



The

DEAF LUTHERAN

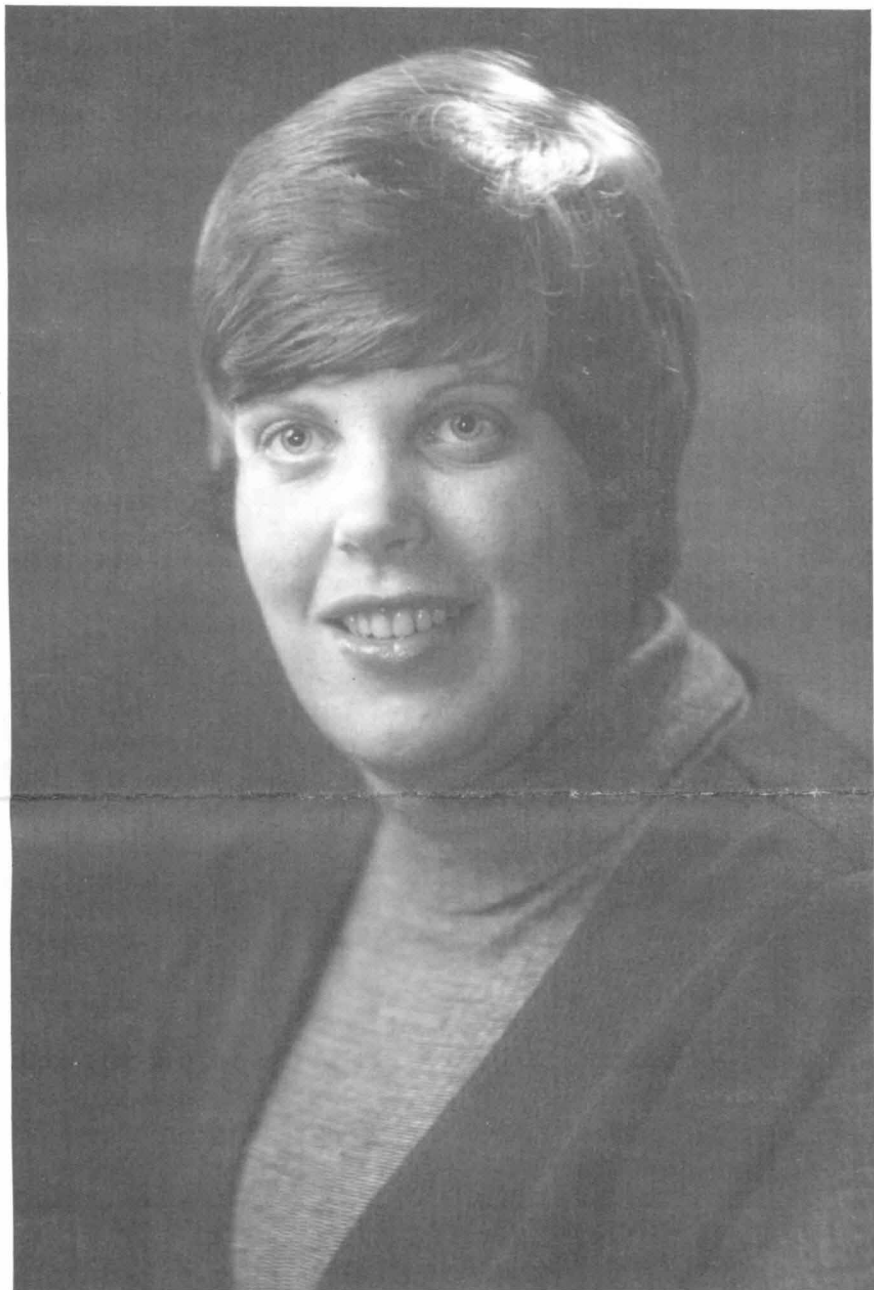


Official Organ of the Board of Missions of the Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod

APRIL, 1974

Volume 66, No. 4

Ruth Fangmeier-- Social Worker for the Deaf



RUTH FANGMEIER - SOCIAL WORKER FOR THE DEAF

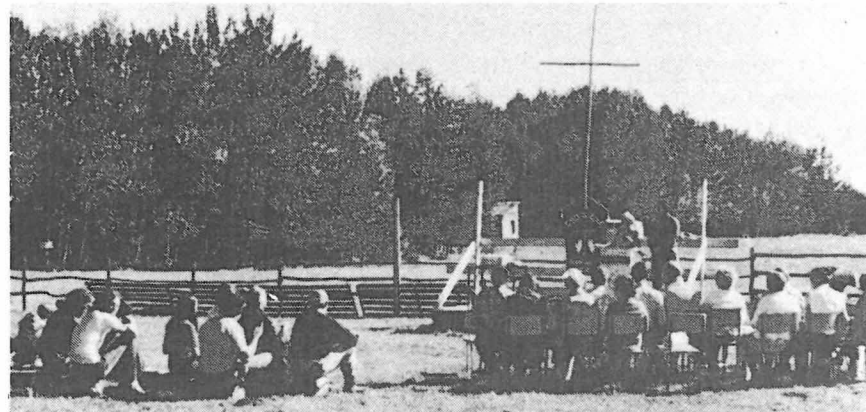
Through the generosity of the Wheat Ridge Foundation of Chicago, Lutheran Child and Family Services of River Forest, Illinois, now offers a program of social services for the deaf. Recognizing that there were no personal or family counseling services available to the more than 12,000 deaf people in Chicago alone, LCFS located a specially trained social worker, trained in the use of sign language and in the unique social problems of the deaf; that person is Ruth Fangmeier, a highly talented and dedicated individual who understands and enjoys her work.

Ms. Fangmeier came to Lutheran Child and Family Services from Washington, D.C., where she worked with the deaf for three years. Her interest in her highly specialized service resulted from her attendance at a meeting of a group of deaf students at the Lutheran Student Convention in Bowling Green, Ohio, in 1969. It was there that she met Pastor Daniel Pokorny, Lutheran Chaplain to students at Gallaudet College, the world's only liberal arts college for the deaf.

Ruth attended Concordia College, River Forest, Illinois; Bowling Green University; and the Gallaudet College Graduate School. She was awarded her Master of Social Work Degree from the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. Ms. Fangmeier's experience includes extensive social service for the deaf in Hyattsville, Maryland, and Memphis, Tennessee. She has collaborated in the prepara-

(Please turn to bottom of Page 2)

New Life for the DEAF



Dedication rites for Pax Natura Ranch were held last July.



"Both the church and the government are interested in helping the deaf so long as they are under 18," says Rev. Robert Bauer. "But few are willing to see what happens to many deaf people after they leave the security of the artificial life-style developed by a school for the deaf."

Pastor Bauer speaks from 17 years experience as pastor of Cross of Christ Lutheran Church for the Deaf at Edmonton and Calgary, Alta., Can. (A single congregation, it serves the entire province from two locations; a lay minister living in Calgary works with Bauer.) The Edmonton congregation is located in the backyard of a province-operated school for the deaf similar to schools operated by most states in the U. S.

"My big contact with the deaf came through the school," Pastor Bauer said. "I'd work with super-hyper kids who were filled with energy and questions. But I'd lose contact after they left the school. Then I started finding some of them again - in institutions, mental hospitals, jails. They had become like vegetables - lifeless, tired people."

The Edmonton clergyman sees several causes for the physical and mental degeneration of many older hearing-impaired people. For one thing, they attend school until they are 18. Many have only a third or fourth grade edu-

Cross of Christ's Pastor Bauer



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The DEAF LUTHERAN
Uriel C. Jones, Sr., Editor and Business Manager
6227 Northwood Avenue, Apt. 1-B
St. Louis, Missouri 63105

WHAT IS THE ILDA?

Many of the deaf people all over the country are asking that question. The forward looking people in the Synod are asking that question, too.

Really, now, are questions coming up and some answers are showing up. Simply stated it is this: Can the deaf manage their churches themselves and also raise all the money needed to buy lots, construct church buildings, houses, hire or pay the minister's expenses and/or salaries.

In each church there will be officers as always. Can they manage the affairs of the church? Pay the minister, pay all insurances needed, pay for the maintenance, heating, and painting, and all the expenses for such a structure, taxes---you name it

Are the deaf people capable of running all the affairs of a church? OR, do the deaf people have to depend on hearing people to do all those things while the deaf just sit back and do nothing but listen/watch? Is it a habit that they acquired while in state-supported schools?

Many deaf people buy and support their own homes. They buy and support their own automobiles. A small few are able to buy or own their own business and pay all bills and make a living at it.

Now, is the chance for the deaf to take over all offices in the ILDA, raise all monies needed, and carry on all the business affairs needed to operate the church. Now, that you know what is expected of you--will you do it? The coming meetings of the ILDA will show everyone--the backers and the doubters!



Lord, our Lord,
your greatness is seen in all the world!
Your praise reaches up to the heavens;
is sung by children and babies.
You have built a fortress against your foes
to stop your enemies and adversaries.

When I look at the sky, which you have made;
at the moon and the stars,
which you set in their places--
What is man, that you think of him;
mere man, that you care for him?

Yet you made him inferior only to yourself;
you crowned him with glory and honor.
You made him ruler over all you have made;
you placed him over all things:
Sheep and cattle, and wild animals too;
the birds and the fish,
and all the creatures in the seas.

Lord, our Lord,
your greatness is seen in all the world!
--Psalm 8, TEV

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St. Louis, Missouri, 63105

CENTRAL REGIONAL DEAF CONFERENCE

THEME: WITH VOICES UNITED
Bringing together Lutheran Deaf from Wisconsin, Indiana, Illinois, and St. Louis, Missouri, PLUS District Mission staff members from each District in our Central Region.

When: FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 19TH THROUGH SUNDAY NOON, APRIL 21ST.

Where: HOLIDAY INN, JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.

- PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS
- Friday - Registration, refreshments
Captioned movies
Devotion
 - Saturday - Open forum discussion of:
ILDA (International Lutheran Deaf Assoc.)
Districts and Deaf Congregations working together in mission "with voices united"
Regional Planning
Business Meeting & Election of Officers
Tour of Illinois School for the Deaf
Banquet
Drama (deaf actors)
 - Sunday - Bible Classes
Worship with the Lord's Supper at Christ Lutheran Church of the Deaf
--colored slides illustrate Bible readings and sermon thoughts
--chancel drama of Bible lesson

Denver, Colorado Staked Out for COSD Careers Forum April 1974

The 1974 COSD Careers Forum will be held at the spanking new (1973) Holiday Inn, Denver-Downtown. All of the world famous Holiday Inn extras will be available to Forum participants including free parking, children under 12 free, room reservation service plus 24 hour coffee shop service. SPECIAL FORUM ROOM RATES will be \$18.00 for a single

room and \$23.00 for a double room. Special student rates are available. Direct airport limousine service is available. The 21 story Holiday Inn is centrally located with easy access to shopping and Denver's many points of interest. Reservation cards are available from St. Paul TVI or you may contact the Holiday Inn directly. Make your reservation now!

Social Worker for the Deaf

(Continued from Page 1)
tion of the book Hearing With the Eyes, and has done initial planning for the 1975 International Lutheran Deaf Association meeting which will be held in conjunction with the World Federation of the Deaf Conference in Washington, D.C.
In a recent statement, Ruben E. Spannaus, Executive Director of Lutheran Child and Family Services, said: "We are especially grateful for the \$35,000 grant, on a declining basis over 4 years, from the Wheat Ridge Foundation; and for Ms. Fangmeier, who brings to our agency a most unique, valid and dedicated service."

New Life for the DEAF

cation when they leave the special school. They think they are equipped to live with people of their own age, but they aren't.

"Often they feel cheated," says Pastor Bauer. "Some will reject the deaf community and further help."

Frustration in Understanding

Another problem is difficulty in communication. While in the deaf school their peers all had the same problem. Most schools for the deaf refuse to let the students use sign language in the hope that they will not depend on it and will learn to read lips.

"But lip reading is a difficult way to communicate," says Pastor Bauer. "It's like hearing only every other word in a conversation. Often deaf people have to guess, and misunderstandings cause problems."

Without sign language the deaf cannot even communicate with other deaf. Pastor Bauer is a strong advocate of sign language for all hearing-impaired people. (From habit he often signs when talking to hearing people - even while driving a car. This reporter learned not to ask questions until the car came near a stop sign.)

The communication problem reaches into many areas of the lives of deaf people. They frequently have legal problems because they misunderstood someone or someone misunderstood them. They lack a way to "blow off steam" verbally; so they may do it physically. Because sexuality is in many respects communicated verbally, they also have extra frustrations in understanding and expressing sexual feelings.

All of these and other problems often make deaf people give up. Sometimes their family gives up on them. Many end up in old people's homes while still young or in mental hospitals because their families cannot tolerate the problem of deafness.

Help for Happier Living

"But (and say this loud and clear) many deaf people do overcome these problems," says Pastor Bauer. "People in my parish lead happy and productive lives. They can do it. And we must be concerned for the young deaf to keep them from giving up. And we must help those older deaf find joy in living."

Pastor Bauer shared his concerns with members of his congregation, people in the community, and leaders of his District and the Synod. Three priorities evolved as guidelines to approach the problem:

- The concern for the deaf must be expressed as a Christian witness. It is not a case of people who have helping people who have not, but a matter of God's people sharing Christ's love with one another. People involved in the program must know how to love.

- A program must provide a place where deaf people can be together. Any person with a special need can best be helped by someone who shares that need. By seeing each other's successes and failures, deaf people can strengthen and encourage each other.

- A program to help hearing-impaired persons must not continue isolation from a hearing world. Adult deaf people often need to be taught social as well as vocational skills. Those without hearing need to know they can not only survive but enjoy life among hearing people. The deaf need to see that lack of hearing is not the only or even the major problem of people.

Added together, the three needs equaled a farm to serve as a "halfway house" for deaf people. Pastor Bauer outlined a three-phase program: (1) Rent a farm where adult deaf people who had been institutionalized could go for limited time as a halfway step back to society. (2) Operate the farm on a full-time basis for older deaf persons as a place of contact with one another. (3) Make the farm a halfway station toward the working world for young people completing their education in schools for the deaf.

Pastor Bauer appealed to church and community leaders for funds. The Kinsmen Club (a civic group similar to the Lions) of Fort Edmonton accepted the program as a project and provided both funds and the interest of their members. Early in the summer of 1973 a farm was rented 35 miles northeast of Edmonton. During August a 2-week camp (Phase 1) involved 25 deaf people, 11 of them on a regular basis.

"Many institutions said they had no deaf," said Pastor Bauer, "but I walked through the ward of one mental hospital



February 19, 1974

Uriel C. Jones, Sr.
Editor & Business Manager
6227 Northwood Avenue, Apt. 1-B
St. Louis, Missouri 63105

Dear Mr. Jones:

We will appreciate your publishing the following article in the very next issue of The Deaf Lutheran.

Attention - Hearing Impaired Children
Lutheran School for the Deaf
Detroit, Michigan

Centennial monies are being spent as intended for:
Renovation of buildings
New furnishings
New auditory equipment.

As a result, we are now better equipped than ever to serve the hearing impaired children of Michigan and other states.

Our school is now in the process of registering new students for the 1974-75 school year.

We solicit your cooperation in suggesting our school to the parents of any deaf child in your locality.

Detailed information may be obtained by writing or calling:

Mrs. Pauline Fenton, Principal
6861 E. Nevada
Detroit, Michigan 48234
Telephone: 1-313-891-8050

Thank you kindly in behalf of Deaf children.

Sincerely,

EWE/lw

Elmer W. Engel,
Business Manager

"Remember Our Jennifers" Appeal Steering Committee: Mr. Elmer Engel, (Chairman) • Mr. Herbert H. Schoenberg, (Vice Chairman)
Mr. Walter Bellhorn • Rev. Richard Bernthal • Mr. Albert K. Jacoby • Miss Doris Krist • Mr. Carl Middeldarf • Mr. Rudy Quittmeyer • Rev. E. J. Rossi
• Rev. Maurice Shackell • Mrs. Hazel M. Stark • Mr. Carl R. Thomsen • Mr. Carl Weinert • Mr. Roland Wilkening • Mr. Harry V

signing, 'if you are deaf, follow me.' Twelve men followed me."

Witnessed a Miracle

The pastor's family moved to the farm. Members of Cross of Christ Congregation and Kinsmen joined the deaf people working on the farm. They cut brush, built fences, and dug a well. Hearing-impaired men who had been treated as invalids found themselves working and doing a good job.

"I witnessed a miracle," said Pastor Bauer. "One man had lost his memory - couldn't even tell us what he had for breakfast the day we picked him up. After a few days at camp his mind got turned back on."

"I watched another man walk up to a pole fence, climb over it, yell for joy, then go around and do the same thing over and over. Then I realized he was celebrating the freedom of climbing over a fence because he had been shut in most of his life."

Members of Cross of Christ Church planted gardens on the farm. This activity gave them a natural chance to be with deaf people. Everybody, including the Kinsmen, joined the camp for meals and worship. The Bauers found that all the children joined in the work and fun - and gave many of the deaf their first opportunity to share the fun of childhood again.

The farm has been named "Pax Natura" - at peace with nature. Plans call for continuing and expanding the program started in 1973. Already deaf families from other parts of the province come to Pax Natura in their campers and join in giving and receiving the Christian ministry there.

"We're enjoying the farm," says Pastor Bauer, "but our goal is self-supporting citizens, not a self-supporting farm. And that's why our efforts are being blessed."

E. W. - (This article is reprinted from the January 6, 1974 publication, The Lutheran WITNESS.)



WHAT'S NEW?

New York--Editor & Publisher, the journalism weekly, risked asking who first talked of "doing YOUR OWN THING." The leading nominee thus far was submitted by Coke Ellington, city editor of the Rock Hill (S.C.) Evening Herald. He challenged anyone to go further back than Isaiah 43:19, which begins, "Behold, I will do a new thing..." --Religious News Digest

A Remarkable Record



Mr. Albert Buettner has worked for the same employer for 44 years. He began with the Hertzberg Bindery in Des Moines, Iowa in 1929. When the company merged and moved to Jacksonville in 1954 Mr. Buettner moved here also. He has worked most of the 44 years on the same linotype machine, printing

the titles on the backs of books bound by Hertzberg.

Albert says this about his job: "I am really interested in my work very much. I love my 'hobby job' and never missed a day of working for 44 years. I know I will miss my job when I leave to retire on December 28, 1973."

Mr. Buettner was honored at the annual Hertzberg Christmas banquet by his employer, friends, and fellow workers on Saturday, December 15th.

Our congratulations and sincere best wishes to Albert Buettner as he begins his retirement. To be able to work 44 years and not miss one day of work is proof of God's blessings on you. May God continue to bless you, Albert, in your years of retirement.

Albert was president of our congregation in 1973.

--Rev. Anderson, Jacksonville, Ill.

HERE AM I: SEND ME

(Continued from the MARCH Issue)

The next Sunday, I dropped Mark off at the church, drove to the drugstore and bought the Sunday papers, and went home to put on the coffee pot. But somehow the papers didn't seem as interesting as usual. And, to make matters worse, my coffee was bitter.

During the following week I had a little more peace of mind, leading me to think that perhaps a teacher had been found. So, the next Sunday I decided it would be safe to go back to class once more--just to make sure they did have a teacher. And of course they didn't.

"For the past two weeks," Faye Barrett said, "I've been stopping by the chapel every chance I had, praying for a fine teacher to come your way. I even prayed that God would recruit someone and haunt her until she said yes."

My hands were clammy. My knees were actually shaking.

She continued: "The Commission on Education is going to have an emergency meeting after Sunday school to decide what to do. We may have to be combined with another class for a while."

The class members groaned. Then a small group engulfed Faye Barrett to discuss the problem further.

As soon as my knees would support me, I stumbled out the door and asked a young man if he knew where the Commission on Education was meeting. He pointed to a nearby basement door. I ran to it, pushed it open and burst into the room as though something were chasing me.

The committee of six or seven men and women--all total strangers to me--were sitting around a long table talking in low tones. I interrupted them without a word of introduction.

"I'll do it," I announced breathlessly. "I'll teach the class!"

The committee accepted me as a teacher on a trial basis after asking a few banal, superficial questions. But it still seemed incredible that I was really going to teach Sunday school, and all the way home that day a verse from Matthew 15 kept going through my head: *If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.*

A NEW ASSIGNMENT

I taught the class for six months, and enjoyed it. For the first time in my life I was getting something out of Sunday school. Then Hobe Crandall died. My reaction to that tragedy made me realize I either had to straighten out my thinking or give up the teaching. To continue would be hypocritical. I asked the church to get a substitute teacher for a while, giving as my reason the fact that I wanted to spend a good deal of time with Allison--which was true enough.

Week followed week, and being with Allison only reinforced my doubts. Finally, I began teaching again anyway, simply because I felt I had left my work unfinished.

I came back just in time to prepare a memorable lesson. It was on that old familiar subject: serving God. The scriptural reference was from Isaiah 6:8: *I heard the voice of the Lord saying, whom shall I send and who will go for us?* Then I said, here am I: send me."

The International Lesson material, which I followed each week, had given this theme a new twist, contending that few people--even the most dedicated believers--actually take their directions from God. Most of the prayers sent heavenward are requests for help, and for blessings upon plans made on earth.

"Don't ask God to put his rubber stamp of approval on your project," one Bible scholar wrote. "Instead, try offering yourself as a servant, who will do whatever God commands."

The class entered into the discussion period--the mainstay of my teaching technique--with lively interest, and we aired our views openly. Finally, Mavis Folger tossed off a challenge: "I've never really gone along with the idea that God has personal errands he wants each of us to do. But it would be interesting to test it out. Let's all go home and pray, offering to do his work, as the lesson recommends."

There was a murmur of surprise--and then approval. My own reaction was mixed. Suppose I offered to serve God and he wanted me to do something I didn't want to do! I could easily think of things in that category. Sewing, for instance. I had detested sewing ever since my childhood days when my mother tried to make a seamstress of me. But finally I decided to accept the challenge. So when I reached home I knelt down in my bedroom and prayed: "Dear God, I offer myself as your servant. Guide me and direct me to the work you want me to do." And then, in a dramatic finale, I added, "I say with Isaiah, 'Here am I: send me.'"

I half expected to open my eyes and see a sewing machine taking shape in the corner. But nothing seemed to happen right away.

One of my errands the next day was to take some church publicity notes I'd written down to the local newspaper. When I handed the story to the editor, he complimented me on it.

"I used to work on a newspaper," I explained, and idly mused: "Sometimes I miss it very much."

"Why don't you write a book?" he asked, as though it were the most natural suggestion in the world.

I fell into thought. Could that be the answer to my prayer? I decided I needed another opinion. I would ask the first acquaintance I met--and this time give no hints. As I parked my car at home I encountered one of my neighbors working in her rose garden.

"You'd never guess what I'm thinking about doing," I called to her.

"No, I can't guess--I never know what you're going to do," she said. "But I know what you ought to do. You ought to write a book."

So it was official.

It was true that in college I had majored in journalism and after graduation worked on newspapers for five years. But that was a far cry from writing a whole book about one subject. What, in heaven's name, could I write about?

I remembered the words of one of my professors: "Write about a subject you know." That really narrowed it down. The only subject I knew anything about was my own life--and the training program Randy was working on for the Mercury astronauts. My two sons were also showing unmistakable scientific leanings. Perhaps I could write about that.

I went out and bought a typewriter and set it on a table in my bedroom. At least it was a great improvement over a sewing machine.

THE LORD KNEW

Once a month our class--or about half of us anyway--met in the church kitchen and made soup, which we sold by the quart. The woman behind this project was Martha Koontz, whose horrible horselaugh grated on my nerves every Sunday, and whose grammar--"Nice morning, ain't it?"--invariably made me cringe. Yet she was indisputably queen of the kitchen.

"What can I do to help, Martha?" I asked the first time I joined the project.

"How about cleaning the celery?" she said, guiding me toward one of the sinks. And celery there was--about a

bushel-basketful. While I stood there trying to decide how to attack the job, Martha reached over and turned on the water faucet. Then she dumped the whole basketful into the sink with one swift, sure motion.

I picked up a stalk and chopped away at it with a little paring knife.

"We need this stuff today--not day after tomorrow," Martha chided me. "Here, you can use this food chopper if you can keep your pinkies out of the way." She guffawed at her own joke and added, "Your trouble is you've got too much education." On Sunday morning I was their teacher, but here in the kitchen I was a sort of backward apprentice. For some reason, I enjoyed both roles very much.

Later, at the class monthly business meeting, I learned soup-making was only one of many efforts. When Patty Bedford, our president, asked for reports, there was a long list of accomplishments.

"We sold 368 quarts of soup last week," Martha reported, "and that gave us a profit of almost \$200."

"I have sent a monthly check to our Korean orphan, and I'm now collecting money for his birthday present," Mavis announced.

Joy Werner was chairman of the local children's home. "We bought Easter shoes for 42 children at the home this year," she said. "We drove them to the shoe store, and were they thrilled to be able to pick out new shoes!"

Ardith Winston announced that the group had collected, packed and shipped 380 pounds of good used clothing for overseas relief. "We had to go through and sort out a few things," she said, "but I think we're finally getting through to people that we are not trying to collect rags for refugees--they probably have enough rags."

"The needlework committee wants me to tell you we are still working on the altar cloths for the sanctuary. We're finished with the embroidery on the green and the white sets; now all we have to do is the fine sewing." This announcement came from Joanna Neilson, the church's leading seamstress. "Martha and I are also making layettes for the city hospital's maternity ward, for babies whose mothers have no clothing for them."

My head swam. I always thought of church groups as do-nothing organizations. For years I had read that "faith without works is dead," and thought it described most church groups very well. But the Christian Service class had more good works than any group of similar size I'd ever heard about. A good slogan for them, from James I, would have been: *"Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only."*

At Christmastime our charitable activities doubled. The rule was: spread the spirit of giving as widely as possible. But we always planned a banquet for ourselves as well.

The highlight of the evening was a stage production of "The Night Before Christmas," starring the class members. It was meant to be humorous, but it turned out completely silly because of numerous miscues and other errors which, in convivial company, convulsed our audience.

At the end of the show, Santa came out, called me to the front and presented me with a dozen red roses ("because we love you") and a gift certificate from a local dress shop. I began to protest that I really didn't deserve a gift, but Martha Koontz good-humoredly blurted out: "We want you to get a new dress so we won't have to look at the same one every Sunday."

When I started teaching the class I was a rather formal, introverted young woman. I never had a sister or a daughter, and I had lost my mother at an early age. All my life I had heard ministers talk about "Christian fellowship," but never knew the real meaning of the phrase.

With this Sunday-school class, I had found that fellowship. We worked, played and worshiped together. We exchanged ideas on life, death--and child care. We comforted each other through family tragedies, and each class member bled a little and prayed a lot for the one who was stricken.

That night I realized: these are my sisters, my daughters, my mother. And the Lord knew--before I did--that I had need of these things.

"YOU ARE A COLD FISH!"

The first Christmas after the death of a loved one is always an agonizing time. For Allison, this anguish was deepened by the arrival of her in-laws, who came from the Midwest to "cheer up" their only son's widow and did just the opposite. They countermanded her instructions and ignored all her house rules. By Christmas Eve the children were unruly and Allison was on the verge of exploding.

I persuaded her to let the grandparents baby-sit and

invited her to attend the midnight Christmas Eve service with me. Allison brightened when we closed the door on her domestic problems, but when we arrived at the gaily decorated church, she began to cry. Every carol and every candle seemed to bring back a memory.

As I look back, I believe it was on that night that Allison made up her mind: she could not--she would not--live alone. But it was not until April that I began to hear rumors that she was seeing a man. A woman, whose daughter worked as Allison's baby-sitter, spread the news that "young widow Crandall" was staying out so late that she had to forbid her daughter to baby-sit there on school nights. I didn't press for information--Allison would tell me when the time came.

Actually, it was the children who innocently revealed the man's identity. I drove over to Allison's early one morning, on the way to nursery school. Hobie came bounding out and dragged Mark back into the house to see a new toy. They stayed so long I went in to get them--and there was Doug Bryant sitting at Allison's table drinking coffee.

I waved my hand in a feeble greeting and quickly rounded up the children. I hated myself for the thoughts that kept nibbling at my mind--but Doug Bryant was married. His wife, Heather, had been injured in an automobile crash the previous year and was paralyzed from the waist down. After the accident, Patty and Joy tried to help out. But they could not get Doug Bryant to address himself to the problems of his wife and three young daughters. He appeared to feel sorry mainly for himself and complained about what he called "his bad luck."

When I brought the children home from nursery school, Allison was waiting for me. She ushered the children to a picnic table in the back yard and served up sandwiches. Then we stood in her kitchen, facing each other like two contenders in a boxing match. It was such a corny situation that writers of soap operas would hesitate to use it. Yet here it was: the lonely, vulnerable young widow, and the man with a roving eye and an invalid wife.

And watching this drama from a box seat, a devoted friend who was, of all things, a Sunday-school teacher.

Allison fired the first volley. "I know you won't approve," she said, "but I'm enjoying Doug's company very much. He comes over for a cup of coffee in the morning before he goes to work. And he stops by on his way home and we talk about all kinds of things. It's wonderful to have a man around the house again!"

"Allison," I pleaded, "there's no future in it, you must realize that."

"He says he's thinking of asking Heather for a divorce."

"Oh, come on! Can't you see a judge giving a divorce to a man on the ground that his wife is a helpless invalid?"

Her tone became challenging. "If you think I'm doing anything wrong, Jane, just spell it out."

The whole argument was so distorted that I didn't know where to begin. So I sputtered around, fumbling for words, and finally stammered, "Well, what about the Ten Commandments?"

"Haven't you heard, Janey girl? The Ten Commandments are no longer practical in this modern age." Her tone was mocking now.

"The Ten Commandments are still the best guide you can find anywhere for happy living!" I shouted. I had controlled my temper, until the mockery crept in.

"I'm beginning to see your trouble," Allison flared. "The reason you don't sympathize with Doug and me is, you are a cold fish--and a Sunday-school teacher!"

Rage welled up from somewhere deep inside and boiled over like lava from a volcano. It wasn't until I heard the resounding smack that I realized I had slapped her face.

Then I ran out the back door, scooped up my children and pulled them, protesting, to the car. Through lips made of wood, I told them it was time to go home.

THE BOOK

I threw myself into church work with more vigor than ever. I taught the class, which required at least three hours of lesson preparation each week, and also participated in most of the class activities. In addition, I agreed to serve on the building committee, organized to expedite the erection of the new sanctuary. And there in the corner of my bedroom was the typewriter, upon which God wanted me to write a book. I had told the class about my plans and grandly announced that if the book became a best-seller I would buy a pipe organ for the new church. But so far I hadn't written a word.

Why did I have so much trouble with this business of doing God's will? Others I talked with seemed to have

settled the matter easily, if indeed they considered it at all. One day I asked Martha if she ever longed to work anywhere else in the church besides the kitchen, and she guffawed. "Sure," she said. "But I can't decide whether I should sing a solo or preach a sermon--so I just go on peeling potatoes."

Since I was planning to write about my life with "my husband the scientist," I read other books which had to do with the influence of a man's occupation on the household. Then I went to the library and checked out a pile of books on how to write a book. Finally, it came to putting words on paper. Haltingly, I wrote an introduction. Then I tore it up and wrote another. After about five false starts, I finished the first chapter. Eventually I developed a routine. Every morning after Mark left for school I sat down at the typewriter, and wrote until he came home early in the afternoon.

I had never worked so hard, but I never enjoyed anything quite so much either. I wrote five chapters. Then I realized I needed professional advice. But I didn't know anyone with writing experience.

Meanwhile, my husband had been installed as president of the elementary-school PTA and was distressed to discover the treasury practically empty. The principal, Ray Jackson, suggested having a book fair. After unsuccessfully calling for a volunteer to head up the Book Fair committee, the two men looked at me. So, like all loyal wives whose husbands are president of something, I agreed to take the job.

In preparation, Ray Jackson and I drove over to a bookstore operated by a friend of his named Lenore Brock. En route, Ray told me that she was a retired editor, who had worked in New York book-publishing houses for 40 years. Was God pointing my life in a new direction?

I probably never would have had the courage to mention my book to her, but Ray did it for me. I had been chattering away about my endeavor to everyone I knew, so when he introduced me to Miss Brock he added, "Mrs. Chambers is writing a book!"

"What about?" she asked.

"My husband is a space scientist and I'm writing about life with him. It's supposed to be humorous."

"Does his work affect your household?"

"It certainly does," I replied. "We have two young sons and they're both showing scientific leanings. I'm the only normal one in the group."

Miss Brock laughed and asked to read what I'd written so far. So on my next trip to her shop, I brought the first five chapters and left them with her. She called that night. She liked the book so far and wanted to send it to a friend in New York, a publisher.

About a week later a reply came, and she forwarded it to me. Her friend expressed optimism for the book. He also sent a detailed list of changes he felt should be made.

Instead of being grateful, I was annoyed. In my experience as a newspaper writer, I never had time for rewriting. But for the next several months I wrote and rewrote, under the tutelage of Miss Brock and her editorial friends, detesting it more and more. I felt like a little boy who has been playing happily with his marbles to suit himself, and suddenly a big bully comes along who insists on playing by the rules--and for keeps.

In the midst of my labors I came down with hepatitis. Feeling miserable, I could write no more; for months I was engulfed with nausea, filled with pain and unable to get out of bed.

I recovered just in time to participate in the groundbreaking ceremony. On a blustery morning in March the congregation trooped outside after morning service. We stood there--men, women, children, and mothers with infants-in-arms--looking heavenward at an uncertain sun, trying to visualize the new building standing in what was now a patch of brown weeds.

The district superintendent, our church's immediate supervisor, gave a little talk about erecting a sanctuary "to the glory of God." Then he turned over a spadeful of dirt.

We stood there, shivering. Spontaneously, without musical accompaniment or direction, the choir began singing, "The church's one foundation is Jesus Christ her Lord..."

THE FINAL BLOW

I kept at my book for another six months, and finally Lenore Brock said it was ready for her friends to see. I typed it carefully, boxed it up and sent it off. I could hardly wait for it to become a best-seller.

For two months I prayed daily and hoped hourly for success. I was like the mother of a new baby. I told all my friends about the book, to the point where they kept trying to change the subject. I even suggested to my class that this whole business of doing God's will was not as complicated as people seemed to think. Any day now I expected to receive in the mail a contract offering to buy the book rights, magazine rights, paperback rights and movie rights. I'd heard of movie rights selling for fabulous amounts. If I tithed, I could certainly afford the pipe organ.

The blow came not in the conventional mailed rejection slip, but on the six o'clock news. Three Apollo astronauts had been killed in a fire at the Cape, inside the capsule, while preparing for a flight. Randy, who had helped train the men, was very upset. We were both shocked.

Shortly, the box containing my manuscript was returned. "It's very well done," an accompanying note said. "But after the Appollo fire nobody is interested in a humorous book about a space scientist."

I cried for days for the astronauts and their families. Then I cried for a week over my book. After that, I lapsed into a kind of permanent mourning. I was humiliated, embarrassed, betrayed! I had written a book--against my better judgment--because I had been convinced that God wanted it. It was no wonder, I moaned, that few people even try to do God's will.

Many of the members of my class had serious problems that made their lives miserable. Last year, Kathleen Berry had finally committed her brain-damaged son to an institution so she and her husband could create some sort of home life for their younger child. I knew that even now she was still agonizing over the decision.

Gerry Bass's husband was a problem drinker. She never complained much, but when she failed to show up for one of our activities, we knew: Carl Bass was on a spree again. At these times, poor Gerry visited his favorite haunts, trying to find him so she could bring him home before he got hurt.

Patty Bedford's brother-in-law was always in trouble, and looked to Patty's husband to bail him out. Whenever she went home, Patty never knew but what she'd find her sister-in-law and three small children there, homeless and hungry, or her brother-in-law pouring out the details of his latest escapade.

I had always been grateful--had even thanked God--that I had no such perennial problems casting long shadows over my home. My marriage was extremely happy, my children were bright and healthy. But I did have one insoluble problem: the feeling of being one of God's unemployed. And now this completely demoralized me.

After having bragged so much about the book, I was loath to admit it had been rejected. Whenever anyone asked if I'd heard anything, I hedged. Finally, I admitted it wasn't going to be published--I wasn't going to have the money to buy the pipe organ. We were in the church kitchen, making tea sandwiches for a wedding, when I told my friends the news. "Well, we can still sing, anyway," laughed Martha. "I don't know why you're taking it so hard."

I didn't know whether to be relieved or insulted. The idea that anybody should be in agony over 150 pages of manuscript paper was beyond their comprehension. They simply brushed it off.

Two weeks later, the final blow fell. An elderly man died in Florida and left \$60,000 to the church to be used for a pipe organ. He was a childless bachelor and a non-church man, but he had heard the choir sing several times and was impressed. So he chose the church as one of the beneficiaries of his sizable estate.

At the news, I cast off my self-control like an old coat. Underneath I discovered a person I'd never met before--a crazed woman who tore at her hair and sobbed from somewhere deep inside, crying out against God's unreasonableness.

Then she grabbed up a wastebasket, ran outside and dumped its contents into our stone fireplace. Soon tall flames were shooting out in all direction. This wild woman then went upstairs, emptied my desk drawer, and began gathering up all the notes, rough drafts, carbon copies and revisions of the book. I made no move to stop her. Together we tossed pages of manuscript onto the funeral pyre of dreams.

NOTICE: THE THIRD AND LAST INSTALLMENT OF THE STORY, "HERE AM I: SEND ME," WILL APPEAR IN NEXT MONTH'S DEAF LUTHERAN. I HOPE YOU LIKED IT.-UCJ

My Viewpoint as a Layman

Proud of hot Church Bus

On the Meaning of Lent

By Clarence F. Schulz

During the Lenten time many important occurrences impress us with the suffering and death of Christ. In my opinion, the scene at Calvary is the most dramatic that ever happened. Why? Let me explain in the following paragraphs.

What was the first thing that was drawn like a magnet to the cross? The crowd, the mixture of different kinds of people. Some came to see how appalling His suffering and death were. Some were curious to find out what kind of Man this was who claimed to be the Son of God. Some were doubtful, wanting to observe whether His ultimate death was something of nobility or just plain common death. Some, of course, were wise philosophers in varying degrees of intelligence, coming to see who Christ was. Others in large numbers came to taunt, jeer, ridicule, or mock Him. Even the churchmen joined the crowd to deride His true love to be offered for all mankind. The humble, especially St. John, a few women and perhaps some would-be disciples, beheld him hung between the earth and heaven, wondering in silence.

So, we, the deaf, feel the same way as we like to join in the crowd. Perhaps it is our excitement or curiosity to see what happened there. Understandably, the deaf like to assemble in the crowd as they do at the club or organization or church, feeling togetherness. They all have the same kind of communication and almost have common questions to ask. Some are ignorant, foolish, or odd. It is understood that the population, be it in Chicago, New York, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Louis or any other sizeable city, is ranging from 8,000 to 15,000 of hearing handicapped. Really, it is not a minority, but a majority to the deaf in a true sense! What a challenge it is to Christ!

Go back to Calvary and watch the crowd including the deaf. The sea of humanity and lone God before them--what a contrast! Despite the differences of lives and interests there are unmistakably two kind of people--Christians and non-Christians.

God's verdict will be clear and final. There are just TWO ways for them, the way of salvation and the way of condemnation.

I cannot help to compare the exact picture of the unfortunate group of deaf with Shakespeare's words as follows: "Out, out, brief candle!

*Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."*

There is a good group of the deaf, serene, wise and patient. They understand their handicaps in their blessed disguise and still help spread the news of Christ with true meaning. They can do the most good for the deaf. Of course, they have to mingle in the crowd of the deaf, among the skeptics, the sarcastics, the agnostics, the hardened, any type of the deaf, any type of people.

They understand why it was necessary for Christ to meet death as foretold by Isaiah 760 B.C.: "He was despised and rejected by men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief...and the Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

It does not mean that the unfortunate deaf have no hopes and no aims. There is always the opportunity that the deaf come to know what Christ means to them by being honest with themselves.

May the power of Lent draw more deaf in a strong magnet to salvation through Christ!

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CHURCHES CONSOLIDATING

The Deaf Church of South New Jersey and Philadelphia is in the process of being incorporated. The new name for the combined Fields of Philadelphia and South New Jersey will be DELAWARE VALLEY LUTHERAN CHURCH OF

THE DEAF.

The Jersey Field was first served by the Rev. C. Roland Gerhold of St. Matthew's - Newark. In 1965 the Field was divided, and the Rev. William Aiello came to serve the So. Jersey area. (Rev. Gerhold continues to serve the North Jersey Field.) Rev. Aiello accepted a Call



Pictured: Mr. Robert Selby, Aid Association for Lutherans, local agent;  
The Rev. Donald E. Leber, Pastor of Eternal Mercy Lutheran Church.

Over the past several years the local branches of the A.A.L. have been raising funds to help Eternal Mercy purchase this beautiful candy-apple red Ford 12 passenger Van. The Van arrived just in time for Christmas. The Van is used to help transport deaf children and adults to all the church activities. Over 50 deaf children attend a religious education program on Thursday afternoons after school. Already the Van is being filled to capacity on Sunday mornings. Thanks to the Mid-South District a special grant of \$2,000 has kicked off the program to get a second bus. We know that all the A.A.L. branches will continue to help make the second bus a reality.

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| in 1968 to Christ Our Savior (hearing) in East Quoque, New York. The Field remained vacant until August, 1972, when the Rev. Jerold D. Munz was installed as pastor of the combined So. Jersey - Philadelphia area.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 3 .....Jeremiah 31:31-34.. |
| The Philadelphia Field was served for 45 years by L.C.A Chaplains of the So Eastern Synod on a part-time basis. Rev. Munz is their first full-time pastor.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 4 .....Psalm 52:1-9.....   |
| The Combined Field has strength and endurance that neither experienced prior to the merger. With Rev. Munz, DELAWARE VALLEY LUTHERAN CHURCH OF THE DEAF has plans for expansion. She plans to join the New Jersey District as a voting member congregation in its April Convention. She will send voting delegates who are deaf themselves. She hopes to influence the District that its duty and goal is to preach to all people in their own language. | 5 .....John 12:20-23.....  |
| --Rev. Jerold D. Munz                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 6 .....Philippians 3:8-14. |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 7 .....Matthew 21:1-11.... |
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DAILY BIBLE READINGS

for

APRIL 1974

- 1 .....Romans 8:8-11.....
- 2 .....John 11:1-45.....

POINT TO PONDER...

You can't fool all the people all the time, but those highway interchange signs come pretty close.

--Lucille S. Harper

Most jokes sound too good to be new.

Bible Quiz

How many pieces of silver did Judas receive for betraying Jesus? Matthew 27:3  
Where did Jesus and His disciples eat the Passover meal? Luke 22:12  
What Sacrament did Jesus institute during the Passover meal? Matthew 26:26-30  
What does Jesus give us with the bread and the wine? Why? How long are Christians to continue celebrating the Lord's Supper? Matthew 26:29 and 1 Corinthians 11:26  
Why did Jesus wash the disciples feet? John 13:1-12  
When Jesus spoke of His death, why did He say He was leaving His disciples? John 14:2,3  
What was the name of the garden where Jesus went to pray? Mark 14:12  
How did Judas show the soldiers who was Christ? Mark 14:45  
Who cut off the servant's ear with a sword? John 18:1-11  
How many times did Peter deny Christ? Matthew 26:69-74  
Who permitted Jesus to be crucified though he could find no fault with Him? Mark 15:1-15  
Who was Barabbas?  
What did the soldiers put on Jesus' head? John 19:1-3  
What strange event happened in the temple when Jesus died? Matthew 27:51  
How did the chief priests and Pharisees prevent anyone from taking Jesus' body from the tomb? Matthew 27:62-66  
Who announced Jesus' resurrection? Luke 24:1-11  
To whom did Jesus appear after His resurrection? John 20:11-18  
Which disciple doubted the resurrection until Jesus showed him the prints of the nails in His hands? John 20:19-29  
In Matthew 28:19,20 we read what is often called "The Great Commission". To whom did Jesus give this commission?  
Tell how Jesus ascended into heaven? Mark 16:19 and Acts 1:1-9  
We close our study of the Four Gospels with these words from John 20:30: *Now Jesus did many other signs in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book, but these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing you may have life in His name.*

BIBLE QUIZ

Read Acts, chapters one to nine.  
Who wrote the book of Acts? Luke 1:1-3 and Acts 1:1  
Who was Matthias? 1:26  
On what day did the Holy Spirit descend upon the twelve and cause them to speak in other languages? 2:1-4  
In his sermon on the Day of Pentecost, what did Peter tell the people to do about their sins? 2:38  
How many people received baptism on the Day of Pentecost? 2:41  
How did Peter and John help a man who sat begging at the gate of the temple? 3:7  
Why were Peter and John arrested and put in prison? 4:1-3  
What kind of society did the Christians have? 4:32-37  
What man and his wife tried to lie to the apostles about some property they had sold? 5:1-11  
What happened to the man and his wife?  
Who led the apostles out of prison? 5:19  
Name the seven men who were appointed to help the apostles 6:1-6.  
What happened to Stephen?  
Who was sent by an angel to teach the Ethiopian man as he was riding in his chariot? 8:26-40  
For what did the Ethiopian ask after Philip had taught him about Jesus? 8:36  
Who was one of the chief persecutors of the Christians, who was present at Stephen's death? 8:1 and 9:1  
What happened to Saul on the road to Damascus? 9:1-9  
What was the name of the man whom the Lord told to go and give Saul more instructions? 9:10-19  
After Saul's sight was restored, what did Ananias do?  
How was Saul able to escape from Damascus when the Jews waited at the gate to kill him? 9:20-23  
When Dorcas died who restored her to life? 9:36-43

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."

CHILDREN'S PAGE



My Dear Young Readers:

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass--  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!  
  
--Robert Louis Stevenson (1885)

"I'm really worried," said one little boy to a friend. Dad slaves away at his job so I'll never want for anything, so I'll be able to go to college if I want to. Mom works hard every day washing and ironing, cleaning up after me, taking care of me when I get sick. They spend every day of their lives working just on my behalf. I'm worried..."  
"what you got to worry about?"  
"I'm afraid they might try to escape."  
--Jack Moore, Universal Press Syndicate. Reader's Digest.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU???

1. What sort of animal is the Jackalope?

2. What is the best way to make a fire with two sticks?

3. How many elephants can you put in an empty cage?

4. How did Samson die?

5. How did John the Baptist die?
- =====
- "Have you seen Faith's new evening gown?"

"No, what does it look like?"

"Well, in most places, it looks quite a bit like Faith."
- =====

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS AND PUZZLES:

1. Don't let anyone make a donkey out of you. there ain't no such animal--for real. apparently, it was some oldtimer' idea to attach a pair of small antelope horns or piece of brush to the head of a jack rabbit. It was just a gag.

2. To make a fire with two sticks--one stick had to be a match.

3. After one elephant is in the cage--it is no longer empty--so only one is the answer.

4. He pulled the temple down on himself.