verst (close to 50 miles) from Warsaw. This was a surprise to me.

Brother Truderung sought me out to be the assistant at several stations of his church. Since Podole was the largest station with a church, a personage and a few acres of land for the preacher, he wanted me to live in Podole and from there serve other stations. I accepted his invitation, and one Sunday ministered the Word of God there. On the way back, I stopped at Warsaw. As I learned from Brother Truderung the matter had already been discussed with the brethren in Podole. If I would accept the call I could just move there. Brother Truderung then talked details over with me about this mission field. We committed the whole matter to the Lord in prayer and asked Him for guidance. Then I went home. When I arrived home and it became known that I intended to move to Podole all our church members became disturbed and dissatisfied. They tried every possible way to keep me from going, and to induce me to stay and minister the Word to them, especially in the city of Belchatow. The few members even tried to raise some financial support for me. One Sunday afternoon the whole matter became so serious that I did not know what to do. I prayed to the Lord for guidance. Then I proposed to the assembly to appoint two brethren who would cast lots and we would pray unanimously to the Lord that He should show us, through the casting of lots, whether I should stay or go to Podole. The brethren prepared the lots. We knelt down and prayed. It was a heart-rending prayer. We arose and looking up to the Lord, I said, "Lord, Thy will be done." I drew the lot in favor of Podole. So the matter was decided. I was going to Podole. I will never forget the bidding of farewell from my dear parents, brothers, sisters and friends and my home place. Here both my physical and spiritual births had taken place. In the month of March, 1909 under God's gracious leading, we moved.

Besides Podole I had to minister to four other places. Podole was in a valley at the Vistula river, about 70 verst (about 49 miles) south of Warsaw. The river rises in the Carpathian mountains in Austria. The valley at the Vistula river was protected by a high dam. In the spring when the sun was rising over the high mountains and the snow on the mountains started to thaw, there was always danger of a flood. At that time guards were placed on the dam at a certain distance from each other. One year it happened to be on a Sunday when I was preaching that the message came: Danger at the Vistula river! All the men had to go with horses, wagons, spades, axes and other equipment. After dinner, I also went to the dam about two miles distance. I was shocked when I saw that the water was several feet higher than the surface of the land and the dam was vibrating from the streaming water and the floating icebergs.

At one place the force of the river water shifted sideways and started to tear away the dam. With all might and means the men worked to divert the river from that place. At the same time a new piece of dam was being constructed. Fifteen feet long willow branches, which were kept on hand, were tied together and filled with stones. They were let down into the river at the place where the water began to tear the dam. With God's help the many men succeeded to protect the old dam and divert the river from that place and also to construct a new piece. In the spring, when it started to thaw, sometimes such high icebergs were floating that when such an iceberg struck the dam it wrapped up everything that was there, even thick trees and with everything came over the dam. Otherwise, this was a beautiful country and the ground was very fruitful.

Besides general farming, much fruit was produced on the same land. The inhabitants were Lutherans, Baptists and a few Jewish families.

One year several were converted to the Lord, most of them being Lutherans and one Catholic young man, who had hired himself out as a farmhand to a Baptist brother. When the Catholic young man was spiritually awakened, he came to our house one evening with a Lutheran young man who also was spiritually awakened and asked me to pray with them, that they might find peace. When I saw that they were truly concerned and desired with their whole hearts to have salvation in Christ I read several portions from the Bible which pointed to Christ as the Savior. I prayed with them repeatedly. The Lutheran young man soon experienced salvation in Christ, but the Catholic young man could not grasp it. With him, Mother and I prayed till late at night and together we read various Bible passages but he could not get hold of it. We could see clearly how Satan wanted to keep him and not give him up. He cried in his prayers and beat with his hands to the right and to the left as if Satan were literally standing at his side and holding him. He cried and said, "Satan, depart from me. I will not serve Thee any longer." Finally, while we were on our knees praying to God for the salvation of this young man, he could grasp salvation through faith. The peace of God came into his heart. He jumped up from his knees and called out loudly, "Rejoice with me for I received the Savior in my heart. He came into my heart." While, before, when he was struggling, his face looked distorted, now with a peaceful, radiant face he literally looked like a new-born child. O, children, this was a blessed night for Mother and myself, that we could spend with these two seeking young men until they, through living faith, could receive Jesus as their personal Savior. We thanked the Lord that in that night He used us as instruments in His hand. Constrained by saving grace and joy we again fell on our knees and thanked the Lord for the salvation of these souls. This experience in that night I shall never forget.

O, blessed hours with Jesus spent
Who to the cross as God's Lamb went.
O, blessed minutes. O, moments of light
We experience in Jesus in the darkest night.

The father of the Catholic young man who had accepted the Lord as his Savior wanted to stab his son to death with a knife. One Sunday the father came and waited for his son in front of the church. When the service was over and the people went out of the church they told the son about it. The son then went out through a rear door of the church. The father noticed it and went after the son. The son walked slowly and the father also walked slowly after him. The son began to speak to the father and related to him what God had done for his soul. And so they walked, the son in front and the father behind him with a knife, till they came to the place where the son was serving as a farmhand. The son then walked into the yard and the father went his way.

One Sunday morning the master of the house sent his servant with the carriage to the river Vistula to call for guests. He had to drive by his parents' home. The father and the other sons stopped him and took him by force into their house and there he received first a severe thrashing from his father and brothers and then they bound him and tied him to a bedpost. He told his father that if they wanted to keep him there bound, then they should drive and call for the guests who were coming from Warsaw. His prayer that he sent up to God while he was tied to the bedpost made such an impression on his parents and brothers that they untied him and let him drive on. He also wanted to follow the Lord Jesus in baptism, but in order not to cause more disturbance he went out of the way to Warsaw and there he was baptized by the preacher, O. Truderung. In spite of hatred, mockery and persecution he remained faithful as a true witness of the Lord Jesus.

Because he could also speak German, he could testify in both languages about what the Lord had done for him.

On that mission field I once had an unpleasant experience. Several weeks before a trip into another province a murder was committed in the holy city of Czenstochow. A Catholic priest had carried on a love affair with another man's wife and then murdered the man. First, the priest prepared the man for his death and then killed him with a hatchet. With the help of a sworn Catholic they put the corpse in a big box and sunk it in a river. When the water was rising, the box with the corpse came up to the surface. Through investigation and questioning the murderer was discovered, and the priest was arrested. The priest had a servant whose name was Matzoch. He was also reported to have been involved in the murder and sworn to keep quiet. He had disappeared and the police were looking for him. It was told me that this vanished Matzoch and I looked somewhat alike. I agreed, when I also saw his picture. On a mission trip I arrived at night in the fortress city, Ivangorod. I had to wait there for another train to travel farther. It was a cold, fall night and it was very cool in the waiting room. I put my bundles down and walked back and forth. I soon noticed that a policeman kept a sharp eye on me. All at once, without asking any questions, he ordered me to take my bundles and go with him. I refused and told him that I was waiting for a train to Radom. He said that there was plenty of time for the train and so I had to go along. I asked him where. Then he said, "You will find out." For fear that perhaps I could throw a bomb he did not come near me. When I was outside he said to me, "Na pravo" (right). After I had gone a little ways to the right I saw the sign above the door. Police Department! I knew then that I was arrested and under suspicion. Inside I saw three more policemen looking at me accusingly. They cross-examined me with questions. Searching through my traveling bag they felt something round, wrapped in paper. One said, "What, a bomb?" I said, "No bomb, only an apple." When they looked over my papers and read the certificate from the governor and saw that I was a Baptist preacher, and that everything was in good order they spoke more friendly to me. I asked them why they had searched me. Then they told me that I resembled Matzoch, the servant of the priest who committed the murder. They excused themselves and let me go.

A sad incident happened while we lived at Podole. Our dear principal preacher in Warsaw, Brother Oscar Truderung was taken from us at the early age of 34 years. We celebrated a song festival at our station in Podole to which the choir from Warsaw and the preacher were invited and they all came. Brother Truderung was already sickly but he preached for us on that occasion and also directed his choir. After the festival he and the choir members returned home by steamer but he had to go to bed immediately. In the next days, the conference took place near Warsaw at the church in Kondrajetz. I went to the conference and having to go through Warsaw, I stopped to see Brother Truderung to find out about his health and whether he was going to the conference. I was terrified when I saw Brother Truderung in bed sick unto death and in spite of the doctor's care, looking bad. I could not converse with him much. The last words I heard from his lips were: "O, there is so much work to do for the Lord."

I went away to the conference. The next morning, when we met for a conference session, the chairman proposed that we remember our very sick Brother Truderung in our united prayer. Very earnest and heart-moving prayers went up to God's throne of grace. The whole conference was kneeling. While we were praying it seemed to me as if a voice said to me, "A change will follow." I looked at my watch and noticed the time when we prayed. The next conference day, when we again met in the morning, we heard the shocking message that Brother Truderung had already passed away.

O, what a shock it was to the whole conference. Judging from man's standpoint, Brother Truderung was irreplaceable, to the work in Warsaw and the conference district. In Warsaw he had ministered the Gospel in the German, Polish and when necessary, in the Russian language. He had edited several Christian papers in the German and also in the Polish languages, and sent them out. At that time all addresses had to be written by hand. The Lord had taken His faithful servant in the midst of his life work and from his family of six minor children. The dear Brother Truderung had done so much for me in training and preparing me for the ministry! I especially missed him since I had become his assistant and co-worker. His picture is in the History of the Baptists in Poland, page 191. He died May 26, 1910.

At Podole Oscar and Erwin were born. Since I had to serve six places and they were far apart, I had to travel often and was seldom home.

Near one of my stations lived a Lutheran family. The woman had a strong desire to speak to me and arranged with one of our families to have me visit them if possible, before Sunday. When I arrived there and was informed about it, there was not much time left. A young brother and I immediately started out by foot. When we arrived there I saw that the woman was hungry for the Word of God. She asked me various questions about the Bible. We spent very edifying hours in that house, but we were hungry and became more hungry while we were there. Besides, we had to walk back. She had just baked fresh bread and did it smell wonderful! She boiled coffee and put the pot of coffee on the table in the kitchen. But there were so many flies in the kitchen that we had to watch them while we were talking lest they would get lost and fly into our mouths. The woman was willing to serve us. She herself poured coffee into glasses and soon several flies were swimming in the coffee. The woman saw this but it did not bother her. It seemed to me that this was the customary thing. What should I do? I was hungry. The woman was strange to me and I did not risk taking a stand against those flies. I wanted to win her to the Lord. I then blew the swimming flies aside, drank the coffee and ate the plain fresh bread. Thanks to God and my tough nature, I could overcome all this. Before we started for home we read a portion from the Word of God and prayed together and I believe that the seed of the Word of God sown in that home did not remain fruitless.

I learned to love this place of Podole, and all the other places which were assigned to me, where I reaped many a blessing. Three years I ministered on this field.

Then I received a call from the church at Krobanosch-Chelm in the guberniya of Lublin. I accepted that call after thorough consideration and prayer. It was in March, 1912 when we moved. Krobanosch, my second field, was a new congregation organized about a year before. Five stations separated from the mother church at Zezulin and became independent. There was no church building and no parsonage. The church bought a few acres of land from a brother and when we arrived there, they began to build a church and a parsonage. In the meantime the meetings were held in an old building which formerly belonged to the estate of a nobleman. We lived with a certain Brother B. Schmalz. One day I went to the building place to see how they were progressing. I had a common cap on my head. Two brothers met me and told me to go back and put a hat on and then return. Good or bad, I had to go back and change my head gear. The chief builder was a Lutheran and the other men were members of our church.

On the land that the church had bought was a part of the fruit garden which at one time had belonged to a nobleman before his land was subdivided.

In that fruit garden the church and the parsonage was being built. The garden and the land was given to us for our own use. One brother had the responsibility to see to it that the land was cultivated and planted for the preacher. We could keep two cows and one pig. In the fall of the same year the church, parsonage, stall and barn were finished. At this main station I preached on the first Sunday of every month. One brother was assigned to care for my transportation to the other stations.

I was not yet formally ordained for the ministry so preparations were made to ordain me in connection with the dedication of the church which was solemnly performed September 15, 1912. For this celebration two other preachers were invited, F. Brauer from Warsaw and K. Lach from Kicin. My text for the first sermon after my ordination was taken from Amos 7:14-19. A large number of people gathered for this celebration, so that the church was overcrowded. The dedication prayers of these old preachers - I call them Patriarchs - made such a heart-moving impression upon me that I will never forget them. Both are in Eternity. Brother K. Lach died suddenly while traveling in August 1914, at the time the first world war broke out. Brother F. Brauer died during the second world war in 1945, on his way to Germany as a fugitive. The picture of K. Lach is in the History of the Baptists of Poland on page 165 and that of F. Brauer on page 259. The church could not hold all the audience but there was enough room in the beautiful fruit garden around the church. God gave us beautiful weather for that day so that the windows could be open and everybody outside could hear.

In view of the fact that I had only a poor elementary school education and only private theological training, I did not want to push myself into the ministry.

At my conversion when I prayed to God for forgiveness of my sins, I promised that if He would save me and give me peace in my heart, I would be willing to serve Him if it were His holy will to use me in his vineyard. Now through this official call into the service I could see that the Lord wanted me to serve Him full time. Therefore, the Lord through His spirit and His messenger, Brother Truderung, called me away from the weaving loom and sent me to serve Him as He did with Amos. As the prophet Amos was sure that the Lord had called and sent him, so I was sure that the Lord had called me and sent me into His service. This is why I chose the text for my ordination sermon from Amos 7:14-16. Since my confession of faith and other statements about my call into the ministry were satisfactory and accepted by the two above-mentioned witnesses of the Lord, they laid their hands on me and with prayer ordained me for the ministry.

Once I took a mission trip with the elder of my church, Brother Ch. Drat to a neighboring church. There in the colony Mogelnitze, a station of the church at Zezulin, was a farm which at one time belonged to the First German Baptist preacher in Poland, Gottfried Alf. Brother Drat told me that the buildings which were still standing were the same that the old preacher had built himself. He showed me the place in the house where he had, after an accident taken his last breath. This happened on the 18th of December, 1898. This dear Brother Alf had been the first Baptist preacher and also the first Baptist in Poland and he had suffered a great deal for the sake of the Gospel. I wanted Brother Drat, who had so often traveled with him, to show me his living place, the place of his death and also his resting place at the cemetery. First we looked the model buildings over, which he himself had built, then the rooms inside, also. We looked at the gate through which he had driven the last time without an inkling of what would happen on his way back through the gate. As

he drove through the gate with a loaded wagon the horses became skittish, jumped to one side and squeezed him between the wagon and the gate post and mangled him. He was carried into the house and in a short time, he died. Then we went to the cemetery to his grave. When we came near his grave as evening approached, Brother Drat took off his hat and called loudly with tears in his eyes: "Good evening, Brother Alf." Around his grave was an iron fence which Brother Drat had made with his own hands. At the grave he related to me several incidents from the life and work of Brother Alf. Brother Drat also said: "How low and lukewarm spiritual life is today in comparison to that time." Our hearts were touched. We prayed together and went our way. The picture of Brother Alf is in the History of the Baptists in Poland, page 61.

I took a longer trip to the west of Poland to collect money for our debt on our church. I came to the church in Kicin. This was one of the first Baptist churches in Poland. I ministered the Word there Sunday morning and Sunday afternoon. After the afternoon service the preacher of that church, Brother Lach received an invitation to a meeting that was conducted by a Lutheran missionary. This missionary was appointed by the pastor as an itinerate missionary. The meeting was to be held in the same colony, not far from the Baptist church. We went there. The missionary entered a little later. Instead of ministering the Word of God to the audience, he began to question the Baptist preacher as to why he was trying to persuade the Lutheran people to go to the Baptist church and to be baptized again. The Baptist preacher, Brother Lach, stood up and asked the people if there was one in the meeting who could testify to the fact that he had invited people to his church and then had attempted to persuade them to be baptized. A hot debate followed but none of his own people defended the missionary.

There was a brother at the meeting who not long before had been converted and baptized. This young man as a former assistant to the missionary arose and said the following, "I know that the missionary, Mr. So and So meant me more than anybody else. I was baptized by the Baptists but no Baptist persuaded me. You know, Mr. Missionary, that I was an enemy of the Baptists and at that time did not go to a Baptist church. When I, by the grace of God, was converted, I had questions about infant baptism. I did not first go to the Baptists for information about baptism, but I first searched the Bible and prayed to God for light and understanding. And then, you know, I asked you for information about baptism." Then, pointing towards the window, he continued, "You remember when one evening you and I stood a long time at that stone and I asked you for definite proof from the Bible in favor of infant baptism, but you could not show me any. It was up to me to answer my own questions. I read and searched the Bible and prayed and I saw that infant baptism had no Biblical ground. Then I decided to go to the Baptists to be baptized."

The missionary grappled for words but could not say anything definite in answer to what was said. He became rather excited and angry. Brother Lach stood up and said, "We were invited to this meeting to hear a sermon about the Word of God and not to quarrel and accuse one another." We wanted to leave the meeting. The missionary, though excited, tried to calm us and said that he would bring a message from the Word of God. We sat down again. He took a hymn-book and announced a song. Then he took the Bible and read a few verses and requested the audience to kneel for prayer. At the meeting was a woman whom the missionary knew who was seeking salvation and was occupied with questions about baptism. The missionary prayed but it was a terrible prayer. To my knowledge I had never heard a prayer like this before. It seemed to us that he wanted to let fire from heaven fall down on the Baptists. Finally he called loudly in his

prayer, pointing with his hand towards the aforementioned woman: "Lord, tell her. What Thou doest, do quickly. Amen". This prayer caused a rather cool sensation among the audience.

In view of the fact that this church in Kicin was one of the first Baptist churches in Poland, I was interested in everything that had taken place here. Here the first Baptists and Baptist preacher had worked many years, "fought the good fight", and had suffered for the sake of the gospel. The first preachers held their Bible schools and took their Bible courses here. The local preacher, Lach, led me around and showed me all these places. Among other things, he showed me a hill in the fruit garden where some time before, a house had stood in which the first meetings had taken place. On this hill stood a table at which the first three brethren met quietly at night to pray together because they had been in danger of losing their lives. Pointing to a hollow place he furthermore told me that there was the well from which the first persecuted believers quenched their thirst when they were hunted in the forest. My heart was touched with a holy awe when I saw all these places where our pioneers of faith in Poland had suffered persecution and affliction for the gospel's sake. In spite of all difficulties they had fought the good fight and had not become weary in carrying on the work of the Lord.

Our church, though young, had had unpleasant experiences with their former preacher but God gave grace so that we could get along well with the church. Once at harvest time I wanted to relieve a brother from driving me to another station to preach, so I decided to walk. I took a short cut over a meadow. At one place the ground was swampy. I took my shoes off, took them with my brief case in one hand and the umbrella in the other and so attempted to cross the swamp. But at one place the swamp broke and down I went almost to my armpits. The Lord was with me. By means of the umbrella I managed to get across though with great difficulty. Naturally, I was all wet and still had over a mile to walk to my destination. When I arrived there, I put on the deacon's clothes and the mother and her daughters cleaned and dried my clothes so that I could wear them Sunday morning. I ministered the Word Sunday morning and afternoon, but in the evening after we had sung a few songs in the house of the deacon where I stayed, I suddenly started to cough. Soon I had a fever and had to go to bed. Monday morning they packed me in blankets and drove me home. I had pneumonia and spent several weeks in bed. Thanks to God and the good care of my wife, and home remedies, I became well again.

Our daughter, Alma, was born at Krobanosch-Chelm, February 18, 1914. Our church there was located near a broad highway where there was much traffic. While we were living there the first world war broke out in August, 1914. On the first of August men had to report with their horses and wagons to the District city Chelm. There was a commotion, screaming and yelling on the streets as if the world were coming to an end. These were terrible days. Since we lived only about 70 verst (50 miles) from the Austrian border, we heard the thunder of the cannons coming from that direction. The highway which was only about two miles away was continually filled with all sorts of vehicles. A policeman came to a neighboring village one night and knocked on a window. The woman who lived in that house was so frightened that she died from that shock. My official position as a preacher had been confirmed by the governor but I did not yet have the certificate in my hand, so I also should have reported for military service. The southern Austrian war front was not far away from us and the Austrians were pushing ahead so the government was packing all the books and documents and was preparing to move. It was not easy for me to receive my certificate. But a brother who at one time served as a high police official and was acquainted with all the government offices promised a reward to an official and he searched

through the books which were already packed and found my certificate. I, at least, had my certificate that I was a preacher. Some of our brothers from the church were drafted and had to leave. Among them was a Sunday school teacher and one of the best singers. Before he went away he came to me and said: "I do not know whether I shall return from the war and step into our church again. I would like to pray with you in our church. It may be the last time." We went in and he went to the same place where he always sat as a singer, during the services. There we both knelt down and prayed earnestly to God. He went to the front, but God protected him in the midst of battle and he was taken to Germany as a prisoner of war. In the second year we, his wife, and all other Germans were exiled. After the war, his wife returned home, if I am right, in 1919 with her brother-in-law. Her husband also was released as a prisoner of war. He returned home, sold everything and went back to Germany. In Germany they became wealthy, but the second world war made them poor again. But they still lived by God's grace, in somewhat better circumstances.

After only a few days of war, wounded soldiers were brought to our city from the war front. In our colony people voluntarily baked and prepared food and donated milk for the wounded. I also rode along once and took part in the distribution of gifts. Again and again wounded ones arrived in the yard of the hospital and the newly prepared infirmaries. If one could walk, he stepped down from the truck himself and sat down on the ground until he was admitted. Others had to be carried off. O, what a terrible sight it was for us! There we saw one whose leg was torn off, another's arm was severed, a bullet had gone through another man's head and knocked an eye out. There they lay with first aid bands around them, wailing and screaming. I said, "When will the time come that nation will not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more?" Some of the wounded told us that they had lain three days and three nights on the field before they were taken away, and that in the heat of the summer. After they had received a little food and something to drink and first-aid treatment they were transported 30 to 40 verst (about 20 to 27 miles) on a horse-drawn vehicle, to the hospital. The Russians had to withdraw from the Austrian front so in our colony we also had to make room for troops. I had to clear my study to accommodate a doctor and two officers. The thundering of the cannons became stronger every day and it seemed as if the earth was trembling. The people went to work and dug trenches. I also dug a trench for us in the fruit garden. I made shelves in the walls for the purpose of hiding the most necessary food. The pit in the ground I covered with poles, branches and earth.

I want to mention here that in Krobanosch we had a beautiful fruit garden. When I opened the window in my study during the fruit season the apples were hanging in my window. In our garden we had twelve kinds of apples. The Poles did not have fruit trees in their village, so they came to our garden at night to steal fruit. The church had erected a high barbed wire fence on two sides of the garden. But on one side was a hedge and wire fence through which they came at night. One night I dreamed that fruit was being stolen from a certain tree. I woke up and thought it was only a dream, and fell asleep again. I dreamed the same the second time, and when I woke up in the morning I went to the garden, and indeed, fruit had been stolen from that tree.

In the first winter of the war we heard that the German army on the west front was advancing, and the Germans who lived not far from that front were being sent into the interior of Russia. It was not long until a family arrived from Podole where we had lived before. They were already banished. One day a Pole came to our yard with a corpse, with an order that I should bury the corpse because it belonged to the Baptists. I had to sign that I accepted the

corpse. The death of that child was already the result of the exile of the Germans from the west. That was also our fate a few months later. The German inhabitants became more and more restless until the order came that we should get ready to move. It was on the first Sunday of July, 1915 when a brother went to our municipal government office. He returned while I was preaching, and sat down near the door. I noticed by the expression of his face that he did not bring a good message. At the close of the service, he said: "Brethren, within three days we all must depart to the interior of Russia." We all stood there as if speechless. The fields were ready to be harvested, but we would not be able to enjoy any of it. Good or bad, we had to get ready.

Some farmers had their own means of conveyance for the trip. The wagons were extended, a semi-circular frame was put on and covered with whatever covering they had. Others, who did not have their own, were furnished with means of transportation from the neighboring village. Though the nearest railroad station was at Chelm, only about eight miles away, they drove us to Kobrin, much farther east.

We had two cows which we tried to sell but received very little for them. We sold a large pig for only six rubles (three dollars), but the next day the buyer begged us to return the money to him, which we did. He knew that when all the Germans were gone they could have everything for nothing. We baked several loaves of bread, cut it in small pieces, dried it and stuffed it in bags. We also fried meat, boiled and fried other food and took it along. The furniture and utensils were securely hidden in a cellar and bricked up. We took only a few knives, forks and spoons along. Grandfather, mother's father, who was visiting us could not go back to his home because the Germans had advanced in the meantime so he had to go along with us into banishment. On the 9th of July, early in the morning the wagons were loaded. The village officer provided for us a vehicle with a driver from another Polish village. When everything was loaded we put our children on. Erich was six, Oscar five, Erwin three and Alma one year old. We adults walked most of the way. So we departed, all the inhabitants of the colony in one procession to an unknown destination. As long as we could see our dear, beautiful home, we looked around once in a while. Before we left we held the last morning prayer meeting in our home. How we felt deep in our hearts, I cannot describe here. Some of the farmers that had their own means of transportation, if possible, took along a cow, so the mothers with small children, including us with little Alma, had a little milk. The cows, of course, had to be fed while we were on the way. When we could not go on any longer with the cows, they were slaughtered and the meat divided among the nearest relatives. At some larger cities and villages the government prepared a sort of a soup for the fugitives. For lodging we pounded stakes into the ground and used blankets, sheets and any kind of cloth to provide a covering for the children. Others had to see to it themselves, how and where they spent the night. For cooking, we had a small kerosene stove. Where possible, we dug a hole in a hill and improvised a stove for cooking, one opening for the wood, another for a draft, and one for the pot. Once when we were eating soup from a common big dish it started to rain and no matter where we went it rained into our soup. Finally, we arrived at our destination, Kobrin, the railroad station. The market place in the city was overcrowded with German fugitives so they drove us to a forest. Even in the forest there was already a large crowd of people camping. But we had a little more protection in the forest than on the plains. Here we had to watch the children carefully. One day our Oscar got lost in the crowd. While we were seeking him, someone who knew him and us brought him to us.

When the weather permitted, I held every morning a worship service. A group of our brethren went to a hill in the forest and started to sing. That was

the signal for a service. The German people terrified, lonely, uncertain about the future, depressed and downcast were streaming from all sides to the service. They listened to the Word of God. I often saw some among the gathering who, at home, had been enemies of the Baptists, and had never come to our church. But there, humbled through affliction and downcast they listened devoutly to the Word of God, with tears in their eyes.

In view of the fact that the German and Austrian armies were advancing and though we had gone farther east, we heard the thunder of the cannons every day clearer. We wanted to stay in the forest long enough to be overtaken by the Germans, in the hope of returning to our home. All from the colony agreed and we promised a reward to the police officer who was guarding us in the forest, if he would not send us away by railroad. But all at once, after nine days camping in the forest, we had to get ready to go farther east by railroad. When we all were loaded in freight cars, many of us stepped out on the station platform and sang a song as loudly as we could. Though the Russians and Poles who heard us did not understand our singing, we understood them. They were wondering how we, banished Germans, could sing in a situation like this. We noticed that our singing touched the hearts of some. Slowly the train started to move and we went farther and farther east toward an unknown destination.

After we had passed a few stations, a brother came to us. Although he had been a member of our church, he had lived at another place. He had followed us in a passenger train, looking for our train until he found it. Our old Brother Drat, an elder from Chelm, had left before we were ordered to leave. He had gone with a few others to a place called Poltawa, where the Germans had not been ordered to move out. He sent this brother to find us and to bring our family to him. He was afraid that I might have to work at common labor to make a living and he thought that I could make a better living there. The invitation was a pleasant surprise to me. I had to make a quick decision. While the train was standing a long time, all members of our church came together and talked the matter over. They did not want to let me go. They said that the whole church was there and that where the flock was there the shepherd should also be. I did not want to make the decision alone so I resolved to go with them. They also said that if it should go well with them, it would also be well with me, and if not, I should be willing to share their lot. After I had expressed my hearty thanks to Brother Jeske for all his trouble, and had sent greetings along to Brother Drat, he returned without us. But Brother Drat, still remembered me. When we were at our appointed place and he had my address, he sent me twenty five rubles. He also wrote that if I should be in need of help, I should write to him. I did not hear anything more about Brother Jeske, but I heard that Brother Drat returned to his home and died there.

Due to the irregular conditions and the great heat, an epidemic of the terrible cholera broke out. Many became sick in the freight cars. At every larger station, when the train stopped they asked for the sick. We did not want to leave our loved ones when they were sick without knowing what would become of them, so we kept it a secret as long as possible. Because the Germans were so despised during the war, there was little chance that they would stay alive when they were taken off the train. There were cases, while fathers and sons were fighting for the country, that wives and children were driven out from their homes and banished. Our mother also became sick on our trip. We succeeded in keeping it a secret. During several days we had to watch her day and night because she was very restless. I had taken my homeopathic kit along and with faith and prayer did for her as much as I could. God heard our prayers and graciously restored her to health.

We heard on our trip that our train was to go to Taschkent, near the Persian border, and where it was very hot. But when we came to Orenburg, near the Asian border, our train stood there several hours. In the meantime, a telegram came from Taschkent that no more fugitives should be sent to Taschkent because many were dying there. Brother B. Schmalz, whose little son was sick, said, "I will not go farther. They can do with me what they want." His brother-in-law had just died. The train was standing somewhat farther away from the station in the open. He, with the help of others, quickly threw all his bundles down, then the children and the dead body and carried everything a little farther away. He hid everything, and waited until the train pulled out. As we found out later, he went to the city, rented a living place and moved all his things in. What he did with the dead body, I do not remember. Our train went back on the same track. We traveled about six hundred miles to the city of Troitzk and there sixty miles south, to the large village, Fjedorofka. The whole distance we traveled was about three thousand miles. It took twelve days from Kobrin, our first station, to our destination, the village Fjedorofka. The most interesting part of the trip was in the Ural mountains. When we alighted from the train at Fjedorofka on the 12th of August, 1915 the Russians of that village called for us with their peculiar horse-carriages, and took us to our living quarters. A small cook and bake house in the rear of the yard was assigned to us.

This small house, as all others, was built mostly from clay. Naturally, the houses in the front were larger and more beautifully built. The bake ovens in the houses, and also in our house were large. They were made of brick and were used for baking and cooking. The Russian children slept in the rear, on top of the oven. Our children likewise found a warm place to sleep on top of our oven. At one side of the oven, along the wall, about two feet from the floor, boards were laid. The mattresses were made from large bags stuffed full of straw or hay and laid on the boards. These were our beds. The floor was made of clay. Every farmer had a bath house in the rear of his yard. It was also built of clay. I had learned to know the bath houses when I had served as a soldier in the army. We also were given the right to use them freely. The bath house is described in more detail on page 21. For fuel, straw and dried manure were used.

The village was large and built like a city. It was located at a great lake. Except for one German, a blacksmith, all inhabitants were Russians. Before we arrived there were already over one hundred citizens of Germany banished to this village. As soon as the war broke out, the Russian government had interned all citizens of Germany. Almost all these German citizens were educated and intelligent people. All old Russians of this village were at one time political criminals which were banished there by the government. Though stealing and robbing was an everyday occurrence in Russia, these former political criminals were, in our days, honest and decent people. The village had a post office, a hospital, a large school and a large Russian church. There was also a large market place and two large stores. Every Saturday was market day when one could buy most of the necessary household goods. Provisions were very cheap at the time when we were there.

I had taken along my homeopathic kit and when medicine became scarce in the hospitals and when diseases were spreading, especially the Asiatic cholera I had plenty to do as a private house doctor. God was with me and with His help and blessing I was able to help many sick whom the physicians had given up. At first, we had worship services in private homes but later some of our brethren found work in the largest district city, about 80 verst (53 miles) distance, and moved there. Consequently our meetings became smaller. I also had in mind to

look for work in the city, Troitzk. I walked to the station and Mother accompanied me. But first she took a short cut to the post office. We had agreed that in case an important personal letter should arrive, she should come to the railroad station, and when I saw her coming I would go back to meet her. I already had bought the ticket and when I went out, I saw her coming. When I met her, she handed me a registered letter with 50 rubles from the old Brother Drat. In the letter he wrote that I should not work as a common laborer, and if I should be in need of money, I should write to him and he would send me more. I went home and thanked God for this gift from that dear brother. I never again looked for work but continued in my ministry as a house doctor with my homeopathic medicine. At that time many died from the cholera. I had the opportunity to minister the Word of God at sickbeds and deathbeds and funerals. Though at that time I came in contact with many sick people and went in and out of such homes, the Lord protected me from contracting that disease. Also our family remained well except for Erich, who had a slight attack. Thanks be to God for it.

Grandfather found employment as a watchman in a lumber yard near the railroad station. In his spare time he made cloth slippers, to order. Aunt Fenske, who lived with us while her husband was drafted into the army, helped with the sewing of the slippers.

The ~~bake house~~ house that was assigned to us was too small for us so when we had an opportunity to rent a larger empty house a short distance from the village we moved. In this house we had comfortable living. Then we looked around for Baptists. We were told that Russian Baptists lived in a certain village. It was late in fall on a Saturday when a group of young people and I started out to seek the Baptists. When we arrived at that village, Sunday morning and asked whether or not there were Baptists, we heard the pleasant answer, "Yes." We introduced ourselves to them and told them that we were German Baptists and fugitives from such and such a place. Then, they extended the hand of fellowship to us, and greeted us as it was the custom there, with a brotherly kiss and called us brothers and sisters in the Lord. There was much to talk about and many questions were asked. Not only did we talk about outward things, but primarily about spiritual things and the Lord's work. After eating we all went to the meeting they held in that village. Here we were first greeted by the whole fellowship. In the beginning of the worship service, much singing was done and much talking about the message of the songs. We sang with them in Russian and we were also asked to sing in German. It was evident that among these plain and simple children of God there was a high level of spirituality. I was asked to preach to them in the Russian language, but though I could carry on a conversation, I did not venture to preach in Russian. We were richly blessed by the fellowship with these Russian brothers and sisters. We had a young sister with us who was converted, but not yet baptized. Her deceased mother had been Russian and she, according to law, had been baptized as a child in a Russian church. Consequently, she also was Russian Orthodox. According to law, I, as a German preacher could not baptize her. We talked this matter over with our Russian brethren and a couple of weeks later, she went to them and was baptized there.

One day, two Schwabish brothers came from another village farther away. They invited me to visit them to minister the Word to them, and to perform a couple of marriages. On the appointed day I rode over to that village, Nadjord-schensk. Part of the way I went by railroad and there at the station, a brother called for me with a sleigh. It was winter and deep snow was on the ground. The winter there is about the same as here in the prairie provinces, with lots of snowstorms and cold. The brother came with two horses and an open sleigh. The sleigh was rather narrow in the front and wider in the rear. The horses were

not hitched to the sleigh abreast, but one in front of the other. This was a marvelous team. It was fast. The drive took us over hills, mountains, valleys and ravines for several hours, before we arrived at our destination. I stayed there several days and ministered the Word of God to them every day. I visited homes with the brethren. One evening I married several couples. The meetings were held in a private home. There was a great hunger for the Word of God, therefore the meetings were always well attended.

Our Helmuth was born in the winter of 1916 on January 11 in the village of Fjedorofka.

Brother B. Schmalz, who had gotten off the train secretly at Orenburg found a German Schwabish Baptist church in Vosnesensk, about 35 verst (23 miles) from Orenburg. Brother Schmalz, who by some means had found out my address, told the brethren there that I, his former preacher was in Siberia, not far behind the Ural mountains. Since the church was without a preacher they agreed to send Brother Schmalz to me and through him extended a call to me without having seen me. They called me to come and take their church over. Brother Schmalz started out on that trip, and soon found me. After we had put this matter before the Lord in prayer, and discussed it, I resolved to accept the call as from the Lord. In March, 1916 we moved from Fjedorofka over five hundred miles back to Orenburg. Orenburg was a Cossack city. It had, at that time, over 128,300 inhabitants, when the Bolsheviks took over. At the city flowed the Ural river which constituted the border line between the European and Asiatic Russia.

When we arrived safely at Orenburg the brethren from Vosnesensk called for us with their horse-drawn sleighs. After our arrival there, our children became sick, first Erwin (5 years old), then Oscar (7), then Alma (3 years) and the smallest, Helmuth (only two months). The smallest was struck hardest by sickness. He was so weakened that he could not cry loudly, only with a low voice. These were hard weeks for us, with four sick children. But God was gracious. They all became well again. The smallpox left one of Helmutt's eye-balls larger than the other and on the lens of the eye appeared a small bubble. During several months I gave him homeopathic medicine and prayed to God daily for His blessing. God gave grace and heard our prayers. The bubble slowly disappeared and the eye became near normal. Only a small difference was noticeable, and the sight of that eye was somewhat weaker. After this, many other children became sick, and some died.

This church, Vosnesensk, had several stations, widely scattered. Nearby I had access with the Gospel in two German settlements in which there were already a few converted families. Later other individuals turned to the Lord. These people praised the grace of the Lord freely and openly in our meetings and gave witness of what the Lord had done for them. In addition, more and more fugitive Lutherans and Baptists moved to this place. The Lord blessed the work there so that we could open two stations. Here and in other places I often had wonderful experiences, some of which I will mention here.

A number of born again children of God applied for an interview and baptism. Among them was an older man, August Rot. His wife was also converted but she was against Biblical baptism. She did not want her husband to be baptized either. I visited this brother and sister before baptism and spoke to her about it. But she became rather disturbed and angry and said, "I will not be baptized again." I told her, "Sister, I do not want to baptize you now. The Lord Jesus wants only voluntary followers, even in baptism." There followed a serious discussion. Since I believed that she really was born again, I could not

believe that in her heart she could be so against baptism, and I told her so. In order to calm her, I read a portion of the Word of God and we prayed together. But she was too excited, and did not pray herself. At the time that her husband was to be baptized she also came as a spectator. I performed the baptism in a near-by river. I baptized a large number in the likeness of Jesus' death. I do not now remember how many. The Lord gave us beautiful weather. Arrangements had been made to hold the meeting, the reception of the newly baptized and the subsequent celebration of communion, in a yard. A great mass of people gathered together and we had a most blessed Lord's day. We had invited the Russian choir from Orenburg and their preacher to this celebration. So we had two choirs which sang alternately in German and in Russian. Soon after baptism I heard what happened to Brother Rot, when in the evening, after baptism, he wanted to go to bed. They always slept together but that night she said to him, "I did not marry a Baptist. Now go to the Baptists to sleep." She simply did not let him sleep in the bed. He, being by nature a very quiet man, made himself a bed behind the oven and lay down to sleep. She continued to scold and grumble in bed, but he was very quiet. After committing himself to God, he slept quietly, but his Kathrine had a sleepless night. She had a struggle with herself. One day a carriage came to our yard. I looked out, and said to my wife, "What does this mean? There comes Brother Rot and his wife." They came in and we greeted each other. The dear Sister Kathrine, who usually was very talkative, was very reserved and quiet. After we had talked a while about one thing and another, she came nearer to me and said: "Dear Brother Emil (there they addressed a person with his first name) I came to apologize because I offended you seriously. I spoke hard words about you." I told her: "Sister Kathrine, I told you when I was at your house, that I did not believe that you were so angry in your heart. Therefore, I am not offended." Then she said, "But, after you had left I said unkind words about you. Brother Emil, forgive me. I could not sleep." I extended my hand to her and everything was in order again. We talked about several other things but did not mention baptism. After a quiet pause, she said suddenly, "But, Brother Emil, you have to baptize me now." I said, "What? Baptize you? You were so against Biblical baptism!" "No, no", she said, "I did not do right when I spoke so strongly against baptism. I will tell you exactly how I felt when you baptized my August, and when you laid your hands on him and blessed him, and when you prayed for him, and when he celebrated communion with the church. I felt guilty. I felt as if I were divorced from him and I felt ashamed that I had not been baptized with him. Now, you have to baptize me. I want to be together with him, and not left behind." To test her sincerity I told her that it was already late in the fall and cold, and that she should wait until spring. But she insisted that I should baptize her at once. When I saw that she was in earnest, I wanted to fulfill her wish before winter. The Lord gave grace. In the next few days two more souls turned to the Lord and they wanted to be baptized before winter. At the close of the following Sunday afternoon meeting, I kept the members of the church back and these three souls were interviewed and they gave heart-touching testimonies about their conversions before the church. The church received them with joy and I baptized them in the likeness of the death of Jesus.

About five verst farther where we already had established a station there were a goodly number of Lutheran families. Services were held under the leadership of the so-called Lutheran Brethren who, nevertheless, belonged to the Lutheran Church. After some of them were baptized, they all agreed to hold the services together in the school house under my leadership. The Lutheran pastor of Orenburg, to whose district they belonged, directed them to celebrate on October 31, 1917 the 400th anniversary of the Reformation. When I was informed about it, and since we had the meetings together with the Lutherans, I announced a meeting for the day to remember together our German Reformer. Further, I said that we would, among other things consider the catechism which Luther wrote. It was under-

standable that the announcement of the fact that the Baptist preacher would explain the catechism aroused great curiosity among the Lutherans. The day came and a great multitude gathered together at the school house, so that it was filled to capacity. From the catechism I pointed out that, according to Luther's principal points he had in mind to establish a true, Biblical church as we Baptists believe. He believed that a man must come to the knowledge that he is a sinner before God and through faith in Christ, and the Holy Spirit, he can come to know God as his Heavenly Father. He also should be baptized and take part in the Holy Communion. I also said that we Baptists are more in agreement with these fundamental articles of the catechism than the Lutheran Church is. A solemn reverence was noticeable in the meeting. Afterwards many had questions and searched the Word of God for an answer. After the close of the meeting one woman, when she got home, brought out the catechism and the Bible, went to her father and said to him: "Father, you taught me the catechism and I was confirmed. Now I see that our Lutheran doctrine does not even agree with the catechism." Her father was at a loss to give a satisfactory answer to his daughter, from the catechism. She tried to show her father from his Bible several passages and asked for an explanation. He quickly grabbed the Bible away from her and stuck it under his arm and walked back and forth in the room. The daughter said to her father, "If you cannot give me a clear explanation from the Bible about our Lutheran doctrine, then I will go to the Baptists and be baptized." The father replied, "I can see that the Baptists got you all balled up." I would like to mention here that this old father, Vogel, was a dear Brother in Christ but dead set against Biblical baptism. The result of this joint reformation festival was that this young woman with her husband and others surrendered to the Lord and were immediately baptized.

On an appointed day the pastor who otherwise visited this place only once or twice a year, came to conduct a regular, formal worship service. He had heard of all these incidents and had become disturbed in his heart. Furthermore, the Lutheran brethren had admonished him on account of his smoking. They did not want him to smoke. This offended him. Apparently neither anyone else nor I, at the meeting surmised that Pastor Stentzel was so filled, but not filled with the Spirit. When I entered the school hall the school director, who was also one of the brethren, showed me a seat near the pulpit where the pastor stood. Then he announced a song that the pastor had chosen, which the assembly sang. After the usual ceremonies the pastor read his text, Acts 19:1-7. His topic was the text, "Have you received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" An important text, I said to myself. First, he gave an historical introduction about the text, then he said that he first would like to let a little steam off his chest. Further, he said, "Why is it that some allow themselves to tell the pastor that he should not smoke, and admonish him as if he were not a converted man if he smokes? I know that if I am not pious I do not have the Holy Spirit. But if I am pious, I have the Holy Spirit." Then, getting hold of his coat, he said, "How could I have worn this clerical garb during the hard war years if I had not had the Holy Spirit?" Then he referred to the fanaticism that was taking place in the church. "There come such pharisees from Poland (he meant me) and practice such fanaticism!" While he was speaking, he pointed sideways with his thumb, towards me and said, "They are like the pharisee in the temple who prayed 'God, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are or even as this publican'" (Luke 18:10-14)

Yes, indeed, the dear pastor in this manner let some steam off his chest and used up his time, but that was all, about the beautiful text. Here one could say truthfully with the sons of the prophets, "O, thou man of God, there is death in the pot." II Kings 4:40. After his speech - I certainly could not call it a sermon - he proceeded with the sprinkling of children. There were six or more children. Some of the children who were already older screamed and

caused a lot of commotion. It looked as if they did not want to be baptized. The old honorable church brother and elder, Brother Vogel, brought a can of water, placed it on the table, took a plate and poured a little water on the plate and held it for the pastor. One of the restless children who struggled with hands and feet knocked the can over and all the baptismal water poured out. The pastor was not at all disturbed about it. Before he started to perform the baptism he went from child to child to make the sign of the cross by touching the child, with the words: "Receive the sign of the cross on your forehead and chest." Some of the bigger children squirmed and turned around and did not receive the sign of the cross on the forehead and chest but on other parts of the body where it did not belong.

The elder of the church, otherwise a dear brother, opposed Biblical baptism although he could not prove infant baptism by the Bible. His wife, also a dear sister, wanted to follow Jesus in Holy Baptism but he attempted to hold her back. One day he walked across a river over which a plank was laid. He wanted to get willow twigs for baskets. On the way back with a bundle of twigs, he fell into the water, and was wet from top to bottom, clothes and all. Immediately thoughts began to trouble him that his wife would laugh at him, because he did not want to be baptized, and therefore he had fallen into the water. It was summer and a beautiful, warm day so he tried to keep the accident a secret. He succeeded secretly to get dry clothes from the house, and changed clothes behind the barn. He hung up the wet clothes but for some reason his wife walked around the barn and noticed her husband's wet clothes. She, at once, surmised what had happened to him and asked him point blank whether or not he had been baptized. Of course he said, "No." Then she said, "But behind the barn hang your wet clothes." Then, of course, he confessed what had happened to him. She said to him, "You see, father, you do not want to be baptized so the Lord threw you into the water." I met a brother here in Canada who told me that this dear Brother Vogel regretted it on his deathbed that he had refused to be baptized, and more so, that he had kept his wife from being baptized. I thought of the words of Jesus in Luke 12:47, "And that servant which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes."

There in Vosnesensk our Agnes, who later died, was born November 16, 1917.

About 70 verst (46 miles) south from Orenburg I had a church station, Romanofka and still 100 verst (66 miles) farther south, another station, Kursei. To the farthest station it was 90 verst (60 miles) to go by horse and buggy from the railroad station. All told, I had about 285 verst (about 190 miles) to ride on horse drawn vehicles to the various stations. I also had a station, Friedental, on the Asiatic Continent 25 verst (about 16 miles) east. The Ural river near Orenburg, was the borderline between Europe and Asia.

During the revolutionary years traveling was always dangerous. To the far-away stations I went once or twice a year with other brethren. A brother or two from one of the other stations ministered the Word to one another. One spring I drove to the farthest station, Kursei. There were a goodly number converted who wanted to be interviewed for membership and baptism. It was very hot for our trip on the open prairies. A visit by a preacher was an important event. For such a visit preparations were made several days ahead of time. Everybody was invited to the meeting. We hardly had arrived and tried to clean up and wash ourselves, when many came to inquire about brothers and sisters at other places. Some had Biblical questions. After we had refreshed ourselves with a little food and drink, we lay down to rest. Sunday morning, long before it was time for the meeting, people came to the meeting place. To such an assembly with

such a hunger for the Word of God, it is self-evident that it is easy to preach and break the Bread of Life.

After the newly converted were examined and accepted we started out Sunday afternoon over the prairie to the river Chabda two miles away, to baptize them. This place, though there was no bush nor tree in sight, only open Kirghiz prairie was, nevertheless, a beautiful spot for baptism. Before a multitude of people I preached a baptismal message and quoted our Master's commission. After the usual questions to the candidates for baptism I baptized sixteen souls in the likeness of the death of Jesus. After baptism when I was changing clothes, the newly baptized under the direction of one of their number, sang a song. The song was not known to me but I noticed the blessed impression it made upon all listeners. The song moved many to tears and I will also never forget it. I will mention only the chorus here.

"Yes, I know it, I am Thine
And Thou art forever mine.
Rather would I die than be
Separated, O My Lord, from Thee."

When I looked over the multitude of people on that sandy prairie at the river Chabda, and noticed the solemn reverence they showed, I also was moved to tears.

Next time when I traveled again to that station Kursei, I experienced another incident. On the way I stopped at another station. When I arrived there the deacon, Brother Schaefer told me that a Cossack couple from a Cossack village had visited him and told him that they were converted and after much inquiring and seeking for other believers, they were told that there were such people in that village, known as Baptists. They also had heard that they baptize the ones who want to join them. The brother who already knew at what time I would arrive, made an appointment, asking them to come again on that day, for they wanted to be baptized. It was not long until these people came. I conversed with them a while and soon noticed that the Lord had performed a miraculous work of salvation in the hearts of these dark Cossacks.

When the members of the church were gathered together, I asked that couple to present their wishes and to relate how the Lord had saved them. (I insert here that the revolution and civil war was still going on in Russia.) They told us their story about like this: When the Bolsheviks pushed ahead into our village and I saw that we could not resist their might, I fled from our Cossack army back to my home and hid under the floor of a granary. (Let me remark here that the Bolsheviks did not take a Cossack as a prisoner. When one of them fell into their hands, he was simply struck down.) Nobody knew about my hiding place but my wife. Our village was occupied several days by the Bolsheviks and if one of the Cossacks fell into their hands he was simply killed. Still the fight was going on. In my seclusion and fear of death I learned to pray to God from my heart. I recognized my lost condition and wished for a Gospel. (The Russians mean by Gospel, the New Testament.) After much inquiring and seeking in the village my wife received a Gospel. With a genuine desire of my heart I read the book in the poor light that shone through the cracks of the floor. I learned from the Word of God and told my wife that we were lost sinners. In the quiet hours, when there was no danger, my wife came to the granary. I asked her to pray with me but she said that she did not know how to pray. Then I prayed, lying under the floor, because I could not do otherwise, and my wife kneeling on the floor. When my wife came again, I asked her again to pray with me. She, all at once, started to pray. Then we both called

on God to forgive us our sins till God forgave us and gave us peace in our hearts. When the Bolsheviki departed from our village, I came out from my hiding place.

While they were relating this story of the saving grace of the Lord, tears were flowing down their cheeks and they fell down on their knees and began to praise and thank God anew for His saving grace and the peace He gave them. We also were moved to kneel down and join them in prayer. This fellowship in prayer together with their testimony I cannot describe here with words. They praised God with a loud voice and through the whole assembly flowed a stream of blessing from the fulness of the grace of God. After we arose from our knees this Cossack couple continued to tell us more about their salvation and how they, through reading the Gospel found that the believers in Jesus were also baptized, and that the baptism of the Gospel was performed in the water by immersion. They saw that infant baptism was not mentioned in the Gospel.

It is understandable that after such a testimony of the saving grace of God the members unanimously received them and gladly accepted them for baptism. In the afternoon of the same day we drove with your young Cossack couple to a designated place at the well-known river Ileck. Since I had never preached in Russian, though I could speak Russian, I asked the deacon Brother Helvich to bring the baptismal message. He spoke to an eagerly listening audience and I after asking the candidates the usual questions, baptized them in the likeness of the death of Jesus. This was my first and last baptismal service in the Russian language. While we were changing clothes songs were being sung in Russian and German. As it was the custom there, we preachers laid our hands on the young brother's and sister's heads praying and praising the Lord. The spirit of God also moved some of the other brethren to participate in prayer, some silently, some audibly. There in the open under God's Heaven we had a short prayer meeting. Earnest prayers went up to the throne of God. With a loud "Amen" we closed this blessed meeting. After we had sung several songs of praise we parted from our young Cossack couple and each one went his way rejoicing. They turned around repeatedly with tears in their eyes but with radiant countenances, waving to us as though to say, "Till we meet again." They went their way rejoicing as the eunuch from Ethiopia did who was baptized by Philip. Acts 8:39. I also went my way rejoicing.

May all God's messengers take heed that the church of Jesus Christ may be built with living stones made alive by the Holy Spirit. Only through born again members can a true Christian church be built up.

Several times in my travels I passed by this Cossack village where this couple that I had baptized lived. At this village a terrible fight took place between the Cossacks and the Bolsheviki. The Bolsheviki were advancing from Orenburg towards this Cossack village. The Cossacks, being at home there, were more familiar with their own surroundings. They divided into three groups. One part went to the left and hid in bushes, another to the right near the river also in bushes, the third group hid straight behind the village. One morning when the Bolsheviki did not see any Cossacks, they took it for granted that they had left the village. Suddenly the Cossacks jumped out from their hiding places and took the Bolsheviki into the crossfire from three sides. While fighting the fronts came so close together that they fought each other primarily by stabbing and hacking each other to pieces with sabres. It was a terrible fight and massacre for life or death. It was reported that the whole Bolshevik army there was reduced to three men. This fight took place on a pasture outside the village and it was said that the place was covered with dead bodies. The ground at that place was saturated with human blood. It was

remarkable that several years after this fight no grass grew there. Every time I drove by there I looked at that place. It was not a fight against foreign enemies but a fight between brothers and people of their own country.

Another terrible slaughter took place in the city of Orenburg. Orenburg was a Cossack city and so was the vicinity of the city. The Bolsheviks took the city and one night three hundred of them had a council meeting in a large building. Through secret spying the Cossacks, who were lying in wait outside the city, found out where the meeting was. In spite of the Bolshevik's watch, the Cossacks unexpectedly broke into the city, overpowered the assembly of the Bolsheviks and it was said, not one of them got away. They all were hacked to pieces with sabres and the blood flowed from the hall into the corridor.

In the city also a horrible murder of one of our families was committed. One Saturday afternoon, before Palm Sunday, three men dressed as Bolsheviks came to our Brother and Sister Donner. They accused Brother Donner of buying and selling butter. (Buying and selling was prohibited at that time.) Brother Donner noticed that they were looking for a reason to squeeze something out of him. He had another small house in the rear of the yard where a brother, a fugitive lived. When Brother Grischau, the fugitive, saw that these Bolsheviks went to his landlord's kitchen, he went over to see what they wanted from Brother Donner. Brother Donner, in the meantime, had already bargained with them in order to satisfy them, and to get rid of them. The money he had received from the sale of a cow, he had given to his son, who had gone into the country to visit the son-in-law. So he asked Brother Grischau to loan him some money. The Bolsheviks did not understand the German conversation. Brother Grischau went and got the money he wanted. But, apparently the Bolsheviks did not want Brother Grischau around. They seemed not to be satisfied with what they had received from Brother Donner. They asked Brother Donner what that man wanted, and suggested that he go out. Brother Donner told them that he was his tenant. Again they said that he should go out. Since Brother Grischau did not expect anything good of them he refused to go out. He believed that they would not dare to shoot in the daytime and in the house, so he stood behind a chair ready to make use of it in case they would try to use force. Then they went out with Brother Donner, and after bargaining with him outside, they left.

Since the son had gone away to the country, only Brother Donner, his wife, and his youngest daughter, Emeline, 16 years old, were home. The daughter and mother were afraid that these men might be robbers and might come back again at night. They advised father to report this matter to the police. But father thought that he had given them enough and they were satisfied. But this was not the case. As usual, the doors were locked for the night. In the morning, early on Palm Sunday, a woman, as she did other mornings, went there to get milk. She was terrified when she found the gate and the door to the house already open. She went into the vestibule and saw the floor soiled with blood. In the kitchen she found Emeline lying on the floor, dead, stabbed through with a dagger. Brother Donner was lying in the other room on the floor, dressed in his underwear and with boots on his feet. Sister Donner was lying in the bed, her face and head smashed and the wall sprinkled with blood. If the son had been home he probably would have been murdered too. In the kitchen the wall clock had been found on the table and stopped at eleven thirty. The bedspreads and pillows were lying scattered on the floor.

It seemed that the daughter, Emeline, had a foreboding of the terrible

death that awaited her. On Saturday afternoon she made all sorts of preparations for the following Palm Sunday. The daughter of Brother Grischau, the tenant who lived in the house at the rear, came into Brother Donner's kitchen and noticed that Emeline was so cheerful. While working she was singing. She asked Emeline how she happened to be singing so much. Emeline answered, "I do not know. Perhaps it is the last time." Further she said, "Tomorrow I shall sing in the choir of the Russian church and I shall wear my white dress. O, I ate so much of the baked goods - enough for my whole life." "What are you talking about?" asked Brother Grischau's daughter. Then she asked Emeline whether or not she knew the men who had bargained with her father. She said, "Yes, one is living there," pointing diagonally across the street. This was a clue for the police when they sought the murderers.

After the crime was reported the militia came to investigate the murder. Brother Grischau and his daughter were called and questioned. Of course they could only tell what they had seen and heard. Brother Grischau's daughter could testify that Emeline who was murdered had said that one of the three men lived diagonally across the street. The militia went there. The man was not at home. The wife said that he had left before night. They searched the house and found all kinds of things which they thought were not his. They also took photographs off the wall. Brother Grischau was asked whether or not he would recognize the men if he would see them. He thought that he could. From the pictures, he could point out one that was a picture of one of the men who had been at Brother Donner's that afternoon.

Brother Grischau feared for his life. Nobody was permitted to possess firearms, but Brother Grischau received a certificate that entitled him to own a revolver and the militia said that this would be announced in the daily newspaper. After a year, the militia arrested one and later, the other two and we heard later that they were executed.

One married daughter of Brother and Sister Donner, Mrs. Schramm lives now in Trochu, Alberta, Canada.

Between Orenburg and Vosnesensk, where we lived a certain time, there was a Tartar village where many fugitives were sheltered. Among them was an old preacher, Wardetzke from the church Cholosne, Volhynia. Our deacon took this preacher to Vosnesensk, where he lived. His wife and daughters were not with him. They had been sent farther away to Kaluga. I often visited this brother on his sickbed and had devotions with him. I also tried my homeopathic medicine on him but after a certain time, he did not want any more medicine. He wanted to die and go Home. Slowly he came to the end until his light of life flickered out. One evening when I visited him again I noticed that he probably would pass away during the night. After the last conversation with him, I bid him good-bye for this life and went home. I said to mother: "Get ready and we will visit Brother Wardetzke at his window and sing to him a farewell song. I think he will go Home tonight." Late in the evening we went over to him and sang at the window the song, "Nearer Home". When I went over in the morning he was already Home. We were told that when he heard our song at the window he said that this would be the last song that he would hear here below. O, blessed death for those who thus die in the Lord! We postponed the funeral several days and waited for his wife and two daughters, who were notified by telegram, but because of the warm, spring weather, we had to bury him anyway. The grave was left open until his wife and daughters arrived. The next day when I was going on a mission trip, I met them on the way to Orenburg.

One day I drove with one of my newly baptized brothers to the newly

founded station, Rotschutor, to do home visitation. In the evening till late at night we conversed about the coming of the Lord and the rapture of the saints. Thanking God for His blessings during our home visitation and committing ourselves to His care, we lay down to rest. But we lay awake a long time and continued to talk about our evening theme. Finally, we fell asleep. Somebody who had listened to our conversation in the evening, planned a pleasant surprise for us while we slept. At night, in our sound sleep, the dear Brother Oster, who was sleeping in another bed, and I heard far away singing, and it seemed to us that it was coming nearer. We were so surprised that for a while we could not get hold of ourselves. Shocked and thinking that the Lord was in reality coming for His saints, Brother Oster called to me, "Is the Lord coming? Are you still here?" I said, "Yes, I'm still here." Finally, it became clear to us that it was a surprise planned for us by our brothers and sisters. In that night, we added another question to our conversation: "How will it be when the Lord comes?"

One year, in the fall, I held several weeks' evangelistic meetings combined with prayer meetings. The Lord gave grace so that a number of souls were converted to the Lord and found peace. There was a young maiden who repeatedly stayed in the after meetings and prayed earnestly and called on God for forgiveness of her sins. At the close of one after meeting in which several found peace and thanked the Lord from their hearts for salvation, this young maiden stayed on and continued in prayer. She also wanted to find salvation in Christ. I pointed her repeatedly to the finished work of salvation in Christ and prayed with her but she could not grasp it. After I had called her attention to several Bible passages we went home. I was just ready to go to bed when somebody knocked at the door, and when I opened it, there stood the young maiden before me full of joy with a radiant countenance and called to me loudly: "Uncle, rejoice with me for I found my Saviour." Such are real conversions as we read in Luke 15 and in other parables of the Lord Jesus. And if in Heaven, as Jesus says a repentant sinner causes great joy, how could a saved sinner on earth who had experienced salvation not show joy and thankfulness? A conversion without true repentance and regeneration and without real life from God is only a moral conversion, indeed a dead birth.

Our Erich, about nine or ten years old, also came to the after meetings. His childlike heart was touched by the prayers and witness of others. On the way home he said to me: "Papa, I also want to be converted. How shall I do it to find the Saviour?" By this question of my first child, I was deeply touched and moved to thankfulness to my Heavenly Father. I pointed him in a childlike way, as I was able, to salvation in Christ. He soon found peace in Jesus, about which he talked to the other children. Early the Lord sought him and found him. Early the Lord called him into His service. But also early the Lord called him away from His service in his thirty third year, into the Heavenly Home.

As a temporary fugitive preacher I did not receive a definite salary on account of the war and revolutions. We also waited for the opportunity to return to our old home, to our church in Krobanosch from whence we had been banished. Money, at that time, had little value. Business was done mostly by barter. Trading things was practiced. The members of the church, in fact, the whole village, kept three cows for us and we received various other products. Thanks be to God, through our whole time of exile we did not have to suffer want. But mother kept house wisely and made the best of everything. We did as others did. We planted in other peoples' gardens and fields, various vegetables. Among them were several kinds of watermelons.

These gardens required much work in summer, hoeing and weeding. We also bought a spinning wheel and mother learned to spin. She bought wool and spun it for stockings, gloves and other things. And she ordered cloth woven and clothes for the children were made from it.

After the Emperor's government was overthrown on March 15, 1917 we heard by 1918 that some fugitives at various places were going home. When several brethren inquired about it in the city, they heard that it was already possible to return home. We also prepared to join other families for the return trip. We had a sale and planned to go by railroad. But when we heard that there was still fighting going on in the country we were in doubt that we could get through everywhere. One brother again drove to the city to inquire whether we could go by railroad. The brother returned with the news that at some places civil war was still going on and we could not get permission for such a trip. There we stood, everything sold. There was no other way out but to start again to keep house. Some people returned the things to us that we had sold, others did not. It was a great disappointment to us to start again, but we could not change it.

If I am right it was in 1918 when we, as the only German Baptist church in the region of Orenburg, united with the Russian Baptists, the Evangelicals and the Mennonite Brethren. For this purpose a conference was called for which we received permission from the Bolshevik government. We were also legally registered as a newly founded union. In the first years of the Bolshevik regime we had full freedom to preach the Gospel unmolested everywhere. The conference meetings and discussions were conducted in the Russian language.

The last meeting of that conference we held in the city auditorium on a Sunday afternoon. The auditorium was over crowded. Several preachers spoke, preached and prayed, some in Russian, some in German. At the close, some sort of Bolshevik officer asked for permission to speak. When it was granted to him, he stepped on the platform. His shabby clothes and shabby speech indicated that he was a shabby unbeliever. His first words were: "I looked seven years for a God in the Bible, but I did not find one." He had several points written on a piece of paper, about which he spoke. During his speech against God he became so fanatical, and so excited, in fact, so terrible that his whole body began to tremble. It seemed as if his conscience was crying out that there was a God. While this Bolshevik was speaking, the leader of the meeting asked the preacher, W. Gutsche to speak as soon as he was finished. Brother Gutsche addressed him by saying, "Comrade" (this is what the Bolsheviks call each other) "We do not have to look into the Bible for a God." We saw evidence through our comrade's behavior that there is a God. He denied Him, but his whole body trembled. His conscience testified that there is a God. Is it not true?" The whole assembly applauded and cried with a loud voice: "Pravilno, Bog jest." (Verily, there is a God). The preacher Gutsche refuted all his seven points and testified to the existence of God. And the people cried loudly again and again, "Truly, truly." The Bolshevik did not have the courage to speak again. He grabbed his paper brief case and wanted to go out, but the aisle was so jammed with people who were provoked against him, that he could only with great difficulty, push himself through. Blessed are they who know God as their loving Father in Heaven. But it is a fearful thing to live without God and to deny Him and then, at the day of judgment, fall into the hands of the living God. Hebrews 10:30. If the religious freedom which existed at that time had lasted, multitudes of the Russian people could have been won to the Lord.

In the spring of 1919 again a few families prepared for the trip home.

At first we also wanted to get ready for the return trip. But since it was still hazardous to go by railroad such a long distance these families prepared to go by horse and wagon. We thought the matter over. With six small children we simply could not undertake such a long trip by horse and wagon. The oldest, Erich, was only eleven years old. Grandfather, nevertheless, and Sister Fenske and her brother-in-law Schmalz decided to leave with the other families in covered wagons. The wagons were loaded with beds, clothes and other packages and they started for home on Christ's Ascension Day some time in May. They finally arrived home in Krobanosch, Poland some time in October.

It pleased the permanent resident members of the church very much that we did not go along with the other families. They treated us well and we again, took over the work in the church, and continued to minister with joy and the blessing of the Lord, to the next year, 1920. But remarkably, we always longed to return to our old home from which we had been driven out by force. The brethren did everything possible to induce us to stay. They built a house for us. They sowed ten dessiatine (27 acres) of wheat for us, threshed it and winnowed it for us. Nevertheless, we saw that the economic situation through mismanagement of the Bolsheviks became continually more critical. They confiscated all the grain that the farmers had stored up in a common granery against a possible crop failure. They had anticipated a famine, which actually came the next year.

The next year again five families prepared to leave. Brother Grischau, who lived in the city of Orenburg, was also among the group who wanted to return to his home. I had previously buried his first wife and had married him to the second wife. Through much effort he finally managed to rent a freight car and receive a written receipt for 745,000 rubles. It was almost unbelievable that the money had so little value. The figures went beyond our imagination. Among this group we were the only ones left from Poland. The others were from Volhynia. Though we wanted to go back to our church in Krobanosch, Poland, it was doubtful that we could get across the border on account of the existing political situation, between the Poles and the Bolsheviks. Brother Grischau who was from Volhynia, did everything possible to induce me to go with him to Volhynia, to his church in Horstschiok. There was no chance for their preacher to return from his banishment on account of sickness. So we secured the necessary papers for Volhynia and decided to go there. In case there was no chance for us to stay there, we would try to go back to Poland.

We killed a pig, fried meat and sausage, put it in tin pails and covered it with fat. We baked bread, cut it in small pieces, dried it and put it in bags. We had heard that salt was very scarce in other parts of Russia. There was a salt mine near Orenburg. Though it was not being operated, people could get salt from it themselves and though it was not so clean, it was salt. So we took along a good measure of it. If I am right, we also took along a bag of flour.

The next Sunday I preached again my farewell message but this was the last one. There was much lamenting and crying going on and questioning why we did not want to stay. But to no avail. We felt a strong pull back to our home church from which we had been driven against our will.

We drove away September 7, 1920. The appointed brethren came with their horse drawn vehicles, loaded our belongings and drove us to the city, about twenty four miles distance. When we passed the meeting place, many members

and friends stood on the street and waved us goodbye with the words: "Till we meet again." Thus we left our richly blessed mission field which had become dear to our hearts. There we had labored four and a half years and enjoyed the rich blessing of the Lord. We stopped to bid farewell by shaking hands with them. Our last farewell: "Till we meet again, if not here then over there with the Lord." As long as we could see the place we looked back till it was out of sight.

I was sitting on the packages on a wagon and had my paper money tied in a scarf hanging on my arm. I do not remember how many millions of rubles I had. Whatever the amount was, this was the only time in my life when I was a multimillionaire.

In the city we stayed the last night with the Grischaus who also were ready to depart. The next morning, the 8th of September, 1920 the brethren drove us to the railroad station. Here again tears were shed when we bid farewell to our brethren. We loaded our things and ourselves into the designated freight car and in a few hours the train departed. We were five families, thirty three souls in the freight car. We had feather beds and pillows with us but as mattresses we used our bundles whether soft or hard. We had a small kerosene cook stove, a water pail, a few plates, spoons, forks and other small utensils. Our freightcar was coupled to a freight train, so our traveling was rather slow. After we had traveled about six hundred miles we reached a station, Koslov, which we never forgot. From here they wanted to send us back. What a shock it was to us I cannot describe here with words. In fact they sent us back one station. We chose two men as our representatives and they used all the art of speech and begging. Finally the station agent said that even if he would hook our car onto the train the agent at the next station, which was a control station, would send us back anyway. He suggested that we buy passenger tickets and go with a passenger train. We bought tickets, but then we thought it over. What if, after we have given up our rented car that was destined to Kiev the Ukraine, they refused to let us go farther on our tickets? Then we would be stranded. In those days nothing was sure in Russia. At one place one received a written permission; at another place they declared it invalid. So it was with the papers for our rented freight car.

Our representatives went again to plead for continuation of our trip in our freight car. When they returned they told us how they had noticed that the officials at the station ate potatoes with peelings, and drank water. This sign of poverty terrified us. We had not seen anything like this at Orenburg. An idea came to our minds. That was to offer the officials a little meat and fat. Again our representatives went to the station and this time took some meat and fat along and while they pleaded we prayed earnestly to God in the freight car. After much pleading the station master ordered that the freight car be hooked onto a train going west. When our representatives returned we all were tense to hear what news they had for us. They were not so sure that our car would actually go along with the train westward. We were to see. We prayed to God again. He alone could help us. We waited with indescribable anxiety. Finally we heard the signal of the train. It seemed to us that our car was moving, but was it going westward? This was our anxious question. We looked out through a narrow opening at the door and noticed that it was going westward. And the joy I cannot describe with words, when from the control station that we feared so much, our freight car moved westward. Though it was going westward, we were still a long ways, more than half way from our

goal. What would happen to us in the meantime? Well, God had helped so far wonderfully. He would help in the future! The farther we went westward the more we noticed the famine everywhere. At a railway station I saw a man with a small bag and a stick looking for bread crumbs in a pile of rubbish that had been swept out of the cars. I said, "What a misery." On account of the poor postal service we were not able to know the living conditions in Volhynia. We asked ourselves these questions: Will we suffer hunger here? Or altogether starve to death? Will we be able to go to Poland? Or, must we stay in Volhynia? After a week's long trip, by God's grace, we arrived in Kiev. We had been able to rent a freight car going only as far as Kiev. Kiev located at the river Dnieper had a population of 404,000. The city has old historical church buildings and monasteries, also a Russian cathedral and a technical high school.

Upon arriving there, we unloaded but they did not let us into the station. We had to be content to camp two days outside under a ramp and this was already in the last half of September. We wanted to go with a passenger train to Korostin about 25 verst (17 miles) from Horstschick, where Brother Grischau had lived, but apparently on account of political unrest they would not sell us any tickets. One night they loaded us into a railway car and drove us to the next railway station, a small place in a forest about 14 verst (9 miles) distance. About 2 verst from the station were barracks. We had to carry all our bundles and our children to the barracks. This was a hard night for us. We were tired and weary and wet from perspiration when we were finished. While we were carrying things we had to watch them at both places in order not to have them stolen.

These barracks were built half in the ground. Inside along the sides were planks laid on cross logs which could be used for sleeping and sitting. Clothes and blankets were used as mattresses. After we had thanked God for His gracious leading and protection and had committed ourselves again to His gracious care we laid down to rest on the planks. This was our first night in the semi-underground cave. In the morning, when daylight began, mother raised up and looked around. And to her horror she noticed living creatures crawling around on the bedspreads. When she looked them over she recognized them as Russian lice. In her excitement she woke me up and I also looked at the living creatures, which like a flock of sheep, were wandering around. What could anyone do there when all the bedding was full of lice?

We could not find out how long they would keep us there, or whether they would let us go at all to Volhynia. And our crossing over to Poland became more and more questionable. The distance to Horstschick, the home of Brother Grischau was about 150 verst (about 100 miles). They had taken our traveling papers away from us, and the winter was before the door. After a few days, when we became acquainted with the vicinity the Grischau family and we, who wanted to go together, decided to buy a couple of horses and a wagon. One day we started out to look around to buy a team of horses. At the railroad track in the forest we found a few Jews who had a lumber mill. The Jews wanted to sell us a couple of horses for old Czar money. After we had come to an agreement and had the money counted out these Jews discounted the value of the money. It was said that this was a Jewish trick. During the revolution in Russia, as long as the old Czar money was circulating some bills were found with needle stitches. The Jew took notice of this. If a bill had one or more needle stitches the Jew took it but at a reduced value. The Gentiles, who did not know anything about it accepted the money at its regular value. This Jewish trick provoked us, and when all

bargaining was of no avail, because we did not want to pay more we took our money and walked away.

When we told this story to our wives after arriving at the barracks they scolded us for not satisfying the Jews and not buying the horses so that we could get away from there and get to our destination. The next day we started out again in a different direction to buy a team of horses and a wagon. In the forest we found a small German village. There we bought a team of horses and a wagon. With the help of the seller we extended the wagon and put semi-circular frames on top of it and so we arrived at the barracks ready to load. The women already had everything packed. We were afraid that we would be held back, so we loaded as fast as we could. We covered the wagon and without reporting, we drove away. We had stayed in the lousy barracks about two weeks. Now we had about one hundred miles to drive with horse and wagon. Though we did not know what would happen to us on the way, we were out of the lousy barracks.

Since the wagon was heavily loaded with packages for three families we always took the best roads available. At one place we met a host of Bolsheviks with various vehicles and cannons. They had had an encounter with the Poles at the border, from which they returned. From this we saw that the war was still going on. They asked us who we were. We said, "Fugitives from Orenburg, returning home."

At evening we came to a village. There we wanted to stay over night. The men were looking around for wood and the women were getting ready to build a fire near a bush at the side of the road to prepare food. We noticed that there were soldiers in the village. Soon some of them came and asked where we were from and where we were going. They told us that we could not make a fire there because the enemy could notice it. But our children and we ourselves wanted to eat. The soldiers ordered us to go to the first farmer and he was compelled to receive us. We drove with our team into his yard and the women and children went into the house. But the yard and the house were full of Bolsheviks. We put straw on the floor for a bed. After eating a little the women and children lay down to sleep and we men stayed outside to watch our horses and wagon. At night, when it was my turn to watch I heard the noise of galloping horses. At first I thought that the enemy, the Poles, were advancing, but I did not hear shooting. All kinds of questions arose within me. I looked into the dark night but could not see anything. After the women had prepared breakfast, we thanked God, ate a little, committed ourselves to God's care and departed. By that time, all the Bolsheviks had left.

On the main roads, which we had to drive, because of our heavily loaded wagon, the soldiers moved back and forth. Alongside these main roads the army had used up all the fodder that the farmers had. Though we wanted to pay for it, we very seldom could get a bundle of fodder. Often we took straw from the farms, moistened it a little, sprinkled flour on it, to give the horses a little more nourishment. The straw fodder did not agree with one of our horses. It caused pains. Consequently, we could drive only short stretches. We had to stop to let the horses graze where there was green grass along side the roads, and we had to drive slowly. Usually, we drove only twenty to twenty five verst a day. Mother earth from which we were taken, provided us a place to sleep. First we covered the ground with clothes and then we covered ourselves with our bedding and whatever covers we had. The blue or grey sky was our roof and the moon or stars in the sky were our lights. Our little Frieda was only four months old. It was

October and at night already there was frost. At night mother held the little one close to herself and in order to protect her from cold and at the same time from choking she placed her arm over the child and the cover over her arm. Sometimes in her sleep the cover slipped off her arm and from the cold she got rheumatism in her arm. I got sore eyes from a cold and had to wear a bandage over my eyes so that not even a ray of light could shine through. I walked around like a totally blind man. In this condition I was not able to help mother. She had to take care of the children and had to do all other necessary work. Sister Grischau also had sore eyes from the cold and was in a similar condition.

Whether young or old, whoever could, had to walk and when the smallest one, Frieda was too fussy on the wagon, we had to carry her. I held on to the wagon and walked behind it. So it went, day after day, for nine days. When on the ninth day in the afternoon we passed by the city of Uschomer and from there it was still 12 verst (about 8 miles) to Horstschick, Brother Grischau's home place, we stopped for the last time. There, thanks be to God, I could already see a little through blue glasses which we had bought somewhere on the way. Our place of rest was beautiful and green, where we also could gather dry wood for a fire. The women prepared a meal and this was the last one on our trip. The horses were unhitched and we let them graze. But everybody, little or big was dead tired. Some wanted to stay overnight at that place. Others thought that we should use our last strength and reach our goal, Horstschick, the same day.

While we were eating we noticed that our dear Agnes, not yet full three years old, had a fever which we suspected to be a contagious disease. In spite of it, after we had eaten we decided to continue on our trip to our destination. This last night was especially dark. Finally Brother Grischau said, "This is Horstschick." Since it was a large colony, the way through the colony seemed rather long. It was Friday, the 15th of October, 1920 when at 11:30 at night we arrived at our destination. We stopped and Brother Grischau went to the right to see whether his unfinished house that he had begun to build before his banishment, was still there. Running back he said, "Yes, my unfinished house is still there." On the left side of the street was his father's yard and house in which, he had heard, his brother lived since he had returned from the war. We drove into the yard. Brother Grischau wondered whether his brother would recognize him after six years. At the time of the revolution all doors were locked and double locked as soon as it became dark. Brother Grischau knocked. Someone came and asked: "Kto tam?" (Who is there?) Brother Grischau answered, "Travelers. Please let us in. We want to stay overnight." But the young brother refused to open. He was afraid of robbery. Brother Grischau pleaded again in Russian and told them that we had small children and all were very tired and we did not want to drive farther. But the brother still refused to open the door. Then Brother Grischau said in German: "Ich bin Dein Bruder Friedrich, mach auf. Kennst Du mich nicht mehr?" (I am your Brother Fredrick. Open. Don't you know me any more?) Then Brother August opened and the two brothers embraced each other as once Jacob and Esau did. (Genesis 34:4) For a while they could hardly talk. I thought about meeting each other and greeting our loved ones in Heaven.

Then Brother Grischau said to his brother: "I brought a preacher and family along for our church." He introduced us and also his son-in-law, who had married his daughter in Orenburg. We went in. His brother had recently returned from the war. There was not much to eat in the house. But his young wife had bread and milk in the house. She heated the milk

and served us bread and milk. O, did it taste good! During the war, in the absence of the Germans Galicians took over the colony. They left the house full of bedbugs. Before we had noticed it, our bigger children, tired and weary, had crawled under the table and had fallen asleep on the floor. The owner of the house brought in straw and prepared a place for all of us to sleep. I slept good but mother did not sleep much on account of the bedbugs. Our children also were full of bedbug bites and spots, especially on the forehead and neck.

At daybreak Brother Grischau, our fellow traveler, prepared a place for us to sleep on the straw in the barn. Our whole family went out to the barn and we lay down again to sleep. There, free from the bedbug plague, we really slept. Brother Grischau, who was at home there, had no rest and could not sleep any longer. He at once went to the deacon who also had returned from banishment and told him that he had brought a preacher along. Then he visited other members in the colony and told them the same. It was not long until brothers and sisters came to see us. They at once requested me to minister the Word of God to them the following Sunday, which was the next day. My eyes were somewhat better but not yet well. But thanks to God, with the aid of blue glasses for the time being, I was able to see and to preach the Word of God on Sunday.

After the close of the afternoon meeting the members of the church were held back and in my absence discussed the matter of my ministry to the church. I learned later that they unanimously decided to ask me to take over the church. Since I still hoped for an opportunity to go back to Poland, to my church in Krobanosch, I agreed to take the church over temporarily. The parsonage in which an old couple lived temporarily, had not been demolished during the war. So the next day it was vacated and cleaned and we could move in. We thanked God that after our wandering we finally had a place to rest. The church and the parsonage were under one roof, and built so that the preacher could go through a door to the pulpit, from his study. In front of the church and parsonage was a fruit garden, of various kinds of fruit and hazel nut trees. The church also had fifteen dessiatine (40 1/2 acres) of land for the preacher's use. But the cultivation of the land was the responsibility of one brother appointed by the church. There we could keep two cows, one horse, pigs and chickens.

The church had four stations to which I ministered regularly. At the local church I preached only on the first Sunday of the month and other Sundays at the other stations. The church had about four hundred members including all stations.

When, during the war, in 1915 the Germans were banished, a certain backslidden, excluded Baptist by the name of Kolert, turned Catholic in order to avoid being banished. During that time he lived at the parsonage as an overseer appointed by the government. Though spiritually depraved, he saw to it that the property and buildings in the colonies were not destroyed. There were four colonies where mostly Baptists lived. And when, after the war, the Germans returned from their exile they could immediately move into their homes. The parsonage and church, though not having been damaged during the world war, received a cannon shot during the civil war. The church was built of four inch thick planks and plastered inside. A cannon ball shot through three walls of the parsonage into the church auditorium. From the last wall it bounced back to the pulpit, where the shell was found. After the ball had shot through two walls it exploded. There was a sick woman in bed in one of the rooms but she was not injured. The

ceiling of the parsonage was raised up from the pressure, and in the church auditorium a heavy bench was lifted out of its place and thrown over all the other benches, to the door.

When finally the civil war came to an end, people found here and there in gardens and fields firearms and ammunition which caused many an accident. I will mention only one. A man found a cannon ball and wanted to make something from the shell. From such shells various kitchen utensils and water pots were made. This man was in the barn threshing grain with flails with his brother-in-law. While his brother-in-law was spreading fresh grain stalks on the floor of the barn for threshing he went out to take apart the cannon ball he had found. A terrible explosion occurred. The other man went out and saw only pieces of his brother-in-law hanging on trees and fences and lying on the ground. The pieces and shreds were gathered together and buried.

While we were moving our dear Agnes had already a high fever. In a few days she came down with smallpox, and on the ninth day, she died. This was a painful experience for us. She was an unusual child. During our trip we often talked about Poland and about fruit we had in our fruit garden. She loved to eat fruit, and rejoiced with hope when we talked about it. After we had moved to the parsonage members of the church brought us various kinds of apples and other fruit. Though she liked to eat apples, she could not eat any in Volhynia. One day I gave her an apple. She took it in her hand but her eyes and cheeks were so swollen that she could not see it. She held it for awhile till it fell out of her hand. On the ninth day she passed away. The smallpox had so disfigured her body, especially her face that it looked like one scab. This was our first child that bitter death tore away from our hearts through such a deadly disease. According to God's fixed counsel, "dust to dust", even the body of a most loved one, after the soul has left it, has to be put into the ground. "Dust to dust, earth to earth".

When we returned from the cemetery, which was near the church, we noticed that our little Frieda (only five months old) was feverish. The next day the temperature was higher and what we feared, came. On the third day she came down with smallpox. O, the terrible sight! The smallpox had not only disfigured her body and face but also one arm was dislocated at the elbow. Poor earth worm! There she lay whining and sighing from pain and we could not alleviate it till the Lord released the poor child from the fetters and pain of her body. Several young brethren dug up the grave of Agnes and made it wider so that the two little sisters were laid to rest in one grave. This took place November 8, 1920. There they rest in Volhynian ground until the resurrection day.

You were blooming like a flower,
To your Creator's glory.
When He took you from us,
Our darlings, we were sorry.
But in the Heavenly Garden,
You're blossoming anew
Though suffering here, your Guardian
And Saviour brought you through.
When in the bliss of Heaven
Without a spot or stain
Great and small shall gather
We'll meet you there again.

A long time after the burial of our two darlings I could still see them in my spirit. After this painful experience it was rather difficult for me to prepare myself efficiently for my new church work. The cemetery was close to the parsonage and church, and when I passed by I always looked in the direction of the twin grave.

The Baptist churches kept their own membership, birth, marriage and family records. As I had mentioned before Horstschick was saved from destruction during the war and the revolution. Likewise all church books were not damaged. In view of the circumstances of the church at that time all books had to be checked, revised and new entries had to be made. In order to determine the correct number of members in all the colonies, committee members of the church and I went from house to house and visited not only our members but also all other German residents. All this clerical work, which the preacher did himself, and home visitation after all the war years, was rather strenuous. The church, including all stations, had about four hundred members and most of the visitation I did by foot. Only when I went to another colony I traveled by horse and buggy. When no brother was available to go with me, my walking stick was my only escort and companion. Naturally we did not stay long in each house. We usually talked about the one thing that was most important. I usually asked the members directly about their relationship to God and the church. For this conversation, I came to an understanding with the brother who accompanied me that he should make the introductions and I would continue the conversation. At the close, after reading a passage from the Word of God and making a few comments about it, I asked the members of the household to pray with us. In the light of the Word of God some confessed that they were not worthy to be members. When there were sufficient reasons they were asked to appear before the church. If their attitude did not change they were expelled from the church. Other names were removed from the membership record for other reasons. But the preacher and the deacons kept an eye on them, and visited them off and on again.

As much as I can remember we expelled and dropped from the church roll eighteen members, in the first year after returning from banishment in 1920. But in the fall and winter during a time of revival most of them with the exception of a few were received again into the church. Every Wednesday evening we held prayer meetings. At first we started to hold them at the church but they proved to be of greater blessing when we held them at various homes. Unconverted and backsliders returned to the Lord and the church. These were special hours of blessing from the Lord when we could see and hear how some prayed for forgiveness of their sins. After finding peace they gave testimony before the assembly and told what the Lord had done for their souls. The Lord crowned our church work with a harvest of souls. The next spring it was my privilege at the main, local station alone to baptize forty five souls in the likeness of the death of Jesus.

I also want to record here a few unpleasant experiences in connection with my home visitation. Some people were waiting for our visit to talk to us. Others, especially young people, when they found out that the preacher was coming, hid themselves. Some even carried the news to the neighbors and warned them that the preacher was coming. Some we found somewhere outside and talked to them there about their soul's salvation, and prayed with them. It was a difficult but a very blessed soul winning work. Some wanted to give us something to eat but had very little or nothing because people were very poor after they returned home from their

exile. When I became very hungry I let them give me a pot of sweet or sour milk and when there was no bread in the house they boiled potatoes or grated potatoes and baked potato pancakes, usually without salt for salt was difficult to get. Sometimes when there were no eggs in the house they looked for a couple of eggs in the nest outside and prepared them for me. However difficult it was, a preacher was honored over there more as a messenger of God than here in this country, even though he had to eat potatoes with peelings and sour milk. Here it is more an act of courtesy when he is treated well and not so much on account of being a messenger of God.

One day Brother Steinke and I had a special experience in a home. It was, otherwise, a decent family. They were not members of our church but came often to our meeting. They were Masurs. These Masurs were a somewhat different type of people. We had several such families in our church. When we came into the house we were seated at the table, my companion on a chair and I on a sort of sleeping bench behind the table. We spoke to them about their soul's salvation, read the Word of God and knelt down to pray, then stood up and sang a stanza of a song. When I arose from my knees I noticed that the sleeping bench was like an anthill, full of lice. In order not to cause a disturbance, I kept my five senses under control but the shock I received, I will never forget. I had a black overcoat on and when we were outside I suggested to my old deacon and companion that he should look me over. The old brother exclaimed: "Man, you are full of lice!" I said, "Now let us go home quickly." Luckily we were only about half a verst from home. Mother wondered why I came home so early and why I had left my overcoat behind the door. I told her to go and look it over. What a shock to her! After I had washed myself and changed clothes, we ate dinner and then took our walking stick in hand and off we went again to visit homes.

These Masurs were very simple and some of them, dirty people. After visiting one of our church stations I had to record the birth of a newly born child. The young father of the child was rather shy, so the old brother asked me to register his grandchild. I asked him what the name of his son-in-law was. He thought a while and then he said that he did not know whether his name was Pishkatz or Pshikatz. I could hardly keep from laughing. I told him that I must know definitely. Then he went to his son-in-law and asked him. I do not remember any more what his name really was, whether Pishkatz, Pshikatz or something else. This old brother drove me home. Mother prepared food for us. She fried sausage and eggs. When he saw that I was eating with a fork he also used the fork, but first he took the sausage with his fingers and put it on the fork and thus he ate with me.

Here is another experience from the time of my exile. I went to a village where one family, members of our church, lived. There we had meetings in the school house. One evening while I was preaching a spiritual awakening and a revival took place at the meeting. People started to pray aloud and called on God for grace and forgiveness of sins. When I saw that my voice was drowned out by their calling on God I stopped preaching and while watching what was going on I prayed quietly to God for guidance of the Holy Spirit. Some who found peace while praying stood up and praised God aloud for His saving grace. Others stayed on their knees praying and repenting before God. When that rushing of the spiritual wind died down somewhat and became moderate I started to preach again. Some pushed through between rows of people on benches and went from one to another to ask for

forgiveness, if they were not at peace with them. Others who had found peace testified of what the Lord had done for their soul. The Spirit of God was preaching alone to their hearts and I had to be quiet. I do not remember how many found peace in those days but it was a large number.

When heavenly winds are blowing
From God's throne of glory
The hearts of saints are glowing
To tell the blessed story.
When multitudes of sinners
Flee from the fires of hell
God's children are rejoicing
And praise the Savior well.

I closed the meeting and asked all who wanted to stay longer to come to the platform to pray with me and to receive more instruction. This was a special hour of blessing in which an additional number found peace and praised the Lord for His saving grace and blessing.

Since the two smallest children had died in Horstschick and on account of unrest at the border we had no chance to cross it to Poland, we gave up the hope of returning to Poland. We then settled down and took over the work on a permanent basis at the church in Horstschick.

In the first and second years more people returned from their banishment but not all returned. Many, even whole families died in their exile. Some came home almost starved, ate their fill once at someone's home who had received them and died immediately. They also brought with them epidemics, the cholera and typhus, which took their toll of lives in Volhynia. Marrying and dying went hand in hand. In that large region, Volhynia, after the war, if I remember rightly, were only two Lutheran pastors. Traveling, on account of political unrest, was not safe and there were more Baptist preachers, so many asked the Baptist preachers to marry them. Sometimes I married several couples at the same time. In order to do my duties for the church, I set aside Wednesdays for marriages and announced it so officially. Besides many marriages I also had many funerals to perform and sometimes it happened that after a marriage celebration I immediately had to go to a funeral or vice versa, and sometimes between the two to visit a very sick person. Due to such a changeable ministry, I sometimes was overwhelmed with a peculiar sensation. In order to be honest with people in my ministry and not merely go through formalities as many do here, required a complete change of feelings within me. I often performed a marriage according to the Word of God and spoke earnestly about a happy married life. Then I went to a house of mourning and stood before a dead body and spoke words of comfort to the bereaved ones. Poor world! Your joy is only temporary. Pain, grief, anxiety and finally death is thy lot.

In contrast to the former times, during the years of war, revolutions and banishment, a spirit of indifference, wickedness and lawlessness manifested itself. I noticed the changed attitude of married and engaged couples towards the institution of marriage sanctioned by God. The rule there was that before a marriage ceremony was performed by a preacher it had to be publicly announced on three consecutive Sundays in church. When an engaged couple came to me with the request to announce their marriage I took that occasion to first talk to them earnestly about their plans. If one of them was Lutheran they had to decide where they would like to belong

as a family after marriage. The church kept a record in a family book of every family, whether they were members or not. If, after marriage they wanted to belong to the Baptists, a record had to be kept. If they were not decided or they did not want to talk about it in my presence I sent them to another room where they could talk it over and come to an agreement.

One couple, I remember, could not come to an agreement. I told them that I would not marry them unless they agreed. As much as I can recall she was a member of our church and he was Lutheran. They drove home and the marriage was off. One engaged couple from a neighboring church came to me to be married. The groom was not converted but was of Baptist background. I spoke earnestly to him about his soul's salvation and his responsibility as the head of a family. Two weeks after their wedding the young man became sick and died. On his sickbed he confessed that my talk at the marriage ceremony made him restless and he knew that he would be lost if he died. His wife and parents prayed with him and he found peace before he died. On his deathbed he asked his father to ask me to conduct his funeral service. This I did. Praise God for His saving grace!

At one of our stations I had to bury a Lutheran young man. He lived with his mother, a widow. Sometimes he came to our meetings and often was admonished to turn to the Lord but he did not pay any attention, but went out of the way. Mother and son were poor people. One night he had a peculiar dream. He slept on a shabby bed behind the oven. He arose in the morning very restless and told his mother his dream as follows: He saw a form in the kitchen walking back and forth. And every time when passing the form looked over towards him. He was terribly frightened. But he lay still and kept quiet. Finally, the form vanished. Mother said that it was a warning from God that he should turn to Him. All day he was restless. Late in the afternoon he went over to his friend's who lived near by in the same village. The people noticed that he was very restless. He was sitting in front of the kitchen stove and aimlessly was poking in the fire. They asked him what was wrong with him, but he did not say a word. He got up and without saying a word, went out. Outside he took his pitch fork which he had brought along and went across the field towards home. His sister-in-law (or was she the sister?) looked out and noticed that he stumbled, and fell and stayed down. She screamed and ran out to him, grabbed him, and called him by his name. But he did not utter a sound. He could not, because he was already dead. Naturally, this was a shocking incident of death for the whole vicinity. So uncertain and short is our life on this sinful earth. Psalm 90:12.

If I remember right it was the second year at Horstschick (1921) when an accident happened. Oscar, about eleven years old, broke his leg. The teacher called the children to school after an intermission. While running, another boy fell on Oscar's foot. Both fell down and the leg broke above the knee. Our village school was near the church. Erich came running home with the bad news. A doctor was not available, but it was said that an old Brother Kobus, a couple of verst away, knew how to set bones. I drove over to that brother and brought him to our home. He made thin wooden laths, pulled the leg out straight and put the laths around the leg and bandaged it. He also left instructions to moisten the bandage with weak alcohol and keep the leg still. The pain made him restless and we both had to watch him alternately day and night. These were hard days for us. When he felt that the leg was somewhat healed he wanted to get up but we knew that it was too soon. One day when we were not in the house he let Erich bring him a

couple of sticks and he made himself crutches and got up, but he became dizzy, the crutches slipped and he fell. From this fall the leg became worse and he had to endure more pain. Disobedience must suffer. A German proverb says, "Ver nicht hört der muss fühlen!" (He who does not hear must feel.) If I am right it took six weeks for the leg to be completely healed. But, thanks be to God, it healed without leaving any bad effects.

About twenty verst (14 miles) west of us was another church, Cholosne. The preacher of that church had died in Vosnesensk where we were in exile, and as I mentioned on page 53 I buried him there. This congregation requested me to minister to them. When the brethren of that church came to an agreement with our brethren, I ministered to that church also. Cholosne had five stations, and two of them were about one hundred verst (67 miles) away. Altogether there were over four hundred members. The Lord also blessed our work in that place, together with our church. For over a year I ministered there. During that time I baptized a large number in the likeness of the death of Jesus.

On the far away stations, Klosin and Chatki we had special times of blessing. These two stations were only eight verst (5 miles) apart. On the station of Klosin, as a result of a fight a revival started among the youth of the village. In that scuffle a young man was stabbed with a knife so badly that his liver was injured. No doctor was available in the neighborhood but later a doctor arrived from far away. According to his statement the liver and other parts were so injured that the young man had to die. On the other side of the street lived an uncle of that young man but he was a Baptist and was hated. The young man demanded that his parents call the uncle to pray for him. The uncle was called. He talked to the young man about his soul's salvation. The youth confessed that he would be lost if he should die and asked his uncle to pray for him that the living God would make him well. He would then consecrate his life to Him. The next day the parents called the Lutheran teacher, a representative of the pastor. He came and read a prayer from a prayerbook and asked the sick young man to repeat it. But the young man did not want to say the prayer after him. He wanted his parents to call the uncle. He said, "If the teacher wants to pray for me he should pray from the heart as uncle prays." Crying with pain he begged the parents to call the uncle again. Good or bad, they went to call the uncle. When the uncle came into the room and saw the teacher, he did not want to be in his way and refused to go to the bed, but the sick one called to the uncle to come nearer and pray for him. The uncle read from the Word of God, knelt down and prayed and pointed him to the Savior. He told him that if he would promise the Lord to live for Him, He could make him well. He promised and called on God, together with his uncle for grace and salvation. The teacher, of course, took his prayerbook and left. But soon he came again, but this time without a prayer book but with a praying heart.

In the house of that sick young man the Lord opened the hearts of all the members of the household and uncle could conduct there regularly evening meetings to which the Lutheran teacher also came. Every evening more came until the house was too small. A revival took place, and meetings were held in several places. The Lord heard the prayers. The sick young man found peace and forgiveness of his sins and healing of his body. He became well and testified of his two-fold salvation of his soul and body, and so did his parents. These saved ones testified about their salvation before the whole assembly. This fire of the Spirit kindled other neigh-

boring colonies and there also meetings were held.

The newly converted wished that the Lutheran teacher would let the meetings be held in the school house. First, he had his doubts about it lest the pastor would object. But the people insisted and the meetings were held in the school. If I am not mistaken about one hundred were converted at that time.

Then many inquired and searched in the Bible about baptism. This question caused a fresh stir among the newly converted. Some went for advice to the Baptists, to Brother Stobbe, the uncle of the above mentioned young man. Others went to the teacher. Apparently the teacher was concerned about his position, as the chief priests and pharisees were who said, "If we let him thus alone the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation." John 11:48. The teacher, though professing to be converted, wanted to stay with the Lutheran church and with the newly converted, have a small church within the church.

When I arrived there we had special meetings in which the newly converted were examined. Each one of them was called in separately and told the story of his conversion. Though they varied in their experience of grace, the fact that they had found salvation was the same blessed testimony. These newly converted did not have to be dragged to the front as is being practiced in some churches. They came voluntarily, moved by the Holy Spirit. The next day baptism was to take place. This was on June 5, 1926. Brother Stobbe cleared the barn for the morning meeting, to which everybody was invited. The barn proved too small, but the weather was beautiful, and arrangements were made so that people could sit outside. In the meantime a few more newly converted ones applied for baptism. So we held a separate meeting with members in the house, and interviewed them. Since the candidates for baptism were from two stations, Klosin and Chatki, the members wished to have a baptismal service at both places. In view of the fact that the largest number of candidates for baptism were Lutherans, it caused hatred among friends and relatives and protests against baptism.

While I was eating dinner I was informed that two church school teachers from other colonies wanted to speak to me. I invited them in. The movement in Klosin had spread to neighboring colonies and these two men were also affected by it. Their desire was to speak to me about baptism. I did not have much time to carry on a conversation with them because of the baptismal service in the afternoon, but I tried to make Biblical baptism clear to them. While I explained it one said to the other, "Didn't I tell you that our infant baptism has no Biblical basis?" I had to get ready for baptism so I had to cut the conversation short.

When we were in the yard ready to walk to the river three verst (2 miles) away, I was told that a Bolshevik was there to keep his sister from being baptiz@d. Since we still had religious freedom under the Bolshevik government I called the village manager, who was a Lutheran, and was among the crowd in the yard, and asked him to keep order. This village chief told the Bolshevik that if he caused any disturbance he would be arrested and transported back to his village.

We then, with a large assembly of people, started to march. The choir in front was singing a song, and another preacher whom I had invited, was with me.

At the designated place for baptism my colleague, Brother Hartman, while standing on a wagon, preached the baptismal sermon. It made a deep impression upon the audience. It was about the "Word that may be a savor of death to death or of life to life." II Cor. 2:16. In spite of the multitude of people which had come together from several colonies the baptismal service and the baptism itself was performed with solemn reverence and without disturbance. It was also a beautiful day for this sacred occasion. After the usual questions to the candidates and the word of admonition and warning to all listeners, I stepped into the water. I was told that a mother wanted to keep her daughter from being baptized, but the Lord overruled her heart at the right moment. Her daughter was the first one to be baptized. When she stepped into the water her mother kindly took the large shawl her daughter wore off her shoulder and after she was baptized, put it around her again and assisted her in the tent, while she was changing clothes. God controlled all the hearts with godly fear and reverence and I could baptize without any disturbance, twenty three souls in the likeness of the death of Jesus. Praise the Almighty for His goodness, power, protection and blessing! After baptism all again gathered together in a brother's barn for the reception of the newly baptized. We celebrated the Lord's supper with them and with prayer and laying on of hands consecrated them to the Lord.

The next day, the sixth of June, 1926, was set aside for the celebration of baptism at the other station, about five miles away. At that place there was not so much hatred against the Baptists. Since we expected a large crowd there also, a barn was used again for the meetings. The examination and acceptance of candidates for baptism had been completed a few days before. Again the weather was beautiful and after Brother Hartman had brought a baptismal message, I again baptized twenty three souls in the likeness of the death of Jesus. Highly praised be Jesus Christ, the Saviour of lost sinners!

At another church, Rutkovsky Chutor in Volhynia, a remarkable spiritual movement and awakening had taken place. It was in the winter of 1922 and they were without a preacher. That church invited me, in the spring, to minister the Word of God to them for a few days, and to examine and baptize the ones who had applied for baptism. When I arrived there I noticed that the church had not only experienced a great awakening but also a real revival of the members. In those days, besides public meetings, we held Bible study hours for the new believers to ground them in the fundamental truths and the doctrine of the Bible. Then followed the examination of the newly converted ones. The revival of the church was especially noticeable in the forenoon meetings where a fervent spirit of prayer manifested itself with close attention to and reverence for the Word of God. The very sight of such an audience encourages a preacher of the gospel to proclaim the Word of God with great joy. In the afternoon we came together at a pond where I, after a baptismal message and the usual questions to the candidates baptized seventy five saved souls in the likeness of the death of Jesus. Praise the Lord for the large number who testified before the church that He had saved them! This baptismal celebration was one of the outstanding experiences of that church. It was also the largest number I ever baptized during my ministry. In the years after the first world war I was privileged to baptize, outside of my own church, at ten different places in Volhynia, larger and smaller numbers of saved souls.

Now I should like to insert a report of my father's and mother's deaths. Since there was no regular mail service between Russia and the

newly founded State of Poland, very seldom news reached us by mail. My father had died and we received the report of his death a year afterwards. His death was caused by an unreasonably brutal Polish soldier. It was in the winter of 1922 when one night, a Polish soldier on horseback came and knocked. He went to the door in his underwear. The soldier asked the way to the neighboring colony, Dzeschulitze. Father told him the way. But the soldier demanded that father should go with him immediately, and refused to let him get dressed first. So father had to go with him in his underwear. Upon returning he was almost frozen stiff. He lay several weeks sick, without medical care, till he passed away. He had one wish and that was to see his son, Emil, once more but it was not granted to him. He fell asleep gently in the Lord on February 3, 1922. He had reached the age of seventy nine years, ten months and twenty four days. Because of political unrest no preacher was available to conduct the burial service. Consequently my dear mother asked the old Brother Freier, with whom I associated in mission work when I was young, and he conducted the funeral.

After my ordination, in the year 1912, I took a missionary trip to the western part of Poland. That was before the first world war. I made a detour to visit my dear parents. This was the last time I saw them. My father was, at that time, sixty nine and mother fifty five years old.

Now I would like to make a few remarks about my father. He was of average height and his features and form of his face resembled Abraham Lincoln's. Whenever I look at the picture of Abraham Lincoln, one-time president of the United States of America, I think of my father. Unfortunately I have no picture of him. I do not know whether or not he took it seriously when he said that it is written, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything." Exodus 20:4 On the basis of this Word he thought that it was not right to have a picture taken. But the real reason, I think, was that, at that time, there was no photographer in our city. My father used no razor. He trimmed his mustache and beard with the scissors as good as he could, and he never did it on Sunday. He never jested, and he very seldom laughed. Father could neither read nor write. Mother read a portion from the Bible but he always led in prayer at home. Though fifty years have passed since I left my father's house, I still see him in my mind, kneeling and praying earnestly at home and in church. Often when I went by the barn where he was threshing with a flail, the little grain he had harvested, I heard him pray alone. These prayers of my dear father made a deep impression on my youthful heart. And though his praying lips are now already thirty seven years silent in this world, I still experience the blessed effect in my heart. Even if it is so that the body is decayed, it is only the mortal shell, but he surely is in Glory, in the Land of the righteous, who by faith have finished their course. Also some of his children are there, who preceded him in death. But will he meet all his children and grandchildren in the Heavenly Home? I do not know yet. O, Lord, be gracious unto all of us, that none of us would be missed there!

Through the death of my father the family home was broken up. The children were already grown up and widely scattered. Mother was sixty four years old and could not stay alone on that small plot of land. My uncle, mother's brother, Julius advised her to sell her house and the land and give the money to the Baptist Old Peoples' Home in Lodz. She could

then stay at that home, without responsibility, for the rest of her life. This advice was very good for mother. She lived at that home seventeen years and had good care, bodily and spiritually until after a few weeks of serious illness, in August 1939, she passed away at the age of eighty two years. On account of the second world war I heard of her death through the Red Cross, two years later. I can only recall how she looked forty seven years before her death. She was fifty five years old when I saw her for the last time.

My mother's father, Peter Krueger, was a very skilled roofer. From his constant work on roofs he contracted severe headaches and in the last few weeks of his life, he lay sick in bed. One day he got up unnoticed by anybody, took his walking stick, and went out. When grandmother missed him, she looked for him in the yard but did not find him. After long seeking in the colony, he was found lying at the roadside. In answer to the question of why he had gone away from home, he said, "The Lord Jesus is tarrying so long to take me home, so I went out to meet Him." Soon after this the Lord took him home. I wrote about his conversion on page four. After the death of my grandfather, Uncle Julius took his mother from Poltanitze to Petrikau, where he was a preacher. She lived with him a couple of years and passed away.

Now I want to go back with my story to my dear church in Horstschick, Volhynia. In such a large church, I had in addition to the main church work, much bookkeeping to do. I had to keep a record of all members, families, marriages, births and deaths and do other clerical work. There was no electric light and kerosene was hard to obtain. The farmers therefore raised flax. From the fiber of the flax they made their own linen and from the seed they obtained linseed oil. The linseed oil was used for frying, and baking (pancakes and sweet rolls) and also for lighting their homes. A little oil was poured into a tin cup or saucer and a strip of flannel was used as a wick. By putting one end into the oil and the other end above the rim it was possible to light it. This was our light. One can imagine what a miserable light it was. With such a light I spent many an evening until late at night writing and studying. Often I used such a light at evening meetings in homes. There were not enough song books available so I first read a couple of lines of a song and then let the congregation sing it.

One Sunday, or was it on a holiday, an urgent request came to me from a neighbor's house to see a sick man. This was at one of our stations at the close of a meeting in a home. A couple of brethren and I went there immediately. It was a Lutheran family. The owner of the house, a middle-aged man was lying on the bed apparently very sick and cried that if he had to die he would be lost. In answer to our question of what he wished from us, he asked whether or not there was still grace for him, and if God could save him. I saw that I had a repentant sinner before me seeking salvation. I read God's Word to him and pointed him to salvation in Christ. We knelt down at his bedside and prayed together to God. His prayer was an earnest prayer of repentance as we find it in the 40th Psalm. The Lord gave grace that he soon could grasp salvation in Christ and when the peace of God filled his heart he began to praise the Lord joyfully for His grace. I still see in my mind the wife of that sick man standing at the oven with tears in her eyes sobbing and trembling. Having assurance of his salvation and being filled with peace and joy he urged his wife to come to God in prayer. He vowed that if God would restore him to health he and his wife would live for

God. In response to his wish we knelt down again and prayed earnestly for his wife. Whether his wife later came to a break-through and actually experienced salvation in Christ, I do not remember. Again a soul was saved though like a brand plucked from the fire.

After three years of service in the church at Horstschick, my work there came to an end. The church at Novo Rudne, about fifty five verst (37 miles) away gave me a call and sent two brethren to urge me personally to accept the call. This church had, in the previous winter, experienced a great awakening in which over one hundred souls turned to the Lord. These brethren presented to me the great need for a preacher for their church and said that for the sake of the Lord's work and the great need I should take over the church without hesitation. But I told the brethren that I had no reason to leave the church at Hortstschick, and though they did what they could for their church I remained undecided. I dismissed them with the promise that I would take the matter in consideration and ask the Lord for guidance and told them to do likewise. When I presented this matter to the members, a storm arose in the church. They did not want to let me go. But when the church at Novo Rudne again and again put before me the urgent need of their church I found myself in a difficult situation. Since I wanted to decide according to the Lord's will I, after considering the matter with much prayer, resorted to united prayer with the church and casting lots as I had done in Belchatow fourteen years before. See page 34.

One Sunday afternoon I held the members of the church back after the meeting and laid my resolution to cast lots before the church. Brother Schwartz, the deacon and elder of the church, stood up and said to me, "Brother Bonikowski, the fact that the Lord blessed your work in this church is enough proof, without casting lots, that the Lord wants to use you here." But I, in my serious situation, determined to settle the matter with united prayer and casting lots. The church finally consented. Two brothers were appointed to prepare the lots and we all united in prayer. I left the whole matter to the will of the Lord, and prayed, "Lord, not my will, but Thy will, be done." All prayed earnestly. We got up from our knees and a brother handed me the lots and I drew the lot Novo Rudne. So the matter was decided. We bowed again before the Lord on our knees and I prayed for all of us to have an obedient heart and mind, to do and to live according to the will of the Lord. I also prayed for a successor for the church. A solemn reverence reigned in the meeting and many eyes were full of tears.

The church at Horstschick then gave a call to a young married brother by the name of Fritz, as my successor. He was not yet ordained. We ordained him for the ministry a few months later.

In September 1923, we moved to our new place of ministry, Novo Rudne. The layout of the church at Novo Rudne made it a beautiful field of ministry. The church had five stations, about five to ten verst away, all in a semicircle around the central one. The church building at the center was made of brick. In my estimation, it was the most beautiful church in Volhynia. It was built in 1909. For the dedication of the church one gave a gift of a clock at the cost of 100 rubles. Under existing economic conditions at that time it was a large gift. The church also had 9 dessiatine (25 acres) of land which they cultivated for the preacher. We kept two cows, one horse for transportation, chickens, pigs and several sheep.

I preached only once a month at the central place, the first Sunday after the full moon. It was called the church Sunday. The reason was that on that Sunday many came from the other stations to the meeting, some by foot and they depended on the moon for light in the evening. Members from the other stations also came to the business meeting of the church. On other Sundays I always ministered at one of the stations. The Sunday school was held in the afternoon from 1:30 to 2:30. The church had a mixed choir and a male choir. For the church Sunday a brass wind instrument group from one of the stations took part in the service.

After the Bolsheviks and the Poles established a fixed borderline it became more quiet in the country. Soldiers did not move back and forth so much. But the pressure on the poverty stricken people, by the Bolsheviks, to enforce their reforms became harder. Besides the exorbitant taxes on land and business, churches and the clergy were taxed. Sometimes besides the regular taxes they demanded unexpected special taxes. One day when I was not home my wife received an order to bring within so many hours several thousand rubles to the village office. Since we did not have so much money in the house she had to run around in the colony to borrow that amount and take it over to them. If one did not bring the money at the appointed time he was arrested and thrown to jail. The country churches had to pay their taxes with grain because money had so little value.

In Horstschick we butchered a cow and we received for the hide millions of rubles with which we could buy only a couple of yards of cloth. In view of the fact that it was very difficult to obtain cloth for clothes every farmer kept sheep. We also acquired a few sheep in order to get wool. Mother had learned to spin when we were in exile and it came very handy in Volhynia. After the sheep were shorn and the wool processed, it was spun into yarn from which cloth was woven. Linen yarn was also made from the fiber of flax and then mixed with wool. Linen yarn was used as the warp and the wool as woof. If darker cloth was wanted black wool was added. From such cloth mother made clothes for the children.

Since the church at Pulin, 14 verst (9 miles) east was without a preacher that church asked me to minister to them, which I did with the consent of my church. Thus, I had besides my church, the large church at Cholosne and the church at Pulin. This was a large field for me.

When I took the church at Cholosne over I found unexpectedly, one of my soldier colleagues. It happened at the first visit at one of the stations. Sunday after the meeting the brethren who drove me to that station and I were invited to dinner. At the table the host was sitting opposite me. While we were eating, I looked at him repeatedly because he looked familiar to me. I also noticed that he glanced at me. Finally, I said to him, "You look so familiar to me, as if I had seen you somewhere before." He said the same to me. I asked him whether or not he had served as a soldier and where. He said, "Yes, in Lowitz." I asked, "Are you the blacksmith?" He said, "Yes." Then we stopped eating and greeted each other as old soldier brothers and also as brothers in Christ Jesus. With a heart moving emotion and tear shedding eyes we embraced. We praised the Lord for His wonderful leading and keeping and the joyful meeting again. Very likely we shall meet some in Heaven whom we thought were lost in the storm of time but the last wave carried them to the Heavenly shore.

The political pressure of the Bolsheviks became continually worse in Volhynia, not only in the economic field but also in the spiritual. In April, 1926 all clergymen of all religious denominations and churches had to report and were told that no children under eighteen years should be allowed to belong to any church organization, or to attend Sunday school, or to sing in the choir, or play in a church orchestra. This was a hard blow to all church denominations. We could see that if that trend continued, in time all religious services would be stopped and the very existence of religious organizations would be in danger. When one of our deacons and I returned from the municipal government office, we found that in the meantime a letter had arrived from Brother Kuhn, the missionary secretary of the Baptist Union of America.

This letter brought us the good news that the missionary committee made an agreement with a steamship company in order to help their fellow believers out of Russia into Canada. One evening I read the letter to the church. A few families and we thought that it was an open door from the Lord, which we should consider before it became too late. We came together several times to discuss it. Brother Lueck was appointed to make a list of all who were interested in emigrating. At first it seemed that the whole church wanted to emigrate, but when the time came to make a decision there were only thirty five who registered and applied to the authorities for passports. Every sixteen year old, whether alone or as a member of a family had to have his own passport.

Each passport for mother, Erich and me cost 350 rubles. With the application for a passport we had to enclose papers from six different offices. To get these papers was difficult and expensive and the fear of being refused was always with us. As a group we agreed to pay one of the clerks who was somewhat known by some of our group and let him get the necessary documents for us. God gave grace and this man fortunately got all the papers for all of us. In our family were eleven persons. The full price of a steamship ticket was one hundred seventy five dollars per person from Moscow to Winnipeg; for children under twelve years old, half price and for the baby, five dollars. Since the mission had promised to send us the steamship tickets on credit, we were waiting for them and the whole group was waiting with us because we all wanted to go together. But when it seemed to us too long to wait, one of our fellow travelers offered to loan us the money for the tickets. He had more money than the legal amount he could take across the border. This was a good way for him to take his money out to Canada. We decided then to borrow eighteen hundred dollars. Though we gave him a note in the presence of witnesses, he caused us a great deal of trouble later on account of it. He demanded his money as soon as we arrived in Canada. But, thank God, we finally paid it all back to him. With this load of debt, we arrived in Canada after a very difficult trip which dragged out way into the next year. We found out later that through an oversight our steamship tickets had been mislaid in Quebec.

At the first physical examination in Volhynia for the trip to Canada the doctor discovered trachoma in Alma's eyes. Alma was twelve years old. We took her for a month to our friends, the Druesners in Pulin, fourteen verst (9 miles) from us where she could be treated daily by a doctor. When we all had our passports in hand, we had a farewell service on August 29, 1926 in our beautiful church at Novo Rudne. I preached my farewell sermon based on the word of the Apostle Paul from Acts 20:31 and 32. Many prayers went up to God and many tears were shed.

Monday morning, August 30, 1926 the appointed brethren came with their horse drawn vehicles to take us to the railroad station. After all the bundles of clothes, linen, blankets, the most necessary kitchen utensils and some food stuff were loaded, we started out for the 35 verst (23 miles) away station, Novograd Volinsk. Though it was somewhat out of the way, we accepted the invitation of our dear brethren at the station Barbarufka and stopped there. There also, we had farewell prayers, tears were shed and best wishes were extended to us from our brothers and sisters. A dear brother, Jonathan Sprenger, who still today is languishing in Siberia, gave me a ten ruble gold piece as a memento. The weather was beautiful and we arrived safely at Novograd Volinsk. For our family we had to buy seven tickets to Moscow at a cost of 88 rubles and 97 kopeks. With the help of a porter (naturally, for pay) we all could travel in the same passenger car. At seven o'clock in the evening, we started and at 12:30 at night we arrived at Kiev. There we had to transfer to another train for which we had to wait.

In spite of all our vigilance at the station, our small cook stove was stolen. We had to wait for the train all day till 10:30 in the evening. With much effort and cost we succeeded to travel together again in one coach. While we rode we sang a song but soon someone came and ordered us to stop singing. On September 2 at nine in the morning we arrived at Moscow. At the physical examination the physician told us that Arthur and Helmuth had trachoma in their eyes and we had to stay there a couple of weeks till they were healed. This was a hard blow to us. Good or bad we had to separate from the whole group except for one sister who stayed with us.

Our living quarters were free at the steamship company but we had to pay for the beds and food. Not until after twenty three days could we depart, on September 25, 1926. Here in Moscow I had to go every day with Helmuth and Arthur to the eye doctor.

We were glad and thanked God that we finally could get out of the Russian Communistic Paradise. From Moscow we went to Riga in Lithuania. Before we left Moscow an official of the steamship company warned us to be careful in conversation on the train until we got over the border, because we would be watched by Russian soldiers. We noticed it and in our anxiety prayed to God. Any word or conduct that did not please them was enough reason to send one to Siberia. We arrived at the border station, Sebesch, at six o'clock in the evening and had to stand there over two hours. All packages had to be opened for inspection. I did not take along many books, but I had a goodly number of them. Just to be safe, I took out a written permit in Moscow for the books. While inspecting our packages a Bolshevik grabbed all my books, wrapped them in his mantle and off he went, but when I showed him my permit he dropped them all and walked away.

After all the anxious hours of inspection we could close our packages and load them. At nine o'clock the train started to move to cross the border. Our unwanted comrades rode along across the border to the next station where they disappeared. The Lithuanian police immediately took over the control at the border. But what a difference! The Lithuanian police were friendly and polite in their behavior towards us. The Bolsheviks were as we had known them in Russia, fresh, brutal and inhuman. O, how glad we were when the Lithuanian police stepped on the train. Only then could we breathe freely and thank God for His gracious

help.

We arrived in Riga September 27 at six in the morning. There our clothes and linen were disinfected and we all had to take a shower bath, which did us good. After this, again a physical check-up followed, by a doctor. After three days, on September 30 at seven p.m. we left Riga by steamer and arrived at Danzig October 2 at seven in the morning. Our ship stood there till two o'clock at night. When we left Riga I sent a message by wireless to Aunt Natalie, mother's sister in Germany. When our ship arrived at Danzig Aunt Natalie was already there. Natalie was working in the home of a rich family. Meeting after thirteen years was a pleasant experience for all of us, and the day of being together went by too fast. By two o'clock at night we departed from Danzig, Germany and at ten a.m. our ship entered slowly into Kaiser Wilhelm's canal. The sight especially towards the south side of Germany was beautiful. It was refreshing to see the beautiful gardens, buildings, streets and sidewalks beautifully laid out and in order. On the 4th of October at 7 p.m. we sailed out of Kaiser Wilhelm's canal into the North sea towards England. At London we were loaded into a narrow gauge railroad train, the doors were locked and like prisoners we proceeded towards Southampton to the large immigration camp. After arrival there we had to again take a shower bath and again stand in line to be examined by a doctor, and a nurse. During the check-up I could already see how mean and roughly the immigrants were treated. Helmuth and Arthur, who already had been kept back three weeks in Moscow for treatment of their eyes and were declared well in Moscow and Riga, were again declared eyesick, here in England. The doctor thought that in about two weeks with their treatment their eyes should be well for the trip to Canada. The little Harry who was only over two months old, who had been well during the whole trip up to this point, was declared sick with measles. Therefore, it was decided that Helmuth, Arthur and Harry should stay there with mother, and I with the other six children would go to Canada.

In order to go ahead on our trip I received the necessary papers and also the tickets for our cabins on the ship. Our luggage had already been sent to the port six miles away. A freight and passenger bus had made one trip with a number of other immigrants and freight, and a number of Mennonites and we were left to the last. When finally it was our turn to step on the bus they did not let us go. I was shocked and told them that our luggage was already at the port and we had tickets for our cabins in our hands. But nothing availed. I had to stay with the family on account of the three children. The agent, a Jew who spoke German, told me that I could not go and he went with me to the port and took the luggage back. So we had to adjust ourselves to an unavoidable situation without knowing how long we would have to stay there.

Already the first night after a medical examination when our little Harry was declared sick with measles, mother was quarantined with him because measles are contagious. The little Harry was well but what looked suspicious was this - we could not get, on the ship, the necessary milk for him and when he was hungry and cried we gave him a nipple filled with sugar. Some of the grains of sugar stuck to his neck and throat and irritated him which caused red spots on the skin. Since measles existed at the camp they were sure that he was getting the measles. In the morning I went to see mother but I was not permitted to enter. The gates and doors were locked and over the gates was strung barbed wire. The windows

were also shut tight and I could only see and speak through the glass. In the room were also other women and children. Mother showed me the little Harry, lying on the table ready to be sent to the hospital. I heard mother say: "This child is sealed for death." And so it was. What she said with tears in her eyes, happened.

A young Mennonite whose wife and three children were stuck there wanted to see his children before they were taken to the hospital. In spite of his pleading and the crying of his children they did not let him in. He then tried to break through by force, or climb over the fence and gate, but fearing the worst, other Mennonite men held him back. The hospital ambulance came; men dressed in black without a friendly look, grabbed the children and put them into the ambulance. At that hour there was weeping and crying at the gate as it had been at the walls of Jerusalem. Our little Harry was carried out by a nurse who went along in the ambulance.

After about two weeks, one day an agent told us to get ready and we would be taken by an automobile to the hospital to see the child. We surmised immediately that the child was very sick. We went to the hospital but they did not let us in. A couple of chairs were placed before a window behind which little Harry lay. What a sad sight for us! The child was half uncovered, wet, his head was shriveled - more square than round and the eyes deep in the head. Apparently he was hungry and thirsty because he alternately stuck his little hands into his mouth to suck. We concluded that the child had become sick at the hospital. As long as we had him we did not notice that the child was sick. It was heartbreaking to see him suffer but we could not do anything else but pray to God. We stood there fifteen minutes. Mother could not stand the sight any longer, but she was not permitted to enter to take care of him. Then we drove back. Day and night this image of sorrow stood before us.

After about a week we were again called to the hospital. Mother did not go along. She said that the child must be dead, and if he was still alive she could not stand the sight of his condition anyway. When we arrived there and the agent asked for the child, we were told that the child was already at the morgue. I went there but there also they did not let me in. I could only see the child through a glass door. How it cut my heart, one can only understand who has experienced it himself. But I thanked God that He broke off the youngest branch of our family and out of his misery He took him to Himself. I wanted to know when the child would be buried and I was told that they would let me know.

They notified us and when we arrived there we were told that the child already had been taken to the cemetery. The agent drove with us to the cemetery. There we found a very deep open grave with the casket and on the casket a tin plate with the name of the child. Due to the fact that the English Island Kingdom is short of land the graves are dug very deep and several corpses are placed on top of each other. I noticed that there was another casket under the casket of our Harry.

From all the grief and trouble and on top of it, a cold from the drafty rooms, mother suffered a breast inflammation. We did not want to report it but tried to cure it ourselves with water compresses. But the chief physician from London came to our camp to examine a number of immigrants and we were also called to be examined by him. When he dis-

covered that Mother's temperature was not normal he questioned her what was wrong with her. He ordered a nurse to give her treatments with water compresses but on the second day she was taken to the hospital and after a few days, they operated on her breast.

In order to be able to visit her at the hospital, which was four miles away, I decided to learn to ride a bicycle. This I could not do without falling. One day I was riding from the yard through the gate when a strong wind threw me to one side and I fell in front of a truck which passed through the gate at the same time. The truck driver, going slowly, stopped the truck in time so that I was not injured. Thanks be to God! Another time I was riding according to the rule there, on the left side of the street, and crossed the street to the right to go to a store when suddenly an automobile came around the corner towards me. Frightened I fell on the sidewalk and my face, especially the nose, was badly injured. The store keeper came and helped me up and led me into the store. In a few minutes a doctor was there, who cleaned my face and nose and bandaged it. From the treasure of the English language I knew at least what "money" meant. I said to the doctor, "Money?" The doctor answered, "No, no." Then I said, "Danke schön". (Thank you). I think he must have understood me. Once I visited mother at the hospital. The hospital stood on a hill. On the way back down hill the brake of my bicycle failed and I raced full speed down, struck the gate with my bicycle, and with my head, the wall. People jumped to my rescue and helped me. The bicycle was bent out of shape and for a while I felt as if my head was stunned. I could bend the bicycle back into shape but the bending of my head did not help much. After a while I got hold of myself and proceeded on my trip.

The older boys had bought all kinds of old bicycles and rebuilt them into useful ones, and sold them. They assured me that the brakes were in order. Very likely they were good enough for them but not for my weight going down hill.

Another time, going down hill again on a street, after a heavy rain the brakes did not work right and I struck a woman pushing a baby carriage. The baby carriage rolled ahead at high speed. The woman stayed on her legs but I flew off the bicycle and landed in a mud hole. The hearing I retained but the sight was gone for a few minutes. The dear woman, instead of scolding me, had compassion on me and with her own handkerchief wiped my face and eyes. I was not injured but I looked awful.

One Wednesday when I visited mother again at the hospital and came near her bed, she looked at me but could not speak. I was shocked. I did not know what had happened. She pointed with her hand for me to sit down. After a while she whispered to me that they had again operated on her breast. She had just come from the operating table. According to her statement the treatment she had previously received had been of no avail. During the first world war when we lived in exile she had had similar trouble but we treated her only with water compresses and homeopathic medicine and she got well without even lying in bed.

At the time when mother was in the hospital a Mennonite girl whose bed was close to Alma's and Rubin's got the measles. She was taken to the hospital and Alma with Rubin, who was only eighteen month old, were quarantined. Later Rubin also got the measles and he was taken to the

hospital and Alma was quarantined for twelve days. Rubin was taken to the same hospital where mother was, but to another department. Rubin was five weeks in the hospital. Whenever I visited him he recognized me and wanted to go along with me. In order not to upset him I stayed away from him and looked at him only from the corridor so that he could not see me. He looked to me very neglected. One day when I was at the hospital and mother could walk around, she wanted to see Rubin. I went with her to the lower story and I brought Rubin to her in the corridor. When she tried to pick him up, he did not want to go to her. He did not know her any more. She had become strange to him. But after a long friendly persuasion he recognized her and went to her and put his little head on her breast.

On December 24th, 1926 mother and Rubin were discharged from the hospital but were quarantined because Rubin's sickness was contagious. Since mother was too weak to take care of him Alma had to be with Rubin in quarantine.

On account of the various children's diseases all children up to fifteen years of age were quarantined. In that immigration camp many tears were shed. During the seven months of our stay there we saw much injustice. What made it a camp of sorrow was the separation of members of families. Though all immigrants, before they came to England, had been examined by the steamship company doctors in Moscow and Riga and passed as healthy, when they arrived at Southampton, many were held back for treatments. Parents were separated from their children, families were divided, some could go on to Canada while others had to stay. Especially, the so-called cash passengers, who had more money were held back. It looked as if they wanted to do business with them.

A number of Lutheran men and I were called to an office, each one separately, and we were told to pay the expenses for the long time we had stayed at the camp and if we would not pay within a month we would be sent back to Russia. We told them that we had no money and we did not come here to stay at the camp but to go on to Canada. All of us Russian citizens came together and discussed the matter. We decided to appeal to the Russian Consul. We sent a written petition to him and complained to him about the injustice of the steamship company, and asked him whether or not the steamship company had the right to send us back to Russia against our will. In a few days we had a satisfactory answer. The Consul answered about like this, "Be not disturbed. Without my visa they cannot send you back and I will not issue a visa without your consent." With this written statement of the consul in hand we waited quietly for things to come within a month. The result was that they kept quiet and left us in peace.

Since there were about four hundred souls at the camp during the winter, we conducted a worship service every Sunday. If the room was not filled with new immigrants we also had a meeting Wednesday evening. Sundays we also held Sunday school. Often we had blessed meetings. The Lord gave grace that during that time a number of souls were converted to the Lord.

Finally our stay at the camp came to an end. The second week in May, Dr. Hommel, the chief physician came from London to examine all of us and the result was that after holding the whole family for seven months, we were allowed to go to Canada. Helmut and Arthur whose eyes were not

yet declared well had to stay behind. Since Arthur was only six years old and Helmut eleven, we thought best to leave Alma with them. Alma was thirteen years old. This separation of the family, naturally, was painful for us. But we saw no other way out but to adjust ourselves to the unavoidable situation. It was on the fourteenth of May, 1927 when we boarded the Empress of Scotland, a German ship which had been taken over and renamed by England after the first world war.

The weather for our trip was not too bad except for one day. The ship had to stand still for about twelve hours on the open sea on account of dense fog. Mother felt good during the whole sea voyage but I had to struggle with seasickness. Whenever I noticed an attack coming on, I went up on the deck and walked back and forth till I was tired. Then I laid down again until I had another attack and again I went up. One day when the ship suddenly slowed down and we wanted to know why, the captain said that there were icebergs floating around and it meant danger. Under God's gracious guidance and protection, after a nine day long voyage, we arrived at Quebec, Canada on the 23rd of May, 1927. At the harbor we ate our last dinner on the ship. After our papers were checked, signed and stamped we went by railroad farther west to Winnipeg. At the port we bought some food that was already packed, for our trip. We arrived at Winnipeg May 26 at eleven o'clock at night. There we were met by our immigration committee, Brother Bloedow and Brother Luebeck, and for the night were taken to a home of Christian people.

The next day Brother Bloedow went with me to the main station of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company to take care of some business. Then we strolled around in the city sightseeing and visiting some members of our churches. In the evening about twelve we left Winnipeg by train, and arrived the next day at twelve noon at our destination, Esk, Sask. After eleven months, Alma and Arthur arrived, and after twenty two months, Helmut. In Esk there was still snow on the ground, at some places. In England during the whole winter it had snowed only once, on a Sunday, and then it thawed immediately.

When we stepped off the train in Esk we asked where the town of Esk was. We were told that this was the city. We were greatly surprised to see such a small place called a city, but we had to believe it. In all our lives we had not seen such a small city. Since the house in which we were to live was in need of repair, we stayed a couple of days with the Bresches and Neumans. Then, the Lachs took us to their home in Nokomis. We had been friends when we were all young people in Poland. There I ministered the Word of God to them one evening. From there we went to Lockwood, to Brother and Sister Lueck, members of our last church in Volhynia, who had emigrated together with us. Here also I ministered the Word of God one evening. Then we drove back to Esk. During our absence, the members at Esk had renovated the house as much as possible and when they took us over to the house after fellowshiping around the Word of God, they gave us a warm reception with various sorts of cake and coffee. Then followed a few songs and speeches. These brotherly, social hours passed quickly.

Brother and Sister Neuman loaned us a cow and a horse, and another brother bought a used buggy for us. So we had our own milk and also our own means of transportation. We also had enough pasture for the cow and horse. Unfortunately, after a few days the horse became sick on one of his legs and in spite of all the remedies we used, died. But soon we had

an opportunity to buy our own cow and horse. With the horse and buggy I took most of my missionary trips and in winter when there was snow, in an open sleigh. Sometimes I got stuck in the snow or the sleigh overturned. Then I crawled out of the snow, shook it off and went on. When I felt too cold I walked, but I could not walk far in the deep snow. The Missionary Committee had assigned to me for my ministry the following places: Esk, Jansen, Sutherland, Biggar and Glidden. These places were far apart. When I went to Glidden I had to wait, both ways, a whole day in Saskatoon on account of poor railroad connections.

Esk belonged, at that time, as a station to the church in Nokomis. Soon after our arrival the members expressed their wish to organize as a church. In Russia it was not customary to establish such small churches, but here it is being done. In Esk we were all together only sixteen members. For this purpose I called a special meeting one day and after a thorough discussion and prayer the members unanimously decided to organize as a church. Our wish was granted by the mother church. We called a council over which the preacher of the mother church, Brother Fuchsa presided and after the customary examination of our doctrine and belief, we were declared independent.

In the next year, 1928 on February 28 mother celebrated her birthday for the first time in Canada. The members found it out some way and secretly prepared a surprise for her. On that day a number of brothers and sisters came to our home, brought cake and coffee along and served it. One sister recited a poem and handed mother a birthday cake. She also received several bed spreads. With several songs, speeches and prayers the pleasant social hours came to an end.

If I am right, it was in the second year that we invited a brother from Lockwood to start a stringed instrument orchestra. It was a blessing for the building up of the work there. But it did not take long for Satan to attempt to hinder the work by sowing his wicked seed into the hearts of people. The consequence was that the church had to exclude two members. This made my work in the church more difficult. Even some of my colleagues in the ministry misunderstood my attitude in this critical situation. A few members even tried to slander and accuse me before a conference. This conduct caused much dissatisfaction within the church.

In 1929 the Missionary Committee made a change and assigned to me as my missionary field Esk, Biggar and Lockwood. I was also advised by the Missionary Committee and the members of the Lockwood church to move to Lockwood. This change caused more dissatisfaction among members at Esk.

Since there was no parsonage at Lockwood the brethren there persuaded us to take over a farm which was for sale on time payments. After we had moved, I received a call from the Morris church. Had I received that call before we moved I would have considered it. But, then we did not want to move again. For the down payment on the farm and the necessary farm equipment and seed we had to borrow money. The first year was a dry year with sand storms which caused a crop failure. The following few years were not much better. Then the depression set in. The prices of farm products went down but the prices of articles we had to buy were in comparison, high. Besides the debts we had a large family to support. How often, after the children had gone to bed, mother mended and washed their underwear so that it could dry during the night. As small as my preacher's salary was, the churches could hardly pay it. At the end of the year they showed a deficit. One year I voluntarily accepted 25% less.

The time came for our 25th wedding anniversary. Somehow the members at

Esk knew about it and secretly planned a celebration for us. On a Sunday when I preached there, we were invited by Sister Ludwig to come to her home. When we arrived there we noticed what was going on. All the members of that small church and a number of friends came together. The weather was beautiful. Tables were set up in the garden and all sorts of cake and coffee were served. As a wedding anniversary gift one sister handed mother a set of kitchen silverwear. It was a beautiful memorial day which reminded us of the tenth of July, 1907 when mother and I concluded our covenant for life. With speeches, poems and songs this beautiful celebration came to an end.

Through the Mission I sponsored a family from Germany with the hope that the brother would be a blessing to our church. The brother came over with a large family but he caused me unpleasant experiences. His intention was to get me out of Esk. He claimed that I had enough to do in Lockwood and other places, but he made himself unpopular in the church and later was dropped from the membership roll. He refused to pay his promised contribution and when there was no reserve in the treasury, I consented to having that amount deducted from my salary. He moved away to the east and years later, knowing that I had not received my full salary due to the fact that he had not paid, he sent me fifteen dollars because his conscience bothered him.

This pressing economic situation in the churches, my throat ailment and misunderstanding on the part of my colleagues was so depressing that I lost the joy of ministering under such circumstances. In September, 1932 after five years and four months of service, I resigned. Be that as it was, the Lord had blessed our work so that we had had baptism several times and the number of members increased from fourteen to forty two.

After my resignation I received invitations from various churches to conduct evangelistic services and in the absence of a preacher take his place, which I did as much as my physical condition permitted.

On July 12, 1934 Alma and Ewald Marks celebrated their wedding. God gave us a beautiful day for this celebration, to which many guests came. We still lived, at that time, on our farm in Lockwood. There I received again a call from Esk. This was a surprise to me. I was asked to accept immediately. But I said that I would first think the matter over and pray about it. After all, they were still in debt to me and why should I get the church deeper in debt? This matter dragged out several months and when I received the call again and the old debt was settled, I accepted the call and took over the church. North Jansen was, at that time, a station of Esk.

We did not want to stay any longer on the farm in Lockwood, and since I wanted to minister again at Esk we looked around for a place to live somewhere near Esk. Since we, as a family, could not make ends meet on the small preacher's salary, we had to have a place where we could keep several cows. There was only one place available, about a mile from Jansen. It was Fuhrman's. The house was small but there was enough pasture for the cattle. We moved in spring of 1936. The brethren who helped us to move took a short cut out from Lockwood and got stuck in a swamp and had to unload a part of the things. We drove ahead with the children and another wagon followed us with the chickens. One of our boys drove the cattle. At one place we had to drive through water. Alice, eight and Helen, seven years old got scared and jumped off the wagon into the water. Someone had to go to the next neighbor and borrow clothes for them to keep them warm. They were wet from top to bottom. We arrived safely and waited hour after hour for the other men till it was getting dark. We had no bedding, no stove, no light, no bread and no flour. Mother found only a little cake in one of the packages.

When it got dark, we committed ourselves to the Lord and lay down to sleep on the floor. Morning came but no other vehicles with our things had arrived. We wanted breakfast. Mother sent the boys to a strange neighbor about half a mile away to borrow some bread. On the way the chickens had laid a few eggs and the cows were already there, so we had bread, milk and eggs for breakfast. During the day the other brethren arrived with our things.

Since my salary was only one hundred fifty dollars from the small church and one hundred fifty dollars from the Mission, I did not commit myself to serve full time. During the time without a minister the church had suffered loss of members.

About eight miles north of Jansen we held meetings regularly. The room at the house of Sister Ludwig, where we met was too small. At our request we were permitted to hold our meetings at the schoolhouse. It was not always convenient but at least we had enough room. Sometimes during the week the worldly minded people had a dance. For that purpose they stacked up all the benches in one corner and left them for the Baptists to put back. One Sunday morning in winter we came to the school but nobody was there, though it was time for the service. Good or bad, after driving nine miles, we had to put the school room in order and kindle a fire. Before we could get warm the stovepipes fell on our heads. Luckily there was enough snow outside so that we could clean ourselves.

We lived a year at Fuhrman's place. During that year three of our horses died. One of them had to be shot because it was sick. It was a great loss to us. The house was small and damp, so we moved to another house for the summer, at North Jansen. There we were plagued by rats. For the winter it was necessary to repair or to remodel the house. I spoke to the brethren about it. Nobody seemed to be in favor of building anything on someone else's ground. We did not know what to do. One morning we prayed again to the Lord for guidance in seeking a house. When we arose from our knees and had sung a stanza of a song, we noticed an automobile in the yard. There were a couple of men in it. I went out to invite them in, but they told me briefly that they had heard that we were in need of a house. They said there was one available near the town of Jansen. I immediately sensed it that this was an answer to prayer. In the afternoon we went to the place, looked it over and immediately drove to the owner who lived a few miles away, and rented it. We thanked God and moved in October 1937 to Jansen.

My second period of active service at Esk and North Jansen lasted from April, 1936 to March, 1943. In December, 1941 I received a call from the church in Kelowna, British Columbia. I was willing to consider it but when I advised the church to get in contact with the Missionary Committee about it, it bogged down somewhere.

Besides the blessings of the Lord in Jansen and Esk the enemy also attempted again to sow his wicked seed which caused much harm to the church. Some brethren and I did everything possible to straighten out the matter that had caused disturbance but we did not succeed. In winter also my chronic throat ailment became worse and I felt compelled to lay down my work at that church. So I resigned in March, 1943. My resignation caused some dissatisfaction on the part of some members.

In the spring of 1942 I became very sick and sometimes I was beside myself. Mother said that she often had to watch me. With God's help and her care and prayers I recovered in three weeks.

In the same year we made a great effort to buy a church from another denomination. We requested our Mission to buy it and we in turn, arranged to make time payments. All were in favor of it and promised to pay a certain sum. Mother and I also gave \$65 in three payments. Bill, who was only a laborer at that time gave \$100 in three payments.

After my resignation Mother and I went east to visit our children, Helmuth in Whitemouth and Alma and Ewald in Kenora, Ontario. We also visited friends in Winnipeg, Morris, and other places.

At the request of the Missionary Committee I ministered during the three summer months in various small churches. During that time I was away from the family and stayed in different homes of members. In the church at Hilda, which was without a preacher, I had the privilege of baptizing a number of converts.

Oscar, who was in the United States, wanted to marry. His future father-in-law, Rev. Lindquist, a Swede, wanted to meet his daughter's future parents-in-law before the wedding, according to Swedish custom. On a trip as a missionary to the Indians he wanted to make a detour and visit us. Oscar urged me to be home on that day. I asked to be excused on account of the distance and the language problem, but they insisted on seeing me. I, then, rode home. The Lindquists and their daughter arrived at the appointed time. Since Mr. Lindquist had learned a little German in school and the Swedish language has some similarity with the German, the conversation went on better than I expected. Though they are not Baptists, but Congregationalists we were impressed by their Christian conduct. They had arrived at five in the afternoon and they left the next morning after breakfast and morning devotions.

In September, I returned home. Again I ministered the Word of God in our own church and other places wherever I was invited and my physical condition permitted it. The neighboring church, Nokomis was, at that time, without a preacher. At their request, I ministered to them for eight months. Also in Regina, I helped out several Sundays with the Word of God.

Here I want to insert an experience at the church in Glidden, where I ministered in my first years in Canada. It was on a Sunday night when I was in the home of Brother and Sister H_____, and we were all sound asleep. We were awakened by a loud conversation and crying of children. The old Brother H. came from the kitchen to my bed and asked me to get up and speak with awakened sinners, who were seeking salvation. There were two young couples with children. They had heard the Word of God in church Sunday afternoon and were moved by the Spirit of God to turn to the Lord, but none of them wanted to let it be known. After the church meeting, one family visited the other. While they were having fun, one young woman said to the others, "Remember what we heard from the preacher at the church. Is it not time that we begin to live a different life?" Another agreed. While they were talking about the one thing that is needful one man fell on his knees and started to pray and call on God about his lost condition. The others also fell on their knees and started to pray. In their soul's anxiety, they agreed even though it was late at night, to go to the preacher. They knew I was staying over night with their parents. The men got the horses ready and the women wrapped up their babies, because it was winter, and drove that night to their parent's home where I was staying. When I spoke to them about their souls' salvation, all fell upon their knees and called on God for grace and forgiveness of their sins. After prayer I again pointed them to salvation in Christ and His finished work. While they were anxiously praying, Bible verses came to my mind. I pointed them out to them as God's Word. I will never forget these hours when these souls found peace in Jesus and began

to praise the Lord with a loud voice for His saving grace and mercy.

O, blessed hours with Jesus spent,
Who to the cross as God's Lamb went.
O, blessed minutes. O, moments of light
We experience in Jesus in the darkest night.

Since the owner of our living place in Jansen repeatedly raised the rent and caused us other inconveniences, we looked around for another place to live. Again we put the matter before God and He showed us the way out. A brother who rented a farm about ten miles from Jansen but did not live there, let us have the house and the other buildings with the consent of the owner, who lived in British Columbia, provided we would pay the owner six dollars a month rent. There we had a convenient living place and also pasture for our cattle. We praised God for His guidance and help. Before we moved Bill had to report for military service on account of war. He wanted to help us move before he left. Twice he was granted an extension of time but finally had to leave before we moved because of the delay in the transaction between the owner and tenant. Several brothers and friends helped us so that we could move on the second of December, 1943 while the weather was still good. In view of the fact that mother and I had poor health, we had been depending upon Bill. Before he left he succeeded with much effort in securing for us government support of twenty five dollars a month. After Bill was gone our Alice took his place. She took a special interest in the horses. She took good care of them. All metal on the harness had to shine. Helen, though younger, helped along. One winter day Brother Bloch offered us some wood if the girls would be willing to help him haul it. Alice and Helen got ready immediately. They helped Mr. Bloch and when they came home they brought a load of wood along. It was cold and they put on all kinds of men's clothing to keep warm. They looked like Eskimos. When they looked each other over they could not keep from laughing. They seemed to have a lot of fun while they were unloading the wood. I wanted to help but they did not let me.

In 1946 Alice went to Kenora to see Alma and in that city she found work in a hotel. There on the first of December, she married Norris McLellan. Helen also worked in a hotel at Kenora, but when she had to work Sundays and could not go to a worship service we let her come home. Then she went to the Bible school at Edmonton, Alberta.

On the 9th of July, 1946 Oscar, our son, visited us from the United States with his wife and their little daughter. During their stay with us we really fell in love with the little Putzi, as she was called. The days went by fast. On the 19th of July they went home.

Since our churches at North Jansen and Esk were without a preacher the Missionary Committee of our denomination sent a young brother for the summer of 1944, to minister to both churches. There was no real unity within the churches and little interest in that sort of ministry, so the reception of the brother was not very friendly. I felt sorry for him on the first Sunday when he was introduced at Esk. He took the work over but he was somewhat depressed. During the short summer season he did what he could. He established a choir and on Sundays, if it was well represented, the choir sang several songs. The brother came and went when his time was up, and the churches were again without a minister. The church at Esk had gifted brethren who were able to minister the Word but North Jansen lacked them. The attendance at meetings went down and sometimes there was no meeting at all. The Lord's day was wasted by young and old. It seemed to me that if this trend had continued, the Lord's work would have gone down at North Jansen. In my

opinion the church showed not enough interest to apply to the Missionary Committee for a minister. The Missionary Committee seemed not to have a suitable man for these places.

One Sunday after the meeting the deacon held the members back to discuss the ministry of the church. The next Wednesday was mother's birthday. On that day all members came to our house and on that occasion, also held a business meeting. They asked me to lead the meeting. After a thorough discussion of the situation the brethren asked me whether I would be willing to take over the ministry at North Jansen, in view of the great need. For this service they offered me \$400 a year. Since North Jansen was a station of Esk, I did not want to be the cause of a rift within the church. They suggested that if the members at Esk wanted me to minister to them also, I could do so one Sunday a month. I accepted their offer but only on a temporary basis till they would get a preacher.

When the brethren at Esk heard about it they were greatly upset and provoked. One day two brethren from Esk were sent to inquire why they were not invited to the meeting. I explained to them that I did not call the meeting and since only the ministry for that station was discussed it was not necessary to invite them. One brother railed at me and the North Jansen brethren in a manner not becoming a Christian and used unchristian words. After a few weeks the church of Esk tried to straighten the matter out by telling the brother to apologize for his behavior. The members of Esk and Jansen met together at North Jansen but that brother did not show up as he had promised. The members of Esk asked me to minister to them again, which I did as long as the roads were open.

After the end of the second world war when postal service was resumed, I started to search by mail for our relatives and friends, in Germany and Poland. After a few months I found them. Great was the joy when we could correspond again. But some of the terrible experiences of our friends were hair raising. When the post office accepted parcels for overseas delivery, we were able to send during the years from 1946 to 1950 about eighty five parcels of food and clothing, which cost about \$880. Our children and friends also contributed about \$125 to the cost of the parcels. The letters of thanks we received moved our hearts. We thanked God for His blessing and help, that in spite of our small income, we could do it. When the economic situation improved in Germany the people there could more or less help themselves and we did not have to help them any longer.

For a considerable time the members of the station at North Jansen expressed their wish to organize as a church. At the yearly church business meeting they took the matter seriously. They all voted in favor of organizing. They asked me to take the matter in hand and go through with it. On Saturday, April 27, 1946 a council of several preachers from neighboring churches and also delegates from the mother church at Esk met at our church. After an examination of our doctrine and belief we were recognized as an independent church. The next day, Sunday, we celebrated the founding of our church. It was, I believe, a day of the Lord's rich blessing.

My throat ailment became worse again and I had to give up preaching. Though I had to give up my ministry, whenever I felt better I helped out if not in preaching, then teaching a Bible class. The need for a preacher became acute.

In the spring of 1947 the secretary of the Conference, Brother Schilke

wrote to us that there was a preacher who had just come from Europe to the United States and the Missionary Committee recommended him to us. In spite of the fact that the roads were almost impassable on account of thawing weather, our son Bill, as church clerk urged the members to come together for a meeting. The two churches at Esk and North Jansen agreed to accept the recommendation of the Missionary Committee and invited the preacher for the summer without his family. The new preacher, Brother Wahl accepted the invitation and came to Canada. On June 29, 1947 he preached for the first time at Esk, and the following Sunday at North Jansen. In the fall the two churches agreed to give him a permanent call, which he accepted. In the spring his family arrived from the U.S.A.

This new preacher, Brother Wahl, my first successor had a much easier situation. He received a much higher salary, and in addition a free living place. After two years he bought a car, not a horse and buggy. Often in winter I had had to travel twenty miles in an open sleigh to a Sunday morning service. In order to get there in time we had to get up early and when we arrived with chattering teeth from the cold, we had to kindle a fire to warm ourselves and to heat the hall for the meeting.

In 1947 I had all my teeth extracted. When I went to the dentist to have an impression made for a set of teeth he discovered a small growth on my gum, which he removed. An hour after the small operation I became very sick. Bill called the doctor who diagnosed it as pneumonia and I had to go to the hospital. By God's grace and medical treatment, I soon became better. At my request I was discharged from the hospital after five days. But I soon discovered that I had left the hospital too soon. It took a few weeks for me, with God's help, to regain my strength.

When Bill returned home from military service he rented from Mr. Bloch the farm on which we lived. In July a hail storm damaged the crop to the extent that there was little left. The next year the harvest was also poor on account of the drought. This was a hard blow for Bill.

The place of worship at North Jansen was too small. After the war, buildings at the airfield, Dafoe, were being sold at a reduced price. With much effort Bill succeeded in buying half a building. Brethren and friends laid the foundation for the new church. The ground was full of stones and the work was hard. Even women and girls helped along on the building. When the foundation was ready, the building was moved and remodeled into a church. Everything was done peacefully. November 9, 1947 we celebrated the dedication of our church. We were glad and praised God that after waiting so long, we could move into an adequate house of worship.

In the spring of 1948 our church at North Jansen invited Brother Schilke from Edmonton to conduct evangelistic services. He accepted the invitation and ministered the Word to us for over a week. The Lord blessed the meetings so that a number of souls turned to the Lord. Agnes and Benno, who had been converted before, wished to be baptized with the others. They wanted their own father to baptize them. On a beautiful Sunday we came together in the yard of Brother and Sister Schindel where arrangements had been made for a baptismal service. Brother Wahl, the local preacher, brought the baptismal message and I asked the candidates the usual questions. After an earnest prayer by Brother Wahl, I stepped into the water first and baptized my last two children in the likeness of the death of Jesus. Then Brother Wahl stepped into the water and baptized his two children and six others. With laying on of hands and prayer as we were accustomed to do in Europe, we received the newly baptized ones into the fellowship of believers.

On the 29th of May, 1948 I became seriously ill. I had injured myself through lifting a large stone. A few days before, I received a letter from my nephew, Adolf Bonny of the U. S. A. whom I had not seen for thirty eight years. He wrote that he intended to visit us. Mother wanted to take me to the hospital but I did not want to miss the opportunity to talk to my nephew. Also our children, Alma and Ewald were coming home while moving to British Columbia. I prayed earnestly to God to give me at least sufficient strength that I could meet our guests and carry on a conversation with them. The Lord heard my prayer. When my nephew came, I could greet him. After a day or two our children also arrived. Great was the joy of meeting each other. We praised God from the bottom of our hearts. After a few days our guests departed. I was still sick for several weeks. But with God's help and some of my medicine I became well again.

In the fall we went along with Bill to visit Alma and Ewald in Kelowna, British Columbia. Our traveling party consisted of six - mother and I, Bill and his fiancée, Helen Wenzlaw, Agnes and Benno. We started our trip on September 29, 1948. We crossed the border and drove through the United States because of better roads and arrived in Kelowna on October 1st. What a joy it was to meet our children again. Since we had many friends in Kelowna, from Poland and Volhynia, we could spend our time visiting them. We liked the church, the city and the climate very much. Our children invited us to stay there. If our financial situation had permitted it, we would have stayed there, but it was impossible at that time. On the second Sunday I was asked to preach at the church there. In the evening I became sick. Consequently our trip home had to be postponed one day. It was beautiful weather when we left Kelowna but we arrived home in a snow storm.

The time came for Bill to be married; June 12, 1949 was the date. He and his bride wanted me to marry them. I complied with their wish with the consent of the local preacher. But that marriage ceremony cost him \$20.00. It was a free-will gift to me and also a surprise. Many guests were invited to the wedding. After the ceremony the reception took place in the basement of the church. God gave us a beautiful day for this occasion.

Rubin, who had been home on furlough from military service a whole week, asked for an extension of time in order to take part in the wedding. But he did not receive the permission.

After the wedding we moved to the house that Bill had renovated for himself. It was on another farm that belonged to Mr. Bloch. He was the owner also of the farm where we had been living. Since Bill had rented the farm where we had been living, it was more practical for him to live on that place. So we exchanged living places.

We had no pasture for our cows so Bill rented some bush land from a neighbor. For the winter he took our cows, pig and chickens to his own place. We praise God for His gracious leading and care and also for the good children He gave us, who care so much for their parents.

Helen and Agnes were employed in Regina. They came home for Christmas. Benno, who was living with Bill drove to Jansen with the automobile to meet them. But when he did not come home for a long time Bill drove out with the tractor to look them up. He found him stuck in a snow bank with his passengers. He pulled him out and all came home late when it was getting dark. Besides work at home there was also work to be done at the church for the Christmas celebration. Helen stayed home to decorate our small Christmas tree

and Agnes went with Bill to church to decorate the tree there and put the place in order. Then they came home and we all went to church together. The Sunday school children presented a fine program. They had learned their pieces well, but with a few exceptions it was all in English. I missed our beautiful German language in word and song. After returning home we opened our Christmas gifts. Among them was a gift of fifty dollars for us, from Oscar in the U.S.A. In order that we would not receive it too early or too late, he had sent it to Bill. When, on Christmas Eve, Bill handed it to mother it seemed that she was speechless for a few seconds. It was the largest gift she had ever received for Christmas.

After Christmas the girls went back to Regina to their work. But they came home again for New Year's. Where there is a right relationship between parents and children, how true the proverb is, "Home, sweet home." See Psa. 127:3.

Sister Myrtle Hein, a graduate of the Edmonton Bible School had gone to Africa as a missionary, where she worked under great difficulties, but with God's richest blessing. She returned to Canada on her furlough, and visiting our churches she gave reports and lectures about her work. She also came to our church, North Jansen, on February 24, 1950 and gave a report about the mission fields and work among the heathen.

Since Sister Neuman's birthday was the same day as mother's, the 28th of February, the Neumans invited us to their home. We drove with our children to church at Esk on Sunday. They drove back home in the evening and we stayed a whole week with the Neumans. Mother received a number of birthday gifts from her children and members of the church. Even Mr. Neuman himself added \$5.00 to the gifts. The Lord bless all givers. During that week, on Wednesday, I was asked by the local preacher of the Evangelical Church to minister the Word to them. I spoke about the value and the right use of the Word of God. My text was Jeremiah 15:16.

When spring came our son, Bill, returned our cows to us. The pasture we had used before had been, in the meantime, plowed under by the owner and the cows could no longer roam around unattended. There was no other way out except for me to become a cowherd again. I had to lead them to smaller patches of green grass here and there and watch them, lest they get into a newly sown field. How changeable the way of life is. My first job as a young boy had been to watch a cow. Later in life, I learned and carried on the weaving trade. Still later, the Lord called me into the ministry. Now, at the age of seventy I reverted to the same kind of work that I had done when I was a boy. With a straw hat on my head, a three foot long bench on which I could sit, a Bible and other edifying books in an old briefcase, I was equipped for my daily task. I experienced God's presence and blessing in the open. I sometimes laid down on my back as I had done in my boyhood, looked up into the beautiful sky and sang:

Himmelszelt, wohl bestellt,
Wie viel zählst Du Sternelein?
Ohne Zahl, so viel mal
Soll Gott stets gelobet sein.

(Heaven, beautiful Heaven!
How many stars are there?
Praise God as many times
As there are stars in Heaven.)

After three years of ministry Brother Wahl, my first successor as preacher of the churches of Esk and North Jansen, resigned and accepted a call from the church of Onoway. On the 14th of December, 1950 Brother H. S. Stinner arrived from Prince George. On the following Sunday he preached his first sermon at Esk.

On the 22nd of May 1950 a dtr. was born to Erwin. It was the 10th child of his family. On the third of December Oscar and his wife became the parents of a son, the third child. On the 19th of December, Bill and his wife became the parents of their first child, a son. He was born at the hospital in Leroy. At Christmas time, 1950 we were surprised by a visit from our children from Ontario. We expected Helen and Agnes from Regina but not Alice. Benno returned from the railroad station where he had called for Agnes and Helen. Bill who had met them first, was carrying a child. We were wondering whose child it was. What a surprise when we discovered Alice and her husband following Bill. Alice had written to Bill that she was coming, but in order to surprise us, had asked him to keep it a secret. It was a great joy for us to have five of our youngest children with us over the holidays.

Since there was much snow at Christmas and also a snow storm was blowing, we could not have a meeting on Christmas day. The Sunday school presented a beautiful program on Christmas eve when it was still possible to drive. The orchestra trained and directed by Mr. Stinner, our new preacher, also presented several Christmas carols. The church was almost crowded. But that was the only meeting we had over Christmas.

I would like to add a short record of my sisters and brothers. My half brother, Frederick, son of my father by his first marriage was eleven years older than I. He married a certain Emilie Kühn and lived with her thirty five years. He died November 3, 1933. She died May 15, 1929. To them three children were born. The eldest, Adolf is in the U.S.A. The daughter Elsa and another son, Albert, are in Germany. (Translators note: Elsa died October 30, 1964.)

My eldest sister, Ernestine Krapp, who was about a year and a half younger than I, worked, due to the war, as a slave in Poland, until she died November 2, 1949. Her only son was reported missing during the war.

My second sister, Emma, was married to a widower by the name, Blasius. Like the older sister she did not have a happy married life. She died early in her married life in Poland. She had three children, one daughter, Lydia Zielke in Germany. One son died and one lives in Czechoslovakia.

My third sister, Martha, if I am right, died before she was two years old. Father drove on that day to the forest for wood. The little Martha suddenly became sick. In her pain she repeatedly cried for father. Neighbors said that the child would not die until father came. Father came at four in the afternoon, went to the cradle and talked to her. She stared at him, and died.

The next child, a girl, was again named Martha. She lives at present in Germany. (Translators note: In the meantime Martha Kempe died in Germany October 17, 1963 at the age of 72.) She had three children. The eldest, Erwin, was missing during the war. The youngest, Kurt Liebert, and one daughter Ellen Gröditz, both by her first husband (Liebert) are in Germany.

The fifth sister, Maria, was married in Poland and died in child birth with her first child.

Another brother, William, died at the age of three in Poland.

The sixth sister, Hulda, went to Germany after the second world war, was married to Edmund Kundschack. Both are unbelievers. They have one daughter.

The seventh sister, Olga, died about the age of ten.

The eighth, Lydia, born July 15, 1900 is still single. She lives as a fugitive from Poland, in Germany.

My throat ailment became worse every winter, especially when the temperature went down below zero. Since the climate in Kelowna, B. C. is much milder, our children repeatedly invited us to move there. After hesitating a long time we decided to accept their invitation. The members of Esk and Jansen arranged for us a farewell party. We also received several gifts and money for a return trip in case we did not like it there. September 5, 1953 we departed for Regina and visited our children there. The next day, on the 6th of September we left Regina and arrived at Kelowna on the 7th. Alma and Ewald, our children, offered us a room in their house and gave us free board for about a month. Later, we paid for it. But all the time we looked around for a suitable house. When the opportunity came Marksés bought a house at St. Paul Street for \$5,400. We could contribute to this purchase \$600. We moved in some time in February.

One day mother had an accident. She fell on the stove and apparently injured or broke several ribs. She had to lie in bed and suffered great pain but would not go to a doctor. I rubbed her side with liniment, gave her some medicine and slowly she recovered.

After our membership letters had arrived we joined the local Baptist Church, Sunday November 1. Communion was celebrated on that Sunday. It grieved me when I saw that the church at Kelowna, like other churches, had departed from the New Testament type of communion and had modernized it.

Mother had been sickly in Saskatchewan and we suspected diabetes. After much persuasion, she consented to go to a doctor for an examination. As we thought, so it was. The doctor diagnosed her sickness as diabetes, and ordered the necessary treatment. She also had a goiter, and the doctor advised an operation. On the 11th of April, 1955 she was taken to the hospital and after three days an operation was performed. At the time of the operation I prayed at home. The Lord gave grace, the operation was successful and after a few days she returned home.

On the 9th of June, 1954 the Clarks (Agnes and her husband) from Regina, visited us. They stayed nine days in Kelowna. July 31, 1954 the Neumans visited us and stayed a couple of days. Oscar, his wife and family visited us from the 6th to 18th of August. On the 10th of August, Rubin came from Vancouver. On the 19th of June, 1955 Marksés went to the east on a visit. On the return trip they had a car accident. By the grace of God they were not injured and returned home safely.

In the beginning of September, 1955 Aunt Natalie from Germany visited us for six months. With Marksés we drove to Sicamus to call for her at the railroad station. Since we had not seen one another for twenty nine years it

was questionable whether or not we would recognize her, and vice versa. It was rather late in the evening when the train arrived. None of us recognized her. But mother, not quite sure that she was her sister, approached her, and called her by her nickname. "Are you Talush?" She answered, "Yes, I am." Both sisters embraced each other. They were so emotionally moved that for a while they could hardly speak. Great was the joy of meeting! She was suffering with asthma and the climate of Canada did not agree with her. Her nervous system was also ruined from suffering during the war. Once she had such a bad attack of asthma that we had to call a doctor.

She wanted to meet all our children, if possible. She decided to do it on her return trip. At that time Benno was with us. He wanted to drive to Saskatchewan in a truck. Aunt Natalie decided to go with him. Since it was winter we advised her not to go, but she insisted. They started on their trip February 15, 1956. We were concerned about her health but could do nothing but pray. They went through bad snow storms but with God's grace they arrived safely at Regina, Sask. From Regina she visited our children at Jansen and also in Winnipeg. From Winnipeg she went back to Bremen, Germany and arrived there safely.

By God's grace we could celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary July 10, 1957 in Jansen. Our youngest son, Benno, who was in Kelowna planned to return to Jansen to get married there to Evelyn Seifert on June 12, 1957. We wanted to be at his wedding so we went along with him to Jansen. We started our trip on the 31st of May. About our golden wedding celebration, I will insert here a report as it was published by the local preacher in our German monthly periodical, Der Sendbote.

"Golden Wedding Celebration in Jansen, Sask.

By reason of the youngest son's wedding and the dedication of our house of worship the retired preacher, Brother E. J. Bonikowsky was with us. He had been the first preacher of our church. He came to Canada in 1927 to do pioneer work with the aid of our denomination, among the German farmers in this vicinity. Almost twenty years Brother and Sister Bonikowsky served faithfully and tirelessly, often under difficulties, and with God's grace laid the foundation for our present united church at Jansen. We rejoice very much as a church that Brother and Sister Bonikowsky could be present at the dedication festival. The ladies of the church wanted to express their love and appreciation to the Jubilee Couple by celebrating their golden wedding. They planned this celebration in cooperation with the Bonikowsky's married children in our church as a surprise to them. They had no inkling of this arrangement. In fact, they themselves had in mind to celebrate with their children in Regina on the 10th of July. In the afternoon service, on the 7th of July the undersigned announced an exceptionally special evening meeting to which everybody was invited.

Members of the church and also friends gathered together in the evening and waited for the appearance of the "Jubilee couple." Chairs placed on the platform and a tiered wedding cake with a golden number "50" indicated the purpose of the celebration. Finally the "Jubilee couple" was led into the auditorium, by one of their sons. Children with flowers surprised their grandparents who somewhat blinded by all the glittering lights, stood still for awhile. But at the sight of the decorated platform, they soon realized what was going on.

They were delighted in being escorted to the platform. With the

children bearing flowers, they took their places behind the wedding cake. Our deacon, son of the "Jubilee couple" took the lead and asked the preacher of the church to say a few words to the couple. The undersigned chose I Sam. 7:12 and attempted to point out a few milestones in the life of our brother and sister. There was the milestone of salvation, the milestone of service, the milestones of God's care, comfort and faithfulness, God gave the couple sixteen children, of which eleven are living. Six married children were present, three sons and three daughters with their spouses and children. They came from Ontario, Winnipeg and Regina.

The three sons expressed thanks and appreciation to their parents. A representative of the ladies' society also greeted the couple. Several duets and solos added to the joyful commemoration. At the close the "Jubilee couple" expressed their feeling of appreciation for the successful surprise.

All their children who were present, and friends gathered together in the basement around the honored couple where all enjoyed a delicious meal prepared by the ladies of the church. It was almost eleven o'clock when we separated with praise in our hearts to the Lord. We wish to the "Jubilee couple" furthermore a blessed evening of life with their children at Kelowna, B. C.

H. Herrman, preacher."

It was indeed a successful surprise planned by our children. We wanted to wait first for our children from the east and then talk over with them about where to celebrate our golden wedding, whether in Jansen or Regina. But our children had already agreed among themselves and unexpectedly surprised us.

Benno and Evelyn went on their honeymoon trip and returned the 21st of June.

We prepared for our return trip and went home. We arrived at Kelowna by railroad on the 16th of July.

On September 1st my nephew Adolf Bonny and his wife from the U.S.A. visited us. He is a son of my dear brother, Frederick. On the 5th of Sept. 1957 they started their return trip.

On the 12th of July, 1959 Alma and Ewald celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary in the home of Ewald's sister and brother-in-law. The weather was beautiful on that day so a long table was set up in the garden and all sorts of good food was served. Close friends who were invited took part in the celebration. This was a milestone for our children on their way to Eternity. Those were pleasant social hours for all of us who attended.

In July the preacher of our church, Brother J. Kornalewsky resigned. The church gave a call to Brother E. H. Nikkel of Swan River, Manitoba, which he accepted. He was installed on the 8th of December, 1957. Along with others I was asked to give a short address. I spoke about Jeremiah 1: 9-10.

To many Christians, the Bible is no longer a Holy Book. The word, "Thus saith the Lord" is being replaced with the word "Thus say the people". See II Timothy 4:3. I do not agree with the way the Lord's table is cele

brated. Instead of the common cup according to Scripture, individual glasses are being used. I am also against the open communion when believers and unbelievers, baptized or not baptized can take part. Once I was invited to a deacon's meeting and had the opportunity to take a stand and explain in detail how communion should be celebrated according to the Word of God. The oldest deacon agreed with me. There were a number of like-minded members and the committee knew that I, as an old preacher, would like to celebrate the Lord's table according to our understanding of it. After repeated requests, the church committee permitted a number of us to celebrate the Lord's table by ourselves according to our own conviction. We thanked God that He directed the hearts of the brethren so that they granted us our request.

In July, 1958 Oscar and his family from the U.S.A. visited us. It was a great joy to us to see again some of our children. Mother's ailment became worse. Sometimes she had difficulty with breathing. To cool the air Oscar bought us a window fan. He and the family left on the 20th of July.

On the 29th of July, Mother had to go to the hospital. The doctor said that water was accumulating under her breast. She was at the hospital when Erwin, Vivian with her husband, and two other of Erwin's children visited us. They had to go to the hospital to see mother. On the 4th of August they returned home. On the second of September mother returned home from the hospital.

On the 16th of September, 1958 Agnes and her husband, while on a trip to visit his friends, also came to see us. They returned home on the 29th of September.

Mother's condition became worse and repeatedly she had to go to a doctor for a check-up. Our children advised us not to live any longer by ourselves, but to move into their house. We hesitated but finally when we saw that we could not keep up the house, we accepted their offer and moved February 2, 1959.

On the 9th of June, 1959 I had to be taken to the hospital. I suffered a gall bladder inflammation. By God's grace I could return home on the 15th of June.

Now I want to describe the most painful experience of all my life. It is the last suffering, passing away and the funeral of our loving mother. I will copy the letter I wrote to Natalie, mother's sister in Germany, which contains a detailed report of her end.

Translator's note: The following paragraphs were taken from the above-mentioned letter which is rather lengthy.

"I can only say with the prophet Hosea, 'Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up'. Hosea 6:1. On the 17th of August, 1959 mother was taken to the hospital for a minor operation. The same evening the doctor telephoned us that the operation which would not be dangerous, would be performed the next day at 10 o'clock, and would only last about fifteen minutes. Since she was weak and the operation was only slight she was to receive only a local anesthetic. The next day, the 18th, we waited for a report. We waited till 11, 12 and finally 1 o'clock, but no report came. After dinner

the door bell rang. Alma opened the door and mother's doctor himself came in and in a very polite and refined way brought us the terrifying message that mother had passed away before they had started the operation. The doctor also said that when they had laid her on the operating table and had given her an anesthetic her heart stopped and she stopped breathing. The doctors quickly cut open her chest and massaged the heart. The heart began to beat again and she began to breathe normally. But when they were ready to start the operation her heart again stopped and she passed away. When I heard this message, I almost fainted. The doctor held me so that I did not fall.

With my permission the doctors performed an autopsy the same day. Her doctor reported to us that she had cancer and the cancer had attacked the liver so that she could not have lived longer than three months, and she would have suffered greatly during that time. The Lord knew what He was doing when He took her to Himself and saved her from such suffering.

It took me a while to get hold of myself and with my wounded heart take part in the preparation for the funeral. Children and friends had to be notified by telegraph and mail. The next day we went to see mother laid out in the casket. How beautiful she looked with her lovely and smiling face just as if she were sleeping. When the children and grandchildren arrived we went to see her again before she was taken to the church for the funeral.

The children and relatives present were: Bill and his wife, Benno, his wife and mother-in-law, all from Jansen, Sask., Helmut and his wife from Winnipeg, Man., Alice from Ear Falls, Ontario, Agnes and Helen with her little child, from Regina, Sask., Erwin from Guelph, Ontario and of course, Markses with their two children from Kelowna, B. C. Oscar, who had just returned from a tour of Europe about two hours before the telegram arrived, asked to be excused from coming to the funeral. Arthur was with the Canadian Air Force in Germany. Rubin was unable to attend. He had taken a trip from Bolivia to Europe and had returned only a short time before. He wrote, "We do not sorrow that we have lost mother, but we want to be thankful that we had her, and still have her. Who goes home to the Lord remains in fellowship with God's family, and only went ahead of us." I rejoice in Rubin's godly attitude in this matter.

The funeral took place Saturday on the 22nd of August at three o'clock in the afternoon. The church organist played softly "Shall we gather at the river?" and a few other melodies. Brother Nikkel, our preacher, chose Psa. 90:1-12 as the scripture passage for the funeral message. He spoke about the uncertainty and vanity of man's life and also about the value and purpose of man's life. He spoke first in German and then in English. Among other things he said; "Sons and daughters, this is mother's last sermon." The ladies society sang two heart moving hymns.

In her lifetime, mother was a great lover of flowers. She received plenty of them for her funeral. From far and near flowers were sent. In memory of her, money was also donated to the Gideon organization for eleven Bibles from Kelowna and for five Bibles from a Baptist church in Regina, Sask.

The pallbearers were our sons: Erwin, Helmuth, Bill and Benno, our son-in-law Ewald and Brother G. Schultz. A new cemetery had been established about ten miles east of Kelowna. There we had bought two lots for \$150 on payments of \$5 a month. When we had paid for one of the lots I said to

mother, "Now, one of us can die." She was the first to be buried there. Brother Nikkel spoke a few words at the cemetery and prayed and the funeral service was over. There at that new cemetery she is resting like a precious seed sown for the great resurrection morning. There is also a place reserved for me.

Dear children, when you read this story, think of it that we, your parents, brought you up with much anxiety, care and prayers. We tried with God's help to bring you up for Him and His service. Now you are independent and responsible for yourselves. What your relationship to God is, He knows best. We as parents, in our weakness, did what we could. Though you are now responsible for yourselves I will not stop praying for you till I close my eyes for this life. A serious question is in my heart - Are all my children saved? Are they all members of the Heavenly Father's family? Will I meet them all in our Heavenly Home? The Lord knows.

Children, shall we be able to say: "Behold I and the children which God hath given me."? Heb. 2:13

Children, "Fear God and keep His commandments." Ecclesiastes 12:13

Children, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." John 5:39

Children, listen to the warnings of the Apostle Paul: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." Col. 2:8

Children, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." III John 4,

Children, "The Lord bless you more and more, you and your children." Psalm 115: 13, 14.

After writing the family history and an account of my experiences, by the grace of God I lived a number of years and am still living. In the meantime, I married again a sister in the Lord, the widow Albertine Muehlbeier. Now I want to add a short account of her history.

Albertine Muehlbeier nee Neumann, was born March 14, 1888 in the colony Zdrovjetz, Volhynia, Russia. Her parents Andrew Neumann and Caroline nee Icke, were Lutherans. She was only two months old when her mother died, so she did not enjoy motherly love. Her married brother, who lived with the father, her sister-in-law and a ten year old sister helped to bring her up. When her sister got married she, being only 11 years old, had to do all the work connected with housekeeping. She had to do washing, ironing and baking the necessary bread. She had no time and there was no opportunity to go to school. At that time there was no compulsory education in Russia. Her father, who could read and write, taught her the alphabet at home and if she was reluctant to learn, a few lashes with a strap on the back or the bottom, helped along.

When she was 15 years old she took instruction from a Lutheran teacher, to be confirmed. When Pastor R. Dering examined her she passed as the second best candidate for confirmation. Her father was elated and praised her. He could see that even though he had used the strap, it paid off. She was then confirmed with a number of others by Pastor Dering. She stayed with her father till she was 16 years old.

When father had to give up farming on account of old age and went to live with his son Michael, Albertine hired herself out to a certain Peter Klatt family in the Baptist colony of Sorotschin. There she had the opportunity of attending Baptist meetings. She stayed there two years. Afterwards, she hired herself out to several different employers. Everywhere she had to work hard. One of them was a Jew, an owner of a steam-power mill. Besides the housework she, with the help of another woman had to milk 20 cows and take care of the calves. There was also a Jewish woman cook who always interfered in her work and ordered her around. Once when she had enough of it, she gave her a piece of her mind. That cure helped much. Afterwards, she was much better toward her. Her mistress for whom she worked favored Albertine and did not object. There she learned to prepare Jewish food. She knew exactly what was kosher and what was not kosher.

In the meantime one of her brothers, Gustav had emigrated to Canada. For this trip he had borrowed money from her. He told her that if Canada was a good place to live he would let her come. After seven months she departed for Canada. Since the ship on which she traveled went to the United States she had to go to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A. before she could go to Canada. There they kept her for a whole week in a lousy place which she will never forget. Good or bad, she had to offer her young skin to feed American lice. That week seemed like an eternity. Finally she got away and with God's help she arrived at Jansen, Sask. where her brother Gustav lived, on April 18, 1913. A loving woman took her into her home. Without her permission some of the living creatures had come along with her to Canada. She did not want to leave any of them behind in that home, so she told the woman about it. She prepared warm water for her and after washing thoroughly she changed underwear and clothes. After working five months for a Mennonite family at Hilbert, Sask. she returned to Jansen to the same woman, as she had previously promised to do, while the woman went to the hospital.

Three weeks later a single man, a farmer by the name of Fred Ludwig,

asked her to become his life partner. They were married October 3, 1913 at the Lutheran church, by Pastor Frücke. Her husband's parents were Germans from Brandenburg, Germany. They were farmers and had lived in Blumen, Illinois, U.S.A. but they had already died. He had been brought up in poor circumstances. When he was 16 years old he worked for other farmers and earned enough money to go to high school. He also saw to it that his two stepsisters received a high school education and later became school teachers. Though he spoke only German as a child, later he forgot the German language and could not speak it at all.

At the time they married he led a pioneer's life on a new farm which was not yet all cultivated. The house was very simple, mostly built of turf, but the walls were papered with patterned wallpaper. The floor was made of boards. Living room, bedroom and kitchen were all in one. There was not much house cleaning to do, but she was always afraid that a snake might get into the house or even into the bed at night. They were very anxious to build a better house.

For cultivating the land oxen were used as they were stronger than horses. Later, they also acquired horses. She always helped diligently with the farm work. Though they did not have enough money on hand it was possible to buy certain things on time payments. So they decided in the following year to build a better and larger house. But that year they had a poor harvest, not enough rain, and in August the frost did a lot of damage to the crop. It was a hard beginning for them. The following years were not always profitable either. If not the frost, then drought, rust or even hail damaged a part or all of the harvest. Their economic situation was sometimes critical. When it became very bad Fred turned to his rich cousin in the U.S.A. who always helped him out.

Since Fred could not understand German, he very seldom went to a meeting. There were several Baptist families at Esk and near Jansen. They met Sundays in various homes. Once in a while a preacher came and ministered the Word of God to them. Though she and Fred were not converted, they went to the Baptist meetings with Gustav Neumann and his wife. They also offered their home for meetings. God gave grace and both Albertine and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Neumann were converted. But they did not want to be baptized. It was not until 1915, through reading of the Word of God, that they became convinced that they should be baptized. Her brother, Gustav also turned to the Lord but at first he did not want to be baptized. But when he was so convinced he was in such a hurry that he went in winter to Saskatoon and there he was baptized at an English Baptist church by the German preacher, Lenzner. From that time on, meetings were held often in their home. As a station they originally belonged to the church at Nokomis and also were visited by the preacher of that church. In 1927, I came from Volhynia to Canada, and was appointed by the Missionary Committee to minister at Esk, Jansen, Biggar, Glidden and Sutherland. So they had their own preacher but I was often away and they had to conduct services by themselves.

Though her married life with her dear Fred was not easy, God by His grace and care helped them through. Then came a hard blow. Fred suddenly became sick. He had a stroke which affected his mind, and in spite of doctor's care, he passed away in two weeks, on May 9, 1936. After the death of her husband it was hard for her to keep up the farm. A few days before his death he had hired a man for the sowing season, which was a great help to Albertine. At her request, her oldest son-in-law moved over to the farm for a limited time. In fact, all the children helped along.

In the second year of her widowhood a change took place. A certain Henry Muehlbeier, a widower and a farmer of Rosefield, Sask. was looking around for a life partner and mother for his children. An old preacher, G. Ittermann, who knew both of them well succeeded as matchmaker, to bring them together. After long deliberating and praying to God she decided to become his wife and to mother his children. He had at home, one daughter 12 years old, one 11, one boy 9 and one 7 years old. Of her children, three were at home. Without making much fuss about their marriage I married them at her home on September 21, 1937. So all at once they had a large family. She got along well with her husband's children, as long as a wicked neighbor woman did not influence them to become disobedient. Then she had to admonish and reprimand them. They usually confessed that they had been influenced and they changed their attitude toward her and were obedient.

When Muehlbeier got married he owned a farm in Golden Prairie, which he had rented to two of his sons. It was somewhat neglected and in order to have better oversight of his farm he bought a house in Golden Prairie and they moved there October 26, 1946. They had a sale of all their household things and Albertine rented her farm to her son-in-law, F. Schroeder. In Golden Prairie there was a Baptist church and the preacher of that church lived there.

After living there five years they decided to move to Medicine Hat. There they bought a run down house and renovated it inside and outside. Finally after much hard work they could retire. For pastime Muehlbeier became an habitual fisherman. Although Albertine did not eat fish she prepared them for him. There were several such fisher brothers in town and when one announced it by telephone that he wanted to go fishing they all became enthusiastic and drove as far as 80 miles to a lake. They took lunch along and spent the whole day there, and sometimes they returned without a fish.

One Saturday they drove to Golden Prairie to their children. On the way home they passed the cemetery where Muehlbeier's former wife was buried. Albertine said to him, "Henry, you probably want to be buried here". But he said, "No, if I should die first you buy two lots at Medicine Hat and bury me there." Monday he went fishing, Tuesday he rested, Wednesday he finished painting the house and at lunch time he said that he had almost fallen off the ladder. The next morning they drove to town and on the way back he was not sure that he could drive. But they arrived home safely. After lunch he slept about three hours. In the evening his brother-in-law came over. In the course of conversation he said, "Of all the Muehlbeiers I am the youngest. With the exception of one sister all are dead, but I am still living and I am still vigorous". The following night he was restless. About five in the morning he did not feel good. He asked for a mustard plaster for his chest and after twenty minutes he felt better. Albertine went out to water the garden. He fell asleep and perspired a great deal and when he arose said that he felt good. A neighbor came over and talked to him a while and went away. Albertine made a cup of coffee and when she went to look after him in bed, he had passed away.

This unexpected death caused much excitement in the neighborhood. He died May 30, 1958 at the age of 76. So Albertine became a widow for the second time. She felt very lonesome and forsaken. She left the garden to a neighbor woman and went for three months to her daughters in Saskatchewan.

After more than three years of loneliness her situation changed. She was married to the writer of this story. This is how it happened.

Two years after the death of my dear Maria, life as I found it was such that I felt that it would be best for me to get married again. Friends advised me likewise. I prayed earnestly to God for direction. Without His leading I did not want to take that step. I prayed that He would put it into the heart of the one He appointed for me to give her consent when I proposed to her. If not, then she should decline. I wanted to live the rest of my life in peace and quietness.

God gave grace for my plans for which I am thankful to Him. Through His grace and leading a sister in the Lord, the widow Albertine Muehlbeier and I found each other and were married in her home at Medicine Hat, April 14, 1962 by the preacher, P. T. Hunsiker. First we corresponded, then I went to Medicine Hat, stayed in the home of Brother and Sister Richter, visited Albertine and after coming to an understanding with her I returned to Kelowna and in the next month our marriage took place. From then on till now we have lived in peace together and I believe we shall live so in the future till the Lord will call us home.

This year we received the sad message that our sister-in-law Olga Neumann passed away suddenly at the age of 81, on March 16, 1965 in Saskatoon, Sask. On account of the bad weather and our poor health we could not go to the funeral. This sister-in-law and Maria celebrated their birthdays together on the same day, the 28th of February, either in our home or hers as long as we had lived in the same neighborhood. Now both are home in our Heavenly Father's House.

Now I will mention the names of Albertine's children by her first husband, Ludwig. The first two were twins, Viola and Frieda, born September 8, 1914. Leona, born October 8, 1918, Esther, Born November 9, 1922. All have their own homes and families. Besides these four, three other children were born but the Lord took them to Himself in their childhood. We both are praying daily for all our children. Will we meet them in the Heavenly Home? This is our anxious question. We will continue praying for them as long as we live. To my sorrow, not all of my children are walking in the ways of the Lord. But I will pray daily for them till I die.

This is the end of my story.

I think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair
Are robed in their garments of white.
Over there, over there,
I think of the home over there.

I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see.
Gracious Lord, this is my daily
prayer,
That my children be at home with me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest,
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

E. J. Bonikowsky
Medicine Hat
May 1, 1965

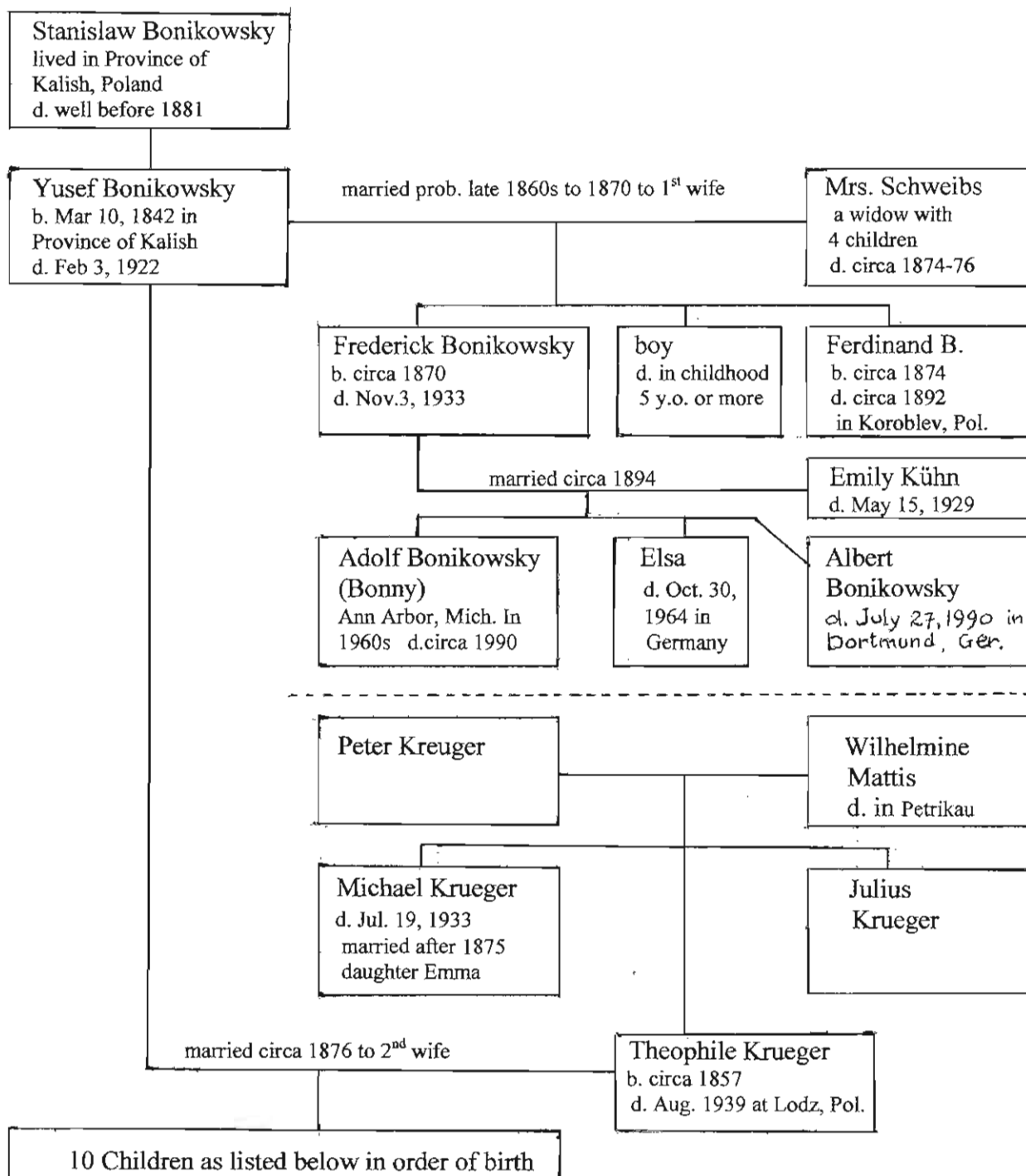
FAMILY RECORD

NO.	NAME	BIRTHDAY			DIED
		Day	Mo.	Year	
	Emil Bonikowsky (Father)	24	May	1881	OCT 20, 1967
	Anna Maria nee Zozmann (Mother)	28	Feb.	1890	Aug. 18, 1959
1.	Erich	17	Nov.	1908	Feb. 9, 1941
2.	Oscar	22	Mar.	1910	JAN. 22, 1992
3.	Erwin	30	Jan.	1912	AUG. 2, 1998
4.	Alma	18	Feb.	1914	SEPT. 28, 1999
5.	Helmuth	11	Jan.	1916	DEC. 9, 1989
6.	Agnes	16	Nov.	1917	Oct. 26, 1920
7.	Frieda	31	May	1920	Nov. 5, 1920
8.	Arthur	1	Oct.	1921	JAN. 2, 2011
9.	Bill	30	July	1923	JULY 25, 2009
10.	Rubin	19	Feb.	1925	JULY 7, 1980
11.	Harry	13	July	1926	Oct. 29, 1926
12.	Alice-Lilian	20	Jan.	1928	
13.	Helen	25	Jan.	1929	
14.	Bruno	6	Aug.	1930	Stillborn
15.	Agnes	29	Dec.	1931	MAY 02, 1999
16.	Benno	9	Nov.	1933	
ALBERTINE & FR. LUDWICH CHILDREN					
1.	Viola Hamilton	8	Sep.	1914	
2.	Frieda Schröder	8	Sep.	1914	
3.	Leona Sprul	8	Okt.	1918	
4.	Esther Damofsky	9	Nov.	1922	

Kelowna, June 23, 1961

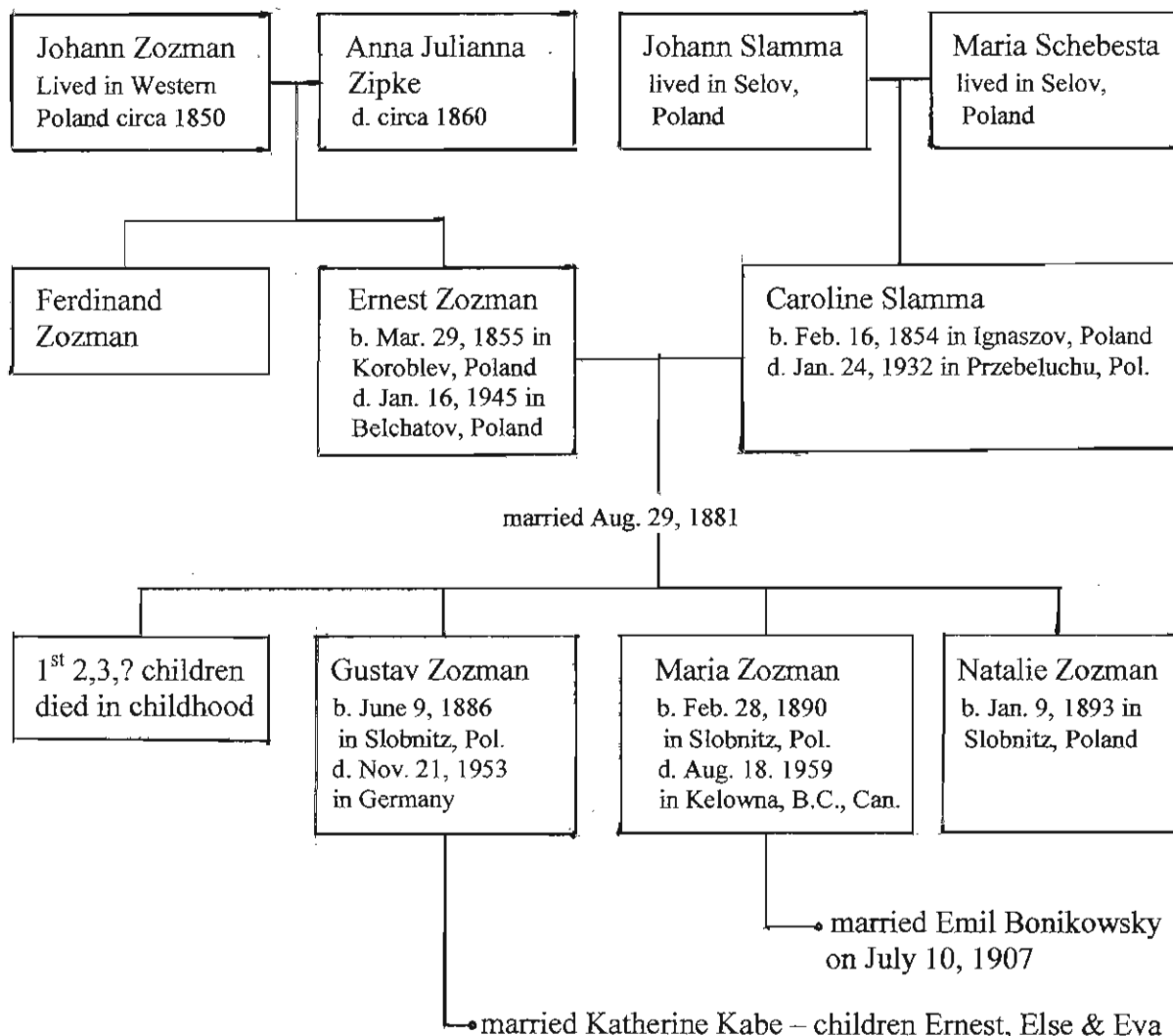
AS OF JUN 2012

FAMILY RECORD – EMIL BONIKOWSKY Poster's recap



- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| 1. Emil Bonikowsky b. May 24, 1881, d. Oct.20,1967 | 6. Maria |
| 2. Ernestine (Krapp) b. circa Nov. 1882, d. Nov 2, 1949 | 7. William |
| 3. Emma (Blasius) died early in marriage | 8. Hulda (Kundschack) |
| 4. Martha prob died before 2 y.o. | 9. Olga died about 10 y.o. |
| 5. Martha (Liebert, Kempe) b. circa 1891, d. Oct. 17, 1963 | 10. Lydia b. July 15, 1900 |

FAMILY RECORD – MARIA ZOZMAN Poster's recap



NON-FAMILY NAMES MENTIONED IN E.J.B. AUTOBIOGRAPHY (EUROPE)

ALF, GOTTFRIED (preacher)	p38, 39	LACH	p8
BRAUER, F. (preacher)	p38	LACH, K. (preacher)	p16
DONNER	p52, 53	LUECK	p74, 80
DRAT, CH.	p38	NEUMANN	p97
DRUESNER	p74	ONDRA, K. (preacher)	p30
FENSKE	p45, 56	OSTER	p54
FREIER	p24, 70	PUFAHL, H. (preacher)	p29
FRITZ (preacher)	p72	ROT, AUGUST	p46
GRISCHAU	p52, 53, 56	ROT, KATHERINE	p47
GUTSCHE, A. (preacher)	p15	SCHAEFER	p50
GUTSCHE, W. (preacher)	p15	SCHEIBE	p15, 24
HANKE, ERNEST	p15	SCHMALZ, B.	p32, 37, 56
HARTMAN (preacher)	p69	SCHRAMM	p53
HELVICH	p51	SCHWARTZ	p72
ICKE	p97	SEBESCH	p75
JESKE	p43	SPRENGER, JONATHAN	p75
KASNAKOV, GENERAL	p27	STEINKE	p64
KOBUS	p66	TRUDERUNG, OSCAR (preacher)	p22, 23, 34
KOLERT	p61	WARDETZKE (preacher)	p53
KUTZ	p2	ZOZMAN, A.	p11
KUTZ, JULIUS & WANDA	p12		

NON-FAMILY NAMES MENTIONED IN E.J.B. AUTOBIOGRAPHY (CANADA)

BLOCH	p85, 87, 88	LACH	p80
BLOEDOW	p80	LENZNER (preacher)	p98
BRESCHES	p80	LUDWICH	p97
FRICKE (pastor)	p98	LUDWIG	p82, 83
FUCHSA (preacher)	p81	LUEBECK	p80
FUHRMAN	p82	MUEHLBEIER, HENRY	p99
HEIN, MYRTLE	p89	NEUMANN	p80, 89, 97
HERRMAN, H. (preacher)	p93	NIKKEL, E.H. (preacher)	p93
HUNSIKER, P.T. (preacher)	p100	SCHILKE	p86, 87
ITTERMANN (preacher)	p99	SCHINDEL	p87
KLATT, PETER	p97	STINNER, H.S.	p90
KORNALEWSKY, J. (preacher)	p93	WAHL (preacher)	p87

PLACE NAMES MENTIONED IN E.J.B. AUTOBIOGRAPHY (EUROPE)

BARBURUFKA	p75	MOSCOW	p75
BELCHATOW	p11, 17, 24	NADJORDSCHENSK	p45
CHATKI	p67, 68	NOVO RUDNE	p72
CHELM	p42	NOVOGRAD VOLINSK	p75
CHOLOSNE	p67	ORENBURG	p44, 52
CZENSTOCHOW	p36	PABIANITZE	p23
DANZIG	p76	PETERSBURG (LENINGRAD)	p19, 22
DZESCHULITZE	p8, 10, 22, 23, 70	PETRIKAU	p15
FJEDOROFKA (FEDOROVKA)	p44	PODOLE	p34
FRIEDENSTAL	p49	POLTANITZE	p7
HORSTSCHICK	p56	POLTAVA	p43
IGNASZOV	p30	PRZEBELUCHO	p30
IVANGOROD	p36	PULIN	p73
KALUGA	p53	RIGA	p75
KICIN	p38, 39	ROMANOFKA	p49
KIEV	p58, 75	ROTSCHUTOR	p54
KLOSIN	p67, 68	RUTKOVSKY CHUTOR	p69
KOBRIN	p42	SCHLOBNITZE	p31
KONDRAJETZ	p36	SELOV	p30
KOROBLEV	p2, 22, 31	SELOV	p31
KOROBLEV	p30	SLOBNITZ	p31
KOROSTIN	p58	SOROTSCHIN	p97
KOSLOV	p57	SOUTHAMPTON	p76
KROBANOSH-CHOLM	p31	STOBBE	p68
KURSEI	p49	TROITZK	p44
LODZ	p10, 26, 27, 70	USCHOMER	p60
LONDON	p76	VOSNESENSK	p46, 53
LOVITZ	p25, 27	ZDROVJETZ	p97
LOWITZ	p73	ZEZULIN	p37
MOGELNITZE	p38		