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CONTENTS

FOREWARD

by Wm. G. Brese, Editor

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| Ludwig Henkelman
by Clarence Henkelman | P. 1 |
| Martin Henkelman
by Clarence Henkelman | P. 4 |
| The Rev. Hermann Theodor Schulze
by Sam Schulze | P. 10 |
| Historical Sketch of Hermann Schulze
by Eric J. Schulze | P. 18 |
| Recollections of Hermann T. Schulze
by Rudolph Schulze | P. 23 |
| Life Review of Eric J. Schulze
by Eric J. Schulze | P. 32 |
| Reflections on Bro. Hoyler
by Klaus Gericke | P. 69 |
| Camp Van Es – A Safe Haven
by Ian Edwards | P. 76 |

FOREWORD

History which is not recorded is history lost. This fact is underscored by the collection of articles contained in this issue. Each is valuable in it's own right.

We are indebted to each of the authors who has given us detailed accounts of the lives of people who have made significant contributions to the life and work of the Moravian Church in Alberta.

It is rare to have articles about the work of a pastor and the work of his son, who followed in his father's footsteps, in the same issue. It is also rare to have three sons, each write articles about the life of their father. This happened when Sam, Eric and Rudolph Schulze wrote about their father, the Rev Herman Schulze; and Eric also wrote about his own life of full time service.

We never tire of hearing about the rigors of early pastoral service. The examples set by these people speak volumes about commitment and self sacrifice. They serve to fill us with sincere appreciation, and inspiration to follow in their stead. This is particularly true when we go back to the very beginnings of "home mission work in Alberta" as it was then known in 1896. Klaus Gericke's observations about the life and work of the founding pastor of Moravian work in Alberta, the Rev. Clement Hoyler, give us the interesting insight from Klaus' perspective as that of a translator of Holyer's Diaries.

The two articles by Clarence Henkelman about his grandfather, Ludwig, and his father, Martin, are rich in historical detail. Not only do we learn about this family's history, but we can detect the closeness of the relationships between people and how they

helped each other. The difficulties and challenges which the settlers faced in those early days are also well chronicled.

The 2008 Canadian District Synod urged that we strive to promote Camp Van Es. In this spirit, we are pleased to share with our readers an account by Ian Edwards, about some of his experiences at camp.

Although most of the last two issues of our Historical Magazine have dealt with stories about the lives of those who served the church here, our appetite for this type of material is insatiable. Therefore, I extend an open invitation to anyone who has either served the Moravian Church in Alberta, or who has first hand knowledge about someone's service, to send us the story. Blessings come to our readers as they relive your accounts. These stories help us to claim our heritage and reinforce our Moravian identity.

Wm. G. Brese
Editor

LUDWIG HENKELMAN

By Rev. Clarence Henkelman

This family consisted of ten persons in all--the parents, five sons - Gottfried, Ludwig Jr., Martin, Gustav and Samuel, two daughters - Martha and Mary and a nephew who came along as a member of the family. The oldest of the family was twenty years of age. The youngest was six months old. The family came to Canada in search of religious liberty.

They left Volhynia, Russia an area of the Ukraine in 1893. By the time they reached Libau, the Baltic seaport, they did not have sufficient money left to buy all their tickets to their destination in Canada. So they had to borrow \$100.00 from W. Lilge, A. Klammer and A. Schultz. He had to agree to repay this amount upon arrival in Canada, where these men would immediately need their money themselves. Henkelman expected to do this with ease, because at that time the Canadian Government still granted a bonus of \$10.00 per person to all incoming settlers. But by the time they arrived In Canada, a new law had gone into effect, canceling this provision, and the family found themselves minus the expected \$100.00. However, Andreas Stoltz, learning of their difficulties, helped them out with a loan of \$100.00 so they could repay their debt.

When the family arrived in Winnipeg, Man. they had \$1.00 left and all their provisions were gone. With the last dollar left they bought a kettle, some rice and a little sugar but had nothing left for bread. Another traveler heard of their need and offered to help them out with a dollar. This was W. Drebert.

The scant provisions which they had thus laid up had to last the entire family of ten persons until they arrived at South Edmonton. They could afford to eat but one meal a day. When they reached the end of their journey, they had nothing left - no money and no provisions.

Henkelman, however, was soon able to earn a little money. He was a skillful builder of log houses and was engaged by various men to put up buildings. Henkelman received fifty cents a day for his expert work. Because he needed the money and his friends wanted him for their jobs at once, he could not build his own house immediately. His family, meanwhile, lived with the Philip Busenius family.

In addition to the father, several of the older boys also had to go to work to help support the family and get them started in the new world. Free homesteads were no longer available in that vicinity and the Ludwig Henkelman's friends did not want him to go to Bruderheim to take up land there. They wanted him to remain in Bruderfeld (Millwoods) and become their "Versammlugshalter" or lay reader, a position which he held in Russia.

Again Andreas Stoltz came to the rescue. He advanced the money, \$64.00 necessary to make the first payment on the quarter section, N.W 1/4 - 31 - 51 - 23 - 4, which was formerly part of the Papaschase Indian Reserve. The family bought a yoke of oxen on credit and started to drag logs together for their house. They lived on the most frugal fare. Like others, during that first year or two, they subsisted largely on rabbits. The people were content and satisfied with their humble lot. They often prayed that someday they might have a place which they could call their own and now they were in a fair way of realizing their hopes.

The Henkelman family later was largely instrumental in establishing the new colony called New Sarepta. They took part in the first land seeking trip in 1902 and were subsequently identified with the work of locating the homesteads for the first settlers that occupied that tract. They, themselves, filed on five homesteads. The Ludwig Henkelman Sr. homestead was N.E. 26 - 19 - 22 - W5. It was here in their humble log dwelling that the New Sarepta Moravian Church was formally organized on October 2, 1904.

They sold this homestead to their oldest son, Gottfried, and built a house on the Martin Henkelman homestead on N.W.34 - 49 -22 - W4 where part

of the village of New Sarepta is now built on. They lived here until Martin Henkelman sold the land and purchased the S.W. 8 - 49 - 21 - W4 quarter section from the Hudson Bay Co. in the Hay Lake district. They moved here in 1918 and resided here until their passing.

They had times of rejoicing and times of sadness. Their daughter Martha passed from measles when she was between 6 and 12 years of age. Their youngest son passed away from typhoid fever at the age of 18 years. He was one of the boys that had one of the homesteads in the New Sarepta district.

Their two eldest daughters - Mrs. Amelia Hirsch and Mrs. Juliana Klammer, their husbands and families remained in Russia but followed the rest of the family to Canada a few years later.

Ludwig Henkelman Sr. was born in 1846 and passed away in 1935. His wife, Louisa (Schmidke) was born in 1852 and passed away In 1921.

*Bishop Clement Hoyler says of Ludwig Henkelman that he was one of the stalwarts of Bruderfeld (Millwoods). Soft spoken and quiet, he nevertheless was a man of influence in the congregation, an earnest and sincere child of God. He was devoted to the Lord and his church and inculcated this love and devotion to others, so it could be said of him that the blessing of God rested upon him and his family.

MARTIN HENKELMAN

by Clarence Henkelman

Martin Henkelman was born in Volhynia, Russia in 1883. He immigrated to Canada In 1893 with his parents Ludwig and Louisa Henkelman and four brothers--Gottfried, Ludwig Jr., Gustav and Samuel and two sisters--Martha and Mary. The family came to Canada in search of religious liberty.

They left Volhynia, Russia an area of the Ukraine in 1893. By the time they reached Libau, the Baltic seaport, they did not have sufficient money left to buy all their tickets to their destination in Canada. Ludwig had to borrow \$100.00 from friends which he agreed to repay upon arrival in Canada where these men would immediately need the money themselves. Ludwig expected to do this with ease, because at that time the Canadian Government still granted a bonus of \$10.00 per person to all incoming settlers. By the time they arrived in Canada, a new law had gone into effect, canceling this provision, the family found themselves minus the expected \$100.00. However, a friend learning of their difficulties, helped them with a loan of \$100.00 so they could repay their debt.

When the family arrived in Winnipeg, Manitoba they had \$1.00 left and all their provisions were gone. With the last dollar left they bought a kettle, some rice and a little sugar but had nothing left for bread. Another traveler heard of their need and offered to help them out with a dollar.

The scant provisions which they had thus laid up had to last the entire family of ten persons until they arrived at South Edmonton. They could afford to eat but one meal a day. When they reached the end of their journey, they had nothing left --no money and no provisions.

Ludwig was soon able to earn a little money. He was a skillful builder of log houses and was engaged by various men to put up buildings. He received fifty cents a day for his expert work. Because he needed the money and his friends wanted him for their jobs at once, he could not build his own house immediately. His family, meanwhile, lived with the Philip Busenius family.

After his loan of \$100.00 was repaid he borrowed \$64.00 to make the first payment on the quarter section, N.W. $\frac{1}{4}$ - 31 - 51 - 23 - 4, in Bruderfeld (Millwoods). The family bought a yoke of oxen on credit and started to drag logs together for their house. They lived on the most frugal fare. Like others during that first year or two they subsisted largely on rabbits.

The older sons took jobs wherever and whenever available to help support the family and get them started in the new world. At the age of thirteen years Martin took a job caring for seventy head of cattle for an Indian rancher for the winter for which he was paid three dollars a month. With part of these earnings he bought his first horse and was on his way to becoming a farmer on his own.

The Henkelman family, under the direction of the Rev. Clement Hoyler, Moravian pastor, were largely instrumental in establishing the new colony called New Sarepta. They took part in the first land seeking trip in 1902 and filed on five homesteads. The Ludwig Henkelman Sr. homestead was located at N.E. 26 - 49 - 22 - W5. It was here in their humble log dwelling that the New Sarepta Moravian Church was formally organized on October 2, 1904.

Martin Henkelman's homestead was situated on the N.W. 34 - 49 - 22 - W4 where part of the village of New Sarepta is now situated on. He married Lydia Schlender in 1912. Lydia was the oldest daughter of August Sr. and Carolina Schlender. The August Schlender Sr. family emigrated from Volhynia, Russia in 1890 and settled in Winnipeg, Manitoba. It was here that Lydia was born in 1895. In 1901 the family moved to Strathcona,

now part of Edmonton. Here Lydia did housework and also worked in a candy factory. She also received her education here. Two of their sons were born here - Arthur Fred In 1914 and Clarence in 1917. It was while living here that Martin injured his knee and was afflicted with a sore knee and stiff leg until a few years before his passing when it was necessary to have it amputated.

The land was poor with an abundance of stones so they decided to look for better land. They purchased the S.W. 8 - 49 - 21 - W4 quarter section from the Hudson Bay Company in the Hay Lakes district in 1918 and moved there.

The beginning in Hay Lakes was extremely hard. Their first house they lived in was built of shiplap boards. As a toddler, I remember pulling wads of paper out of the knot holes to see what was going on outside. A year later they had a five room log house built. With very hard work other buildings were built and the farm began to progress. Martin paid \$20.00 an acre for the land none of which was broken. There were no fences or roads. Livestock had to be herded day and night. This put an extra burden on Lydia since the boys were only one and three years of age and Martin was suffering from his knee injury. While suffering much pain and discomfort he was always there when there was work to be done, if at all possible, and took his responsibilities and supervision very seriously.

In 1922 Martin bought the S.E. 1/4 - 8 - 49 - 21 section from William Kretchman and took over the payments to the Canadian Pacific Railroad. In 1926 the quarter section one mile east from Mr. Osgaard. He, also, bought a threshing machine powered by an International Harvester "Titan" tractor from Mr. Osgaard. It always needed a special cup of gasoline to get it started. It maneuvered slow and was very cumbersome but it had it's advantages over the old steam powered ones. In the early thirties he bought three more quarters of land, one quarter from Mr. Sandquist and the north half section from Mr. Pithouse. The two east quarters were sold to two young men who needed help getting started with farming.

I remember in the spring of 1920 when Grandpa and Grandma, Ludwig and Louisa Henkelman, drove up in a horse drawn buggy. We ran out to welcome them and Grandfather said, "We have come to stay". These were welcome words for all of us. Grandfather was always a sobering and uplifting influence to all around him. We were destined to benefit from his presence. They built a house in our yard. Grandmother was in failing health and passed away in 1921. Grandfather sold the house and moved in with us. He always adhered to the words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you" Matthew 6:33. The day always began and ended with scripture reading and prayer. In 1935 he heard the summons, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the Joy of the Lord". The funeral service was held in the New Sarepta Moravian Church and burial in the church cemetery.

In the next few years a sequence of events took place which brought joy and meaning into the home. Martin and Lydia wanted a daughter and Arthur and Clarence wanted a sister so they had a beautiful little dark haired four year-old girl, Donna, now Mrs. Alvin Harke, join the family in the fall of 1921. The reward of this experience made the family take in others. In 1925 two more sisters, Sarah, now Mrs. Martin Henkelman Jr., and Susan, now Mrs. Norman Harke joined the family. In 1928 eighteen month old Roy joined the family. He had a very alert and keen mind and could always figure out a better way of doing things. One day, while a teenager, the pastor asked him to speak at the young peoples meeting. He spoke well over an hour without notes. He loved his Lord very dearly and wanted the other young people to love his Lord, too. In 1949, just before Christmas this talented life came to an abrupt end through a traffic accident. In 1939 Mary and Rosie joined the family. Their warm, friendly dispositions had a very wholesome effect on the family. Mary, now Mrs. Raymond Davidson, lives in Didsbury. Rosie lives in Edmonton.

Arthur, being the oldest son, quit school after achieving the eighth grade to help with the farming. He carried the brunt of the farming and was depended on for almost everything from A to Z. Martin and Lydia built a

new house and home site on the N.W. Quarter of 5. Arthur took over the old home quarter but continued to assist in farming the rest of the land. In 1942 he married Velma Grue. He sold his farm in 1944 and bought a business in Edmonton.

The farming operation was mixed farming. An abundance of hay was grown and put up in summer. During the winter months the hay was baled and shipped to many places in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia. Most of it was shipped to Edmonton and sold to the Edmonton City Dairy, the stock yards and packing plants. Some years more than fifty rail carloads were shipped. Some of this hay was bought from neighbors for baling and shipping.

Martin had the draying business in Hay Lakes for several years. He served on the school board and the drainage board that was responsible for draining Little Hay Lake for good productive grain and hay land. He helped build the road with scrapers and horses and also helped build the telephone line.

The Rev. William Scheel, pastor of the New Sarepta Moravian church, started a Sunday School in the Hay Lakes school. Martin and Lydia assisted him in this work. Rev. Scheel was called to serve in the United States. The New Sarepta Moravian church was left without a pastor for awhile so the Sunday School was taken over by the Lutherans.

During the depression many needy travelers, in desperate need for jobs, were given a bed and meals, some for a few days, some for weeks and some for months and even years. For the most part these contacts resulted in many pleasant memories and experiences in later years.

Martin was a life time member of the Moravian Church, attended faithfully and served his Lord faithfully and sincerely. He was a member of the church board until he was called home to an "Inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for (him) you", I Peter 1:4, in 1946.

Lydia continued farming with Clarence and Pauline's help. Clarence and Pauline Busenius were married In 1946. In 1948 they went to Alaska as missionaries under the Moravian Church. Roy, Mary and Rosie helped with the farming as well as hired help. In the mid sixties the farm was sold and Lydia moved to Edmonton. She is at present residing at the Central Park Lodge.

THE REV. HERMANN THEODOR SCHULZE

By Sam Schulze

Introduction

Hermann Schulze was born in Hoffenthal (Hopedale), Labrador, to Moravian missionary parents from Germany, in 1879. He was sent to Germany to be educated in the Boys' School in Kleinwelke, and trained as a tinsmith; later he studied theology at the Mission Seminary, and worked at the Home of Christian Charity, supervising a group of mission children, until he was called to Alberta in 1910, to serve as pastor in the Heimthal (later spelled Heimtal) Moravian Church.

He was joined a year later by Emilie Martha Gunther, who was born to missionary parents in Mamre, South Africa, in 1889. She too, was educated in Germany, and trained as a teacher in crafts. Hermann and Emilie were married June 6, 1911, at the Heimthal Church by the Rev. (later Bishop) Clement Hoyler. The marriage produced five children, all boys: Theodore (Theo, or Ted), Rudolph (Rudi), Samuel (Sammi, or Sam), Waldemar, and Eric.

Reminiscences

Having been born in 1918, I can have no recollections of anything before that time. The first event of particular significance that I do recall, was a trip to Vancouver in 1924. For us children (4 of us by that time) it was treated as a holiday. I was not quite six years of age and wouldn't have understood, but later learned that Father might have been sent there for health reasons. But by 1924, a number of Moravians had retired or for other reasons settled in Vancouver, and I suspect that the

Schulze visit may have been in connection with the organization of a new congregation there, which I think was also in 1924.

As minister of Heimtal, Father had frequent association with other Moravian ministers and churches of the region: Bruderheim, South Edmonton (or Strathcona, as it was then called), New Sarepta, and particularly Bruderfeld (now called Millwoods). Mostly, travel was by horse and buggy, or cutter in winter. (There was only a short period, from 1929 to 1932, when the family had a car.) Sometimes the whole family went along, in summer, if the weather was nice. But in winter, especially in inclement weather, the small conveyance could get into trouble, when the horse plunged through deep snowdrifts, or the sleigh tipped over. (No one heard of such things as snowplows in those days.) (*See also enclosed account of his own experience*)

A horse was always kept handy at the Heimtal parsonage, along with one or two cows and a yardful of chickens, and including one, two or three cats, and sometimes a dog. The family always maintained a large productive garden.

Events of some excitement, at least to the children, were the weekly shopping excursions into the city (Edmonton) on Saturdays, which were all-day affairs by horse, including over an hour travelling time each way. Mother didn't always go along, but some of the children usually did. With the car it was easier. I remember one day Ted drove the car, and trying to see how fast he could drive, reached the outrageous speed of 30 miles an hour, and on dirt roads yet.

A highlight of the summers at Heimtal, was the congregation's anniversary festival on the last Sunday of July, when, in favorable weather, services were held outdoors, in a shady area in the woods south of the church where a place was prepared

and seats installed. The reed organ from the church was moved out for accompaniment to the choir, and usually a visiting band took part. Most often it was from the Bruderfeld church. Since the festivals involved morning and afternoon services, an elaborate meal was prepared by the ladies of the congregation, and served on tables set under the trees. These festivals usually provided opportunity for gatherings of visiting ministers and/or other friends staying for supper at the Schulze house.

Sundays were family days for the Schulzes (after church services were over), with afternoon games of all kinds, indoors and out, including hide-and-seek. We children were fast runners, but our father always outran us. During the week, although the children were not ignored or neglected, they were often left to fend for themselves, which wasn't difficult in the barnyard or the backwoods; but on Sundays, our parents devoted themselves to their children. And usually Mother gathered the children round her for half an hour, and instructed them in Bible stories, with the aid of a special book of biblical pictures.

The Schulzes were a musical family. I don't remember where Father received his musical training, or Mother either; possibly, music was as integral a part of the German educational program as reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. At any rate, Father began giving music lessons soon after he arrived at Heimtal, concentrating on piano and violin, although he seemed to have a fair proficiency on various instruments; and he owned a flute, as well as a cello. Naturally, the boys all took lessons from their father, first on piano, and later switching to other instruments of their choice. Often on Sundays the family gathered in the parlor (music room) for informal music-making. The piano was in frequent use during the week, but on Sundays the organ was opened up, and other instruments were brought out; those who chose not to play an instrument, sang. Or sometimes, Father

and Mother would play piano—four hands, and from these sessions I learned a lot of music which I was in later years able to recognize.

Occasionally, musical concerts were organized in the church, at which members of the family sometimes participated, together with other members of the congregation, or imported guests, to whom Father had given instruction.

During a period in the 1920's and into the 1930's, a small band was active in the church under Father's direction, which by 1932, included the three oldest boys, each of whom had been admitted to the band at age 14. This band sometimes played at anniversary services, as well as regular Sunday services.

Sometimes Heimtal didn't have a regular organist, and Father would supply as organist for his own services. The choir, too, was under his direction, and he often sang in it. (This sort of shifting from one function to another within services became quite common in small churches, where ministers, and band (or orchestra) members shifted to the choir for anthems, and back for the hymns.)

In order to supply the band and choir with proper and ready music, Father did a lot of copying of music, using a sort of hectograph copier. Besides copying or arranging music from printed books, he sometimes composed his own music. As a result, the rooms of the house were sometimes strewn with loose sheets of music, laid out to dry.

All regular church services were, of course, in the German language, but for a number of years, English services were held Sunday evenings, perhaps once a month. These services drew people from outside the congregation, and provided lusty singing of gospel songs, and a short sermon (probably because

Father was not familiar enough with English to offer an extended sermon). Mother always had a rich alto voice with which she contributed harmony to the singing of hymns; and in the English services, I tried to enrich the harmony by providing a tenor, which was still further enriched when someone else provided a bass. (Father had a good tenor voice, too, but for the hymns he often led the singing with a strong melodic line.)

All the Schulze boys attended Otoskwan public school, and usually walked the 2 ¼ miles each way. Our parents took an active interest in their children's education. Most parents spoke with the teachers from time to time about their children's progress, and enthusiastically supported the annual Christmas concerts presented by the children, rehearsed by the teachers. Besides this, our parents made it a point to become personally acquainted with the teachers, and occasionally invited them to supper. Otoskwan was a two-room school, and through most of the 1920's and into the 1930's, at least one of the boys attended in each room, so both teachers were involved. For most of my own school years at Otoskwan, from Grade III through IX, and for some years beyond, Ethel Frampton and Jim Harrington were the teachers, and they were at our house many times, perhaps annually. Mr. Harrington sometimes had a car, or horse and buggy, and could bring Miss Frampton with him; other times Father would go to pick them up with his own horse and buggy.

From the base in Heimtal, Father served sister congregations from time to time: New Sarepta, 25 miles east, and Hobbema, 50 miles south. He served New Sarepta during three or four different periods, and probably travelled by horse and buggy, or cutter. He had the car when he served Hobbema, at least part of the time; often he may have used the train. But we remember him leaving one winter morning, sitting in the cutter, at 40 below zero, holding the horse's reins in his bare hands. As a

Labradorian, he seemed to be immune to cold. For a short period he was involved in serving settlements near Westlock and Calmar, Alberta and Esk, Saskatchewan. Travel to these places would have been by train. (Train service was excellent in those days.)

During the school year, our father conducted German classes on Saturdays, which were attended by most of the children of the congregations, including us boys, who, though we spoke German regularly at home, needed the study of grammar and writing.

Mother was a great believer in medicines; furthermore, she seemed to know just what medicine to give for what ailment. Father, on the other hand, when he was given a medicine, after which his health improved, would claim, "I would have got better anyway, even without the medicine". But medicine was never used unnecessarily.

Another trip of some adventure was to Banff, by car, in 1931. Such a trip in those days entailed extensive planning, but it was purely a holiday. It included a climb up Sulphur Mountain, which Father, Rudi, and I took, using the 4-mile path, winding up the mountainside. The pathway lapped back and forth up the side of the mountain, but Rudi and I sometimes became adventuresome and took shortcuts, straight up the mountain from one lap to the next, while Father walked around on the path. On one occasion, when I made such a shortcut, while Rudi walked around with Father, it became a very long way up to the next lap; I never found it. The path, at that point, had made a short switch, and I missed it. But I kept courageously scrambling up the side of the mountain. Meanwhile, there were some anxious minutes while Father, with Rudi, were wondering what became of me—and I seemed to be getting lost in the woods. Fortunately, I had met no bears in my wanderings.

There was a great celebration at Heimtal in 1929 when Father reached the age of 50 years, and the congregation gave him a surprise shower. It seemed to be as much an eventful party for us children, for me at least, as for our father, with a lot of games being played on the church lawns. We all shared in the wonder of the big buffalo-fur coat that Father received.

Christmas season was a busy and fun time in the Schulze household. Always, the Moravian Advent Star decorated the parlor during Advent and until Epiphany. Preparations for this sometimes began earlier, when Father had to set himself to constructing a new Star. I do not remember where he obtained the centre framework for the star, made of a sort of cardboard or buckram, but the tines had to be handmade, cut from coloured paper, folded, and glued in place; and the boys were invited to help in the venture. These paper stars did not survive many seasons, and new ones had to be constructed from time to time. Into December the family occupied itself, making decorations to be hung on the Christmas tree, including stars and garlands made from coloured paper or foil. Besides this, Mother was busy baking hundreds of cookies of various kinds, with help from the boys. Each Sunday evening through the season, the family gathered round the Star to sing Christmas songs. And the Christmas Eve service in the church was an exciting climax, with recitations and songs by the Sunday school children.

As mentioned, Father was trained as a tinsmith, and he may have had some experience in woodworking from an older brother who was a cabinet-maker. Many repairs around the parsonage, as well as the church, engaged his handiwork, particularly his soldering iron. Father was an adept kite maker, and some Sunday afternoons were spent in the fields behind the church flying various designs of kites.

After Ted finished school, he bought a farm just north of Hay Lakes, 30 miles from Heimtal. By this time, 1933, the older boys had acquired bicycles and commuted between the two places, across country roads. The parents, when they travelled, relied on the horse. The older boys spent summers with Ted, helping with the hay crop, and travelled back and forth several times during the summer. If they stayed over with Ted, they slept in the granary on straw mats. But the parents were very helpful and supportive the first few years making the 30-mile trip a number of times, together or alone.

Father's Heimtal ministry ended in 1940 when he went to Didsbury for a year. Plans were already underway for a new church building in Heimtal, and at the anniversary service in 1942, he dedicated the cornerstone.

By 1941, Ted had acquired two additional farms, and to one of these the parents were able to retire, where they maintained their own house. Most of Ted's livestock was kept at this farm (including 33 cats, one summer), where Waldemar did many of the chores, and Father was able to borrow a horse and buggy for his travels. Otherwise, our parents became active in the New Sarepta Moravian Church, where Ted was already very active.

When Ted died in 1950, the parents and Waldemar moved to Edmonton. Because Father was still frequently called for service here and there, he had to rely on public transportation, no longer having the use of his beloved horse.

Epilogue

Hermann Schulze was called to His Lord in 1958; Emily in 1961; they rest in the Heimtal cemetery.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF HERMANN SCHULZE

Recollections by Eric J. Schulze

Didsbury/Eigenheim/Torrington Service, 1940-1941

The only move we made as a parsonage family while Dad was in active service was the move from Heimtal to Didsbury, and then it was only the two younger boys, Waldemar and I, that moved with Mother and Dad. I faintly remember that move, one incident, especially.

Everything was loaded into a truck at Heimtal to be unloaded in a rented house in the town of Didsbury. We attempted to take a cat along from Heimtal. She was put into the truck with the furniture. The driver stopped in the Hobbema area to check something in the back. The cat jumped out, and we never did see the cat again.

Two beautiful novelties awaited us in Didsbury; the house had both electricity and running water. Other opportunities presented themselves for me in this small town, which the rural setting at Heimtal did not present. One was a town skating rink which I used often to develop my interest in skating. The school had an orchestra in which I played the violin. I had a paper route for about six months—delivering the Edmonton Journal.

Dad served three Moravian congregations, one 12 miles west of Didsbury, one at Torrington, east of Olds, and Eigenheim was east of Carstairs. He visited each every three weeks. I think the difficult part of that ministry was that he needed to use more English among the people. When he left Heimtal that congregation was still an all German parish. He travelled by train to Carstairs and Olds to get to the Eigenheim and

Torrington congregations. Members of the congregations took their turns in picking him up on Saturday afternoon and returning him to the train on Sunday afternoon. To the Didsbury Church his transportation was reliant on members who picked him up on Saturday afternoon and brought him back on Sunday. Mother occasionally went with him, but usually not. Even less occasionally Waldemar and I went with Dad to the Didsbury Moravian Church, and so we went to the United or Evangelical Church in the town of Didsbury for Sunday School and/or worship.

Retirement at Hay Lakes, 1941-1951

After serving for 13 months in Didsbury, Nov. 1, 1940 to Nov. 30, 1941, Dad went into retirement and we moved to Ted's farm in Hay Lakes. His service there was being an active member of the congregation at New Sarepta and editing Der Canadischer Bruederbote. The latter involved getting congregational reports from ministers (what a pain, sometimes!), writing some editorial comments and getting the printing, mailing and delivering done.

As members of the congregation at New Sarepta our family was very involved in activities there. We had seven miles to travel by horse and buggy—in winter by sleigh—for the first three years. That meant three hours of travel for two hours at church. This we did for Sunday morning for Sunday School and Worship, for orchestra practice, prayer meeting, choir rehearsal during the week. On Sunday evening we went to support the outreach effort at Hay Lakes, hoping that a congregation might be started there.

Dad was not involved in conducting services, except occasionally. But he did want to participate in my confirmation service—which I vividly remember. He did not invite any other

minister to baptize his children when they were small. He did that himself. He conducted the services of confirmation for the four older boys at Heimtal, and he certainly wanted to be involved in my confirmation service. He, therefore, assisted Fred Schimke in that service, but not without tears of joys and emotion.

Move to Edmonton

Upon Ted's death in 1950, Mother, Dad, and Waldemar moved to Edmonton, to a little house at 10040 – 86 Ave. Ted's suicide caused all of us a great deal of grief which we had to move through. We received the assurance that his mental illness caused his death, as other illnesses cause deaths in different ways. Mother had the most direct divine revelation which helped her in this process.

So we had the responsibility of having a farm auction, selling the farms, and taking up residency in a new environment. Dad was involved in a lot of personal ministry, especially to new German immigrants who came during post-war years. He helped many of them get settled.

Bruederbote/Canadian Moravian

Other records elsewhere would indicate how long Dad was editor of Der Canadischer Bruederbote. The periodical represented a close tie between congregations, and between members of various congregations in the Canadian District. I worked together with him when the English edition, The Canadian Moravian, started. He bore responsibility for this circular into his retirement years. It seems to me it was work with this that he wanted to complete before he went to the hospital.

Health/Illness/Death

Dad was generally very healthy. I am not aware of any hospitalization until the day before he died. He had not been eating well, being aware of an abdominal problem. He was hospitalized on Saturday, August 9, 1958, for a checkup to explore the problem.

While in the hospital he went into a coma. I was called at New Sarepta to come to see him. My schedule on Sunday included services at both Heimtal and New Sarepta Moravian Churches in the morning. In the afternoon I went to the University Hospital to see Dad. He was still alive but in a coma, so I had no communication with him any more.

Someone suggested to Mother that she could be taken up to the hospital to see Dad if he gained consciousness again. Her response was that it was not necessary, "we have everything straightened out", as if she knew he was not going to last long.

He died Sunday late afternoon, August 10, 1958, as the result of a blood clot in the lower part of the brain. The intern reported to me that they had thought of surgery to eliminate the blood clot, but decided against it because of his weakened condition. This turned out to be a good decision because it was discovered in the autopsy that he had extensive cancer in the stomach, from which he would have suffered a lot, had he lived. The blood clot, it was concluded, resulted from a previous fall down the basement steps. For this kind of death I have always been truly grateful to God,--a shock at the time,--but a peaceful end to a fruitful life.

Mother and Waldemar lived together in the little house on 86th Ave. for 2 ½ years until Mother died on January 26, 1961. She had severe arthritis in her legs, and walking was difficult for

her. Most of her last months were spent in a wheel chair, but she and Waldemar were able to make it on their own.

One morning Mother did not come out of the bedroom at her usual time, and did not respond when Waldemar called her. He went to her bedside to discover that she had died during the night. A heart attack had quietly taken her in her sleep. The bedding was not disturbed, nor did Waldemar hear any noise during the night. Mother's death, too, was a shock at the time, but a peaceful end to a fruitful life.

Both parents left us, and many others, with a heritage of faith and faithfulness towards their Lord and Saviour and His Kingdom. We are truly grateful for such devoted Christian parents.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HERMANN T. SCHULZE

By Rudolph Schulze

This is not a chronological account of Dad's life but various recollections.

1. Much of my recollections of my father are connected with music.

First there is the fact that Dad give music lessons to many young people and a few older persons in the Heimtal area, some coming from outside the congregation. A few came from some distance away. The lessons would occur after school hours and in the summer in half-hour slots of time. Mostly they were on the reed organ, because few people had a piano at that time in the area. I felt our family was distinguished because we had both! I myself began with organ lessons and switched to piano later, or when I began playing on my own.

Another impression is that Dad often had to be the organist at church services when the regular organist was sick or did not arrive or none was available. But soon some of the students, however, made the grade to play publicly. But Dad's playing of hymns was always by ear or memory—which made it very convenient simply to use the words only hymnal and sing while playing at the same time. That carried over into our home life as well, of course. Eric has mentioned our home orchestra. However, when I was part of it, I played the little reed organ while Mother played the piano and Dad the violin or cello and Ted the violin. But most of all I recall the singing of Christmas carols in the parlor around the Advent Star or Christmas tree, each Sunday evening in Advent and during the holidays. The Advent Star was lighted by a tiny kerosene lamp which did not give off very much light. We soon had to learn the carols from

memory and sang while Dad played on the piano in semi-darkness, and there was really no need for light other than that on our faces and in our hearts.

Then there was Dad's practise of either copying or composing choir anthems, tailor made for the capacity of the local choir. I got the impression that he would just as soon write an anthem as write a sermon. He had a duplicator, fore-runner of the mimeograph machine. One cantate which I remember he wrote was "Der Verlorene Sohn" (The Prodigal Son), which was performed by the choir at an evening "Musicalischen Gottesdienst" (A musical worship service). Such services were not uncommon during the summer annually and it usually drew a large attendance from the area. For these Dad usually served as accompanist for the choir on the organ.

In the late 1920's Dad also was able to organize a band of wind instruments and he taught various boys to play one or another brass instrument. I have a picture of that band which included four Wudels and three Schulzes, plus three others, Arnold Klapstein, George Schattschneider and Otto Adam, plus Dad as director. This group played for services for a time and for special festivals such as anniversaries, playing either hymns or simple marches for concerts. And, of course, they played on New Year's Eve.

Dad was also a high tenor voice and I remember him singing in a ministerial quartet which included, I think, Clement Hoyler, Emil Suemper, William Schattschneider and Dad. They would sing at certain Mission or anniversary festivals in one or another church, when the neighboring church cancelled their services and participated in the festival, wherever it was held.

2. The Hazards of a Preacher

A story told by my Mother is this about Ted, the oldest in our family when he was perhaps three or so. Dad always concluded his sermons by saying “Amen” and then offering a prayer before the last hymn. On one Sunday in which the sermon must have seemed a bit long, Ted was heard clearly to say, “Pappa, sag Amen.” (Daddy, say Amen).

3. Tinsmithing and Frugality

Eric has mentioned Dad's learning the trade of tinsmith in Germany (everyone needed a trade). This made it possible for us to have large water tanks to catch rain water from the roof or melt snow in the house in winter. It also made possible a tin bathtub. But few things were thrown away if there was ever any conceivable use. For instance, Dad made a little wooden dispenser which was hung on the wall below the kitchen lamp into which match sticks were put which had been used to light the lamp. Instead of lighting a new match to light, let's say, the lantern for out-doors, a used match was used to take a flame from the already burning lamp...Likewise, paper was not too readily available. I remember Dad often using old envelopes, ungluing the flaps and using the inside to even write sermons. He said that the center could contain the introduction and the text, that the side and bottom flaps each was used for one of the three points of the sermon and the upper flap for the conclusion!

4. Because of Dad's facility for writing notes in short-hand, and perhaps also because he was a quiet man and did not always take part in discussions, he was always selected as the secretary of synods of the District. Those minutes were, of course, always in German. In the 1940 Synod at Calgary, I was asked to write a final report for THE MORAVIAN in English, so I had to consult with Dad as to details that might have escaped me.

5. 1929 was a rather prosperous year before the stock market crash in October with the consequent drop in grain prices and meat prices. This hit the Heimtal farmers hard, as it did all Canadian farmers. The congregation had undertaken to clear the major part of the 40 acres of land which it owned so as to plant grain to help raise money to build a new church. I remember the first harvest that year and the satisfaction expressed by one of the trustees, when he calculated the income from the harvest at \$1.25 a bushel of wheat, saying that they, at least, did not go into the hole after the cost of grubbing and breaking the land. But within just a few months the price of grain dropped, to 25 cents a bushel for wheat, while it was being held in the hope that during the winter prices would go up. Meanwhile, in preparation for building, gravel had been hauled for the foundation of the church, and piled just north of the church of the time. That gravel pile remained there untouched for over a decade except as children played around or on it. The new church was not built until the early 1940's.

6. It was in 1929 also that Dad bought our first (and only) automobile. It was a 1929 Model T Ford bought in the early fall of the year—just before the Model A's came out. In the winter the car was put on blocks. And I remember that only a few years later it remained on blocks throughout the year. In the height of the depression it was thought to be cheaper to feed horses oats than to buy gasoline for the car. It was around 29 cents a gallon (imperial gallon) at the time.

7. The main means of transportation in the 1920's was with a team of horses with buggy or cutter. For a long time we had two horses, named Tom and Maude. They served well in making trips to "Strathcona" for shopping or to neighboring congregations for special occasions. We boys also used these horses to ride on for fun. They eventually went the way of all

flesh. We bought another horse by the name of Kate which we boys nicknamed “Kashka”.

8. Dad suffered illness during the early 1920's, some kind of nervous disorder. But my memory of this is not clear. But in 1924 Dad was given the opportunity to spend three months in the summer in Vancouver for rest and relaxation—and to try to gather together the scattered Moravian families that lived there and to see if a congregation was feasible there. We were invited to stay at the Edling home on Lulu Island (a brother of the Heimtal Edlings), living next door to a Zellmer and a Wolfram family. We spent a happy summer there, helping with the strawberry harvest and going to one of the beaches at every opportunity. I think we visited at least three different beaches from time to time but returned with the greatest pleasure always to the beach at Stanley Park. On Sundays Dad conducted services for the folk that would come and they usually made a housefull, as families took turns hosting the services in their homes. It probably was. But it was certainly a real vacation and an education for us boys. And in 1927 a congregation was organized in Vancouver.

9. Part of the assignment for the pastor at Heimtal was to conduct instruction in the German language. This was done on Saturdays—usually throughout the year, beginning at 10:00 A.M. and going until about 2:30 P.M. With a recess in the morning and a lunch hour at noon. Since every family spoke German at home it was not a difficult task, it being their first language. The elementary instruction was simply to learn to read and write in German—using the German script. There was a simple text book for learning the basics and by the third or fourth year reading became fairly proficient. Everyone took his or her turn to read aloud—at first simple short stories, later from a book of Bible stories. At first in the beginning classes, we used slates for writing and paper only later on. But in this way

the German School also became instruction in Bible history. And then there were also exercises in writing in which Dad would dictate stories from church history or Christian literature and the older students would copy it with questions asked afterwards as to how we spelled certain words. I remember learning something about the Reformation in Europe as well as some Moravian history.

Another part of German School was the preparation of programs for the special festivals of Christmas and Easter, and in some years, even for Pentecost. These would then be presented on Christmas Eve or Easter Sunday afternoon—when appropriate gifts were also given the children. Songs were memorized as well as “pieces” to be recited, and even little playlets were performed. This would always occupy several weeks before the stated festivals.

The German School sessions were also an important social event for the children of the congregation. A number of things took place at recess or at noon, including baseball in the summer, or building of snow forts or snowmen when the snow melted in winter. I'm not sure that I always appreciated the weekly school session on Saturdays. But since then I have always felt grateful that I learned to read and write in two languages.

10. Dad's ministry in Heimtal made him also something of a circuit rider, as all pastors of the District were. In addition to his serving at various times in New Sarepta he was also called to serve the Hobbema congregation which was organized in 1928. Perhaps this was one of the main reasons why a car was bought in 1929. The trip to Hobbema then became an outing for the whole family. It always involved the hospitality of the several families in turn, especially when services were held in the

homes. Eventually a church was built though I cannot say when.

But included in the “circuit riding” were also trips to Thorsby, west of Leduc and to Bruce, east of Cooking Lake. A congregation was even organized in Bruce in 1929. I remember even a trip to Didsbury with Dad by car one fall, but that took at least two days. On the return trip at night, I remember that we ran into a horse that crossed the highway at just the wrong moment!

11. Both Dad and Mother inherited a strong feeling for foreign missions. Both had been born as children of Moravian missionaries, Dad in Labrador and Mother in South Africa. But, as the custom of the time was, the children of missionaries were sent back to the “fatherland” for their education, usually about at age eight. It must have been difficult for the parents to send their children away at that tender age. I remember Mother saying that the idea of going to the “fatherland” was built up for them and talked up as a great and glorious adventure so that they should look forward to it. But when the time of parting actually came her mother was seen to be shedding tears. And the children wondered why until they were actually on the boat. The children were well cared for and got a good education in the separate boys' and girls' schools in Germany. But it certainly inhibited family life, although community life took the place of family life in the “settlement” congregations. The older children would long since be out of school before the younger ones arrived. And they did not see their parents again except on their furlough and perhaps when they retired. In Mother's case, her parents were buried in South Africa. In Dad's case there is but one picture which we have which shows the entire family together, which happened on one of the furloughs when Dad was around twelve years of age. It was the only time that the entire family was ever together. There was a

span of 17 years between the oldest and the youngest child in that family of eight children, and the oldest would have been employed somewhere before the youngest began school.

But the family was still quite closely knit. For as long as I can remember the members of the family corresponded with each other by means of a “Rundbrief” (a round robin letter), as well as directly. Thus they learned of each others family life and situation by writing just one letter instead of seven or eight. But once our parents left Germany they never again saw their brothers or sisters or parents. There was never the possibility of making a return trip to Germany. One could hardly afford it, and there were two world wars during which travel was impossible. There was one time when Dad's oldest brother, who was serving as pastor in South Africa under a Lutheran Mission Board, visited Germany. But Dad knew nothing of that trip in time. It was assumed that he would be unable to come anyway. But I remember Dad saying that if he had known about that trip he too would have undertaken the adventure of making the trip to Germany, no matter if it would have cost more than he really could afford.

Both Mother and Dad maintained a lively interest and concern about foreign mission work throughout their lives. As a matter of fact, Dad had volunteered for mission work while in seminary, and he received a call to serve among German settlers in Alberta who had requested German speaking pastors from the American Moravian Church board. I remember Dad saying, however, that late in his seminary career there was a rumor that he might be called to serve in Tibet. As it turned out, it seems the needs of the Canadian District were more urgent at the time.

12. When Dad came to North America he came by way of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he attended Moravian Theological Seminary for some weeks in the spring of 1910,

probably as a kind of orientation to this country. Then before arriving in Alberta he stopped at Watertown, Wisconsin, on the way. This was because his grandfather had migrated to America in 1861 and his aunts raised families in Wisconsin. Only one aunt of three was still living at the time. At the time of F. W. Schulze's migration to Wisconsin, Dad's father was in military service and could not be discharged at the time. He therefore remained behind and eventually volunteered for mission service in the Moravian Church. The rest of the family, with the exception of the oldest son came to the United States, including three aunts of Dad and two uncles, though the uncles, I believe, came separately. I personally was not aware of this connection with Watertown until I became pastor there in 1967 or shortly after that date. Dad's grandfather had moved to Wisconsin with the express purpose of uniting with the Moravian Church there. The church at Ebenezer was founded in 1853 while the Watertown church was not founded until 1864. And great-grandfather F. W. Schulze was the one who placed the weather vane on top of the steeple when the church was built there in 1874.

LIFE REVIEW OF ERIC J. SCHULZE

by Eric J. Schulze

The Hermann Schulze Family

My father, Hermann Theodor Schulze, left Germany to become a pastor to German speaking Moravians in Alberta. He sailed to New York, arriving on February 14, 1910. After orientation with the Moravian Provincial Elders Conference in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, he stopped in Watertown, Wisconsin, to visit an aunt. He then traveled to Edmonton, Alberta, by train and settled into the parsonage of the Heimtal Moravian Church, 10 miles south of Edmonton.

Dad had arranged for a Günther daughter to come from Germany to be his wife. When this did not materialize, either because of the severe Alberta climate or her obligation to ministry in Germany, Dad sent a request to the German Moravian Mission Board to send someone else. Martha Emily, a younger sister, was asked if she would be willing to travel to Canada to be the wife of a man she hardly knew. She consented and made the trip.

She traveled across Canada by train from Montreal to Edmonton. That she might identify Hermann at the train station he asked her to look for someone carrying a stem of rhubarb. Why rhubarb? Probably because it was common in both countries, available that time of the year, and easily identified. They were married on June 6, 1911.

We were five boys born to Hermann and Emily: Ted (1912), Rudy (1916), Sam (1918), Waldemar (1922), Eric (1927). For education all five of us started at the Otokwan School, two-rooms for grades one through ten. It was located two miles south of Eilerslie. We walked the two and a quarter miles from

the Heimtal parsonage, usually with others from the neighborhood.

My parents brought music into their relationship, home, and ministry. Dad had a flute, cello, violin and cornet, some he may have brought from Germany. Mother brought a piano. Their instrumental music included four hands on piano, organ and piano duets, and instrumental combos with us children as we became of age. We learned to play various stringed and wind instruments, my brothers all played the reed organ and piano.

With Dad's high tenor voice and mother's beautiful alto they often sang together and with us children. We sang prayers before and after meals, hymns during morning devotions, birthday blessings for each other, and Christmas Carols under the Moravian Advent Star each Sunday evening in Advent.

The only move we made as a family during Dad's ministry was from Heimtal to Didsbury, Alberta, in 1940 after Ted, Rudy, and Sam were on their own. Dad was called to serve the Moravian congregations at Didsbury (12 miles West of the town), Eigenheim (18 miles East of Carstairs), and Torington (approximately 10 miles East of Olds).

Two happy living improvements we enjoyed as the result of the move were the use of electricity and running water, although the toilet was outside. I was in 7th grade and had the advantage of a larger school, about 15 per grade. We made new friends, other than members of the congregations Dad served. I played violin in the Junior High orchestra and enjoyed the winter outdoor skating rink and softball in summer. A small Edmonton Journal paper route gave me my first business experience.

Dad retired in 1941 and we moved to Hay Lakes, into a house on one of the farms Ted owned. I took the 8th, 9th, and 10th

grades of my education at the two room school in Hay Lakes and got into pitching for school and community softball teams. Family activities during the years from 1941 to 1950 centered around work on Ted's farm and activities at the New Sarepta Moravian Church. I was in a confirmation class of eight young people in 1943 when I renewed my baptismal covenant and confirmed my faith in Jesus Christ as Savior. This was for me a meaningful and sincere commitment under the teaching of Brother Fred Schimke at that time.

Camrose Lutheran College, 1944-1946

To complete High School education it was necessary for me to leave home. My father had become acquainted with Camrose Lutheran College. Moving into the boys' flat in the College Main building provided multiple new experiences, friends, and opportunities for personal growth. I learned to study under supervision. There was opportunity to play tennis, ice skate, play softball, ski and socialize closer with boys and girls my own age. It was necessary for me to deal with my shy nature and personal insecurity. I appreciated singing in the choir of 50 singers, a 20 voice male chorus, other smaller vocal groups, as well as play violin in informal instrumental combos. Christian ministry opportunities were provided through the Christian Service Group, the Lutheran Students Association, the Pocket Testament League, prayer groups, daily chapel services, and Sunday worship at Messiah Lutheran Church.

Mentors at that time were the Science, Music, and Math teacher, Ed Marken, and a fellow student, Allen Severson. Allen was an avid hockey fan with a calm spirit, quiet disposition and Christian devotion. He went into the ministry of the Lutheran Church and became chaplain of a Long Term Care Facility in Camrose in later years. How unique, as soul buddies we both spent a number of years as chaplains in Long Term Care

Facilities, he in Camrose, I in Watertown. We met again in our retirement.

Moravian College and Theological Seminary, 1946-1953

A culture shock was in store for me when settling into dormitory life in Moravian College in Bethlehem, PA, 2,700 miles away from home. A different country, a milder climate, an urban environment, an industrial setting, an all male student body, a more developed society, students of a variety of backgrounds all added to a varied list of experiences.

I was not sure until after nearly three months of college that God was calling me into vocational Christian ministry. The indefinite direction of my life left me restless. In November after a week of focused prayer for God's direction I visited President Raymond Hauptert's office to announce to him that I was a candidate for the Ministry of the Moravian Church. His warm affirmation and handshake made me feel secure and certain in the decision.

College years revealed I was only an average student. However, I failed only one course in the 4 years of college, American History, much of which was new material for us Canadians. I did best in classical languages, which was my major. My aptitude for languages benefited other students, and some appreciated my help in the classics. I took three years of Latin and Greek and two of Hebrew as well as other required courses.

Besides working 20 hours a week in the kitchen I enjoyed a variety of activities. There were many interesting opportunities on the college campus that were beneficial for my development. My interests were too broad to focus only on studying. I joined the pre-ministerial fraternity (Pi Mu), Classics Club (Sigma Phi

Alpha), Band, Glee Club, Campus Christian Association, and Foreign Mission Fellowship.

Singing in several male quartets during college and seminary years was fulfilling and developed my musical skills. I was part of our “Canadian Quartet” with Marvin Henkelmann, Lorenz Adam, and Percy Henkelman, and also sang in the mixed choirs of College Hill and then Advent Moravian Churches in Bethlehem. The most memorable and enjoyable musical experience of college years was the Men’s Glee Club. I was the club’s student director in my 3rd and 4th years of college. The faculty director chose the music and directed most rehearsals and concerts. I had a key role in directing concerts especially in my senior year. As a 32-voice chorus we toured Moravian Churches in the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan, giving concerts daily for a 10-day period. I conducted all concerts on the tour.

Administrative personnel conducted daily chapel services for all college students. In seminary, besides chapel services, we had a special room set aside in the dormitory for private prayer. Some of us were involved in prison ministry and a quartet occasionally visited area churches to provide ministry through music.

Traveling between Bethlehem and Edmonton varied. Five times I found hitchhiking feasible, either alone or with another student. My parents were always glad to hear that I made the trip safely. I did not understand their anxiety until I became a parent myself.

My years on the Moravian College and Seminary campus in Bethlehem were interrupted by a year of student ministry in Edmonton and study at St. Stevens College. Ted died right after my graduation from college. It was suitable to take my first year

of seminary in Edmonton, take care of farm clean up and sale, and serve as student assistant in the Edmonton and Hobbema Moravian Churches. I preached regularly, rotating responsibility with Brother Sam Wedman for the early German service, the main English service, and the evening service in the Edmonton Church and traveling to Hobbema twice a month for Sunday afternoon services. The heavy schedule made effective studying difficult.

In my third year of seminary I interned at College Hill Moravian Church under Brother Gordon Stoltz. He supervised my visiting the shutins and elderly, as well as office work and minimal congregational activities. I have cherished memories of my college roommates, local hospitality in Moravian homes, weekends at Bob Kramer's home near Reading, and Christmas breaks sometimes spent in the Mid West with my brother Rudy and his family.

Graduation from Seminary ended a period of rich experiences, spiritual growth, and concentrated preparation for ministry. My strong interest in overseas mission work developed during seminary years. This urged me to keep in contact with missionary friends during years in congregational ministry and helped me appreciate the opportunity for short-term mission experiences that presented themselves later. The need in the Canadian District seemed to call me to ministry there.

At my Seminary graduation I was eager to serve my Lord and His church. I affirmatively answered a call to that little Moravian congregation at New Sarepta. I was installed as its pastor on June 21, 1953. Actual ordination into the ministry of the Moravian Church came on July 12. Bishop Carol Helmich officiated at the ordination of Marvin Henkelmann, Herbert Harke, and myself at Camp VanEs.

At the time of ordination I affirmed the vows, as we followed the liturgy, that:

1. I believe in the truth of the Old and New Testaments,
2. I was saved through divine grace,
3. I would serve the Lord in ministry of the Moravian Church,
4. I would study the Scriptures, and pray faithfully,
5. I would live and teach God's Word as taught in the Moravian Church,
6. I would abide by the principles, regulations, and requirements of the Moravian Church.

I remained single during my first year of ministry but had corresponded since the previous Christmas with Connie (Fenske), who was a second year nursing student at the Royal Alexandra Hospital in Edmonton. We were married on June 3, 1954, at Camp VanEs.

Connie's Grandfather Comes to Canada

Wilhelm Fenske was born May 5, 1870, at Ratscheow, Poland. Late in the 1880's the family moved to Tschernjakow, Zhitomer, Volhynia, Russia. Young men of military age were required by law to serve in the Russian army. Rather than risk being called, Wilhelm Fenske decided to avoid military service. He was successful by losing weight and reducing his size but later found three friends to find another way.

Schmidt, Fiebig, Kreuger, and Fenske traveled to a village near the German border. A Polish farmer aided them. They spent a night in the man's barn.

The next morning, after collecting eight rubles from the four men, the farmer provided them with old clothes for disguise. Schmidt and Kreuger daringly made it across the border by

following the farmer herding his cattle but Fiebig and Fenske returned to the Polish farmer's house to try a different approach that afternoon. Once again the cattle were herded across the border, this time little children accompanied the men. At the border the children, followed by Fenske and Fiebig, crossed twice to pick flowers. The third time, Fenske and Fiebig did not return.

Wilhelm Fenske boarded a ship and sailed from Bremen to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He worked for six months, and then became unemployed in the financial depression of 1893.

In correspondence with Andreas Lilge, the leader of the group of Moravians who had recently immigrated to Western Canada, Wilhelm was advised to come to the Northwest Territories (now Alberta). He traveled to Winnipeg with \$30.00 in his pocket, where he met up with Andreas Lilge who was there gathering clothes, money and provisions for the Moravian settlers at South Edmonton and Bruderheim.

Wilhelm Fenske married Maria Martins in 1895 and they settled in the Bruderfeld area to raise their family. They also bought former Indian Reservation land in Hobbema, part of which was later sold to his sons, one quarter going to Helmund.

The Helmund Fenske Family

The Helmund Fenske farmstead in Hobbema was a one-generation family farm, from 1924 to 1952. Uncultivated, originally part of the Samson Indian Reservation, it had been released for private ownership by the Indian Affairs Department, following the First World War. Connie's Dad, Helmund, recalled that his inheritance, when he left home in 1923, was two horses and a hand plow. Soon after he arrived in

Hobbema one of the horses died, but he continued clearing the land with one horse.

Connie recalls the little four room house in which her parents, Martha (m.n. Rentz) and Helmund Fenske, raised the four girls, Phyllis (1926), Bernice (1930), Connie (1932), Marian (1937). When Martha was ill, Helmund took over the household chores as well as the work on the farm. The girls had farm chores as well as household responsibilities. Berry picking was a family affair. Connie was the custodian of the geese (the “goose girl”), feeding, watering, and herding them into their barn at night to protect them from coyotes. In molting season Connie and her mother plucked field feathers from the live geese before they lost them. These were the finest feathers for down pillows and quilts.

Connie attended the one room school in Hobbema, two miles from their home, where about 20 students in 9 grades received their education. The family attended the Hobbema Moravian Church, where worship services were conducted every second Sunday afternoon. Connie was the first baby to be baptized in the new Church building. Spiritual nourishment for her was the family’s devotional life, the Sunday School sessions at the Church, a community Mission Band, and a correspondence course. She confirmed her faith in Jesus Christ at age 15 after preparatory instruction by their Pastor William Kroening.

Connie at Camrose Lutheran College, 1947-1950

CLC was Connie’s home for three years. Residence life included supervised study hours five evenings a week, then devotions in the dorm corridors, and lights out at 10:30 p.m. Students were expected to attend worship, preferably at the

Lutheran Church downtown, every Sunday. A Dean of Girls was responsible for the wellbeing of their lives.

Beside a balanced program of academic studies and a Christian atmosphere, there was a full program of extra-curricular activities in music, sports, Christian Service Group, debating club, and socials (lits) some Friday evenings.

Connie's participation in the choir, girl's chorus, sextet, and trio occupied a good bit of time. In the Christian Service Group she experienced growth and deepening of her Christian faith. She enjoyed athletics: playing basketball, softball, and curling.

Finances were a major concern. Connie worked to earn some of the tuition money. In addition to employment at the college Connie had a job of house cleaning for people in their homes, usually on a Saturday.

The Royal Alexandra Hospital School of Nursing, 1951-1954

The Royal Alexandra Hospital opened in December 1900, the nursing school in 1905. The training program was three years. The entry fee to pay for books was \$50.00. Room and board, uniforms and laundry were provided. In addition each student received a monthly allowance of \$10.00 for the last eight months of the 1st year, \$12.50 the 2nd year, and \$15.00 the 3rd year.

Students adapted to a new life style, living together with 150 young women all about 18 years of age. In this experience they forged deep and lasting friendships. They were involved in many life events: illness, birth, death, grief, surgery, and the reality of life-long paralysis resulting from the crippling polio epidemic of 1952-53.

The nursing program had a “big sister, little sister” program. Big sisters were junior students who took “probies” under their wing to help them adjust to a new demanding life style.

In the intermediate year student nurses spent some time on medical and surgical wards but the emphasis was on specialty areas: operating room, obstetrics, pediatrics, diet kitchen, and isolation. Time in the senior year was spent acting as ward charge nurses on evenings and nights on medical and surgical wards. Nursing supervisors provided the licensed coverage necessary as well as support in decision making for the students.

The education, personal development, and maturing process not only prepared young women for a nursing career but also equipped them for many of the responsibilities of life. The Nurses’ Christian Fellowship and relationship to the Edmonton Moravian Church gave Connie a calling to Christian service. Her intention was to give her life to medical missionary work.

On April 14, 1954, the 50th Anniversary of the School of Nursing, 76 young women graduated. This was the largest class to that year in the history of the hospital. The bonding of training years is commemorated every five years when class reunions take place. Connie has participated in most of those reunions and cherishes the network of friends.

Our Wedding Day

June 3, 1954, was a beautiful sunny day between rainy periods. Camp VanEs was chosen as an appropriate central location for our wedding. It was the first to be held on this 14 year old campus, which held memories of the teen years for both of us. The rustic Memorial Chapel and the wooded grounds provided a beautiful natural atmosphere. Brother Percy Henkelman performed the ceremony, assisted by Brother Ray Schultz. The

bride's attendants were: sister Marian, nursing classmate Ivy Sowerby, and friend Ruth Nering. The groom's men were: friend and fellow student Herb Harke, friend Sam Boettcher, and friend Bill Badger. Music ministers were Donna Olsen pianist, Beatrice Harke soloist singing "O Perfect Love" and August Frauenfeld soloist singing "The Lord's Prayer". The approximately 200 guests were mainly Connie's relatives and Eric's parishioners. The turkeys were roasted in ovens of volunteer farmers' wives. Men and women from the New Sarepta congregation assisted in the kitchen. Connie's nursing classmates served the tea, adding a friendship dimension to the occasion.

Honeymoon

After the wedding we visited Connie's sister, Bernice, who was in the Ponoka Hospital having just given birth to her first child, Becky. Bernice had developed a blood clot in her lung. Connie spent most nights at Bernice's bedside, along with her husband, Harold. Bernice miraculously survived and we felt grateful. We went on with our honeymoon plans to visit Banff and Lake Louise in Alberta, Everett and Seattle in Washington, Vancouver and Victoria in British Columbia.

New Sarepta and Heimtal, 1954–1959

Coming home from the Honeymoon we settled into the New Sarepta Moravian parsonage, a part log and part frame structure built early in the century. Besides the adjustment we both needed to make to married life, Connie adjusted to life in the parsonage, always aware of the loving watchful eyes of the members of the congregation. Wood and coal fueled the cook stove and furnace in the house and the outdoor toilet was within 30 yards of the back door. The water pump was on the back porch. For telephone service we were on a party line with 14

other friendly listeners. The members of the congregation committed themselves to provide adequately for us. Farmers shared garden produce, meat, and dairy products. The old parsonage was made as comfortable as possible.

The congregation was small and scattered but ministry with children was a highlight. A very satisfying and enriching experience was a weekly Teacher Training Course to equip Sunday School teachers. Vacation Bible School featured morning and afternoon sessions for five successive days each summer. Children's Christmas and Easter programs, instruction in preparation for confirmation, and Sunday morning children's messages were important.

In the fall of 1955, I also began serving the Heimtal Moravian congregation. Our first child, Dan, was born and baptized. In September 1957 we traveled with our Volkswagen 8,000 miles to the Eastern United States and Canada. The cost of fuel (average 40 cents a gallon) was just over a cent a mile. For me the purpose of the trip was to revisit people and places of college years and for Connie to become more acquainted with the Moravian Church. In those days hospitality in Moravian parsonages across the Western and Eastern districts was always available. Overnight accommodation was not a major expense for traveling Moravian pastors.

Our second child, Edee, was born in 1958. Her baptism took place at Camp VanEs, adding to the many other special family events held at camp.

During these years I was actively involved in Canadian district youth work. Besides the summer camping program, quarterly youth rallies were held in rotation in the various Edmonton area Moravian congregations. From the district young people there was a constant flow of young men and women entering

Christian service in the Moravian Church, other denominations, and Christian service organizations.

While continuing to serve both the New Sarepta and Heimtal Moravian congregations, we moved to Heimtal into the congregation's new debt-free parsonage. We lived there from November 1958 to September 1959. It had a thermostatically controlled oil furnace for comfortable warmth and an electric kitchen range for convenience. The plumbing was installed but there was no well as a water supply. All water used was hauled in and hauled out by pailsfull.

I reflect on these first parish experiences with fondness. Although they were "home congregations" for me which presented challenges, rich relationships were established and work in Christian Education was especially satisfactory.

Calgary, 1959 –1962

In response to a call to serve the Calgary Moravian Congregation we moved into the parsonage, a large two-story brick house. We enjoyed the advantage of complete plumbing in the house although city life was new to us. We lived in Bridgeland, a community just across the Bow River from the busy down town area and 3 blocks from the General Hospital (now demolished). Connie was a full time homemaker, caring for the children. Our third child, Dianne, was born in 1960 and baptized in the presence of that congregation.

We entertained many friends who visited us. Our guest book indicates that we had over 80 people visit our home in the summer months of 1960. We made and froze dozens of donuts to be more prepared for those who "dropped in".

I traveled to Didsbury every second Sunday to serve the small Moravian congregation there. These were the final years for the Didsbury congregation as many members relocated to other areas or church fellowships.

A strong stewardship consciousness brought members of the Calgary Moravian Church to active involvement in an education program and musical ministry. A mixed adult choir and a junior choir were formed in the small congregation, requiring leadership by Connie and myself. The number of elderly also necessitated regular pastoral visitation. The congregation had both morning and evening Sunday services.

Connie and I were invited to be guest leaders at the Alaska Moravian Youth Conference in June of 1961. We accepted the invitation of the planning committee, made arrangements for the care of our three children for 3 weeks and traveled the 2,000 miles of the Alaska Highway from Edmonton to Anchorage by car. Camping along the way meant cooking at campsites and sleeping in our small Vauxhall station wagon.

We flew in to Dillingham and Bethel and then traveled by boat to Kwethluk where 30 enthusiastic young people gathered in the Children's Home. They participated in a spiritually enriching program of educational classes, evangelistic services, fellowship meals, and inspirational singing. There are many aspects of that ministry we will always cherish, from the dog sled ride on the grass to the testimonies of the young people.

Bruderheim, 1962–1967

On the Sunday after Easter 1962 I was installed as Pastor of the Bruderheim Moravian Congregation. Besides being a spiritually strong congregation its members were musically gifted. As in previous congregations I was asked to direct a mixed choir that

sang frequently on Sundays, presented festive seasonal music, and led the congregation in uplifting harmonious singing.

We appreciated the parsonage and enjoyed that rural setting and active congregation. The large yard provided a sizable garden to grow vegetables and a spacious play area for the children and Mitzie, our female black Labrador dog. The children benefited from good Christian Education in the Church's Sunday School. Music education was available and two children took piano lessons from Jeanetta Prochnau Bartz. Three of our children attended the Bruderheim school within a quarter mile of our home. Tim was born and baptized in 1962 to complete our family of four children.

Regular home visitation, pastoral care and preaching, youth leadership, biblical and catechism instruction, as well as administration of organizations required many hours of pastoral preparation and presence. In turn the members responded in offering leadership for activities and supportiveness for our family.

It was during this time that I served as president of the Canadian District Executive Board for two years, 1965-1967, which responsibility required traveling and administrative leadership.

Eastern West Indies, 1967-1968

Answering the call from the Board of Foreign Missions of the Moravian Church in 1967 to serve in the West Indies meant dynamic changes for our family and my ministry. We sold and gave away much of what we owned and packed the rest for shipping by air to Antigua.

Leaving behind many friends, family, and possessions, we flew from Edmonton via New York and St. Croix to Antigua. We

faced many changes in culture, climate, living conditions, people, electricity voltage, food, and water that was boiled then cooled for drinking. Difficulties we found were health and education issues and administrative challenges.

The members of the large congregation of the Spring Gardens Church in St. Johns were friendly, courteous, and helpful. The worship center was a beautiful new structure. The worship was liturgical in style and reflected the themes of the church year. Junior and Senior choirs displayed the people's natural musical talent. Their gratitude for the gospel message first proclaimed to their ancestors 250 years earlier and the produce of their fields and gardens was expressed in enthusiastic singing in worship and sacrificial giving. I appreciated how the organist was able to lead the congregation in the singing of the Psalms and Canticles, as well as the Moravian Chorales.

In October of 1967 we moved into our next home, the Moravian parsonage in Frederiksted, St. Croix, Virgin islands. This was a large house on a hill with a view to the hills in the East and to the Sea in the West. Our children were 12, 9, 7, and 5.

The congregation was well organized and members were trained to fulfill their official duties. I provided instruction in preparation for confirmation, which was a special celebratory occasion. During a week in the summer the young people of the three island congregations came together for youth camp on the grounds of the Midlands Moravian Church.

Vancouver, 1968–1972

Our time in Vancouver began painfully in that we could not fulfill a calling we felt 18 months earlier. We were eager to serve our Lord in cross-cultural ministry, yet were not aware of the circumstances in living and educating a family on a remote

island. Insufficient guidance and orientation from administration and inadequate preparatory investigation were crucial factors contributing to our early return from the West Indies.

We packed our belongings quickly, cancelled plans for the school year. We left St. Croix and arrived in Vancouver to serve the Moravian Church and live in the parsonage next door. Having to return to Canada from the Islands was a major disappointment. However, God opened doors to fulfilling Christian service in our future. Family life was meaningful, ministry was difficult; education was opportune, income was minimal; friends were supportive, congregational members helped. I served the Vancouver Moravian congregation for three and a half years. I augmented our income by working in Christian retail stores and serving as supply pastor at Robertson Presbyterian Church. I also explored leaving the ministry for another vocation. With much heart searching and prayer we struggled and questioned. God was preparing us for future ministry for Him. He had significant ministry for which he was preparing us. This experience showed us more than any other that God's grace was evident in our lives. He can take the most devastating experience and do something beautiful with it.

We learned to enjoy many features of the West Coast. Periods of reflection produced personal growth and we took advantage of inter denominational activities and cross denominational ministries. Queen Elizabeth Park became a place of reflection, retreat, and prayer.

Dan adjusted to the large Secondary School experience at John Oliver. Edee took her upper elementary classes at the Moberly Schools. Dianne and Tim were in the lower elementary grades with good teachers. For a portion of our time in Vancouver Connie worked at the Immigrant Reception Center. This was

the first step towards getting back into the work force. She enjoyed an ecumenical Women's Bible study group. I benefited from Clinical Pastoral Education in the Vancouver General Hospital setting and took courses at the Vancouver School of Theology. We grew together and enjoyed great family times. Swimming at a local pool and fresh bread and beans became a Saturday tradition. We took time for the children, collectively and individually. We borrowed a car for family outings and playground visits. The children have cherished memories of our life in Vancouver.

While I pieced together a living from two or three sources, the children grew in their Christian faith and life in the Moravian Sunday School and catechism classes, summer camps, and church children's clubs. Dan confirmed his Christian faith and became a member of the Church.

Our life in Vancouver served as a time of mid life refocus. Serving the Vancouver Moravian Church gave our family a house to live in and a few people for the context of ministry. Sunday morning brought 22-35 people together for worship under pastoral leadership with choir and organist. A few children and a number of young people and adults made it possible to have a Sunday School and Vacation Bible School.

We were introduced to the Reformed Church in America through Pastor John Opmeer. The Classis of Cascades of the RCA was a new uplifting fellowship. Some members of the Vancouver Moravian Church and the Hope Reformed Church came together through Choir programs and Bible Study sessions. God was preparing us for future ministry.

Calgary, 1972–1978

By the end of 1971 I was ready to respond to God's leading into meaningful congregational ministry. The Calgary congregation, part of the Reformed Church in America, called me to be its pastor. I was soon deeply involved with caring people, most of Dutch extraction, building endearing relationships, and serving an active fellowship. The full sanctuary, membership classes of eager individuals, and leaders who conscientiously filled their roles on the consistory were delightful features of this young congregation.

Several special ministries at the Calgary Reformed Church bring back significant memories. Summer family camp at Valaqua was filled with fun and intergenerational fellowship. An evangelistic campaign with Cal Hays gave members of the congregation an opportunity to make personal commitments to Christ. The need for fellowship among the elderly gave rise to the Golden Friendship that began meeting every week for games, singing, and food. The proximity of the local elementary school led to the opening of the KEY Center, a morning, noon, and after school drop in program for "latch key children". Joyous hymns, songs, and anthems were sung by the adult and children's choirs at Sunday worship and special occasions.

Active Junior High and Senior High Youth groups gave the young people of the congregation opportunity for spiritual growth and age appropriate fellowship. While family problems were evident among the people there were also strong bonds within family groups.

During the summer of 1975 I received pastoral training through the Calgary Pastoral Institute, earning a second unit of Supervised Pastoral Education. The significance of this unit was

that it was community based, not hospital based. It was enriching to be part of an innovative program.

In 1975 we moved to a house we purchased three miles from the Church, but large enough for our family with four teenagers. We became homeowners for the first time. The house was financially possible because Connie renewed her nursing license and entered into several years of satisfying full time psychiatric nursing in Foothills Hospital. Her work there gave Connie valuable psychiatric experience and professional training. For her this time provided opportunity for ministry at work and in the congregation, and laid the groundwork for the future.

Connie and I both became involved in denominational ministries of the RCA. Besides her full time work Connie was active on the National Board of the Reformed Church Women in which capacity she traveled to board meetings and two Triennials. I was one of the initiators of the Canadian Council of the Reformed Church for which I made trips to Toronto as well as General Synod.

The Calgary Reformed congregation was the setting into which our three younger children confirmed their faith in Christ and made their public confession after membership instruction with other young people of the congregation. They had opportunity to participate in youth activities and leadership.

Pomona, 1978–1982

The call to Lincoln Avenue Reformed Church in Pomona led to our move to California in 1978 for all, except Dan. He married and remained in Calgary until their move to California in 1983. “The environment in Southern California was not for us”, we had decided on Saturday evening, December 3, 1977, after being shown the Pomona area. Meeting the calling committee

and others on Sunday and conducting the worship services convinced us that this was where our gracious God indeed wanted us to serve. I was installed on April 1, 1978, after receiving our U.S. immigration visas in Calgary.

As a family of five we occupied the parsonage beside the Church and began our adaptation to the Southern California environment. The congregation at the Church gave us a warm friendly welcome and we had many instant new friends. The worship center and fellowship hall were inviting and the parsonage accommodated us comfortably.

We were impressed with the number of young people in the congregation and their eager participation in Sunday worship, taking notes on the sermon and staying for fellowship after the service. We enjoyed their frequent unannounced visits to the parsonage for Sunday lunch as well as other times. They helped in our family's adjustment to the southern California culture.

The active adult choir, the New Life Singers (a women's sextet), various instrumentalists and vocal soloists added to the enhancement of the worship atmosphere. Dramatic productions, children's messages, adequate sound system, and fellowship atmosphere were important features of congregational worship.

My Sunday schedule often included Sunday School staff prayer time, the Sunday School session, Elders meeting before worship for prayer, the worship service, late afternoon membership class, evening service, and a small group meeting into the evening. The people responded well to changes and many showed a deep Christian commitment.

Connie found her psychiatric nursing experience very valuable in working opportunities at Hillhaven Care Center, Inland Christian Home, and the Community Psychiatric Center. At this

time her contemplative prayer life became more strongly rooted and led to new fruitfulness.

I found meaningful pastoral experiences at LARC and enrolled in a doctoral program at Fuller Theological Seminary. I celebrated the 25th Anniversary of my ordination in 1978 on which occasion our family presented the congregation with a new RSV Pulpit Bible. The congregation and friends celebrated our 25th Wedding Anniversary on June 3, 1979. The children and other young people provided humorous and memorable skits, pictures, and a meal for the occasion.

This was also a time of re-evaluation. For Connie it came through assessment and evaluation, focusing on her response of a greatly increased sensory intake to the high stimulating environment of Southern California. Spiritual Formation experiences led deeper in her contemplative life style and giftedness.

At the same time, paving the way for a change in ministry was a career assessment for me, sparked by the Board of Elders of the congregation and encouraged by the RCA denomination. The assessment of the psychologist that I would “make a good chaplain” led to the eventual call as chaplain at Marquardt Manor, a retirement community of the Moravian Church in Watertown, WI. We left California with many fond memories but without the children who had become independent.

Watertown, 1982–1994

As the result of the career assessment in California I explored chaplaincy in local hospitals. Simultaneously the Marquardt Manor board was looking for a full time chaplain. Connie and I

were invited for an interview, and subsequently I was called to that position that had expanded to full time.

Instant empty nest was a major adjustment in our move from California to Wisconsin. Dan had not been with us since we left Calgary. He was married there, moved to California in 1982 after we moved to Wisconsin, His work with Xerox continues to this day. Colleen left him and his two boys in 1996 and he faithfully carried out his commitment to faithful parenting and bringing his boys into independence. For the rest of the family he became our computer expert.

Edee had completed her undergraduate degree in Physical Education at California Polytechnic State University, Pomona. Her move to Illinois as Program Director for Camp Manitouqua took her into the next step of education, receiving a Master's degree in Education Ministry from Wheaton Graduate School in 1988. She moved on to the position of Dean of Student Life at Wheaton College and received a Ph.D. degree in Higher Education from Loyola University, Chicago in January of 2000.

In 2008 Edee moved to Minnesota to accept the position of Vice President of Student Life at Bethel University in St. Paul. This ministry provides opportunity to use her leadership gifts, education, and broad experience in student administration.

Dianne attended Azusa Pacific University and graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Psychology in 1984. She worked at Stater Brothers until their marriage and then was employed at Insight for Living from 1988 to 1990. She married Bill Schlitt in 1986 and settled in California as a home maker, home school teacher, and office manager for Prime Percussion, working with Bill who is a percussionist. They have three children.

Tim attended Moody Bible Institute in Chicago and Elizabethton TN. He married Donna Smith in 1985 in California. After receiving a Bachelor's degree in Mission Aviation Technology in December 1989 he served on several short-term Mission projects with Mission Aviation Fellowship. He taught at Moody for 5 years. With further study he graduated with a Master's degree in Engineering Technology in May 1998 from the University of Eastern Tennessee. He then moved to commercial employment in avionics. He is currently Field Technical Representative for Thales Avionics. They have four children.

I began chaplaincy ministry October 1, 1982. Leaving congregational pastoral ministry was a major shift in profession for me. Connie and I now had a common interest in the medical field. I served as chaplain of Marquardt Manor, a Long Term Care facility in Marquardt Village. I immediately began associating with other chaplains in the Wisconsin Chaplaincy Association, took courses towards a Certificate of Gerontology at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, and attended many educational seminars with the Marquardt staff.

New challenges faced me in this "career change". I was a department head, working with other departments and supervising the Special Services Team that included recreational and occupational therapists. While the core of my work was pastoral care of long term care residents, public relations took me into the community and Western District Moravian Churches using multi media equipment to publicize Marquardt's mission.

New ministries at Marquardt Manor were initiated during my time. Companionship for the Dying involved volunteers sitting with dying residents. Quarterly Memorial services for the benefit of families and staff became significant events. The

Marquardt Institute for Education sponsored educational seminars for employees and other professional personnel.

Zinzendorf Hall opened to provide assisted living for residents. A Music Therapist was added to the Special Services Team. One Sunday chapel service multiplied to three during our years. A Moravian Candlelight Service became a popular Christmas Eve activity. An amplification system with personal headphones for the hearing impaired was installed in the chapel having many residents saying, "I can hear a sermon for the first time in many years." These and other features kept Marquardt Manor (known as "the Cadillac of nursing homes" in Wisconsin) on the cutting edge of care for the elderly.

When we moved to Watertown we lived in an apartment for 10 months before our new doublewide house went up in Hidden Meadows in August 1983. We enjoyed the house, adding porches, a garage, a decorative wishing well, a 7-foot windmill, and other features. We sold it after 10 years and lived in another apartment for 9 months before leaving Wisconsin.

Connie worked part time in the drapery department with Donna Rantanen at Fischers Department store, learning many good techniques and getting good experience in sewing. She also enjoyed working in the Bookstore with Jeanine Mallach for eight and one-half years. Jeanine remains a good friend.

We enjoyed the visits of the children and their friends while in Wisconsin. Many Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners were served in our Hidden Meadows home. We had fun in the snow, singing, playing table games, and many other activities.

While in Wisconsin we enjoyed visits from Connie's sisters and parents as well as my two brothers, Rudy with Mildred and Sam with Enid. We had visits from a variety of friends as noted in

our guest book. We made many trips to visit family in Tennessee, Chicago, Edmonton, California, and Toronto. Our California trips included weddings of Tim and Donna, and for Dianne and Bill, Dan's two brain surgeries in 1988 and 1990, the birth, baptism and dedication of grandchildren, and other events.

Our pleasures around home included skiing, biking, tending and walking two Pomeranian pups, bird watching, landscaping and shoveling snow. Connie used her craft room for sewing clothes, banners, puppy beds, wedding dresses including those for Dianne's wedding, etc. Her ministry of contemplation and prayer occupied the long hours alone, some of which were also spent at the sewing machine. I took a woodworking course in Watertown and built rocking donkeys, porches on the house, cupboards, toys, etc. For my 60th birthday in 1987 I was given a word processor by the children which began long years of learning computer skills and regular upgrading.

Personal spiritual growth came through contemplative times as well as small group meetings. Connie was in a Bible study group with several ladies in the Methodist Church, some of whom are still good friends. After participating in a renewal weekend with Cursillo in the Western District, I met with a group of men each week for 10 years for supportiveness and prayer, knitting us together in common mission concerns and personal friendships.

The ministry at Marquardt Manor was very satisfying for me. I am grateful for the opportunity to have been on staff there. Spending my time in "one to one" conversation provided opportunity to be with people during crucial times in their lives. I personally benefited from this in depth involvement with residents and family members of this fine facility. In 1993 we were officially retired but we chose the word "redirection" to

better express that we would still be involved in ministry but in different and unique ways.

Redirection in Ministry, 1994 – the present

Studies and observations of the lives of elderly people indicate that it is wise to keep active in retirement. I was aware that I had the health, gifts and opportunity to continue in some form of ministry, so I used the word “redirection” for life after 65.

I retired from vocational ministry in the Moravian Church and re-entered service with the Reformed Church in America. I had maintained my status as Minister of the Word and remained active in the Classis of Wisconsin of the RCA while serving under call of the Moravian Church at Marquardt Manor. Being part of two denominations was a rich experience for us and we cherish the memories and people contacts in both.

Participation in the Seattle Moravian Fellowship has been the only continuing service in the Moravian Church in our redirection years. The fellowship meets three times a year with an attendance of 20 to 30 persons who live in southern British Columbia and as far as the southern suburbs of Seattle. A summer bar-be-cue, Advent candlelight service, and Easter communion service highlight the gatherings.

Three levels of involvement in the Reformed Church provided appropriate redirection opportunities since redirection.

1. On the denominational level Connie and I became involved in ministry with retired clergy of the RCA.
2. Within the regional structure we were asked to fill the Pastor to Pastors roll for the Classis of Cascades.

3. In a local congregational setting I became Director of Older Adult ministries at First Reformed Church in Lynden, Washington.

Our Move to Lynden

We learned to love Northwest Washington when we lived in Vancouver, BC. Lynden served as a convenient location for redirection ministry and proximity to relatives in Alberta and children in the Southwestern USA. We are located 5 miles south of the Canadian border and 15 miles from the Pacific Ocean, just 50 miles from Vancouver. Conversation with the Senior Pastor of First Reformed Church in Lynden in 1993 led to a part time position of Director of Older Adult Ministry with that congregation beginning in June of 1994. The congregation offered us the use of one of the houses on its campus in return for the ministry in which we were involved – a happy arrangement for both the congregation and us.

Visitation Pastor for the Board of Benefit Services (BOBS) RCA

The Board of Benefit Services of the RCA had begun a program in the 1970s in which several retired pastoral couples were asked to visit annually the retired pastors and missionaries in their respective areas. By 1994 eight couples were involved in calling on the approximately 800 retirees throughout the United States and Canada. The West Coast area extended from the Mexican border to Edmonton, Alberta, from Denver to San Francisco, including 10 states and two provinces. We accepted the invitation to serve in this ministry and travel to be in touch annually, in a pastoral role, with retirees in the West Coast area. It required extensive travel and many weeks away from home.

We appreciated, however, that we could also spend many days in the homes of our children each year and had opportunities for sight seeing and pleasurable travel while visiting homes of retired servants of the Church.

In our visits with retired pastors and missionaries our “agenda” included a reflection on the their years of ministry, family information, living circumstances, health, financial needs, active participation in the life of a congregation, personal support system, and present activities. People we visited included over one hundred persons or couples mainly in the metropolitan areas of Denver, Phoenix, Los Angeles, Sacramento, and Seattle. We succeeded seeing about 80% of these each year and being in contact by phone with most of the others.

Connie and I were able to use our gifts in this ministry. Her medical and psychiatric training and experience together with my Clinical Pastoral Education and chaplaincy experiences helped extensively in understanding people’s physical, emotional, and spiritual situations. We made reports, submitting them to denominational leaders. Women expressed appreciation for conversation with Connie and men affirmed my suitability for pastoral care ministry such as this. We realized that this is a unique ministry, giving sensitive care to retired ministerial persons and couples and thank God for the opportunity. A side benefit was that we were able to drop in on retired Moravian pastoral couples in Oregon and California.

We carried on this ministry for 11 years until June of 2005. Rich experiences, meaningful friendships, and fruitful conversations made this part of our redirection gratifying and maturing. We learned to appreciate the wide theological perspectives represented in the ministry of the Christian Church

as well as the joys and disappointments in the lives of the Servants of the Church.

Pastor to Pastors in the Classis of Cascades, RCA

In the RCA many Classis (regional groups of congregations) saw the need for each active pastor to have someone to provide pastoral care, encouragement, and supportiveness through regular contacts. The Classis of Cascades, with congregations in Idaho, Washington, and Montana, was sensitive to that need. Connie and I were asked in 1998 if we would be willing to provide this pastoral care of active pastors on a volunteer basis. We accepted this for a period of seven years, visiting each of the 16 pastors every year or two, having a meal with them, engaging them in conversation about family life, ministry, and personal concerns. We came to realize how stressful congregational pastoral ministry had become since we began 45 years earlier.

It was rewarding to meet with younger, fine, sincere, and dedicated pastors and their spouses. How refreshing it was to be welcomed by them and how fulfilling to engage them in conversation and encourage them through their varied circumstances.

Director of Older Adult Ministries, First Reformed Church, Lynden

At the age of 36 Pastor Marc de Waard recognized the need for a pastor to serve older adult members of the First Reformed Church congregation in Lynden. In 1994 the congregation of about 600 had 168 members over age 50 who needed more

attention than he could give. The congregation recognized the need and voted to place me on staff of the congregation on a part time basis. For various reasons the number of persons in the congregation over 50 in 2008 has risen to 258, with 12 over age 90.

This ministry with chronologically gifted persons had become a specialty for me. I had valuable experience as the chaplain at Marquardt Manor for 11 years during which time I had taken classes towards a Certificate in Gerontology at the University of Wisconsin. In connection with one of the classes I co-authored an article on “Support Systems for Families of Residents in Long Term Care Facilities”.

I had participated in seminars that focused on training for Ministry with the Aging with the Presbyterian Church. As a staff member at Marquardt Manor I was required to take In-service training classes on care of the Elderly. Connie and I had conducted seminars on Aging Gracefully, Creative Maturity, and Ministry with the Elderly. I had the privilege of serving as chairperson of the Ministry with the Aging Committee of the Western District of the Moravian Church, as well as on a similar committee with the Wisconsin Conference of Churches. With the latter I circulated my booklet entitled “Our Ministry with the Elderly”. It seems that during those years I was being prepared for ministry after age 65.

In this unique position in Lynden’s First Reformed Church my ministry included:

- Planning monthly fellowship events for Older Adults with key lay leaders;
- Guiding church leaders in making the worship services accessible;
- Conducting seminars and classes on topics related to aging;

Pastoral care of members in long term care, assisted living, retirement communities, or shut in at home;

Home visitation with persons over 65;

Planning an annual “Elderhood Sunday” with emphasis on aging issues and recognizing the chronologically gifted persons in the congregation;

Initiating a Parish Nurse program and a community Health Fair;

Arranging annual outings to view fall colors or Christmas lights, or to attend baseball games (Seattle Mariners were not always winners at the July Saturday afternoon games we attended.)

This became known as “The CALEB Ministry”, Christian Addults Living Effectively and Boldly. It was to reflect an active godly life as that of Caleb in Numbers 13-15 and Joshua 14. Through changes that took place in the congregational worship forms and outreach emphases older adults found their fellowship as a stable and consistent expression of Christian discipleship. Educational events helped them in self-care and preparation for end of life issues.

A vital focus and recent emphasis in ministry for me has been “storytelling” and “life review”. This finds expression in personal conversations, weekend retreats, and group meetings. Middle and Older Adults are encouraged to write out their stories for publishing in the congregation’s monthly newsletter or for sharing in a Wednesday evening session with a dozen or two other persons. Minimally they were encouraged to share stories with their children and grandchildren. Besides finding personal enrichment in storytelling and verbalizing values to pass on to succeeding generations, older people learned to talk about their faith and give testimony to their life experiences. Some had extensive outlines of life’s events to hand out to a group; others simply talked informally about their lives.

Being part of a male quartet, Victory Four, gave me an opportunity to use my musical gifts. Four of us with a female pianist rehearsed weekly for 8 or 9 months of each of the 8 years we were together. We sang at over 100 different occasions for audiences or congregations from 20 to 500 persons. The range of our 60 songs included traditional gospel quartet music, contemporary worship songs, hymn arrangements, classical anthems, and secular songs. We all appreciated sharing personal concerns with one another in our informal discussions and prayer sessions after rehearsals.

Some Personal and Family Events

Our redirection years included special trips and family events. In 2000 I traveled to Germany with our oldest son Dan, my nephew David, and a California friend Mark. The incentive was to attend the Guenther Family reunion (mother's side of my relationship). Having been 24 in number originally, nine of the ten remaining cousins attended with children and grandchildren. My German language skills, though limited, were greatly appreciated. The blessings of my Moravian heritage also came to my awareness in visits to Herrnhut, Kleinwelka and Koenigsfeld. We were fortunate in being able to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

In 2002 our daughter Edee initiated a motor home trip for her nieces and nephews. We called it the EDGE (the Edee, Dan, Grandpa Experience). Although Edee organized the 10-day event, her brother Dan was responsible for transportation in the rented motor home, and I gave special attention to the two younger boys. We traveled about 1,000 miles on southern Utah and northern Arizona highways and in national parks, including the Grand Canyon. The nine grandchildren ranging in age from 6 through 18 participated in swimming, boating, hiking, games,

cooking, cleaning, and daily devotions. Everyone cherished the memorable event.

On June 21, 2003, the congregation of First Reformed Church celebrated with me the 50 years of ministry since installation at the New Sarepta Moravian Church. Pictures displayed in the Church's lobby and my leadership in Holy Communion at both Sunday morning services helped express our gratitude for the opportunities in ministry God provided in three countries and two denominations. Connie and I are ever grateful for the varied experiences and diverse opportunities through which God led us.

On June 3, 2004, Connie and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary. While recognition was given and friends gathered for a wonderful open house event in Lynden, the major celebration took place with our children and grandchildren in Colorado Springs June 20-28. Edee and Dan were the key persons in planning and directing the activities. This celebration we called the ECHO, Eric and Connie's Happy Occasion. Colorado Springs was ideal for its central location for gathering from Indiana, Illinois, California, Nevada, and Washington. The area also provided many venues for intergenerational activities. From the top of Pike's Peak to the depth of the Cave in the Winds, from the quietness of the Garden of the Gods to the excitement of water rafting on the Arkansas River, from a baptism event for some of the grandchildren to entertainment in the rented cabins, the family members enjoyed each other and the beautiful surroundings. All was done in gratitude for the guidance of God through the years.

On June 17, 2007, the congregation of Lynden's First Reformed Church was shown a brief pictorial review of life for my 80th birthday. The lead pastor's prayer of blessing expressed the gratitude of us all for God's grace upon our lives.

The family highlights of 2008 included the “Everyone Parties In Celebration” event (The EPIC). All 18 members of our family were able to gather in Heber City, Utah, for the celebration of special birthdays and graduations of the year. For one week our family enjoyed playing, site seeing, and just being together in the mountainous environment, made famous by the 2002 Winter Olympics which was centered in nearby Park City.

On November 13, 2008 Connie lost another sister, Bernice Luce. The oldest of the Helmund Fenske girls, Phyllis Krukowski, died in 2000. Now only Marian Stewart and Connie remain, appreciating the bond between them.

Conclusion

Our redirection in ministry has provided us with many blessings. Connie’s commitment, dedication, and gifts have made our lives a partnership in Christian discipleship and ministry. We thank God for all these opportunities, both in service and in pleasure, in relationships both with family and with friends. Our few health challenges, though they are “thorns in our flesh”, have been met by God’s grace that is sufficient for us to manage them. We want to continue to live to His glory.

The words of Jesus from John 10:27, given me at my confirmation, have been a tremendous challenge and encouragement: “My sheep listen to my voice; I know them, and they follow me. I give them eternal life, and they shall never perish; no one can snatch them out of my hand.”



Six immediate family members:

Behind Eric and Connie are their children from L. to R.: Edee, Dan, Dianne, Tim



Family photo taken at EPIC gathering in Heber city:

From bottom of stairs: Tim and Donna's son Eric, Dan's Justin, Tim and Donna's Amy. Behind her are Bill, Tim, Edee. Behind Dianne are her & Bill's children Heather, Karen and Jonathan. At top of stairs: Donna with her and Tim's Kevin. On Eric and Connie's left are Melissa beside husband Brandon (Dan's son). Then Dan, and Tim and Donna's daughter, Lynn.

REFLECTIONS ON BRO. HOYLER

by Klaus Gericke

A little over a year ago, Bill Brese called me with the request to translate Bro. Hoyler's diary. My first reaction was to say no. I was too busy, but a voice inside me told me, "You are the only one in the district with the intimate knowledge of our church's terminology in German and English in particular and familiarity with the German idioms and expressions of that time." When I accepted, Bill said, "Can I see you tomorrow?" When I saw the manuscript, I was overwhelmed with the enormity of the task. I undertook the task at a particularly difficult time of my life, but when I read all the many scripture references in the diary, God spoke to me and calmed my troubled soul. I must emphasize that when you read this diary, you must do so with a bible at your side. You miss the whole story if you do not do this, for it shows you the direction of his ministry and how he prepared his flock for the ensuing revival seven years later. This may be of interest to our pastors that there are no short term solutions. I got so enthused, that I began to read excerpts to my wife and soon I found a second marker in the diary, hers and mine, but hers soon overtook mine. I must give credit to two ladies at this time. The first is Lydia Sampert, for without her transposing the text from the gothic to the modern script, it would have taken me at least twice as long. The other lady is my wife (Gerda). For eight months I spent every spare hour at my desk and during that time she was deprived of my companionship.

What kind of person was Bishop Hoyler? I am convinced that God had picked him for this task. He was full of untiring energy, healthy, unaffected by cold weather, and mosquitos, extremely intelligent, well educated, a spiritual leader, practical, impeccable character, without fear, but most of all dedicated to his Lord and he loved his people. I have often asked myself under what circumstances he accepted his call to the ministry?

He could have been very successful in commerce and industry, in politics or in the military or government service. He was interested in everyone and everything, a very outgoing man, comfortable in the company of business leaders and politicians and equally at home with his peasant parishioners. He was a man of immense inner strength. Besides being their pastor, he assisted them with their land dealings to save the lawyers fees, went with them to the doctor as interpreter, wrote letters for them to their relatives in Volhynia and then read the returning mail to them, and arbitrated their disagreements with their neighbors. He was soon known by everyone in the surrounding area and in South Edmonton. Upon his arrival, he introduced himself to the editors of the local papers and was well known and requested by the officials of the Land Office and the C.P.R. Even before arriving in Edmonton, he visited an establishment at his stop-over in Calgary, which specialized in doors, windows, and church furniture, which shows how determined and confident he was. He himself drew up the plans for the church and the parsonage and spent many hours doing carpenter work. He was not afraid to get his hands dirty, but where he found the time, I do not know.

As soon as the parsonage was far enough advanced to receive inhabitants (it took a few more years to get it furnished), he was joined by Bro. William Schwarze, a recent graduate from seminary, and by his own widowed mother, who was to keep house for the two bachelors. The first year especially reflects the extreme poverty of the settlers and indescribable hardships endured by all. The account of the first Christmas is very moving. Bro. Schwarze was ill-prepared for his new life and we should remember that the Eastern part of the United States and Canada was far more advanced and life was becoming quite comfortable there. But Bro. Schwarze soon became an outstanding pastor in his own right under the tutorship of Bro.

Hoyler and the two men became a very good team and complimented each other well.

Travelling was especially difficult, wrought with danger, time consuming, and dependant on the weather. It is interesting to note that Bro. Schwarze recorded in his diary at the end of every month how many miles he had driven. Bro. Hoyler kept no such statistics, but at times he mentioned with satisfaction, when he improved his time on a certain run. It usually took 8 – 9 hours to drive to Bruderheim and when on a good day with the trails in good condition, he would make it in 7 hours, that he would mention or Heimtal in 45 minutes. Once he drove 65 miles in one day. I often felt sorry for his horse.

I was often saddened by the number of young women or babies that died of childbirth complications. They were heart breaking funerals at which he had to officiate and I admired his inner strength. He really loved his people and the number of home visits he made were countless. We cannot give enough credit to the Provincial Elders Conference of that time for sharing these two gifted men with us for they could have made such a great contribution to our church in the states.

What were his pastoral gifts? To my sorrow I never met this wonderful man. My observations come strictly from the events described in his diary. My first observation is that he was a man who loved his Lord and Saviour deeply, unwavering and untiring. Every hour of his life was a testimony to the grace of Jesus Christ. He accepted his work, the people which he served, and the circumstances in which he lived as the place and time which God had selected for him to serve. He never complained about the hardships and setbacks, but gave thanks and praise to God for all the good things that happened. Judging by his selection of scripture, he must have been a good preacher. The promises and steadfastness of God's love of the

Old Testament was always balanced by the glorious fulfillment of this promise in the New Testament. He continuously visited his people, especially those who were faithful supporters. He was an excellent teacher and took the instruction of the confirmands especially seriously. He was so anxious about the welfare of their souls, judging by the interviews he had with them. He took the young people under his wings. They would gather at the parsonage at regular times, the boys on a separate night from the girls. He would read to them from a book, devise a bible quiz game, talk to them about the various rivers or mountains mentioned in the bible. He taught them some geography or explained to them about the stars. They were always looking forward to those sessions. He tried to make the people proud of their church and to feel fulfillment for having built it. But more than anything he tried to instill into them that this was GOD'S house and that God, who even all the heavens could not fathom, has taken pleasure that they had built a house where they could worship Him. He exhorted them to treat it with respect and not to loiter outside of it engaged in idle chatter, but to sit in it quietly and to meditate. He had a gift to make the seasons meaningful (Reformation, Advent, Christmas, Lent, Easter and Pentecost) and gather with thanksgiving on their anniversaries and to support your sister congregations on those occasions.

This is what a typical week would look like, if he stayed in Bruderfeld. Study, write, midweek prayer service, confirmation instruction, choir practice, German School, Sunday School teachers' session, Young Peoples, Sunday morning worship service, Sunday School, afternoon service, and evening service. Several trips to Edmonton to conduct business, deliver and pick up mail. Two days were lost travelling when going to Bruderheim. Unforeseen events would be deaths, sickness, baptisms, assisting parishioners with doctor and legal visits, government business, construction activities, organizing

seeding, harvesting and threshing and household chores (water, wood, garden and church yard, animal care, etc.). Christmas and Easter would be particularly busy with two pastors looking after Bruderfeld, Heimtal, Bruderheim, Limestone Lake, English service in Bruderheim, Colchester, and Rabbit Hill.

In all these endeavors, first his mother and later his wife were extremely supportive and helpful. Bro. Hoyler was also very musical. He played the piano and the violin (and I think any instrument he wanted to) and he tuned and fixed instruments. Whenever he visited a musical family, he took his violin along and they made music together.

As his ministry stretched into several years, he arranged for other ministers to visit for evangelistic services. This culminated in the great revival, after much and many years of earnest prayer. Most of you may have heard of the reunion of 10 years of confirmation classes. This story alone is worthwhile to read in the diary, but I won't tell you where it is, you have to read the whole book to find it.

Bro. Hoyler was truly a man of God, devoted to Him and loyal and supportive to his colleagues and parishioners.

His involvement in the community. After hearing about his work schedule, you would think he had not much time for anything else. But Bro. Hoyler was active in the Evangelical Alliance in Edmonton (Protestant churches such as Methodists, Presbyterians, Anglicans, and Baptists). Bro. Schwarze and Hoyler assisted the Methodist and Presbyterian churches in the area when they had no ministers. That was the reason they preached in Colchester and Strathcona in the evening. One day on his way home from Bruderheim, he stopped at Fort Saskatchewan to visit Colonel Griesbach, Commander of the N.W.M. Police. He just walked in to introduce himself and to

advance the case of the Bruderheim farmers to sell grain for the police horses. The deal fell through because they could not post a bond. Even Bro. Hoyler's good name and guarantee was not sufficient. The lack of credit was a particular handicap to the settlers to acquire more land for the growing up sons. I have experienced this as an immigrant. Another time he learned that one of his people had not been treated fairly in a land transaction. So Bro. Hoyler went with this member to the office of the newly elected premier, William Rutherford. After Bro. Hoyler explained the situation, the former attorney and now premier Rutherford wrote out a cheque for \$500.00 to the wronged brother. He also kept statistics for the Dominion Government's weather bureau. He recorded daily the high and low temperatures and measured the precipitation. Bro. Hoyler had a very scientific mind. It seemed he could not only explain the mystery of God, but also any natural phenomenon and explain how any machine worked that man had ever built. He pursued a hobby in botany and fostered a close friendship with a local school teacher, named Bartlett.

The Hoyler household was a very hospitable one. There were many visitors and many staying overnight. His wife took in lady school teachers (one at a time) as boarders. I think she wanted company for the many evenings he was away. It was also a mutually beneficial arrangement, as there were not many suitable places, where a single young lady could stay. They were all part of the family and most of them stayed in touch with the Hoylers. In summary, Bro. Hoyler was a very well known and respected person. He confides at one point, that a lawyer once sought his opinion in a legal matter.

His contribution to the Moravian work in Western Canada. This is the easiest part of my report to you, for it can be summed up in seven words: Bruderfeld, Bruderheim, Heimtal, Calgary, New Sarepta, Strathcona, and Dundurn! In addition to

that he did work in Dunmore in the Medicine Hat area, but this work did not result in a congregation and in Edmonton on the northside, but this mission did not work out either. For a while he and Bro. Schwarze served a Norwegian settlement around Limestone Lake. They served them in the Norwegian language. Later most of the settlers moved to other parts of Canada and the USA. Bro. Hoyler also occasionally preached to a small group of Moravians and friends in Morinville and Stony Plain. If we could ask Bro. Hoyler in person to describe his role in the Canadian District, he would quote the Apostle Paul and liken his work to that of a farmer. Some prepare the soil, some cultivate, some sow the seed and others harvest, but it is God who sends the sunshine and the rain at the proper time and makes it grow. Bro. Hoyler was the first Moravian minister to serve in western Canada and a very powerful and influential personality. One of the main threads of his messages was that whatever we do and say, we are to bring honor to God's name. Our chief elder, Jesus Christ, is the founder of our church in western Canada, but Bro. Hoyler allowed Christ to use him to be his instrument here in Alberta and for that we are indebted to him.

November 17, 1989
Millwoods Moravian Church
By Klaus Gericke

Camp Van Es – A Safe Haven

by Ian Edwards

At least once a year somebody will come up to me and say, "Ian! I was one of your kids at camp." Sometimes they are still kids, but more often they are young adults now. Generally speaking, I haven't the foggiest idea who they are. It's not out of neglect or uncaring, rather it's because there were just so many kids who passed through the grounds of Van Es.

There is one memory that will stay with me forever. It stands out as a powerful tribute to the camp. In 1994 I was grieving the loss of my sight, having just come through a rough transition time of loss. We had returned from Convo '94 in Bethlehem full of energy, and I was ready to embark on the journey that would take me to seminary and into the ministry. Unfortunately I kept coming up hard against the realities of my vision impairment, feeling that I was becoming more and more dependent on others. I thought that I was destined to live my life being a follower, never trusted to take the lead.

At the Junior High camp that year there was a young woman who was a couple of years older than most of the campers. She wasn't part of the 'in crowd' and had trouble fitting in. Through the week I learned a bit about her family situation, and realized that she was feeling the push of marginalization from all sides. One afternoon a group of us readied ourselves for some canoeing on the lake, and when the lifeguard said, "ok, you have to pick four people for each canoe, and there has to be at least one counsellor in each boat." I shuffled my feet, knowing that nobody would care about my canoeing prowess, that no one thought it mattered that I had learned how to paddle from my grandpa.

I was joking around about my navigational difficulties when a voice came from behind me. "I want to go in Ian's boat...I trust him." It was the girl who had been having so much trouble fitting in. Along with a couple of other kids we muddled our way about the lake, getting our lefts and rights mixed up, doing no worse than any of the other canoes in our little fleet. She was the only one in the boat, on the whole lake for that matter, that thought it was funny when I realized I could see our landing spot better if I stood up. I thank her so much for saying she would trust me when I really needed to hear it. We've only run into each other once since, and that was many years ago. I can't even remember her name, but I know that we shared that canoe trip together and I won't ever forget it.

This article was first published in 2004 in the Rio Terrace Community Moravian Church history book, Spirit of Rio: the First 40 years.