



The

DEAF LUTHERAN



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CONDENSED FROM THE BOOK . . .

HERE AM I: SEND ME!

By MARY JANE CHAMBERS

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In a family dominated by her space-scientist husband and two young sons who fancied themselves budding astronauts, Mary Jane Chambers kept everything in equilibrium by being the only "normal" one around. Her previous book, "Don't Launch Him--He's Mine!" was a spirited, amusing account of life with one foot in the suburbs and another in orbit. But one day, in the workaday world here on earth--an earth loaded with human problems like sin, death, anger and sex--she found herself facing a situation that demanded one of life's ultimate answers. She was launched on a restless quest, a story she tells here with good humor and salty good sense.

(*All names, locations and situations have been disguised, in the interests of privacy.)

The meeting turned out to be a stormy one. It took place in the social hall of the church, where we were reviewing plans for a new church building. After a prayer, the meeting was thrown open for discussion of the architect's drawings. I had not lived in the community long, and the temper of the exchanges astonished me.

The head of the music committee rose. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "our choir director is very disturbed about the plans. He doesn't think the choir will like facing the center instead of the congregation--nobody can see them back there. But when he asked the architect to put a podium in the middle, for him to use in directing, the architect refused."

"A podium?" sneered one man. "What does he think we're building, a concert hall? As far as I'm concerned you can do away with the choir, for all they add to the service!"

A murmur of surprise and dismay filled the room.

"You're just bitter," the music committeeman exploded, "because your wife didn't make it as soloist!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" the chairman admonished. But soon new questions were raised: Why couldn't we afford stained-glass windows? A pipe organ? What was wrong with the old church?

Looking around, I was glad to see the Crandalls present.* I had come to the meeting alone while my husband, Randy, a scientist in the space program, baby-sat with our two young sons.

Allison and Hobe Crandall had become two of our first friends when we moved to this community, and I felt comfortable with them. Allison was tall and graceful with long black hair and a mischievous smile. Her two children attended the same nursery school as my older boy, so we formed a carpool and took turns driving them. Her husband was principal of a local elementary school. An amiable, blond-headed giant, he was as popular with adults as with

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What Is The ILDA?

By Edward A. Trainor Sr.

That is a question I have asked many deaf Lutherans in our congregations. The answer that I receive is, "International Lutheran Deaf Association," but when I ventured further as to the purpose and goals of the ILDA, responses were either confused or not forthcoming. Such limitation of knowledge was not due to limitation of information, but from lack of a consistent and an effective way to give this information to our deaf Lutheran brothers and sisters.

The *Deaf Lutheran* does not reach all of the people in our "flock." Information sent to congregations and pastors only reaches those attending services at the time of reception and only then if relaying the message is remembered by the person receiving the information. Even among those who do receive the *Deaf Lutheran*, there are many who do not read it thoroughly and, therefore, miss a lot of this information. This results in a great loss of understanding as well as support Christ needs to carry out our ministry of the ILDA.

At the ILDA Board meeting at Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, Mo., February 7, 8 and 9, this was the major subject discussed. First, get the total message to all of our people and then develop methods of unionism through coordination to enhance our service to the Lord. This resulted in establishment of an individual contact system and some 30 to 40 resolutions being written to amend our constitution. All of these things will appear later in the *Deaf Lutheran*.

The Board meeting was one of the most beautiful events I have ever attended in my life. Every word spoken was an expression of love and devotion for and to our blessed Savior and our deaf Christian brothers and sisters. The inspiration was so triumphant that we wound up our meeting with embraces that commenced as the meeting concluded and continued until the last departures at the airport. I was among the very last ones to depart and never have I seen the Lord and His love so prevalent in the hearts and minds of my people.

Fortunately, the story does not end here--it is only the beginning. Christ needs every one of us, not only to spread the Holy Gospel and His love throughout the world, but also to contribute support to those who unite together to carry out this ministry.

The ILDA is a ministry created by deaf Lutherans for the deaf to enhance the Ministry of the Deaf of the Lutheran Church--Missouri Synod. It is an independent body of people, all active in deaf Christian affairs. It is designed to be self-supporting and the autonomy (self-rule) comes from communicant deaf Lutherans that are members of deaf congregations or fields in good standing and other communicant Lutherans active in deaf Christian affairs. However, the latter cannot hold office. Any person active in deaf Christian affairs is eligible for membership and may contribute to the financial support of the ILDA.

The Ministry of the Deaf of the L.C.-M.S. is delivered by the pastors and vicars of the church and supported by the Board of Missions. If there was no ministry by the deaf, God's Word would never go further than the doors on the church. This is where the ILDA comes into the picture. It is a united ministry by the deaf that carries God's Word outside the church and spreads it among all of our deaf Christian brothers and sisters all over the world.

Again, I will say, we are fortunate the story does not end here. The ILDA is a fellowship that offers countless opportunities for us to not only unite our Christian efforts with those of our church through coordination but

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Board Meeting of the International Lutheran Deaf Association 'ILDA'

(A SUMMARY)

The meeting of the ILDA Board was called to order by President Uriel C. Jones, Thursday night, Feb. 7, 1974, at 7:30 p.m.

The site of the meeting was Loeber Hall on Concordia Seminary campus in St. Louis, Missouri.

Roll Call showed 12 official delegates present as follows:

- President U.C. Jones, St. Louis, Mo.
- Pres.-Elect Elmer Francisco, Spokane, Washington
- Secretary Archie D. Marshall, St. Louis, Mo.
- Treasurer Robert Case, Memphis, Tenn.
- Vice-Presidents:
 - Russell Healey, St. Louis, Mo.
 - Herman Spencer, Conover, North Carolina
 - Clarence Schulz, Detroit, Michigan
 - Dale Paden, Omaha, Nebr.
 - Bob Kosanovich, Tacoma, Wash.
 - Harold Thuve, Gardena, California
- Host City Chairman, 1975 ILDA Convention, Edward A. Trainor, Landover, Maryland
- Rev. R. Rynearson, Rochester, N.Y. (ILDA Chaplain)
- Rev. Herbert Rohe, Secy. for Ministry to the Deaf
- Also Present:
 - Rev. William Ludwig, Rev. Phillip Ho, Seminarian Omahr Mork, guests.

The following business was acted on from the beginning to the end of the three-day meeting:

1. Rev. Marlin Sampson was appointed acting Regional Advisor for the California Region at the request of the

SO SORRY! This story started on Page 7 -0-0-0-0

a grim, tangible symbol of His death. This writer understood how on that bleak Friday of His death the disciples were filled with gloom, doubt, dismay, fear, with wondering questions, feeling tossed about as if they were on a rudderless boat on a rough sea...

On Easter morning, during the lightning and thunder showers, very early at 6 a.m., a large number of the members and visitors were ushered in to proclaim the finale of Christ's mission with His victory and glory. To prove the reality of the emptiness of the tomb, the symbolic casket was opened, empty of the human form. Songs of joy and the whiteness of lilies and Rev. Johnson's ministry celebrated the supreme victory of Christ's resurrection.

Later, in the undercroft, the members and visitors were served with a hearty breakfast of pancakes, scrambled eggs and sausages. To be sure, Easter paves the way for all Christians of different nations, different languages, different cultures and different customs to their glorious home with Christ.

(Considering the time, adverse weather, and various distances of the members, the attendance showed an amazing result of over 250 in attendance, according to accurate tally.)

Regional Advisors. He replaces Rev. Bailey who accepted a call to Detroit, Michigan.

2. Accepted Rev. Robert Muller, Washington, D.C., as a voting member of this Board meeting since he is an official delegate from our host 1975 convention city.

3. Appointed to the Law Committee; E. Francisco, Chrm., Clarence Schulz and Ed. A. Trainor. (1)

4. Accepted Administrative responsibility of the Lutheran Deaf Mission Society (LDMS). Any funds of the LDMS will be kept in our treasury.

5. Proposed a budget for the ILDA in 1974 amounting to \$12,900. This amount covers two separate budgets, "Operating" and "Convention".

6. Established a Finance Committee: Mr. Robert Case, Chrm., Mr. Russel Healey and Mr. Ed. A. Trainor. (2)

7. Accepted 12 proposals presented by Mr. Ed. A. Trainor that were in connection with the 1975 ILDA Convention in Washington, D.C. He was given full independence in forming convention plans, but dismissed the idea of a raffle and a communion breakfast.

8. Realized a profit of \$1,700 from the 1973 convention in K.C.

9. Appointed Mr. Ed. A. Trainor Program and Finance Director (P&FD) for 1975 convention. (3)

10. Accepted responsibility to manage and direct the Deaf Lutheran Publication (DL). We will request a subsidy of \$4,000 per year from the Board of Missions for the DL.

11. Appointed as Consultants to Editor U. C. Jones were Archie Marshall and Russel Healey.

12. Awarded Plaques of Recognition to Rev. Herbert Rohe and Mr. Clarence Schulz for their pioneer work in establishing ILDA. A similar plaque will be sent to The Rev. Frederking for first suggesting ILDA in 1944.

13. Pres. U. C. Jones is our delegate to the COSD Convention in Denver, Colorado, April 7-10, 1974. Mr. Dale Paden is alternate delegate. who is the representative to COSD?

14. Resolved to ask our Regions to elect their Presidents also to serve as their Representative to the ILDA. This will automatically make Regional Presidents Vice-Presidents in the ILDA and in effect, eliminate one office since both offices will be filled by one man.

15. Resolved to meet before the next Ephphatha Conference in St. Paul, Minn., July 13-14, 1974, at Concordia College. This meeting will be for the Executive Board and any other Board members are required to secure funds to attend this meeting from their own Regions.

16. We will commission the purchasing of automobile window stickers in the form of our ILDA emblem.

17. \$500 was advanced to the committee of Mr. Ed. A. Trainor for their 1975 ILDA Convention expense fund.

18. In the future, all ILDA Board meetings will commence with a communion service.

The meeting was adjourned at 11:50 a.m. Saturday, Feb. 9, 1974.

Respectfully submitted,
Archie D. Marshall, Sec'y.

His health wasn't any too good so the Eastern city dweller went looking for a place to live in Arizona. He approached an old-timer sitting on the steps of a general store. "Say," he asked, "What's the death rate around here?"

"Same as back in the East," was the reply, "One to a person."

Most jokes sound too good to be new!

Bus for Deaf Prized Possession



A blue school bus is the recently acquired prize possession of Holy Cross Church of the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio. The purchase of the bus was made possible through the efforts of AAL branches in two cooperative benevolence projects. The Ohio Federation of AAL Branches sponsored one of the co-ops during 1971, resulting in a gift of \$1,000 to the bus fund. Twenty local branches in the Dale Huss Agency sponsored the other project last year. They organized a multitude of activities, ranging from card parties to slave days and pancake fests to Dutch auctions. The total proceeds amounted to nearly \$5,000, enough to pay for the vehicle when it was delivered. The bus is used to transport children from Ohio State School for the Deaf to Holy Cross Church for Sunday and weekday instructions, and to transport groups of deaf people to other functions.

WHEELS IN COLUMBUS PROVIDE MORE THAN TRANSPORTATION

"The sight of the blue bus in service for the Lutheran deaf indicates the lengths and depths Christ's people can go to achieve their goals when their faith and love is put to the test," says Lay Assistant Robert Henrikson of Holy Cross Lutheran Church of the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio. Henrikson is speaking of the common concern for human worth displayed by over 1,000 members of 20 central Ohio AAL local branches in their efforts to raise money to purchase a bus for the church. The congregation had decided to accumulate trading stamps to obtain the bus and was anticipating at least a two-year wait. AAL branches

and the Ohio Federation of AAL Local Branches, realizing the need to transport children from the nearby Ohio School for the Deaf to Holy Cross for regular Sunday and weekday instruction, joined and expanded the strategy.

Branch members raised funds through bake sales, dinners, card parties and other people to people projects. These funds, plus those added through AAL's Cooperative Benevolence Program, swelled to \$6,000--sufficient to purchase the bus ahead of schedule.

As a result, that blue bus now furnishes an added service to the 150 families in Columbus and southern Ohio. It's a reality because AAL members put fraternalism into action.

--from the AAL Church Calendar

Som'thing, Yummy!

Deaf Seminarian Kjell Omahr Mork is in for a "yummy" surprise! Helping Hands, composed of the women members of Christ Lutheran Church for the Deaf, Washington, D.C., held a cookie swap with a dozen of each cookie variety and several small gifts being sent to Omahr. The remaining cookies were then swapped by the women.

This was the second event held by Helping Hands for the benefit of Omahr, who is their service project. The first was a Spaghetti Festi-

val held last March to raise funds for his educational expenses.

As Omahr is greatly in need of financial assistance, Helping Hands hopes that other churches for the deaf will also come to his aid.

--Mrs. Patty Schlub
DEAF CONFERENCES

CENTRAL REGIONAL LUTHERAN
Friday night, April 19, 1974
to
Sunday noon, April 21, 1974
NORTHWEST REGION LUTHERAN
August 16-18, 1974 at

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HERE AM I: SEND ME!

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kids. When he was busy with his planning sessions and my husband was traveling on his job, Allison and I often took the children on picnics or fixed a light supper together. She was a lighthearted, impractical person; everything seemed more fun when she was there.

The acrimonious exchanges in the social hall continued. One group held out for remodeling the old sanctuary, another insisted on a "prettier" building. A handful thought we should do nothing at all for a while. I was unprepared for the vitriolic attacks the various factions made upon each other, and the attitude--unchristian--that prevailed. I had naively thought everybody would simply be in favor of building the finest church possible.

Finally Hobe Crandall rose. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "let's consider our purpose in coming here this afternoon. Because I work with and for children, I guess I look at this business in a special way. But as I see it, we're not building for ourselves. For all we know, the old sanctuary may outlive us all. If we build a church, let's build it as a witness to our faith in God, and as a legacy to future generations. I move that this congregation begin a building fund."

"Thank you, Hobe," said the chairman. "You've heard the motion. All in favor say aye."

We voted and the ayes had it; the meeting broke up.

But that night I had trouble sleeping. The bickering had upset me, and I was still tossing restlessly at six o'clock the next morning when the phone rang.

The voice on the other end of the line was so low that I scarcely recognized it as Allison Crandall's.

"It's Hobe," she said. "Hobe is dead!"

"What happened?" I gasped.

She said something about indigestion--an ambulance--his heart.

"I'll be right over."

I knelt by my bed like a child. "Dear God," I said, "please help me to console her and the children. Help me to know what to say to them."

And then, in a voice that was almost a reprimand, I added, "Oh, God! Of all the people I know, Allison is the least likely to make it as a widow."

Hobe Crandall was a fine man. His wife and children needed him. He was a worker in his church and his community. He had spent the last day of his life helping to build a new church. Why should he be dead, at 41, when there were thousands of others--less able, less useful, less needed--just taking up space in the world?

I hurried over to Allison's on leaden feet which kept trying to postpone the ordeal.

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

When Allison opened the door, I realized it was much worse than I had imagined. Her face had collapsed under the weight of grief, like a papier-mache mask crushed under a heavy boot.

As we cried on each other's shoulder, I could only imagine her loss. Then we sat in her sewing room and she talked, for a long time, as if trying to pour out all her bewilderment and pain. She had met Hobe at college, she said, when she was a freshman, and he a graduate student. From the beginning, it was a delicately balanced relationship--Allison, frivolous, impractical, self-indulgent; and Hobe, nine years her senior, serious, hardworking, stable.

Allison finished each verbal memory with the agonized question, "What am I going to do?"

And I was dismayed to realize I had no answers, philosophical or practical, to give her. I tried to console Allison, but could not.

In an effort to divert her I asked, "Where are the children?" A friend, Joy Werner, had picked them up earlier, she said. Not long after, the door opened and Andrea and Hobie came bouncing in.

"We've been talking about heaven," said Andrea with five-year-old directness. "Mrs. Werner says Daddy's gone there to be with Jesus."

"We've been singing some songs," three-year-old Hobie added, and began to demonstrate: "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so. Little ones to him belong, they are weak but he is strong. Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible tells me so." And each time he came to the word "yes" he shouted it.

Rev. Dorr Installed as Pastor Emmanuel Lutheran, Milwaukee

Rev. Paul Dorr was installed Sunday, Feb. 3, 1974, as Pastor of Emmanuel Lutheran Church of the Deaf in Milwaukee Wis. The preacher for the ceremony was Rev. Bernard Raabe, District Mission Executive. The installing officiant was District President Rev. Karl Barth. Rev. Martin Hewitt, St. Louis, Regional Advisor for the Deaf Missions in the Central Region, served as the liturgist. A reception for Pastor Dorr, his wife and three children was held in the lower level fellowship hall after the installation at which over 200 people attended.

Pastor Dorr is a 1965 graduate of Concordia Seminary, Springfield, Ill. He was serving in Mississippi and Louisiana as Missionary to the Deaf with his home base in Jackson, Miss.

--Reporter, Doris Myhre



Left to right: Pastor Dorr kneeling; Rev. Martin Kosche, Delavan, Wis.; Rev. Martin Hewitt, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. Karl Barth, President of South Wisconsin District; Rev. Robert Corl, Madison, Wis.; Rev. Bernard Raabe, District Mission Executive of the South Wisconsin District.



The choir signed and dramatized the twenty-third Psalm as a special number for the installation.

I could only think to myself: This is too sad to be believed! How could he accept the fact that Jesus loved him and yet had deprived him of a father? Did Allison, too, believe in a God who would do such a terrible thing?

I was acutely aware that I was the wrong person to comfort Allison, but in the weeks that followed I continued to try to help her, if not as a spiritual adviser, at least as a friend. She seemed to go through many different stages

in her new role as a widow. When I went to her house, I never knew what I would find. One day, there would be Allison the merry widow, dressed in her flashiest outfit. A short while later, I would meet an Allison who was in the depths of depression. Dressed completely in black, including thick black stockings, she would feed the children on bread and cheese--evidently supposed to be symbolic of the spartan life they were now to lead. Then there was Allison the sleepwalker, who did the ironing at 3 a.m. because she couldn't sleep in that "cold, empty bed." And Allison the flirt, who imagined that every male--including the paper boy--was eyeing her with interest.

We all reached a low point the day I found Allison and both children in tears. Allison had scolded Andrea, who responded, "You wouldn't treat me this way if Daddy was here!" And all three clung together, crying. I cried, too, disgusted with myself for being unable to help.

Several weeks later there was a much happier day. Allison and the children pulled into our driveway in a new car, resplendent with chrome and blue paint, the assembly-line freshness still clinging to its upholstery. Allison had traded in Hobe's big car and her own old clunker for it.

The children climbed into the back seat and I sat beside Allison. We drove around the countryside, still vivid with the gold and red leaves of autumn. We stopped at a roadside stand and bought candied apples on sticks, and laughed at the antics of two squirrels chasing each other up and down some trees. A hint of our old gaiety came back. It lingered until it was time to return.

The sun was setting, turning the trees a brilliant orange. "I guess we should go home," Allison said. And in the silence that followed I knew she was thinking that theirs would never be a home again.

It seemed to me so unfair that her man had been taken. Intellectually I accepted the story of Jesus' resurrection, and theoretically I accepted the possibility that there is life after death for us all. But the practical, doubting-Thomas side of my nature refused to believe it. Death was the end. The end of life, hope, sunshine, love.

My skepticism focused on one point: the needlessness of Hobe's death. How could that be God's will?

GOD'S UNEMPLOYED

I have never forgotten a Sunday-school class when I was 11. There were about a dozen girls in the class taught in a corner of the basement of our church. It was a lovely morning in May. Miss Timmings stood before us, addressing us on the subject of "Doing God's Work."

"Our abilities come from God," she said. "God expects us to use these gifts to make the world a better place to live." Then she asked if anybody had any plans for doing God's work. I slumped down into my chair and looked at my shoes.

"I want to be a teacher," one girl announced. "Maybe I can go to Africa and teach the heathen."

"Since I'm going to be a nurse," said Mary Alice, "I'll be doing God's work, too. He wants us to care for the sick."

A third girl who played the flute for every occasion, whether or not it was an occasion, said, "I'm going to major in music and perhaps I can play the organ."

"Those are all very good plans," Miss Timmings said. "Anybody else? How about you, Mary Jane?"

They all looked at me and waited for my answer. I squirmed in my chair, hoping the crack in the cement floor would suddenly grow larger and swallow me up. Finally I blurted out, "Well, I guess I'm going to be one of God's unemployed."

The class burst into laughter, and Miss Timmings' face flushed with embarrassment. She did what she thought she had to do: she kept me after class. But my attitude didn't change.

I continued going to church all through high school even though my problem persisted. There was a joke heard around that time, about the little boy who asked his mother what church was, and she told him it was God's house. So the next Sunday, when he was sitting in his pew, the little boy said in a loud voice, "I sure wish He would show up!"

This wasn't funny to me, because I wished the same thing.

I went off to college, met Randall Chambers, and after graduation we married and began our family. When our son Mark was born we dutifully had him baptized, and when he was about two years old we enrolled him in Sunday school. As for myself, I attended church less and less.

Then suddenly I was searching for God again. In the ninth month of my second pregnancy I developed a stubborn case of pneumonia. I was scheduled to undergo my second caesarean section, and the doctors tried hard to clear up the pneumonia first. But time ran out.

On the eve of the operation my doctor dropped by. "We're worried about the shock of major surgery on your heart," he said forthrightly. "We can't give you a general anesthetic because breathing is already difficult enough for you. You'll have to stay awake during the operation, relying on a spinal. I'm sure you'll be fine."

He didn't sound overly convincing to me. And as if to emphasize this doubt, the chaplains began to arrive. But they were no help, and after they had left, I faced the fact: spiritually I was on my own. Well, that was all right. After all those years in Sunday school, surely I could find some comfort in the scriptures on my own. So I started reciting the 23rd Psalm:

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of ...

I stopped abruptly. I couldn't bring myself to say "death." I was 31 years old, but I was still searching for the God of my Sunday school days. Physically sick and spiritually confused, I began to pray as sincerely as I had ever prayed in my life: "Dear God, please give me the courage to die." Then I cried bitter, terrified tears into my pillow.

Once more I tried to pull myself together. I had heard of people who found courage in the Bible simply by opening it at random. So I took the hospital Bible from the nightstand beside my bed, and began to read the first passage that caught my eye. It was Matthew 7:21:

Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven...Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you...

Those four words, "I never knew you," stood out on that page as though they were three feet high. It was true. God had ignored me in my youth, and now had failed to comfort me when I faced a medical crisis. All of us have spiritual highlights in our lives--and spiritual depressions. That night I touched bottom.

For three hours the next morning, the doctors fought for my life and that of my infant with blood transfusions, oxygen, glucose injections. And I waged an equally hard-fought mental battle. By sheer will power, I marshaled every bone, muscle and nerve of my body into an attitude of cooperation. When it was all over and the baby--a big, healthy boy--was sleeping safely in the nursery, the doctor took my hand. "You were great," he said. "Last night I worried about your attitude of resignation. It seemed to me you had given up the fight. But you certainly made up for it this morning!"

I didn't even consider the possibility that God really had answered my prayers--in his own way. The words "I never knew you" continued to haunt me.

RELUCTANT TEACHER

Eighteen months later, I had shoved the entire medical crisis--and my search for God--into a little-used corner of my mind. With his job as an experimental psychologist, helping set up training programs for astronauts, Randy traveled a great deal. I was busy taking care of the house, the baby and four-year-old Mark.

Whatever importance we had attached to church attendance disappeared. We tried to send Mark to Sunday school almost every week, but organized religion had lost its relevance for both of us.

Usually Randy stayed home with the baby while I drove Mark to church and dropped him off in the parking lot. Then I bought a big fat newspaper, went home and read it leisurely over coffee.

One morning I took Mark to Sunday school in a downpour. Instead of dropping him off, I had to park the car and escort him around the puddles to his classroom. When I returned, I found my car boxed into a corner by several others. So I went back into the education building, and inquired about an adult class.

The Christian Service class for adult women had already begun its session when I arrived. There were about 50 of us, sitting in the last four or five rows of pews in the sanctuary, surrounded by dripping umbrellas and plastic rain hats. A nondescript gray-haired woman in a dark suit--whose name I learned was Faye Barrett--was conducting the

Continue story on Page 8

Handicapped Nebraskan of the Year



Mr. Berton J. Leavitt, a member of Hope Deaf Lutheran Church, Lincoln, Nebr., was given the honor of "Handicapped Nebraskan of the Year" by Gov. J. J. Exon. The honor was given to Mr. Leavitt on August 8th at the Governor's reception room at the State Capitol. He received a suitably inscribed and framed certificate and a cash award.

Mr. Leavitt has been active in church affairs for many years and is now Sec.-Treas. of Hope Lutheran Church. He is a member of

the Advisory Council on Deafness to the State Board of Education. He is also Sec. of the Lincoln Silent Club, Editor of the Lincoln Silent Club paper, Sec. of the Nebraska Association of the Deaf, Pres. of the Cushman Golf Club, and is a member of DAWN, the state team of TRIPOD, and Nebr. Interested in the Deaf.

A graduate of the University of Nebraska in Lincoln, Mr. Leavitt has worked as tooling design engineer and checker for Outboard Marine Corp. (formerly Cushman) for 33 years. His wife Irene is also active in various organizations and is presently going to the Beatrice State Home for the mentally retarded every day as a special consultant in Sign Language. This is a daily trip of 100 miles. They have three children: Bob, a mechanical engineer for the State Dept. of Roads, Jane, a stewardess for United Air Lines, and Dave, a student at the U. of Nebr., Lincoln.

Mr. Leavitt is a quiet and humble Christian and a good example for all. He is well deserving of the honors he has received.

--Rev. W. H. Lange

The Maunday Thursday, Good Friday - - - Then Easter Services

By Clarence F. Schulz

(Note: This writer, a layman, gave keen observation of Rev. Russel Johnson's unique arrangement of rituals for the last three days of Lent. He has written simply to convey the interesting picture of what happened for other deaf Lutherans to read.)

The last few days of Lent approached, in reality, the great climax of Christ's journey to the cross.

Just like music, Lent slowly unfolded the drama of Christ's suffering and death until the finale of Easter morning. Rev. Russel Johnson in his ministry to the deaf used direct communication to convey the meanings of Christ's true purpose on earth.

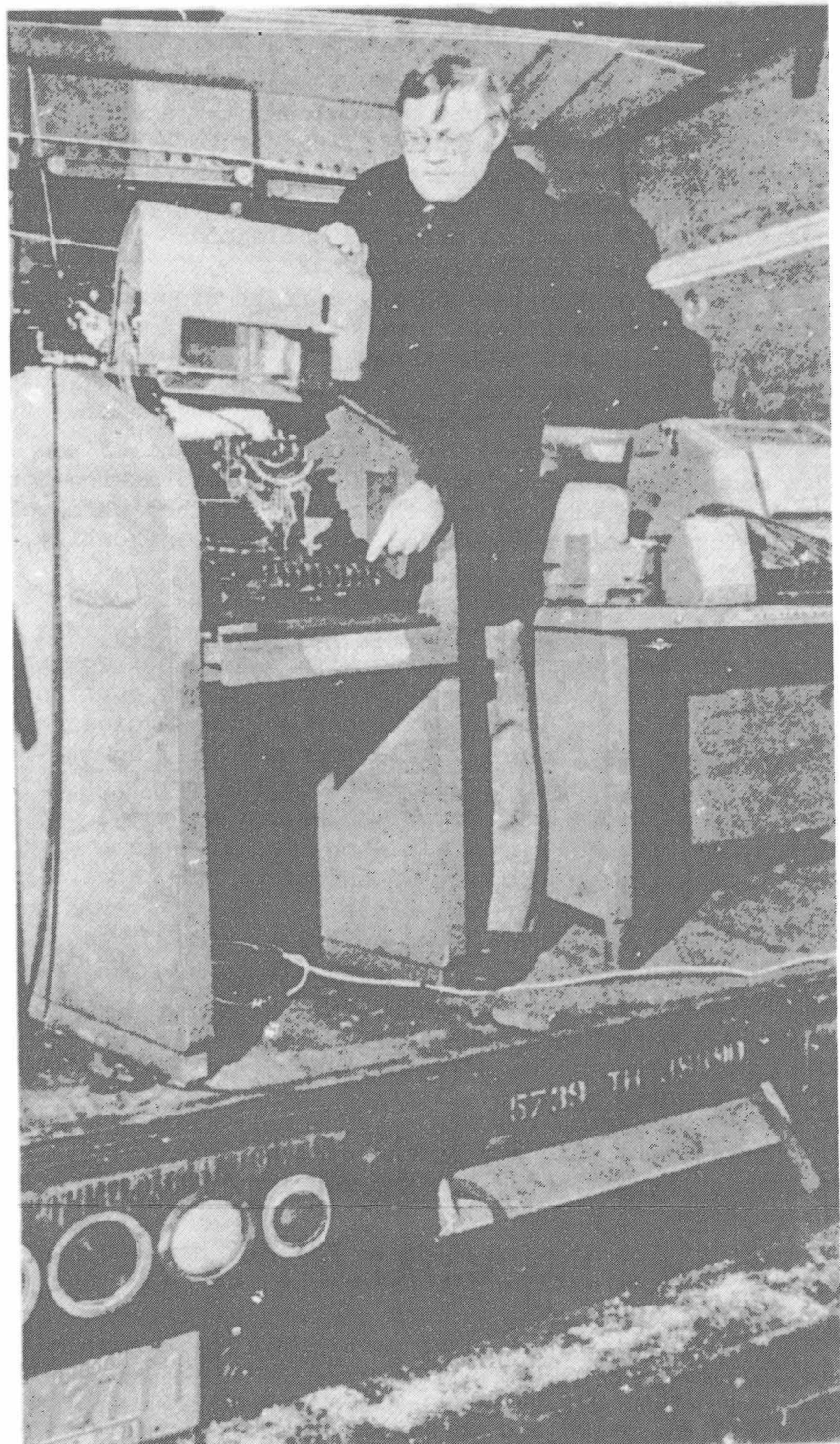
The members as well as the visitors were drawn in large numbers to the church on three important days--Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter.

Maundy Thursday found them observing the Jewish traditional Passover. Not only did they observe it, they participated, eating and understanding the true meaning. In smooth transition they partook of the Holy Communion. The same evening, after the service, they enjoyed Christian fellowship.

The next day, again in the church in the evening, something more tangible occurred. It should be more appropriate that day be called Black Friday. No, no, it was not Friday the 13th, no, again, it was not something in the way of Boris Karloff coming in the gloom of death. It was really a true picture of the darkness and grimness of Christ's death. A casket, which Rev. Johnson borrowed from a funeral home, appeared with black drapes in front of the altar. There were a few candles burning, with enough light to illuminate a little. Then Rev. Johnson explained with brief narratives, as one by one, the candles were extinguished. At the end of the service the utter blackness of night--the symbol of the stark specter of death--was hovering in sovereignty over all. Only the casket remained as

ODD MISTAKE: Please turn to Page 2 to finish this story!

Deaf To Get A Word In



More and more deaf persons in the area will be able to communicate to each other over the telephone in the near future. The Rev. Donald C. Winkler, pastor of Holy Cross Lutheran Church of the Deaf, 360 Morse Rd., unloads teletype machines, donated by Western Union in Allentown, Pa. Winkler said 50 machines - necessary for the deaf to communicate by telephone - will be distributed and if more people request them, "we can get more machines." He explained the deaf person needs to buy a \$140 telephone coupler. He places the phone in the coupler and types a message on the teletype. Lights tell him when the phone has been answered. His signals are converted and sent over the lines. Winkler said machines will be donated to all law enforcement agencies in the area, hopefully within the month, to increase safety for deaf persons. The Telephone Pioneers of America is sponsoring the campaign to get more deaf within "hearing" range. Winkler said only about five persons in the area had the phone system previously because of the expense of teletype machines. Interested deaf persons can contact Winkler. (Dispatch Photo by Bill Blackstone.)

"Some things I find are hard to keep--
Like secrets, cash, and diet.
But what I find most difficult
Is keeping children quiet."
--Agnes W. Thomas

ENDING of the article that starts on Page Six.

"Love Is Patience."

And when the sermon ends, the congregation prays together, hands gracefully moving throughout the church.

The choir makes beautiful music, without uttering a single spoken word. The non-hearing members of the congregation join in the songs with smiling faces and moving hands.

--from Oct. 13, 1973 Columbus Dispatch, Columbus, Ohio

Here Am I:

Story continued from Page 3

class, droning on boringly about some Old Testament verse.

From my seat in the back row, I cast a look at the rest of the class. They sat motionless, the steady plop, plop, plop of rain lulling some of them into a state of near-sleep. The problems of the ancient Hebrews were not an overriding concern to any of us. I found myself asking a question I had asked so often in childhood: What was being accomplished here this morning?

At the end of the lesson Mrs. Barrett dropped what was evidently a bombshell. "As some of you may know," she said, "my husband has taken a new job, and we are planning to move. I hope you will all join me in praying that we can find a good teacher to replace me."

There was an excited murmur as six or eight of the class regulars grouped themselves around her, asking for more details. I slipped out the door. If they were going to pray for a teacher, I wished them well. Personally, I thought the whole situation was hopeless.

I didn't give the Christian Service class another thought until Tuesday afternoon. The baby, Craig, was taking his nap and Mark was playing with a neighbor boy in the backyard, so I tackled the ironing. I was applying the iron to a white shirtsleeve when an inner voice said, "You can teach that class. Tell them you will do it."

At first I thought it was some bizarre twist of my conscience prodding me. But I was as guilt-free about not volunteering for this as I was about passing the hospital without offering my services in surgery. The whole thing was preposterous. Teach the class? I wasn't even planning to attend it! I'd never known a Sunday-school teacher who seemed to enjoy the job. I didn't want to be tied down to that responsibility.

But all the rest of the week, every time I was in a quiet room, the idea of teaching that class overpowered me and commandeered my mind. I tried to block it out. I turned on the radio, the stereo, the television. I struck up conversations with anyone who came by, the milkman, the paper boy, the mailman. But the conviction refused to be crowded out.

What Is The ILDA?

(Continued from Front Page)

also enables us to develop love and Christian leadership among ourselves, our children and others through lay work, evangelism, devotion and worship. And by uniting our efforts through the ILDA and contributing financial support, it enables us to create programs and projects not only sharing Christ's love but also supporting worthy causes that are directed towards the deaf living happy and meaningful lives--basically, Christian lives.

The ILDA is young--still in its infancy--but its future is as bright as the star that shone over Bethlehem. When our brothers and sisters realize the real purpose of the ILDA, the need for them to join and the need for them to support it financially, then we will become true soldiers of Christ...united with our church...fighting for the same thing...the glory and love of our heavenly Father and Christ! But, never let us forget that our church always comes first and needs that same support, for without our church, our purpose is defeated.

The Lord has chosen me to act in His behalf in encouraging and soliciting memberships in the ILDA. The reason I say "The Lord" is because I believe God acts through people and because of the inspiring meeting at St. Louis, I cannot believe otherwise than that God's hand was upon us. As International Program & Finance Director, you will be hearing from me personally concerning memberships in a short time.

A very exciting and inspiring Convention is being planned for 1975. It will be held at Washington, D.C. from July 31 to August 3 of that year and followed by the World Federation of the Deaf Convention. The theme for our ILDA Convention will be "New Life" and I am certain every delegate that attends will find many forms of new life ahead. When plans are complete, you will each personally receive all information on this affair.

As your humble servant, my story has begun here and I pray that it never ends. I am asking every one of you to join me in my prayers that we on the ILDA Board will be guided by the Lord and given faith, serenity and wisdom to carry out His will. Blessings and peace from Christ!

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Dear Readers:

WHICH WAY DO I GO TO GET RESULTS??

I thought for sure that I could depend on the children to get Mom and Pop interested in my paper! If the children are interested, they will get Mom and Pop interested somehow. Looks like I didn't offer a prize each time to get and keep the interest of the children going. I have to do something like the cereal companies--a prize in every box!

I tried to get Pops like having that book made up that way for the Constitution and By-Laws. And, then came another of laws. Not much interest shown!

Looks like I am going to have to go after the LWML. Moms can always get things done! The old, old saying, "cherchez la femme." Then, things get done! Got to be smart to do that; so, give me a little time!

I'll give the kids a few jokes to keep things going.

"No matter how modern the kitchen, it still benefits from that old-fashioned touch--a good cook.

A man stopped to chat with a farmer erecting a new building "What are you putting up there?" he asked.

"Well," answered the farmer, "if I can rent it, it's a rustic cottage--and if I can't, it's a cow shed."

A class had been studying the American flag, and the teacher was trying to reinforce and test their knowledge. "What is it," she asked, "that you always see flying over the Court House?"

"I know," burst out Johnny, "Pigeons."

HERE IS A RIDDLE FOR YOU

What was the highest mountain in the world before Mt. Everest was discovered? See answer at bottom of some other page pf the paper.

Concordia Sign Class Sings at Chicagoland Lutheran Churches of the Deaf



Among the activities of the four Lutheran workers with the deaf in Chicago (Ms Ruth Fangmeier, Pastors Allen and Nickerson, and Mr. Oettel) is a sign class and deaf activities group at Concordia Lutheran Teachers College in River Forest, Ill.

Under Ms Fangmeier the group has been learning some Christian songs in signs. The group sang for the services at Our Savior Church of the Deaf (Rev. John Nickerson) and on Dec. 16 sang at Ephphatha Lutheran Church of the Deaf (Rev. Fred Allen).

Shown in the photo are the Concordia students who participated in the service at Ephphatha. At the left is Miss Lori Wendling, student deaf activities director and guitarist for the group.--Carl Harris, photo; and R. Oettel, Reporter.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE: Mt. Everest

NO WORDS NEEDED

Worshippers Response Is Loud and Clear"



RICHARD STELZER
Denotes "Prayer"



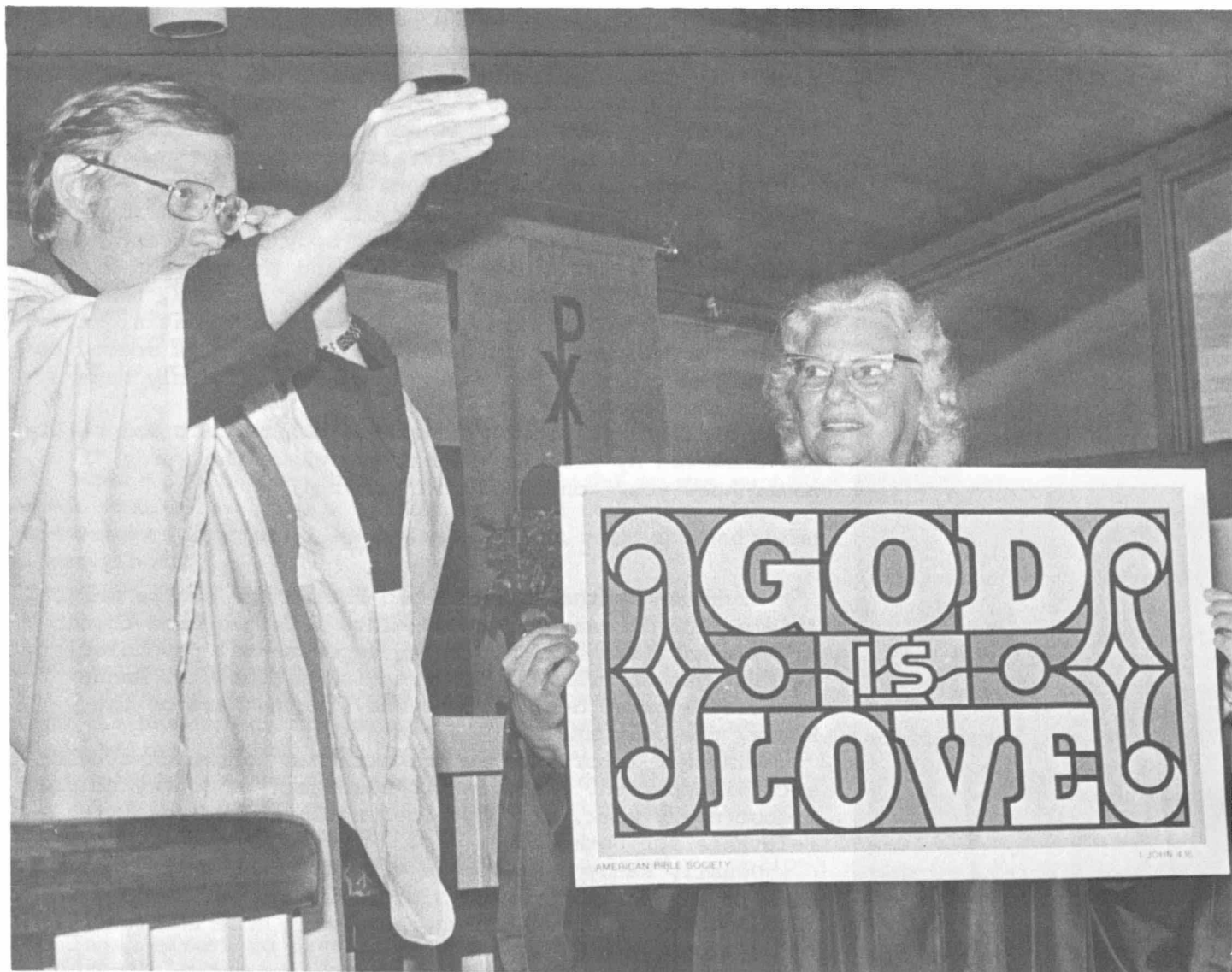
ELIZABETH CASE
Says "Holy"



CHARLES WOLFORD
Expresses "Church"



PAULINE PHILLIPS
Tells "Heaven"



EXPRESSIVE WORSHIP - The Rev. Donald Winkler, pastor of Holy Cross Lutheran Church of the Deaf, 360 Morse Rd., expresses "love" in sign language to his congregation. Mrs. Sarah Riddlebaugh holds the "God Is Love" poster, to help Winkler emphasize his sermon on love.

SILENT MUSIC - The choir at Holy Cross Lutheran Church of the Deaf, 360 Morse Rd., makes beautiful music - in sign language for other deaf members. They express "Jesus" here during a song.



MAXINE STELZER
Shows "Earth"

*The end of this article comes at the bottom of the inside of Page 7.****

Not much noise can be heard coming from the church doors at 360 Morse Rd. on Sunday. There's no mass vocal response heard, either.

But inside, Holy Cross Lutheran Church of the Deaf bustles. Churchgoers are attentive and responding devotedly - in sign language.

Pastor Donald Winkler preaches his sermon, speaking the words for family and friends of non-hearing persons, and keeping up the rapid pace in sign language.

Members of the congregation help every now and then by displaying posters with written messages, "God Is Love" or