

The Little Missionary
of Lake Jennie

*The Stories of Lydia
Anderson Nelson*



Lydia Nelson, Author
William Ward, Editor & Storyteller

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The stories and narrative in this book come from the collection of four handwritten journals of Lydia Anderson Nelson, accessed with considerable assistance from her descendants. While great effort has been made to relate each story as accurately as possible, the editor recognizes that there may be errors in detail due to the great span of time between many of the events recorded and the author's memory of them many years later.

Photos are used extensively throughout this book. In most cases a caption is provided for identification. Pictures with a generic caption, or no caption are not historical to the author, but included for the purpose of illustrating the story and for additional historical insight.

Cover Photo: Lydia as a young adult, age unknown.

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The Back Story

At the request of her family, in 1959 Lydia Anderson Nelson, age 79, sat down to record her story for the benefit of her children and grandchildren. The process involved her hand writing the story into a notebook, six times, one handwritten copy for each. She completed at least part of this project while lying in bed with a broken hip. The six notebooks were scattered through the family and then time marched on. In 2013 a photocopy of two of the notebooks was donated to the Dassel Area Historical Society. In working with the Nelson family, a third and fourth copy surfaced. Each copy varies slightly in stories and details from the others. This book is a compilation of the many stories provided in the four known versions.



This book has been edited extensively for grammar, spelling, punctuation and flow of content in order to offer an easily readable version. The stories themselves, however, are true to the original author. Items listed in parenthesis are clarifications of information provided by the editor.

“This book is written on request for my children and grandchildren, God bless them all. May it be to some blessing and encouragement to someone. Written in 1959.” *Lydia Anderson Nelson*

The Beginning

My grandfather on my father's side was born January 8, 1808 in Halmstad Hallande Län Sweden. He was a cabinet maker by trade, what in Swedish is called fin snickare. But he drank so they were always poor. He made fine furniture for the house, but the children had to go out and work hard labor when much too young.

My grandmother Anna Swans dotter Anderson was born November 9, 1820, in Halland, Sweden. She was the mother of seven children, a kind mother.

My mother's father's name was Pher Pherson, nicknamed Pell Pherson. He was born December 30, 1798, in Hernsanel Angermasse Län, Sweden. Mother's mother's name was Christina Margarita Sillstedt, born in Angermassland, Sweden. My grandfather got the name Tjellden when he was in government training. He was a farmer, and they had three sons and one daughter.

My husband's father's name was Lorin Nelson, born November 15, 1841 in Östmark, Värmland, Sweden. His mother, Gertrude Halsten, was born in Östmark, Värmland, Sweden on November 25, 1840. They had seven children in all, Pete, Lina, Ida, John, Minnie, Emma and Albert. Nels Peter Nelson is my husband. He was born and raised on a farm north of Dassel.

My father had four brothers and two sisters, namely, Peter and Pher in Sweden, Swan, Johannah, Christina and John in this country. They are all dead now.

My Father Ingel Anderson, was born September 7, 1842 in Halland and died in Dassel, Minnesota. My Mother, Anna Margrita Tjellden Anderson was

born October 18, 1842 in Ängermanland, Sweden. She came to America in 1867.

My mother and father had nine children. Lydia Margreta burned to death. Lydia Amanda died with whooping cough, and John Ludvic died with croup diphtheria. Joel Ludvic is also now dead, but Pher Albert, Hulda, Amelia, Emma, Julia and Jemina are all living as this is being written. I am the third Lydia named in this family.

My father Ingel Anderson died January 17, 1915, and my mother Anna Margreta Anderson died April 2, 1909. Oh, how these dear parents are missed. They are with the Lord.

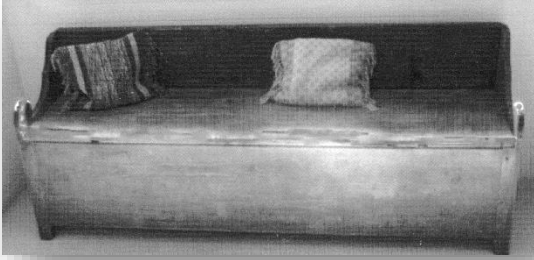
My father came to America in 1866, a half a year after the Civil War was over. He came in a sail boat, and it was very stormy on the crossing. He told us the sail boat would roll so that they had to be tied down so as not to be thrown from one side of their cabin to the other. The mast would dip down to the water on one side then roll and dip in on the other side. The sailors were exhausted and the pumps had to be going day and night. The people were dreadfully sea sick.



Early Anderson family with Greta, Ingel, Albert, Lydia, Anna and Hulda.

Passengers were required to bring their own bedding, food and water. I can't understand how they could plan for so long a trip. My father was nine weeks on the ocean.

My mother came across to America a half year later, but she came on a steam boat. They were



Prag-sofa used to store bedding and supplies on the voyage.

five weeks on the ocean. My dear Auntie Johannah and August Sanngren came a few years later. They had packed a sofa full of things to bring. It had a cover on that was clamped down and a

little back rest. It was used to sleep on, and to bring clothes and bedding in. They used it for many years in their front room to sit on in the day time and someone slept on it at night. It looked fine with the cover and cushions on top.

Auntie Johannah shared the story that she shared a cabin with a mother who had a pair of twins. Everybody was deathly sick, but the little twins sat on the floor and as the boat rolled, they slid on the shiny floor to one side. When it rolled back, they slid floor back again, and they laughed and had a great time. The ones who watched them had to laugh too, although they were so very ill.

Margaret Hedlund and Mama were chums. When they came to Duluth, they worked in some boarding houses. There were many Green Swedes (new arrivals) in Duluth who worked there and boarded at the boarding house. There were some Irish girls there too who asked mama to teach them something to say to those boys. Mama taught them to say, "You pretty boy, I love you." (du söt pojke jag älskar dig.) The Swedish boys got a big kick out of these young Irish girls.

Momma hired out to bake bread for the railroad workers. She had been baking in her cousin's bakery in Sweden. The railroad brought along equipment for a kitchen to serve the workers. They put up camps where she could bake. One was in Hinkley, another in Sandstone, etc. Mother baked bread from morning until evening. She set a big trough of dough every evening and another one every morning, so she kept baking night and day. Her sleep she got at intervals.

They had very big sacks of flour and they were made of firm but fine thread, and there was no printing on the sacks. Mother could have every sack she emptied. When she left, she had two hundred sacks. When she came to Cokato to visit the Lars Hedlunds, she brought them along.

The cook was a big and fat Irish girl who weighed three hundred pounds, and she was strong as an ox. She emptied the sacks into a barrel for mother. No men worked as cooks in those days.



While our family began gathering in Minnesota after the Civil War, many others had come earlier. These people eventually became our neighbors and friends. Many of them had tales of great adventures of their journeys and early years in Minnesota. None was more harrowing than that of the John Brown family, who had also come from Sweden.

The Brown family came from Sweden before the Civil War in a sailboat. The whole family, John, his wife Bengta, Charles, Peter, Benjamin and Anna, came together. Their boat drifted off course because it was too stormy, and way down to South America. They nearly starved to death and some people on the ship died. Eventually, the ship made it back to New York. There they rented a room, and looked for work. They worked and earned money to get farther inland. With enough saved, they came as far as Duluth. Then they worked there again for a while. Finally, they came to the area that is now Brownton. The town of Brownton is named after this John Brown, the first settler there.

Their first tragedy happened early in their time in this area. Their oldest daughter, age 14 (whose name is not in the records) went to fetch water one day. She encountered some Indians who happened to be passing by and was never seen again. There were rumors that a white girl was seen with the

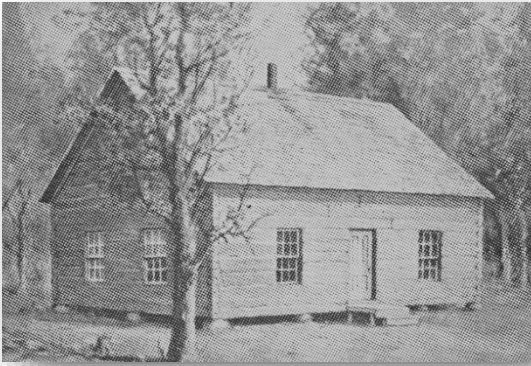
Indians, but no one knew if it was true. The pioneers went through much sorrow and hardship, but they were very brave and did not give up.

They eventually made friends with area Indians and the chief was friendly. One day he came to John Brown and told him to get out before they would scalp him. He said they were starting a war dance and he best take his family to safety. The Browns obeyed and also warned two neighbors to come away too. They said “We are friends with the Indians, they won’t hurt us.” With that confidence, they stayed.

John took his oxen and homemade wagon and piled in all he could plus his family, but they could not find three-year-old Anna. She had heard of the danger about the Indians coming and she hid herself between the wall and cooking stove, where she fell asleep.

They searched and called but failed to find her. At last they started off without her. When they had gone about a mile, Mrs. Brown got so frantic,

John had to go back. He heard Anna crying, having awakened. He put her on his shoulder and brought her to the wagon, and away they went to Moore’s Prairie, now known as the Stockholm Church vicinity, where they had friends from Sweden.



First Stockholm Church

About the same time the city of Hutchinson was burned down by the Indians. There was a railroad in Hutchinson, and the Indians tore that up and some white children were stolen. People saw some whites among the Indians, but they never came back.

After the railroad was ruined, the mail and other merchandise was carried by the stage coach from Cokato, right past our home on the way to Hutchinson. I can still remember the stage coach. Sometimes the mail was carried on horseback.

About two weeks later the Browns went back to their farm place. Their log cabin and rail fence were standing, but on each side of it, their neighbor’s

cabins were burned down and their scalped heads were on poles in front of their burnt homes. (This may be a reference to the four members of the Samuel White family slain near Lake Addie on September 33, 1862, or others who may not have been yet identified.) In spite of the terrible scene, the family, believing the danger was now passed, stayed and farmed again.

One Christmas one of the children was looking for a toy that had rolled under a bed. The child took a lighted candle to look for the lost toy, and somehow lit the straw mattress on fire. Mr. Brown rescued his family, some bedding and a few other things. With their home now burned, and it being a cold winter, they returned to Moore's Prairie, never to return to Brownnton again.

After all these things had happened to them, they bought land and started farming in Moore's Prairie. They were very prominent members of the Stockholm Lutheran Church.

The Stockholm Lutheran Church was built by the people who came from Sweden; it was made both well and big. It is still there as a big and wonderful church. Some of the newcomers were skilled workers in Sweden; some were carpenters, stonemasons and painters. They still have the picture in front that was painted by one skilled artist from Sweden.

The church came first. They built a real church while they lived in small log cabins themselves. The church was built of logs too. It has been remodeled some, but is the same church otherwise in size, etc. It is a wonder what these people from Sweden could do, how they sacrificed and worked. They were all poor people; however, they wanted their children to have a Christian foundation. Their church came first.



Road scene in front of the second Stockholm Lutheran Church.

Papa's Bad Leg

When Papa was in Duluth, he worked for the railroad, helping to build the line between Duluth and St. Paul. Sometime while he was working he traveled around and bought forty acres of heavy timber land one mile north of Lake Jennie. He paid five dollars an acre for this very fine land. A couple of other men helped him erect a one room log cabin on his land. Then he went back to work on the railroad.



He was working with the company that built the railroad to Fond du Lac, Wisconsin when he got a pimple on his knee. It got very inflamed so he put his leg into a pail of ice water to cool it off. The circulation in his sick leg stopped and he got gangrene in his leg.

He became violently sick. The railroad company fetched him to St. Paul where they had no hospital, so he was in a boarding house. Uncle John was his nurse. When Father had come to America, he had brought his brother John, age 19, with him, paying his fare.

There was only one doctor in Minneapolis, or St. Anthony, and St. Paul and he was called. He brought seven young men along who were studying to become doctors. He sat papa on a chair and put his leg up to lean on another chair. Then he said to the boys, what would you do if this was your case? One by one they had to examine Papa's leg and say what they thought should be done.

When they were through, he said. “No, my boys, this is what I’ll do.” He slit his knife through Papa’s leg and severed the calf of his leg from the bone, then he cut away all the dead flesh from his leg. Carefully he cut away from the knee and down, and peeled the sick flesh from and between his toes and heel.

They had no anesthetic in those days. Papa started to faint several times but the doctor roared, “Sit up man and don’t faint.” He did not seem to know that fainting is nature’s anesthetic. When he was finished, he bandaged the leg up and placed some yellow powder all over it. It did not take more than a month before Dad could see flesh starting to cover the bone of his leg. The calf of the leg, still being sound, seemed to help the growth of the new flesh.

Then Uncle John cared for him. After a while dad started to walk with crutches and he told the doctor, “I have a piece of land near Dassel and I will go out there. I cannot afford to be here any longer.” The doc promised to send him some more salve later to use, but the salve never came. Papa asked how much he owed the doctor and was told, “\$1,000, the price of your leg.” That much he did not have, but the doctor got what he had. He was very poor now, having spent all the money he had on the doctor and boarding house.

Then John, his brother, helped him come out to his log cabin where he had bought school land for \$5.00 an acre. It was heavy timber land a mile north of Lake Jennie and about 4 ½ miles south of Dassel.

He had a pail of herring, some hard tack and a few potatoes with him. He started to worry about what he would eat and drink, and what he would clothe himself with since his provisions were dwindling. Uncle John went back to his work, and Papa started to wonder if there is a God and what shall I do. In Matthew 6:31 Jesus said that these are the worries of the world, and in Matthew 6:33 he says, “Seek you first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.”

As he was in such dire need he wondered how he could get to know if there is a God, and his whole being was in a cry or prayer to a God he did not know. Then he heard a voice calling, “Ingel.” It sounded like his own voice. “Ingel, seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.” Papa said, “Thank you God. I will get my need filled. I will get a living all right.”

As he lay, he saw his sins piling up like a high pile that reached way up to the sky. His sins got so heavy that he could not bear it, so he started to call upon the Lord for mercy. He had not heard a revival sermon in his life, and never went to church. When he was confirmed, the priest was so drunk that he was carried into the little study and laid on a couch, so someone else had to take over. It made Papa so mad he said the priests are worse than anyone else. He swore he would never go to any church. But his mother put a Bible and a hymnal in his trunk near the bottom so that he should find it some time.

His trunk was huge and looked like a large crate, full of food and bedding and clothes. Yes, everything had to be brought for the trip to America so it needed to be very big. It had two bottoms in it so things could be sorted and that way they did not get things mixed up.

As he was calling in his heart for forgiveness for his sins, he got a wonderful peace. It entered his heart like a sun ray from above. He got so happy he crept to the trunk and found his Bible and hymnal. He read and thanked God, singing songs of praise from his heart. He said he forgot that he was in need of food or anything.

God heard his cry and sent Mrs. Bonniwell, whom we called Aunt Tamar to him. The Bonniwells lived by a creek that went from Lake Jennie to Wolf Lake. They had a saw mill there, and they lived in a one room log cabin. Inside the door there was a box nailed to the wall that had partitions in it for people's mail. The mail was brought there from Cokato on horseback. Letters had come for Papa, but no one called for them so she found out that Papa had a sore leg. She made up a basket with food for Papa, biscuits and fried partridge that Bonniwell had shot, and some other articles of food. She also included some clean bandages for his leg and some salve made from herbs that she had bought from the Indians.

She found her way to Papa's cabin through the woods on an Indian path. She knocked at his door and he said "Come in." She greeted him as Brother Anderson. He did not speak English, but he thought that brother was the same as broder. She knelt by his bed and prayed for him. From that day my Papa always got something to eat. The Americans around and near Bonniwells got to know him, and were all good to Papa, thanks to the Bonniwell's example. Praise God! He provided. From that day on someone came now and then with what he needed most, and my father praised God.

Dad read and studied his Bible and God's word became precious to him. He sang hymns to the glory of God every day and was a happy soul saved by grace.

He went to the Stockholm church. He got a deep desire to hear God's word proclaimed; so as soon as he could get along with the help of a crutch, he started real early to go to the church in Moore's Prairie. It was ten miles, on what was just a path, but he started at dawn and got there in time. He had to sit down on a log now and then to rest.

One day a man named Sven Janson asked him to come home with him for dinner, so he did. Mr. Janson spoke to dad about a fine strong, healthy young lady who stayed at Lars Hedlunds that would make him a good wife. She was visiting some friends in the area, the Hedlund family. They were Dala folk (likely meaning they came from the Dalarna region in central Sweden.)

The Hedlunds found out who Papa was and said to Mama, "He is a nice looking man. He is lame in one leg, but is improving. He will soon be well we think."

They asked Papa home the next Sunday for dinner and the two met. Then Papa and Mama were invited to Sven Johnson's one Sunday. They fell in love and one Sunday they were married. Their wedding trip was to walk home from the Stockholm Church to Papa's log cabin ten miles away. No good roads existed, and it was mostly an Indian path.

Their farm was one mile north of Lake Jennie. Dassel was about four and a half miles north. The nearest post office was at Bonniwell Mills. The mail was brought there on horseback from Cokato. Papa named his farm Pleasant Grove Farm.

It was very hard work to clear the timber off the land. In the beginning they rolled the logs into piles and burned them up. Later they hauled logs to the sawmill. There was Bonniwell's, and in a few years, Swanberg's saw mill west of our home.

My father bought a team of horses from John Burgeson. Burgeson bought and sold horses. The horses were shy of anything that moved or rustled. When Dad was hauling a log, one horse got frightened by a branch that moved alongside of him and bolted, which started the other horse with him. The horses got out of control for a little while. Father got his weak leg between the

log and a stump and squeezed off the flesh on the front of his leg. It was winter and cold so it took long for dad to be able to navigate. In fact, my father's leg never got healed. My dad prayed to God to keep him close to the Lord and he said, "This I had to go through so that I would not forget how I got saved and God's wonderful mercy."

Mother Makes a Home

Mother had saved money baking bread for the railroad company, and now it really came in handy. She bought a cow, a hen and some eggs.

The hen wanted to set, so mother set the hen on 13 eggs. All hatched and the cow had two calves, lively and healthy. Soon they had their cattle herd growing and even raised their own oxen.

There were many wild animals in the woods, and they had to watch over the hen and chicks. At night they took them into the house so that the rats, minks, weasels, and skunks would not get them. Then there were the hawks that would fly and try to take the chicks in the day time. The mother hen made such a loud call for help so Mother knew that there was danger and scared the hawk away.

There were also deer, fox, wolves, porcupines, raccoons and wild cats that were called bobcats. Also beaver, crows and hoot owls. A little farther west they would see herds of buffalo and eagles. Even muskrats came up from the slough below the place. The wild animals were afraid of the people and kept their distance. They would not harm the people unless they were molested.

The wild people were Indians. They were not bad if the white people were kind to them. They would never forget a kindness done to them.

Mother made a lot of nice and useful things out of the flour sacks she got when she baked for the railroad company. They held 200 pounds of flour and had no printing on them. They were made from fine firm material. I remember Mother had an underskirt that had nineteen small tucks around the bottom. It looked so



Flour Sack

nice, and it seemed never to wear out. She had it as long as she lived and used it for best. Mother made sheets and pillow cases, and table cloths and curtains. She knew how to dye the sacks so the color was fast. She used the old way she learned from Sweden. She bought the crystals she used for dye in the Swedish drug store in Cokato, and she made nice dresses and aprons and quilts of the sacks that she dyed. She bought what she called fer brite that made the color fast.

The American ladies taught her to use Sumac tops to make a nice brownish color. She used to that to make even and nice colors for rags that she used to make carpets. Nothing that was worth anything went to waste.

They had no fences, so the cattle were let loose to go where they liked to find food. They had one that carried a bell on a strap around her neck, and she always took the lead. She was called the bell cow. They would seldom wander too far, but sometimes they did and it was hard to find them. My mother was once out looking for the cows near Lake Jennie where Lake Spencer ran into Lake Jennie. There was a creek there. One day Mother counted nine nice deer drinking out of the creek. The wind blew her kerchief. It flickered, causing the deer to run like the wind.

However, the cows usually could find the way home to be milked. Mother was very kind to the cows. She petted them and talked kind to them. She got angry if anyone was mean to them. She said if they are gentle to them, they would give the milk much more and it was easiest to milk them.

If they kicked when milked, Mama said there was a reason for that. Their milk bag or their teets were sore. She would look after that and treat it with salve or something. She would wash the teets and bag with luke warm water before milking. Often, they were muddy, and it was a job, but she did it and the cows seemed to like it.

She churned the cream and made butter. She made especially good butter, so she got customers in turn who asked for Mrs. Ingel Anderson's butter at the general store where she brought it to sell. After a few years she bought a form that when it was pressed full with butter had one pound. Some liked that the form had a design of a cow and palm trees that pressed into the butter. Ma thought that was quite a thing to serve the whole pound of butter in form on a plate when we had company.

One day a heifer was missing, a heifer that was expecting a calf. It had not come home when the other cattle came home. Mother set out to search for her. She noticed the tracks the herd made just like a sort of path and she followed, calling, "Selmi, Selmi." Mother walked many miles before she found the cow standing not far from Bear Lake south of Lake Jennie. The cow stood there and when Mama came, she bellered to Mama. She had a baby calf by her side. Mother had to go for help. The cow walked, and they carried the calf.



Tragedies

In 1870 Lydia Margreta was born. She was a sweet little girl, and Papa used to take her by the hand and walk her back and forth on the floor as soon as she started to walk. He would sing, “God thou loves the little children, look down to one so young and frail,” something like that. She would limp on one leg a little like Papa did. To her, that was a nice way to walk, for Papa walked that way. She learned to talk and sing early when she was only one and a half years old.

Mother had to do a lot of the chores, because Papa had that sore leg. Mother would lead the cows to get water once a day. She would do this after noon while Lydia took her nap. Papa would be out in the clearing working. The well was dug right in the line between our land and Haglunds west of us. They made a trough out of a hollowed-out log, and filled it with water by putting a wooden pail down in the well. It was pulled up with a long stick with a hook in the end to get a hold on the handle. It took a while to pull up water and then bring home a pail full to use for cooking and to drink.

Mother had been putting her baby to sleep many times just like that, and then gone and watered the cows. One day it was 3:30 in the afternoon when she left home. She was sure that little Lydia would sleep until she came back. However, Lydia had awakened and crawled out of her bed. She went to the stove, where she could see coals burning in the front. She took a stick and poked it in, as she had seen her mother do. The stick caught fire, and they could see later that she tried to wipe off the fire on her dress. That dress caught fire too. Lydia then crawled up on the bed and the bed caught fire. It had a hay mattress that burned, and only corners were left of the silk quilt mother had made from her Grandmother’s wedding dress. When Mother came back home, she smelled smoke. When she opened the door, the house was filled with smoke. She heard Lydia whimper in the bed. She fumbled and got

her and wrapped her up and rolled her so the fire was quenched but she had to kill the fire in the bedding too. Lydia's body was badly burned, and her stomach was black. Her back was not burned at all but in dealing with her cover, Mother got a blister on Lydia's back, which grieved her much. She took Lydia out and made the call that they used in Sweden to summon help. By putting her hands to her mouth, she could be heard a long way.

Mrs. Dahlberg, a neighbor, had an understanding that when Mama took sick, she would make that call and Mrs. Dahlberg would come right away. Mother was expecting and Mrs. Dahlberg thought that was it and ran as fast as she could to Mother. There was Mama crying with the burnt baby in her arms. Mrs. Dahlberg started to grate potatoes and lay the potato shavings on the burn and told Mama to keep it up. She would go to Haglunds and get more help and more potatoes. Lydia had no feeling on her stomach, which was burned black, but she had that large blister on her back. They had to concentrate on taking the pain out of that blister so they kept grating.

When Papa came back from the work, he was so very sorry. He said, "Are you going to Jesus now little Lydia?" She asked "What song shall I sing when I come to Jesus?" Papa said a new, new song.

Then she became unconscious. She never came out of it. She was burned at 3:30 in the afternoon and died at 3:30 the next morning, on February 3, 1872. Mrs. Dahlberg was both doctor and undertaker, and there were only the closest neighbors at the funeral. A box was made for a coffin, and flowers were picked. There was no cost, no nothing. Papa said the Lord gave and the Lord took her away. It was very empty in the home after her going.

Not a long time afterwards, on February 24, 1872 little Lydia Amanda was born. She was little and frail, and when she was nine months old, she got the whooping cough. She nearly died several times. Mama would run to Mrs. Carrie Haglund and have her help to get Lydia's breath back. However, one time it could not come back and she died. It was on November 23, 1873. Just think, both the first two children died. My poor mother and dad!

These two Lydias are buried near Steelesville. Mother and Father kept reading the word of God for comfort in their sorrow.

In February 1874, they got a son. He was named John Ludvic, and he had red curly hair, like me. (I was not yet.) He had big clear blue eyes, and a very happy disposition. John liked to sing and started very early. Mother and Papa

would not leave him. They kept close watch so nothing would happen to him. After a couple years, in 1876, another son was born, brother Pher Albert. Then two years more and I came, on March 5, 1878.

One time when I was just a baby in my mother's arms, my papa got his small boat to take us out in. Mama was a big woman and there was my brother Albert too. Mr. Dahlberg had a bigger boat and Johannah was only a small person.

The two families went to Lake Jennie to fish. Dahlberg told Papa, "Your boat is too small for such a big load. Let us change cargo."

My father said fine. My mother handed me to Mr. Dahlberg to hold while she would step into his boat. Just as she was going to sit down, she got dizzy and sat down outside the boat. Down, down she went, nine feet, and she could not swim. Neither could the men. When she came up to the top, they grabbed her and pulled her into the boat. Mama was glad that she had handed the baby to Dahlberg to hold while she climbed into the boat. Otherwise I would have gone to the bottom and been drowned.

When Ludvic was four years and Albert two years and I three months, Ludvic awoke and had croup. In the morning he stood on his knees and sang *In the Sweet Bye and Bye*. He struggled through the first verse and the chorus. When Mama said, "Little Ludvic, you had better wait until you are well and sing then," he answered, "Yes, Yes."

Papa looked into his throat and saw that it was real dark with white dots on it. He got on the horse and rode as fast as he could to Cokato, to the doctor. The doctor asked Papa to describe Ludvic's condition and how his throat looked inside. He said, "I can do nothing for him. He has the black diphtheria. You best turn right back home. He may be dead before you reach home."

Papa swung his horse around and rode back fast. When he arrived home, Mama stood on the door step with her apron over her face crying her heart out. Ludvic was already dead. Now Papa made a third coffin and painted it blue. Ludvic died on May 25, 1878.

Mrs. Haglund told me mother knelt on her knees on one side and dad on his knees on the other side of the little coffin. Through his sobs Papa said, "The Lord gave and the Lord took away, blessed be his Holy name." The closest

neighbors were there when he was buried until resurrection day. They sang the song *In the Sweet Bye and Bye*. We shall meet on the beautiful shore. The comfort we have is that we know he is safe with Jesus, and we must not doubt what God does. He knows how to get us to look homeward and upward.

Nothing just happens. It is all in God's plan. Mother saw now that only God could really take real care of them and their children.

You might wonder where and how Ludvic learned to sing. Mama had to help Papa a great deal out in the field with clearing the land, sowing, harvesting, haying and weeding. However, they did not risk leaving the children alone. Sometimes cousin Bandina Anderson, later Mrs. Svedberg of Merrian Park, would watch the children. More often Carolina and Christina Hagman of Lamson, then Section 36, would. Mr. Hagman was from Dalarna, Sweden. He was a wholehearted Christian. Christina and Carolina were very good singers and they took turns staying in our home and caring for the children. Ludvic learned singing from them.

He had learned many verses of songs from them and he just loved to sing. Hagman also had a son, Ole Hagman. Also, after many years, I came to know a sister of Mr. Hagman. She went to the Bethlehem Covenant church while they were using the Academy (likely Minnehaha Academy in Minneapolis.) Her son was the first of our Covenant boys killed in the First World War. I met with her, and we prayed together. She got her comfort from God.

Our oldest daughters met some nephews of Hagman that came from Daka. Mr Hagman from Section 36 was very interested in God's work. He donated an acre to build the Lamson Church on, and he helped to get it built. He was chairman there for a long time. I was little then but I will never forget Mr. Hagman. He stood with one hand laid on the other, and with his kind face and kind eyes, how he prayed. He had so much to thank his nice and kind and loving heavenly Father, so full of mercy and grace for. How he blessed God's Holy name.

Daily Life

Our frame house was built by the lay preacher Wicklund. I was born there on March 5, 1878, before it was quite finished. Mr. Wicklund preached about Christ returning and that we should always be ready to go when he comes to take his bride home. Once he preached about Jesus coming in the sky. I got so happy that I was starting to float up to the sky to meet Jesus. Mr. Wicklund's farm was in Lamson, Section 36.

Everywhere Wicklund went, he told people about our wonderful Lord and Savior. Rev. John Daniels, formerly called John Johnson, was converted when Wicklund preached. Wicklund had taken a load of molasses to Bethany, near Litchfield, to sell. He had a place where he stood and offered the molasses for sale. Then he preached the gospel to the people between the sales. One that asked for prayer was young John Johnson Daniels.



Anderson house built in 1878. This house burned down in the 1940s.

I was two years and two days old when my sister Hulda Amelia was born on March 7, 1880. Mother was in the bedroom. I slept in the living room. Mrs. Dahlberg was there to assist Mother. I awoke hearing the new baby crying. I got very excited and called Papa! "Papa, let the kitty out quick. She is crying by the door and needs to get out." But our dog and cat were in the

barn where they had to stay. It was very cold and there was lots of snow. The cat used to sleep on top of one of the cows to keep warm.

One night about 1881, I had a very bad dream. I was about three years old. I just loved to watch when the stage came driving by. It was an old-fashioned buggy pulled by horses. Sometimes only a house back rider came past. The stage brought the mail and other things from Cokato to Hutchinson. There had been a train that went to Hutchinson, but the Indians had destroyed it.

In the dream I stood looking through the window for the stage. To my surprise, it came running without horse power. It had two lights as large as plates in front that lit up the road way down the hill to where our barn was. It came so fast that I got so scared I screamed in my sleep. My mother woke me up and said, "You must have had a bad dream. You moaned and then you screamed." I told her what I had dreamt. She said that was surely a horrid dream! Thank God it is not true. Later when I saw the first automobile I said, "Now my dream has come true."



Hand crank sewing machine

When Carrie Haglund expected Christina, my mother went there to visit. I went along with her. I can never forget the pretty red flannel cape Mrs. Haglund was sewing, and I watched her sew on the hand power sewing machine. It was to my notion, the most beautiful garment I

did ever see. It was made like a little red riding hood cape. Shortly afterwards, Christina came there to stay.

My job was to stand by and rock the cradle when sister Emma was a little baby. My mother was very busy. She baked bread for the lumber camp that was right across the road in the woods on the land my papa bought later. They

had a cook whose name was Willie Night. We were very fond of him for he was full of fun and played with us a lot.

Willie would come and get the bread in the evening. One evening when Papa was out and Mama was in the barn milking the cows, Willie came for the bread. He was going to have some fun with us children. This time he had blackened his face and looked like a Negro. I had never heard of a Negro or knew there was such a being as a black person. But I heard one of our neighbors say to his son if he did not behave himself the black one would come and get him, meaning the devil. I also heard several times the devil referred to as the "black one."

When Willie Night came in our door and saw me, he put out his black hands toward me and said, "I am come to get you now."

I shrieked and took a beeline for the bedroom and crawled way under the bed in the furthest corner. I laid there trembling of fear. My papa came just then and saw and took in the situation. He said to Willie, "Go back to your camp and wash off all that black, and don't you ever come again to scare the life out of the children." He went without the bread, and came back later for it.

My papa used to invite the lumbermen to come in and sit and chat a while. Papa would read a chapter out of the Bible and have prayer while they were there.

There was not any church except the large Lutheran church in Stockholm so the people held meetings and Sunday School in their little log cabins. These were at Israel Erik Haglund's west of us and Aron Nelson's west of Haglunds. East of us was Burgesons and close to them east was Israel Dahlbergs. In Section 36 there were also a few neighbors. Mr Hagman, who had three children, and also Asps and Wicklunds. Mr. Wicklund was a gifted speaker and studied the word of God. All these people were converted Christians who had a wonderful fellowship together.

Our church services were often held in our neighbor J. E. Haglund's log cabin. His wife, Carrie, was lame, and holding services in their home allowed her to attend. She was a good singer and gave testimonies about God's wonderful grace.

The cabin was very small with two paned windows and one low door. It had a high legged bed with a trundle bed under it, a table, some homemade benches, a few chairs, a cupboard and a wood box with a shelf for the water pail. She had a sewing machine that had to be run by hand and sewed only chain stitches.



Flax brake

When Carrie Haglund was able, she would work hard. She helped to prepare the flax to make cloth of. First, they would sow it, then when ready cut, dry and brake it. (Separating the woody stems from the fiber.) Then it was soaked and eventually spun. Mrs. Haglund did most of that, then wove it into cloth on a loom.

She sewed pants for Haglund. One time when I was there, he came in and said, “Mama, just when I think I have got pants on, I am without pants.” The seam had caught on something and it ripped up the whole leg. That was not funny for him. She wove shirts and suits for the boys, towels, and many things, but, oh my, what a lot of work. Those chain stitches were a nuisance. Often someone had to run into the house because the seams were ripped open. Many a laugh was had about it.

If they wanted their linen to get white, they would lay it under snow in the winter and the snow and moisture would bleach the cloth. They had to watch it and keep a little snow on top of it for a long time, but then it would bleach real white

When Charlie was a baby, he would crawl and climb and often frighten his mama. One time he wanted a drink and climbed on the edge of the wood box and grabbed the edge of the big copper water pail and it tipped right over him so it was on his head, soaking him all over. The poor little lad screamed. His mother was in bed sick but his father came running from outside.

One time when Mr. Wicklund was preaching there were many gathered in the Haglund house. The Lord's Supper was celebrated. I was about three years old. The planks to sit on were placed across some log ends and the people were very interested in the message. I saw a tall man, Mr. Swanberg, come in. He had to bend his head down to get through the low door opening. He sat down right back of where I sat. I had a long way to reach the floor so I was swinging my feet back and forth.

People did not dress up in style at all. Some had a red kerchief tied around the neck and Swanberg was wearing a new one. While Mr. Wicklund prayed, I heard Swanberg sob. I saw tear drops fall on the floor as he was bending forward with his elbows on his knees. He had another red kerchief that he wiped his tears with. My heart went out to him and I turned and put my arms around his neck and said, "Don't cry Swanberg, you are good. (Du är allt bra.) Don't cry."

I thought he wept because he was not good enough. Maybe so. I remember that they sang "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." I sang and meant it too.

In 1882 we had the Sunday School in our home. Johannah Dalberg was my teacher. On our first Sunday school we were asked to learn a Bible verse to recite. We were also told we would receive a Sunday school card. The evening before, my father was reading about Stephen in Acts 7 when he read the 49th verse. I thought it was so beautiful that I said, "Papa, I want to learn that verse to read in Sunday School tomorrow." Papa thought it was too long but I wanted to. I kept reading it over and over until I fell asleep.

The first thing in the morning Mother told me to pick some flowers and put in water for decorations. I picked so many that there were several dishes or vases with flowers and when Mrs. Burgeson came in, she said the perfume of those flowers was too strong. It made her head ache. Most of them were set out on the back porch.

Sunday school began, songs were sung, texts were read and then the children were going to read their Bible verses. When my turn came, I got up and read loud and clear. "Heaven is my home and the earth is my footstool. What house will you build me, or what room is for my rest. Have not my hand made all these things sayith the Lord." Instead I read correct until I came to the part, "have not my hand." I read "my hand has made every bit of it sayith

the Lord. I was real enthused, lifting my hands up. The people laughed out loud. I got so frightened that I crawled under the bench and my tears started to flow. I did not make a sound. I wished there had been a hole in the floor so I could slide down to the cellar. After that I was too scared to recite anything for years. I still forget what I am to say when I am before a crowd.

When we received our Sunday school cards in 1882 I got a very beautiful card. I still think it is so beautiful, there is no card as nice as this one. My mama kept it in her green trunk that her grandfather made in 1791. There was a drawer in it that was safe. Once in a while I would look at that card. It has round corners now from handling. Not long ago I framed it so it would not fall apart.

One Sunday a bunch of children were walking home from Sunday school on a very hot day. I was the smallest of all the kids. There were some older boys and girls, among them Annie Nelson and Lina Nelson Dahlberg. The boys got so thirsty they said, "Let's climb this fence into the pasture and get a drink from the well where they water the cows." They had no pail nor nothing to drink out of, but boys never get stuck, no how. So, they held one by the legs and let him fill his hat with water, and they all had a drink. I would not drink out of that dirty felt hat. I looked into the well and saw a frog down in the water, and near the top ran a mouse into a little hole. No how could the boys drink that water, but they did, and were no worse for it.

In March, 1884 my mother and sisters made our first birthday party for my sister Hulda and me. We only celebrated our birthday every fifth year. I was six on March 6 and Hulda's birthday was March 7, so we celebrated both on March 6. That year the spring came early, the sun shone warm and the grass was green.

Mother invited Auntie Johannah and Cousin Annie Sangren, and Mrs. Wedelin and daughters Marie and Selma. Also Mrs. John Edward Johnson, Bocklabs and daughter Ida, Mrs. Dahlberg and Lina, Mrs. Haglund and Christina. By the way, Mrs. Johnson used to be the cook for the old Pillsburys in Minneapolis before she got married.

Mother made brown bread with raisins in, white bread, rusks, molasses cake with raisins, sandbakelser, molasses cookies, ginger cookies, homemade sylta (head cheese), homemade cheese, and a pudding made from wild grape

juice sweet with a little potato flour for thickening with cream and cinnamon on top. This is what was served at those little coffee parties and birthday parties.

My aunt Johannah gave us each a beautiful china vase and Johannah Dahlberg made a dress for each of us. We tried them on and my dress had a sleeve that was a little too short and my sister Hulda had one sleeve too long on her dress. They all had a good laugh. Johannah Dahlberg, laughing, said that can soon be fixed, and ripped the wrong sleeves out and put them right. I still remember how pretty the material was in those dresses. It was white with little green leaves with blue forget-me-nots, just as pretty as could be.

One day going through the wheat field, my mother cut through on a little path. She carried sister Hulda and I ran alongside of her. My brother Albert must have been with Papa in the field some place. As we were walking along the wheat was very tall and to me it seemed much taller than it really was because I was so short.

I saw a large purple flower and I called to Mama saying, “Mama, can I pick that pretty flower?”

“Oh no. that is a nasty thistle and it sticks. It has sharp stickers on it.” I will never forget how sorry I felt that such a beautiful flower should prick. I really felt that it was too bad.

Uncle Swan sold his forty acres of land to Papa. It was next to our land on the north side. Uncle Swan moved to the prairie where there was no timber to cut down, and it would be easier to farm. His log cabin was being torn down. One day Albert and I went to take some lunch for Papa. He was removing doors and windows from the log cabin.



I was curious and looked if I could find anything to play with. I found some small cracked dishes and a little clay pipe. I looked behind a door that was set up leaning against

the wall, and there was a big woodchuck. I looked at him and he looked at me. I called Papa and he came. Then the woodchuck ran out scared worse than I was, through the door and down the hill.

A family moved into our log cabin. They had three boys and a girl. Mr. Gilberg was a lay preacher and they came from Kerkhoven, near St. John. Every time the little girl got mad about something she would say, "Jag skall gå til St. John jag." (I am going to St. John, I am.)

Mrs. Gilberg and mother made soap. Mother would provide her with fat and lye. Mother made her soap first. It turned out fine. Mrs. Gilberg made hers and it stood in that huge kettle overnight. There came a little shower. It was not much but in the morning Mrs. Gillberg's soap was too soft. She did not know that there had been a little shower and she said to mother, "You poured water into my soap so it would be sloppy." Mother felt bad because she said that. Of course, someone told Mrs. Gilberg about the shower. Mr. Gillberg made a beautiful little rocking chair of willows for Lina Nelson Dahlberg. I did admire that chair so much.

I remember that old log cabin. It was left there a few years after our frame house was built. Newcomers could use it when needing a home until they could get one.

It had clay plaster between the logs. I liked to sit on the big flat stone on the door stoop. That stone glistened like gold and silver. I would sit and bask in the sun and watch the bumble bees that had their holes in the clay between the logs. Their buzzing was music to my ears. There were also quite a few hummingbirds. They were so beautiful with their green and purple and bluish bodies and long, long bills. Those days there were many beautiful bluebirds and cardinals and orioles, and so many pretty birds that we don't see now days.

My sister Hulda seemed to hypnotize these birds. She would walk up to some and put her hand on them. One day when Ole Berg was building our granary, there were only loose boards lying across the rafters upstairs. Hulda saw a red bird and said, "I am going to catch that bird." We warned her about stepping on the loose end of some board, but up she went and tried to catch the red bird. She mis-stepped and fell through. Ole Berg watched her as she fell and caught her by one of her legs and saved her. There were bare stones

below so she would have gotten badly hurt, if not killed. Ole was her guardian angel that time.

One time sister Emma came running and fell forward right on the cycle of the reaper. She got a finger cut off.

Another time my papa was cutting a row around the wheat field for the reaper to go. Mother sent me to him in the north field with some lunch. While Papa was resting, I took his big cradle, a large scythe, and cut a row of wheat with it. It went down and I was proud of my work, so I said, "How does it look?" Just then I let the scythe down toward my leg and it cut clear to the bone. I was so ashamed. I should not have let that scythe down against my leg.

I told Papa I felt sick and wanted to go home. I did not tell him that I was cut, but started home. Otherwise I was to stay and help Papa bind the wheat. When I got a little way my shoe top was running over with blood. I yanked off my other shoe string and took that and tied hard around the leg, put the shoe on and walked a quarter mile home. When I got home no one was there, so I went to our nearest neighbor for help. She said, "Oh, that is an ugly cut." She took arnica and poured the wound full. I bit my teeth together. It burned like red pepper. She wrapped it and I went home, but it took a long time before it healed. It had to be cut open once. I have a scar there now.



Scything

The Sunday school was meeting at J. E. Haglund's to celebrate the Christmas Festival. The Haglund boys did not know much about Christmas trees but Johnnie told me they were going to have a nicer Christmas tree than anyone ever saw. They got a fine shaped maple and trimmed the branches with colored paper and tied a few candles on with strings, along with apples and cookies and stick candies. I thought it was very pretty.

Everybody came except for one family, Edward Johnson's, that never went to meeting or Sunday school. We had a very good program, then someone looked outside and saw red a little ways off. It looked like someone's house was burning. Then someone said, "Look, Edward Johnson's house is on fire!" Every man ran out and grabbed buckets and shovels or anything they could get ahold of and headed toward the Johnson house, about three-fourths of a mile away. The house was an old log cabin, a one room house. They thought the fire started where the stove pipe went out through the logs. It had not been insulated enough.

The house burned down and only the family was rescued along with some clothes and bedding. They had to take refuge at his brother Pher Johnson's home. Pher Johnson owned the sawmill and provided him and many others with work. Pher Johnson had been at our Christmas celebration when the fire started. Now the neighbors all got another chance to help someone in need.

Pher Johnson's daughter Amanda used to walk to school with me. Later, Pher Johnsons moved to Idaho.

Mother and Dad used to get some older girls to come over and look after us. One time it was Mary (Maria) Wedelin. She was in her early teens, about five years older than I, but I think she did not know much more. She did not have the Christian training that we had. She knew nothing about praying to God. She was a good girl none-the-less.

When Mama and Papa were gone, she said we didn't dare stay in the house. We learned what a fraidy cat she was and she made us afraid, too. Someone might come, and she made us, Albert, Hulda and me, climb up into the hay shed. She told us to keep real quiet so if anyone would come on the road they would not hear us. There we sat in the heat. She hardly let us whisper, she was so scared.

Our dog was a gentle dog but would bark a little at strangers only. The dog started to bark real mad-like and we saw through the cracks a man coming up towards the house carrying a bundle on the end of his cane on his shoulder. The dog barked real loud and the fur on the back of his neck stood up. The man took the cane from his shoulder and started to hit toward the dog, and the dog got even madder. Finally, the man ran back to the road and walked away. It seemed then that when anyone came carrying a cane it scared the dog.

Another time, Mother and Dad went to some special meetings in Dassel. They let my brother go, too. Mother used to say the girls got along better without anyone bossing them. After supper we went to bed. I laid on a couch near the window. It was a pretty moonlit night. I laid and looked out the window. When the dog started to bark, I saw a man coming towards the house. He also had a cane; as he came closer, the dog barked louder. I started to pray, "Dear Jesus, don't let that man come way up to the porch." Jesus will take care of me. The dog got real mad, and the man hit at it. He was close up to the house when he turned about and went back to the road. Then I thanked Jesus for not letting him come closer. Right then my papa and mama came down the hill.

Mother made her own potato flour. She said it was better to use for thickening than wheat flour or corn starch. She used to hire a couple of newcomer girls to help her. The potatoes were carefully washed, and then they used about three wash tubs with water in. The water had to be carried up from the well. Each girl sat down and grated the potatoes until a dish was filled, then they shoved the gratings into the tub of cold water. When they thought they had enough, they stirred up the mess in the water and let it sink to the bottom, then they would stir it again. Finally the water and the refuse that floated up to the surface was poured off.

Then new water was poured onto the starch that had settled to the bottom, then the mix was stirred again. This process was repeated two or three times over, at which point the starch will be nice and clean and white. Then all the water is poured off and the starch is scraped off the bottom and put on clean cloth to dry. It is eventually placed into cloth sacks and hung up in a clean dry place, ready for use.

We always raised some corn so that the fields would get all weeds and wild oats removed. Then the next year the wheat or other small grains were sowed where the corn had been. That way the corn was planted in different places each summer.

We used to hire some young folks that had no cornfields to come and husk corn so that we could get it done before it got too cold. Mama was a fast husker, and sister Emma was as good at husking. She kept up with Mama when she was only nine years old. She got her bushel basket filled much faster than I who was much older. She was left-handed and we said that was why they flew out of her hands so very fast. We would have sort of a party when we were finished, and would play games and laugh. It was a lot of fun. When a cold snap came before we were done, though, it was harder. We had to dress warmer and hated to sit down on our knees, so we would sit on a corn bundle.

Cooking sorghum was fun, too. When the sorghum cane was ripe, we had two long bladed wooden knives. They

were smooth with a long handle like a bat with a flat, two-edged blade. We used the knives to hit the leaves or blades off the cane. Then someone would come after and cut the seed brooms off the top. We called that “topping the cane.” Next the cane was cut off and laid in piles, then hauled to the sorghum press.

Haglunds and we used the same press and pans to cook the sorghum in. We owned the press together and it was put up between Haglunds and our land. We helped each other to press and cook the juice. The stone press roller was pulled around with a horse. A child would give the horse a touch of the whip if it stopped. Someone would bring the cane to the one that was feeding the cane into the rollers. The juice would run into a big barrel. When the barrel was full it was poured into a big flat pan to cook. This pan was placed over an oven made of stones, with cord wood placed for fuel underneath it. The pan had two handles on each side and It took two men to lift the pan onto and off of that oven. One person had to stand and keep watch, skimming the froth off the top. Two pans and oven were used so one would be ready while the other would be starting to cook.



Cooking sorghum

This was a lot of fun, and we children just loved it, although we worked hard. My father would cook barrels of real good sorghum. Some he would sell; some he would give to poor people.

Mother told me the year I was born, 1878, that all the seeding was done in March. It was such a warm and early spring. Mother did all the sowing, as she did for many years, because Papa had a bum leg. That year Mama got an abscessed breast after she had knocked her arm against it while swinging her arm sowing the wheat. Mama worked way too hard and even nursed all her babies.

In the fall, the grain was cut by hand using a grain cradle, and tied into bundles, making bands to tie the bundles together with wheat stalks. It was quite a trick if you did not know how it was done. Then it was shocked, and when dry, stacked, then thrashed. After a few years we had a reaper that cut the wheat. Someone followed and raked the wheat into bundle size; then someone tied the bundles like before.

I remember when the thrashing was done with horse power. It took lots of men and horses, too. I believe they had three teams at a time that went around and around pulling the thrasher. Someone in the middle cut the band; someone else fed the bundle into the thresher. The wheat was gathered into a sack that someone had to hold under the machine to catch it when it came out. On the other side someone had to pitch the straw away, and someone else had to throw it further away to where it was stacked. It all involved so much labor.

Later the thrashing was done with a steam engine and separator. Someone had to haul water from the lake for the steam in a huge water wagon. We still had to hold a sack to catch the grain, but the machine threw the straw into a pile, where yet another man had to pitch it into a straw stack.



Finally, they were able to use self-binders. These cut the wheat and tied the bundles with twine. Then someone went and pulled the bundles together eight in a bunch. Someone else came after and chocked the bundles, putting one on top to act as a cover against rain or heavy dew. When the wheat dried out it was hauled and stacked, and later thrashed.

After the harvest was over, the wheat that was spilled in the fields would grow and soon there was enough green grain to herd the cows and cattle on before the plowing had to be done. Haglund's boys herded their cattle on their side of the road and we herded our cattle on our side. There was a straw stack not too far away so we build sort of a church out of the straw. It did not have any roof, only sides to it.

Willie Haglund carried a red testament in his pocket, and I carried a song book along. There were three Haglunds and three of us. Willie would read and preach on the text, then we prayed, not just in fun, we really prayed. Then we sang songs. We all sang real lustily, not one verse, but if the song had six or eight or ten verses, we would sing all the verses. Willie and I did not always agree what song was to be sung, but we would sing the one he liked first, and then my selection. And how we prayed real prayers, not pretending, but real prayers. I remember that I thought that the old folks were getting sort of dry spiritually, so I prayed that God should anoint them with the Holy Spirit so they would not squeak in the services like a rusty hinge. We had a wonderful time but we had to have a stick nearby so if any of the cattle started to trespass, we could head them off. I was much afraid of Haglund's bull. He was a little mad, and even the boys had to be cautious.

We girls were taught to work. My job was to do the dishes. I was so small I had to stand on a chair to reach. The huge dishpan was set on the table before me. I did not mind if I only had cups, saucers and plates to wash. However, the heavy earthen pans we used to strain the milk into so that the cream could rise to be skimmed off to make butter with were quite heavy. My little shoulders would ache from handling them, but it never occurred to me to say I didn't want to do them.

I remember what my sister-in-law Ida told me. She was real tired of doing the dishes and said in Swedish, "Jä ä so lessen te jär dissa diska, men dä ä

inga ann rå än te gär däm.” It would be in English “I am sorry about doing dishes, but I know there is no way out of it, so I best do them.”

I also was often told to rock the baby cradle and put the baby to sleep. However, my folks read an article that it was not good to rock the baby so they put the cradle away for good. After that our baby cried much more. I didn't think the cradle was such a bad idea. After all, the youngsters like a lot of motion, more the better.

While we were doing the dishes, Papa would read stories for us. That made us want to rattle as little in the dishes as possible. We were so anxious to hear the story and we always wanted him to read to us while we did the dishes in the evening. Sometimes he read out of the children's paper *The Barna Väimen* (The Children's Way), sometimes a story out of *Chicago Bladet*, or the *Christian Herald*. That was a Swedish paper. There were continued stories too. Mother would save them and for a time, she matched the stories together and posted them on the wall in the summer kitchen.

Marie Janson worked for us one winter when Mama was sick. Marie got married and lived in a log cabin near Lake Jennie. She came over and got the papers, and she also matched the stories together and papered her cabin wall with stories. She told us that when her first baby was born, she had to stay in bed. She laid and read stories from the walls, which helped keep her from getting lonesome.

My dearest memory is of how Papa used to take the Holy Bible down from the shelf and open it with much reverence. He would read a portion of God's word before starting the day's work. He read a chapter and then, although he had a sore leg, he would kneel and pray for his family, for the neighbors, for all the faithful servants, for our government, for the missions and for the Jewish people. We children prayed a prayer in chorus, but as we got a little older, Papa said, “You are old enough to pray to God with your own words, and thank God for his love and mercy.



Anderson family about 1890. Surrounding Engel and Anna (clockwise) Albert, Lydia, Julia, Emma & Hulda.

Papa's first thought in the morning was to praise the Lord for a new day of grace. He would take the broom stick and pound on the ceiling and call, "Children, now it is time to get up." Then he would first kindle a fire in the cook stove and set the tea kettle on to heat water. Then he would go down to the barn and feed the horses and cows. He sang as he walked beating time with his cane. Later after his leg was amputated, he would beat time with his peg leg.

Right after breakfast we would have devotions, and we prayed and sang hymns together. Our neighbor that was doing some work for us said, "If I would take time to wash before every meal I would never get my work done. And if I would take time to read and pray and sing, my farm would go to weeds." Well his farm did. But ours is still in the hands of our family. Right now, Papa's grandson (Alvin Anderson) owns the place, and he is a Christian. I do hope and pray that the home farm will always be run by a Christian, because I think how many prayers have gone up to God on that farm. I think every stump that Papa grubbed out was a scene of prayer.

When evening came it was for us all to wash and come around the table together. As soon as we were done eating, Dad would take down the Holy Bible and read a whole chapter again. I see in my memory how Papa reached for the Holy Bible on the shelf and brushed away any crumbs on the table with his hand. Then he opened the Bible with such gentle care as he would say, "I will now in the name of the Lord read a chapter from God's Holy

word.” He always read slow enough that not a word was lost. He would close the book and put it up on the shelf again, and we would kneel and pray.

We would all kneel around the table. Papa would pray first; then we prayed. When we were real small, we read a prayer in chorus. When we became a little older, Papa would tell us to pray to God using our own words. Pray and talk to Jesus as if you could see him. Tell Him your wishes; thank the Lord for all his goodness.

I would sometimes pray too long and Papa would say, “Fatta dig kort,” meaning to pray short and to the point. I could not understand why. I should think we could pray for all our friends and pray for the unsaved that they would turn to God and get saved. There were so many to pray for!

Afterwards we would sing, and if we were not too tired, he would read us a story. We would wash the dishes, then play a game or two. Dad used to let us sit on his back two and three at a time. He would creep on the floor playing that he was a horse. I wonder at this now because his leg was sore at that time.

He used to wash that sore in water with a little carbolic acid in the water to keep it clean. He bandaged it up with long bandages rolled on little sticks. He would first put a little suave on some gauze he had to always have on hand, then he put the bandage on. He did this every morning after breakfast and every evening after supper. In the hot summer, he would also do it after our noon dinner. It pained him a great deal, but we never heard him complain.

We also sang a lot in our home. There are dozens of songs that I learned to sing. Every morning dad would knock on the ceiling with the broom stick and say, “It is time to get up now.” Then he would go singing down to the barn, and as he walked, he would beat time with his wooden led. He would sing real joyful songs to his Lord. I can still remember those songs by heart, he sang them so often. Here is one I remembered and translated from Swedish in 1954. Papa would sing it nearly every morning when he walked down to feed the horses and cows.

Peace With God

1. Like a bird upon a branch is singing, peace and joy to me the Lord is bringing. Jesus is my friend, for me he’s pleading, His spirit leading every day.

2. He has brought my soul from sin's disaster, I will love Him, he's my master. When err he chastise me so tender, I will surrender to his will.
3. When the darkening clouds the sun is hiding, to the throne of grace the way I'm finding. All the trouble soon is disappearing, light is appearing to my soul.
4. Like a child in mother's arms is resting, and from storms the sailor's harbor reaching, to my loving Savior I'm clinging, peace He is bringing to my soul.
5. With God's children round his table feasting, there reminded of his suffering bleeding. There the wind of grace is blowing, to us is showing his wondrous love.
6. Soon the trial of this world is ending. Christ went home and is a place preparing. In beauty nothing on this earth comparing the music we're hearing praising God.

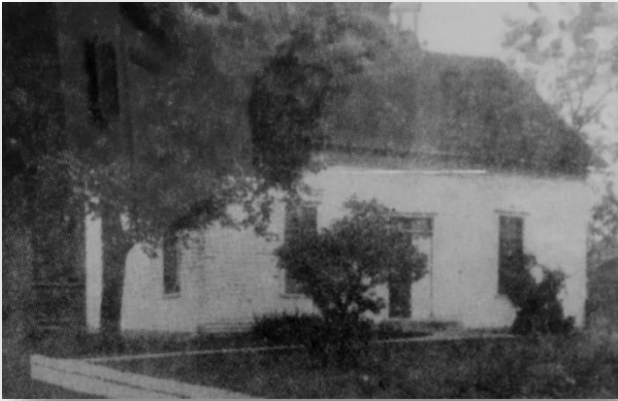
Trouble

One day Mama sent me with lunch to Papa. He was chopping away willows that were growing in the edge of a slough in the north field. I walked through the pasture, and near a big log I spotted a big garter snake. I never liked the look of a snake, they reminded me of the serpent. I got on top of the log and looked at him, and all of a sudden there were many little baby snakes. I don't know what I did, but the little ones just fled to the big snake. To me it looked as if it had swallowed the little snakes. I have heard, though, that snakes don't swallow their young. Maybe there was a hole in the ground near the mother and they went into it. I don't know, but I took to my feet and ran to Papa with the lunch.



One day I when I was very little I went out to the pump in our yard and stood looking. There came a huge muskrat walking up from a slough across the big road. It was a very big rat, an old, mean one. She came right toward me and started to walk on her hind legs and hissed. I called and Mama came quick. "What is it?" she asked. Then she saw the furious rat. She took the clothes pole and could barely drive the rat away with it. The muskrat did take to her feet and off down into the marsh she went, where there were many muskrat piles. In the middle it was a place where there was water all the time, and there was seaweed around and many cattails growing. Now that place is dry and made into a field.

On the shore I heard a catbird cry. I said to Papa that sounds just like a cat. He said it was a catbird, so I went and looked around. There was a little stream with long grass, and in that long grass the catbird had her nest. There were four pretty speckled eggs in it. Papa said not to touch the eggs because then the bird will not hatch them or go to her nest. I learned something then worth remembering.



Mission Friends Church in Dassel

In about 1885, when I was very young this story happened. My sister Annie was born in January and this happened the summer before Annie was born. Mama and Papa were going to

Dassel for the day to a convention in the Mission Friends Church. It was a straight building with a platform in the front of the church. There were three windows on each side and kerosene lamps were fastened to the walls between the windows for light. In front there were two large kerosene lamps so the minister could see to read when evening services were held. There was a small organ on which songs were played for services. Rev. J. A. Sjoquist was the pastor.

Once every year the Mission Friends held a convention when the ministers and people would gather from far and near until the church was crowded. People would have to stand outside and listen to the sermon through the open windows.

This particular time Mother said, "Lydia is a big girl now and she can take care of Emma and Hulda. We will take Albert along with us because he might boss around and tease the girls. He is old enough to attend the services now."

I meant to be a very good girl. I washed the dishes and straightened up the house the best I knew how. I swept the floor. Mother had a big homemade

broom that was made of a lot of twigs tied together that was used to sweep the yard around the house and down the path. I got the bright idea to sweep the yard and path. Everything was to be nice when Mother and Dad were coming home, and how pleased they would be. I worked hard and fast until I perspired all over. Then I went into the house and took Hulda and Emma with me and went up the road where there were a lot of luscious wild strawberries. I had a large dish and picked until it was filled. I would not let the girls eat any berries out of the dish. "You just pick and eat what you want," I told them we were going to save these berries until Mama and Papa come home.

They said when they went that they would bring a missionary with them back to our home and told us to keep it nice. I was so happy to think that a blessed missionary was coming to our home. Mama had said, "Don't forget to feed the Brown Head." That was a ewe sheep that had twin lambs. "And you must remember to feed the hen with all the little chicks. This is real important, and if you forget to feed them you will have to go without supper yourself."

Oh, I wanted to be good and do all these things that I was told. After we were back in the house after the berry picking there was a knock on the door. I went to open it and there stood a fine looking young man with a little black grip (suitcase) in his hand. He had a fine black suit on and silk stovepipe hat. He had a white, shiny shirt front with bright stud buttons and white collar and cuffs, plus a bow necktie. There was a gold chain that led to his watch pocket. He had black hair and a little black mustache with a curl on each side.

Well, he looked very fine and I thought he surely is a minister. No one else would dress so fine, and the grip he had looked like the grip some of our ministers used to carry when they came to hold meetings in the homes. They used to bring books and literature along to distribute to people.

I said, "Come right in," and he did and saw the big dish of those lovely wild strawberries on the table. My mama and papa were very hospitable. Everyone that came to our home was asked to stay and dine with us. The young man asked, "May I have lunch with you?" "Oh, yes indeed. Come right in."

I hurried and put Mama's best linen table cloth on the table. That table cloth was white with yellow roses woven in it and a striped border, yellow and white, and long heavy fringes around. It was beautiful. Well, I put dishes on and large goblets with milk, a dish of berries and a cream pitcher full of

cream, and then sugar in the sugar bowl. I got some of Mama's homemade sweet toast and some cookies that were Sandbakkelse (sand tarts), and bread and butter. When this was done I said, "Be so good and sit up to the table and eat."

Then I looked at Emma and Hulda and they had not been washed since we were picking the berries. Their faces had berry stains, and I can yet feel how I blushed. My ears felt hot. Well, there was only one thing to do, take them out on the back porch and wash their hands and faces. While I was doing this, I heard a noise in the pantry. I ran in and found the man in the pantry skimming the cream off one pan of milk. I got so mad I said, "You are a bad, bad man. You steal. Go your way."

I took the broom and held it over his head thinking that surely would scare him away. I thought that instead of a minister of the gospel, he was a false prophet that my father read about in the Bible. He looked at me and I must have looked fierce. Then he laughed and held out his hands to me and said, "You are such a nice little girl, come and give me a kiss and then I will give you a pretty card."

I forgot my anger and I pictured in my mind a beautiful card with roses and Bible verses or a nice girl with a kitten, and all sorts of pretty flowers and shells. I was just as forgetful of what he had done and I went to him, threw my arms around his neck and kissed him. I was never told that anyone could not be kissed. As soon as I had kissed him, I really came to and I felt just as if I had kissed a snake. I said, "Now where is that pretty card you said that you would give me?"

He opened his suitcase and handed me a card, a great big one with a sewing machine and a little lady sewing on it. On the border were spools of thread all around. Oh, I thought that was the homeliest card I ever saw. What did I care about sewing machines? I told him, "Nasty card. I don't want it. Go your way. You are a thief and a bad, bad man."

He laughed again and said, "No, you are a nice little girl. Look at the nice long red curls." Then he said, "Can you show me the way to Bonniwell's Mills?"

I said to go up the hill and go until he got to the cross, then turn south and go until he reached Bonniwell's Mills, about two miles. He went, but that man ate all the strawberries I had picked and that was a deep plate heaping full. He

ate all the cookies and toast I had piled on the plates and bread and butter and drank all the milk in the goblet and used all the cream in the pitcher. He was not satisfied but was skimming off the cream from a gallon pan of milk besides. I got so frightened that I took the children and went to our neighbor Mrs. Borgesen. I thought he might come back and want another kiss. I thought I'd best lock the door so I climbed on top of the table so that I could reach to get the door key out of the clock. It had a door and a little drawer where we kept the keys. I tried to lock the front door but that was warped so I could not get it closed tight enough. I thought that won't matter. No one will come that way. We always use the back door and that I locked and off we went.

When we went down the road, Hulda would not walk. She sat down in the middle of the road in the sand so I carried Emma piggy back up the hill, sat her down and ran down the hill bare foot. The dust flew. Then I took Hulda piggy back up the hill and so. I took Emma again and carried her on my back away, then back and carried Hulda. At last we got to Mrs. Burgeson's. She was always kind to us, and I told her the story. She said, "I will teach you how to treat such rascals. You take a slice of bread and put some butter on the slice. Spread it in with your thumb and tell him, 'Here, you take and eat this if you want any lunch.' You will soon get rid of such a fellow." I thought, "Oh horrors, I could never do a thing like that to the worst person."

Mother and dad stayed at the convention, so it was late when they came back. I went out to the road and we were met and picked up by them. There was a lady along too. The first thing Mama said was, "Did you feed the sheep and the chicken?"

I started to cry bitterly. I forgot all about that and I felt so bad. Mother said, "You shall go to bed without supper." I was so sorry because I had forgotten to feed the hen and chicks and sheep with the lambs. After a while I heard Papa say, "Go into the bedroom and give Lydia her supper. She may be very hungry." When Mama came with the food I told her I didn't want anything to eat. The sheep and the lambs are hungry. I don't want anything. I wept myself to sleep.

I never told Mama about the man and why we went to Mrs. Burgeson until I got big. We were not supposed to go to the neighbors anyway, and the thing was a hard taste in my mouth. Mama did not understand. She maybe thought

that I went visiting instead of tending to business. I felt bad because the man had eaten up the berries. I had nothing to treat Mama and Dad and the missionary with. Bad luck, was it not?

Johannah

Johannah Dalberg was born in Nora Socken, Örebro County in Sweden in 1835, to poor parents. Her home was on an island on a big lake. There they lived tax free. They had a pig and a cow and some chickens. They



Johannah Dalberg

raised a garden and were thrifty people. Her father worked in a coal mine in Nora. In the winter they used skis to get to land and in the summer a boat. Sometimes they could not get across when there was flooding, and they had to stay put.

Johannah started to work in town for some rich people and also went to school. She was very bright, and got a job with a doctor. Because she was his good helper, he trusted some cases to her. She was a wonderful mid-

wife. She was also a fine singer and could do most anything.

Johannah worked in the home of Frans Ersson and Maria Nilsdtr There, as midwife, she delivered Fredrik Franson and his brother into this world. (Franson was later to become a very prominent evangelist and missionary. In that work he ministered to the large Swedish immigrant population in the Midwest, traveled overseas to minister, founded eight churches in Nebraska and Utah, and was also a founder of the Evangelical Missionary Alliance, an

organization that still functions today.) She was in Franson's home as a tutor for fourteen years.

One time in Sweden she went to a dance. When she went onto the dance floor, she had a vision of demons behind the dancers. She went home to the Ersson house and called upon the Lord to save her soul and was converted. She became a true and living witness to the Lord. Later she got married to Israel Dalberg and came to America where they bought forty acres of land to the east of our land.

She was good help on the farm and a good housekeeper. She became the backbone of the Dassel Lutheran Church, teaching Sunday School and Swedish school in Steelesville.

Now I will say that Johannah received all of us children into this world, along with hundreds of other children. She was the midwife, but would also do the first washing for a new mother and would take care of them once a day for a week.

She had a light body and good feet so she would run instead of walking. When someone was sick, Johannah was called because it was too far to a doctor. Also, when someone died, she was the undertaker as there was no other. She also made a home for two homeless boys until they could take care of themselves, and was foster mother to Lina Nelson Dahlberg. She also adopted a little homeless girl named Hannah, whom she had until she was confirmed. Then Hannah took sick and died.

Johannah also adopted another boy, Bennet Dahlberg. Bennet grew up and later went to the Minneapolis. He was a floor walker at Donaldson's Store. When he got typhoid, Johannah came and stayed with him; however, he too died. His death sorrowed the Dalbergs greatly. They had been hoping that he would be their standby in old age. But God planned differently.

She became a widow but she willed what she had to the one handicapped son of Lina, her foster daughter. Johannah died in Mrs. Otto Olson's home, but we will not forget her many good deeds. She did never seem to think of herself. (As a widow, Johannah married Nels Benson at the age of 81.)

Sin was rampant in the country as well as in the city those days too. (In 1880) there was a man by the name of (Erick) Lind (in Stockholm Township)

who was married to a very sweet German girl (Julia). However, he fell in love with another man's wife. They called her Myr Maria. She had several children, and she was very nice looking and sociable. Her husband left. No one knew why. Then Myr Maria went out here and there and cared for sick people, especially at child birth. She was real good in assisting.

Well, this Mrs. Lind had a baby, and Myr Marie was her nurse. Johannah Dahlberg, our dear neighbor, was also helping there. Mrs. Dahlberg said she did not like the way Lind acted with Mrs. Myr Marie.

Word came that Mrs. Lind was dying, and Johannah Dahlberg went there. Mrs. Lind died. Johannah sent for the doctor and he said it looked as if she was poisoned. However, she was buried, and Lind and Maria seemed to fit good together like a couple.

Someone said that it really should be looked into, so Mrs. Lind was dug up and was tested. They found she had so much poison in her that it would kill a horse. They also found out that Lind had bought poison shortly before. He was tried and found guilty and was sent to Stillwater (life sentence). He was there for twelve years.

Some years later, Lind's brother went around with a petition all through the county, and Lind was released from prison after only twelve years. As soon as he got out Myr Maria married him. They seemed to live in peace together.

Later, Mrs. (Myr Marie) Lind came to my place (in Minneapolis) and said, "I hear your baby crying every time I pass by to go to the store. Maybe I could help you." Baby Gertrude did cry a lot. Mrs. Lind really was a good helper and then she sent her daughter Clara over to help me. She was so jolly and she would get the baby quieted in a little while. She was a good helper. When I wanted to pay she would not receive any money. She said it was a privilege to get a chance to walk the floor with the baby. She used to sing, "By ä by ä Bocken har skä lever han sä vasper han ägg," and many silly songs that made me laugh, and the baby would go to sleep. Maybe she was so tired from being carried and tossed about. I don't know.

One day Myr Marie came in and helped me so I could get some work done. Either she or I would take care of Gertrude while the other would scrub and clean. Then Mr. Lind came to get her in his horse and buggy. It was quite far for her to walk so he came for her. I cooked coffee and treated them to a lunch. He said, "A man like me should not be worthy to sit down to a table

with good folks.” I suppose that the sin was eating him. I never heard if he expected the savior or not.

(This story is likely that of Erick Olson Lind of Stockholm Township, Wright County. He appears in the 1875 Stockholm census as married to a wife named Julia. He was 26 years of age and she was 24. They had one child at the time, Carl, age 3. Julia is listed in the census as of German heritage. In October, 1880, Erick Olson Lind is listed in prison records as entering Stillwater Prison. The 1895 census shows Erick Lind now married to a woman named Bertha Maria, age 46. There were no children listed. It is unknown who the first husband of Bertha Maria was.)

Neighbors

There was a log cabin near Lake Jennie, up on a hill that was on our side from the lake. There was a family living there by the name of Davis. We liked Mr. Davis, but we were afraid of Mrs. Davis. She had a couple of small children. She was always threatening them. She would say, “If you do this or that, I’ll take the broomstick to you.” They were so very young.

Mr. Davis would come over to our place. I don’t remember if he worked for Papa or not but he was there for meals. I overheard Papa say to Mama, “I feel sorry for Mr. Davis. His wife is not true to him and she is sort of mean.” I remember one day Mr. Davis came over and talked with Papa. He was crying or weeping. He said his wife had left him and run away with another man who came for her.

Papa prayed with Mr. Davis and told him to commit himself into God’s hands and all his trouble, too. Well, Mr. Davis moved away and I don’t think anyone has heard of them since. The log cabin was empty, and in the summer when we went berry picking, we would go in and look around. I thought what a cute play house that cabin would make. There were two small windows and a stairway to the attic.

Later there came a lady with two little girls, Annie and Fanny. They stored their surplus things in our shed, and used all the things they could find room for in that log cabin. I cannot understand why she came out so far to live. She must have been well off sometime before, judging what they had and their clothes were nice. They had food along and fruit that we children never even had seen before. I thought now we will have nice times together with these girls, and we sort of did. However, although they were not any older than we, they poked fun at our ignorance lots of times. And that we had to take. We had

never been anywhere except right on the farm, and they had traveled quite a bit.

One day in the winter Mrs. Weaver told Mama that she was bitten by a wild cat, a bobcat, once. The cat must have had some disease. Every year she would get real sick at the same time of the month that she had been bitten. She told Mama after that cat bite she got crazy and they had to tie her in bed. She foamed around the mouth and would meow like a mad cat, and grab and try to bite anyone that came close to her. She said she always felt when she was going to get sick. She knew also because it re-occurred the same time every year, so she would tie herself up real firm so that she would not hurt anyone. Her girls were trained to run for help. She told mother that time was not far away and if the girls would come for my mama, that she would please come and help.

Well, they came and got Mother. Mama said Mrs. Weaver was a sight. Thick, white froth stood around her mouth and she had a high fever. Mama went up to her bed and said, "Poor Mrs. Weaver," and was going to give her a drink. "Graw meow rrrr," she said, and raised her head up and opened her mouth, and snatched with her head. If Mama had not known she would have bitten Mama.

I think it was less than a week after and she was well again, and could be untied. Poor little Anna and family. I cannot remember how long they lived there.

Mrs. Weaver had so many beautiful piece quilts with different patterns. One day she asked us to come up to the attic and see how nice she had fixed it up there, so that they would not have to have their only living room used for a bedroom She had tacked beautiful piece quilts all around the walls, so that the rough walls would be covered. She had rugs on the floors. It looked real attractive to us. She had many nice things. When she moved away she gave Mama three of the nice quilts in pay for butter, eggs and potatoes and meat.

Later there was a family named Hardy that moved in. Mrs. Hardy's mother and father lived in Steelesville. They had three children. I remember how Mrs. Hardy would come walking through real deep snow pulling a little homemade sled with a box on it, where she had the baby. She would stop at our place on

her way to her home to get warmed. The little boy that was next to the oldest had to walk. Poor little thing. It was a long walk for him, or for anyone.

When she came in, she said the little boy had to go, so she went to the outhouse with him. He was crying and seemed afraid. Well, after they had left, Mother found the little boy's underpants in a bad shape in the outhouse. Mother was furious. "Why did Mrs. Hardy not tell me, poor boy. I wonder if she had anything to put on him. He will be frozen." I felt like crying too. If they had not gotten so good a head start Mother would have caught up and made her take some more wraps. "Why did she not stay home?" Mama asked.

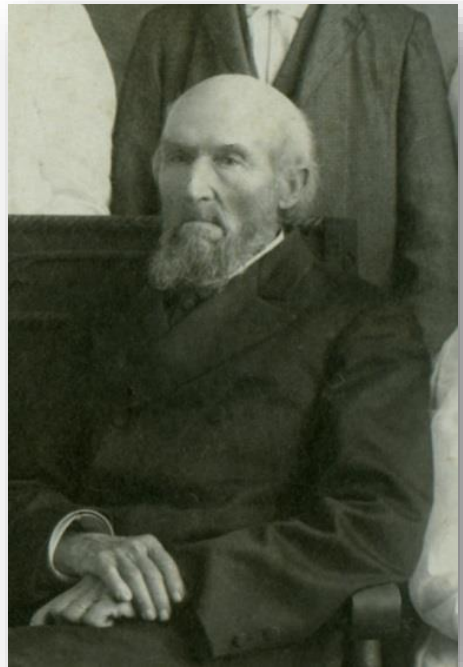
Later it got stormy and Mrs. Hardy stayed at her mother's all night. When she returned home she found her thirteen year old girl bleeding and weeping, telling that her father had done something terrible to her. The neighbors said that they would tar and feather him if he ever showed up again. Mrs. Hardy never wanted to see her husband ever again. Poor girl and mother!

I have taken notice of the influence homes have on the children's life. Yes, I know that there are children from ungodly homes that become good Christians. God can do wonders with lives when the heart's door is opened so that Jesus can enter in.

But what we sow, we have to reap. There are folks who are Christians. I dare not say otherwise, but they do not take it seriously. Sometimes they will tell a lie, and the children hear it. That is very wrong and will give a bad impression on the child. Many are so concerned about finery that it seems to take such a big part of their time, that Christ's interest is pushed back. What a sin. And gossip, oh how much sin there has been committed with gossip. There are a few Christian homes that let Jesus be the head of the house, where humble Christians love Jesus and put him first. They are the ones that sow good seeds into the hearts of their children. Faulty? Yes. We have all come short of the glory of God because we sin. Thank God for the cleansing blood that flowed from Golgotha, from Calvary. Jealousy is likened to the rotting of the bones. We should pray to God to take it out of our hearts. And the love of money, it is the root of all evil.

Preachers

Old John G. Sjoquist was the minister in Dassel for many, many years. Almost every young person who was not a Lutheran, who lived in the community around Dassel was confirmed by Sjoquist. There was a girl who lived not very far from my home whose name was Mary Regel. She was a pretty, blond girl. She read for Sjoquist. She loved to chew gum and she was always chewing gum in the confirmation class. One day Sjoquist stopped short and said, “My dear Mary, are you really that hungry? Go in to Mother Sjoquist and tell her to give you a piece of bread to chew on because this will never help a bit.” She never chewed gum in class after that.



Rev. John Sjoquist

There was another girl who chewed gum way too much. He told her, “Anna Maria Kajson, take that gum between your thumb and forefinger and work it up and down. You will get just as good a result and save your jaws a bit. She never chewed gum again either.

J. G. Shoquist was very witty and had a good sense of humor. Some liked him for it. I don’t know anyone who got angry with him for it. If anyone was sick or in some kind of distress, he was very sympathetic and understanding.

He owned a bay horse and had a buggy. However, he also had a two wheeled vehicle, sort of a cart that he would use more often, because he loved to drive very fast, almost in a runaway pace.

There was a convention north of Dassel in one of the churches that Sjoquist served as pastor. They had invited Rev. Skogsberg to come as a guest speaker. Sjoquist was supposed to meet Skogsberg at the station, which he did. It had been raining and the road was full of puddles. Can you imagine what Sjoquist said to Skogsberg? “Why do you come dressed up like a lord when you come to the country to preach. You should come more dressed like the rest of us, not with a stovepipe hat and black suit and white shirt. Sit up in the cart. I’ll take you to the convention.”

Sjoquist on purpose had taken his cart. Now in that cart, when the roads are so wet, the mud will splash on the clothes. So Skogsberg got in the cart and off they went in a runaway speed, and Sjoquist did not dodge any of the puddles either. When they arrived at the church north of Dassel, Skogsberg had to go into the house near the church to try to clean some mud off himself.

People said to Rev. Sjoquist, “Why did you drive like that? Our guest speaker Skogsberg’s clothes are just about ruined.” “Well,” Sjoquist answered with a smile, “he needed a lesson not to dress up for farmers.”

When they were up on the platform, and the people were crowding in, Sjoquist even sat down on Skogsberg’s stovepipe hat. Skogsberg was not a dressy man, but he was very short and he always wore a stovepipe hat to make him look a little taller and more dignified. Rev. Sjoquist was also short and a little hunch backed. He used to go around the country, both in Sweden and in this country, carrying heavy loads of books. When he traveled and preached the gospel, he was a very good speaker. Sometimes he was sarcastic to his brother speakers.

I remember once he was a guest speaker at our church at Lake Jennie. He was talking about the people who want such good order in their church that no one will be disturbed, not even a sleeping Christian. “I hope that the day will come when it will scare the Christian person when it gets so deathly quiet, so that they will really wake up thinking that it was so quiet like in the graveyard. My wife likes to keep it real quiet when I come home from a preaching tour. She will say, ‘Come children, we will go out for a walk so that your father can get some sleep and rest.’ Away they would go, and do you

know it gets so deathly quiet that I get wide awake from pure quietness. I would rather be where the children smatter a little. Then I know there is life. Christians, wake up out of your sleep. Don't get so formal that we cannot hear you breathe. You need to breathe and pray to God. Let there be life in and around you."

Another preacher, Rev. Lidman, was an old minister who would come and preach the gospel. He was real lively. By the way, he baptized me when I was a baby. The old storekeeper Norgren and Mrs. Norgren were the sponsors.

Years later I heard Lidman preach a sermon that I will never forget. He spoke about the Bride of Jesus Christ. He said Jesus Christ came down to earth to get a bride for himself. Can you imagine that he would want such miserable persons as you and I for a bride? But he did.

More Neighbors

Peter Aron Nilson lived on a farm one quarter of a mile west from us. (Historical records show spelling of both Nilson and Nelson, although Nilson is found most frequently.) When he and his wife

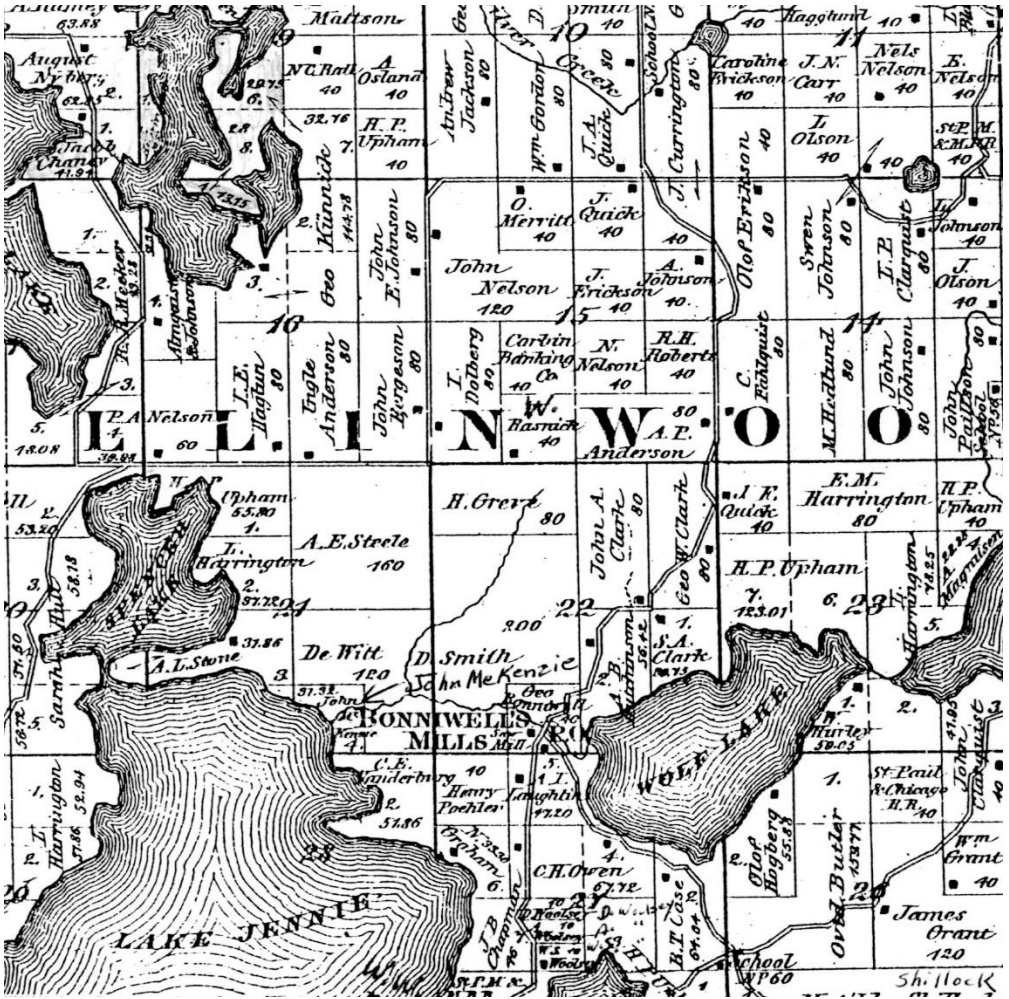
Catharina came from Sweden and settled down there; they had very little. Aron was a big and strong man and who was God fearing. They were poor and they made their home in a hillside cellar. They used split logs to make a floor and door. Mrs. Nelson's oldest son was Pher. He had a hard will like his father; the second son Karl also was hard willed. Anna, the daughter, had a milder temper. The mother was dreadfully homesick but tried to make the best of it.



Aron Nilson and family

One day a young bear came lumbering into the yard. He smelled food, walked over the leaning plank door and fell into the room. There Nelson stabbed the surprised bear to death. Now they had bear pork, and the neighbors also had a taste of it. It tasted better than pork from a pig they said.

Th cellar house was unsatisfactory and Catherine got TB and died. So, Nelson was all alone with the three small children. The mother was buried under a big tree a little ways from their home.



1880 Map of Lake Jennie Area

Mr. Israel Haglund's farm was between Aron Nilsons and ours. One day in 1870 he and Nilson were talking. Nilson needed a mother for his children and a wife, and Haglund needed a wife, so they got together and sent to Sweden for a couple of young ladies that they knew a little. When they arrived, Aron said, "I will take my pick, then you can have the other." And so it was. The new Mrs. Nilson, Maria, was very beautiful and had a wonderful singing

voice. Carrie, whom I have told of earlier, was the new Mrs. Haglund. She also had a pretty singing voice.

Mrs. Nilson found her life hard. She had a son they named John, and then Lina was born. The new Mrs. Nelson also contracted TB and died while Lina was real tiny. Johannah Dahlberg moved over to the Nilson place to care for the children. Her husband would work on his farm; in the evening he would go to Nilsons to be with his wife.

Little Lina got some sickness that required an operation on the neck. Johannah did that operation. She cut out the affected parts on Lina's neck, which took a long time to heal. However, under Johannah's care she got well again. She was left with big scars. Johannah and all the neighbors were Christians so there were many prayers going up to God for help, for mercy, for thanksgiving. There were prayers for sin forgiveness and singing songs of praise to the Lord.

Johannah Dalberg moved back to her own home and took Lina along with her.

Aron Nilson built a large log cabin, one of the nicest cabins of anybody. It would hold many people. Johanna Pearson (Pehrson), her husband and their four little girls (Hilma, Elma, Selma and Emma) came from Sweden in about 1883. They came from Mora in Bergslagen, Sweden. The story is that Johanna was a child without a real father. Her mother died while she was young, and that her mother used to work at the palace. One of the princes was her father. The mother had to leave and go to her own folks, and then she died early. Johanna Pearson was a nice looking woman, and I remember that Aron Nilson drove to town with his lumber wagon and two white horses to meet them. They were to stay at Nilson's until they could establish a home.

They stopped right in front of our house and asked for a drink of water. "We are very thirsty," the children all said. Mother told Nilson to stop awhile and she would cook coffee and serve lunch to them all. We children were amazed at their beautiful clothes, and in their pretty Swedish language and how they curtsied. They seemed so limber and their hair laid in ringlets around their shoulders. The thing that took my eye was a black baby buggy. The front wheels were small, the back wheels were very high and it had a top like on a real buggy that could fold back. That was the first baby buggy I ever saw.

Mrs. Pearson worked for Aron Nilson, and the family stayed there. She kept house for the family. I don't know how little Anna Nilson fared. She did not look like much and felt left out a lot.

The summer was hot and when they worked in the field during harvest, Mr. Pearson got very hot. One day he went out in the orchard. Aron had apple and lots of plum trees full of fruit, and also wild berries. Pearson was walking in the garden and got a stroke and fell dead to the ground. How sad we all were! The widow and children could hardly be comforted. They were in a strange country with nothing. They had just made a down payment on a farm with a very poor cabin. One could see out through the cracks between the logs.

We were sitting on the grass on the ground where Mr. Pearson was laying on a blanket. Selma, his daughter crept right to him and patted his cheeks so tenderly and said, "Dear Papa, wake up. You are sleeping too long. Oh, dear Papa, are you not going to get up. Please sweet and dear Papa, wake up."

There was not much of a funeral service. A coffin was made which he was laid in and buried in simplicity. We sang "In the sweet bye and bye, we shall meet in that beautiful sky."

Johanna Pearson moved into that log cabin and the neighbors made her a gift, a sewing machine. She was a very good dressmaker. She never used patterns, just a tape measure. Every garment fit just slick. She sewed cloaks and overcoats and men's suits and all kinds of dresses. For style she used a fashion magazine. She did dressmaking and she made the pretty little dresses for her girls out of an old dress that was given to her. They always looked so stylish. It was so much fun to go to Mrs. Pearson's. She would laugh and sing and sew. She wanted her little girls to be happy although so very poor. It seemed as though they were happy. They were so acrobatic and played many tricks that surprised us others.

Poor little Anna Nilson had to take over the household when much too young. She had a bad, aching eye but she was so patient. She churned butter and baked bread, fried pork and cooked potatoes for four hungry men, Aron, Pher, Carl, cousin August, and little brother John. Her eye got worse and it got so bad that she would hit it. Her eye actually came out of its socket, and all that was left was a mess of yellow stuff. But she lived and worked and suffered no compliments and no encouraging words, just work and no play.

Anna had nice hair, and there was a girl from Section 36, Carrie Asp, who also had sore eyes. She used to come and stay with Anna real often. How these girls used to primp their hair. It was real nice, I thought.

When Pher was fourteen he told his father he did not believe in God. On Sunday afternoons they were visiting a man named Little Gyllsen who lived a mile east of Anna. This neighbor was an infidel and had a very bad influence over the young people. He was not ashamed to spread that kind of mission among the young people from Christian homes. He would invite the boys in the neighborhood and fill them with atheism. He would play cards with them and tell them stories, and they thought it was great fun to go to Little Gyllsen's place. He planted the seed, or weed, of unbelief in their hearts.

Pher went there with his brother Carl. Pher was a big boy for his age. His mother was dead and the father was very tired and wanted to rest on Sunday afternoons. The boys would go over to this Gyllsen's, and he would take over teaching them how foolish it was to believe that there is a god.

One day Pher, who was very grown up in his ways, and big too, told his father, "I am not staying home and listening to that rot," pointing to the Bible. He tied up some belongings into a kerchief and started away from home. Because he was very big, they hired him to be a brakeman on a freight train. At a sudden stop he fell off and was run over and cut to bits, on his very first trip. If that atheist had not filled the boys with the idea of not believing in God this would not have happened. His brother Carl hired out to work in a saloon selling liquor. He died as a bar tender. He never visited his home in many, many years. What sorrow!

Aron Nilson bought an organ for his son John, so he could learn to play. He had a good voice, and it was easy to learn. He was in the army for a while but came home when his health broke down. He got better after a while and got married.

Aron Nilson then built a nice frame house while Lina was still at Dahlbergs. He became a delegate to a mission meeting at Sauk Rapids. There he met a fine lady. She had been married two times and had a daughter, Edla, my age, from her first marriage. She had then married a widower who had a couple children. One of those children died, and then the second husband also died. She said, "Her hair turned grey overnight."

A man named Mr. Finnstrom adopted her husband's daughter, so now she had only her own Edla Bergstrom. Finnstrom introduced Nilson to Edla's mother Cathrina Johnson, and in a short time they were married.

I chummed around with Edla, and one day we went walking and picked some wild flowers by the roadside. I saw a little book laying by the road. I picked it up and glanced at it. "You may read it first, and then I can read it." So, next time we met I asked her for the book. She said her mother said it was about sex and it was poison to read! She threw it in the stove and burnt it up. Thank God that I did not get a chance to read that book. I would have poisoned my heart maybe. I think my angel guarded me that time, too.

There came a man to Nilsons from Sweden. He saw how Anna slaved and worked. There was no future for her. He was what they in Sweden called, En god templure, he was a white ribboner, or a temperance man and a Christian, a cousin to F. Franson, the great missionary. He married Anna. They moved to a place not far from Nilson's before Aron got married for the third time. They had several children. Anna is still living at this writing (1957) and is over 90 years old.

Jette Sanberg and I were Godmothers to their youngest son. They have one son who belongs to the Bethlehem Covenant Church in Minneapolis. His name is Clarence Johanson. He was a Sunday School superintendent at Lake Jennie, and a chairman of the church at one time. He was a fine man.

When the new Mrs. Nilson came to live there, everything became so sunny and nice in the Nilson home. She had a fine taste and had many beautiful things she brought along. She had center tables, beautiful crocheted table covers, fine wall pictures, rocking chairs, curtains and rugs. She was neat and sweet. Lina came home to live then, and the new Mrs. Nilson learned to love her.

We three, Lina, Edla and I took music lessons together from Esther Johnson from Beckville. The other name for the place was Bethany, south of Litchfield. This is where John Johnson, William Johnson and Esther Johnson's folks lived. They were all Johnsons. Finally, one of the Johnsons called himself Daniels, the other T. M. Johnson, and the third, William or John Williams was a son of William Johnson. William's son Paul is married to one of our church girls, Francis Johnson.

Esther Johnson was quite a good organist. She came out our way to Lake Jennie. Lina Nelson and Ella Bergquist, Lina's step sister, took lessons from Esther Johnson also. Sometimes Esther would stay over a couple of days so that she could play at our mid-week meetings. She was a very fine singer, too. She sang a story song; I will tell you this story.

It was a time in Sweden when all the Christian people were persecuted by the pastors of the State church. It was the pastors, the schoolmasters and the sheriff that were driving the law against every lay minister and anyone who would hold religious gatherings in their home. The story is about a young, beautiful girl named Mimmie. Her parents owned a big estate and had many servants. She was their only child. She could play the piano and had a good voice to sing. Her parents were very anxious that she would have a good time. Sometimes she seemed unsatisfied. Her father and mother told her to be glad and dance and sing. You can have lots of fun. There is nothing too good for you. You have all the silver and gold you want.

One day Mimmie heard about meetings held in one of the homes on their estate. She was not supposed to associate with the working class, but she went there one evening to hear a young man preach the gospel of salvation. She felt that was what she needed to be happy. She listened, accepted the salvation and wept for joy. She rejoiced over her new found friend Jesus.

One evening when she was in her room, her father and mother stood outside the door and hearing her talking with her Lord, the father opened the door and roared. "What in the world are you up to?"

Her mother was weeping. She answered, "Mamma, Jesus has saved my soul and Papa's Minnie is so happy in her Lord."

Her father got so very angry. He had never been like that before. He threatened her and told her if she would not give up this foolish religion, she would be driven away from her home. Her answer was that she would never give up her Savior.

They told her then to go to her friends. "We hate them."

As time went on, they were hoping that she would leave her, what they called foolish notion. Her father and mother made a big dance party that they called a ball. All the rich friends were invited. Mimmie said it was hardest for her when all her old friends asked her for a dance but she refused. She was

sitting in a chair dressed in a snow-white gown. One came up to her and said, “We have heard that this is the last time you are with us. Won’t you sing a farewell song and play?”

She took her seat at the piano and played and sang, “With the crucified throng, my lot I will share, that are marching to glory under the banner of the cross. Even if no one else of my loved ones will bear that cross, that’s the sign we are marching to victory and with Christ we, his glory in heaven shall share.”

Just as she finished her singing, she saw a wonderful sight. Her father and mother were kneeling by her side weeping, and her father said, “Will you forgive your hard-hearted father for Jesus sake?” Her father and mother were gloriously saved, and many of her friends asked for prayers. Mimmie said it was so wonderful that we can never express how great it was. A real revival started there. Mimmie’s home had many meetings in it after that first one. Souls were saved and poor and rich, young and old rejoiced together.

The late Mrs. Aron Nilson (Carolina) was a servant in this home and Nels Frykman was the young minister. Mrs. Aron Nilson told us all about it when we visited in their home with Edla and Lina. To think that Mimmie wrote the song in story form. Esther sang and played it in Mrs. Aron Nelson’s home and she recognized the story right away. How wonderful it all seems to be.

Aron Nilson’s wife told me one day that she had been a former sweetheart of Nils Frykman, the song writer, back in Sweden. As she told me her story, she said after her father died her brother took over at her home, and he was her boss. She was converted at a meeting that Frykman was holding. They fell in love, but her brother would not let her see him. He sent her far away to work in another church district, so that broke them apart. She felt sorry for a long time about it. (Frykman immigrated to America in 1888. He wrote over 300 hymns in his lifetime and served as pastor of the Salem Covenant Church in Pennock, Minnesota for many years.)

Carrie Haglund was crippled in one hip and had a hard time getting around. However, she was real ambitious and would help to blade the sorghum cane. Little Anna would be left in the house, but the boys had to run into the house often to see if Anna was sleeping. Sometimes she would send one of us into

see. One time as I came in the door one of her brothers had lifted her up and she started to run around the cradle and her mouth was frothing. I told her mother, and she ran in and held her. Anna had a real convulsion; and in a little while she died.

Johnie and Albert were working in the field. Johnie stopped and pointing to the sky said to Albert, "Titta! Titta, en ängel far med Anna up te himmel." When he came in his sister was gone. Johnie had seen a vision of an angel taking his sister to heaven.

Mrs. Johanna Dahlberg, our doctor, the one who always was ready to come when there was anyone born, anyone sick, or anyone died, was called. She stopped in at our house and said she wanted Lydia to go with her and help dress this little baby. They let me go. She washed Anna, combed her, and fixed the coffin that Mr. Haglund nailed together. He painted it pale blue. While the coffin was drying Anna was laid in the cradle. Mrs. Dahlberg put a white dress on her and made me button it. When she was ready, she told me to put a little bouquet in her little hand. Afterwards she was laid in the coffin. Mrs. Dahlberg told me to lay this nice wreath over her head and put flowers all around in the coffin.

Johanna was a nurse and doctor and school teacher from Sweden, and she knew children. She talked to them about Jesus and heaven and gave a very sweet impression on the young heart. I remember her say, "Little Anna has gone to be with Jesus. The angels took her home to that beautiful place. This is only the shell of her. The body is what Anna lived in."

I can never forget how Johannah used to sing. Early in the mornings she used to go out to the pasture and get the cows. She would raise her voice and sing, "Morn Amidst the Mountains" or "God is Ever Good" and many other songs that I was thrilled to hear her sing. I would go back on a little hill and listen to her singing so early that the grass was filled with dew.

I was wishing to sing like that when I got older. I loved Jesus. I loved everybody. I would shed tears easily. I was naughty and felt very sorry and would ask forgiveness, and I prayed, "Jesus I don't want to sin anymore. Help me, forgive me and cleanse me."

Then the first thing I would forget, and then I would almost despair. I wondered if Jesus could forgive me just once more. It is terrible to never be

able to watch against sin and temptation. I hated myself but after a little talk with Jesus the clouds would roll away, and I would be happy as a lark.

I had a dream. I dreamt that all the garden was full of fruit trees that were loaded with prunes so thick and fat. The ground was also covered with prunes. I climbed up on the crooked rail fence and called Mama many times. My dad told me to be quiet. "Mama has gone away." I said, "I am longing for my mother." Then I woke up and I think the reason for the dream was that they were talking about how they were longing back to Sweden when they were newcomers to America. My mother said she was longing to see her mamma and papa. I was much impressed by their stories.

Me Again

My sister Hulda had pretty curls all over her head. Her head, and especially her ears, were very tender because she had scarlet fever when quite small. Mother said she believed it best to cut Hulda's hair off as it was too hard to comb those curls. I asked Mama if I could cut it and she said she didn't care if I did. As Mama was about her work, I took the scissors and made one long cut right in front. It made a straight white line at her hairline. I saw that was not the way to cut hair. I felt real sorry about that white line. I got the comb and held it just so far from the scalp and the rest was cut real careful and looked fine. However, that first white line made me sick.

Mama did not say anything. I think Papa and Mama laughed about it when I did not see. I cried and prayed to Jesus to let Hulda's hair grow over that cut in the night so Mama would not see it in the morning. I don't remember any more about that horrid line.

One day when I went to Mrs. Pearson's for some garment, Mr. Dahlberg came in. He said, "I was thinking that it is so awful cold, maybe I should saw a few logs and split some wood so you won't freeze." Mrs. Pearson was very grateful. After a little while she put on her Swedish copper coffee pot and set the table. She had some fresh flat bread and new butter. She asked him to come in and get refreshed. When he came in, he sat down on a chair near the box heater and, lo and behold, the legs on the chair went right through the floor. "Oh, oh!" he said. I will be landing in your cellar if I don't look out. So, he got another job on his hands to strengthen that rotten floor.

One day little Emma came real close to Dahlberg where he was sitting and put her little foot on his knee and quietly sobbed. Dahlberg said, "What is the matter Emma?"

"Selma has got some new shoes." Then she looked sadly at her own shoes with her toes sticking out. Mrs. Dahlberg gave Selma some shoes the week before. Now Mr. Dahlberg had to see to that Emma got a pair also.

One day Mama sent us over to Dahlbergs to tell Mrs. Dahlberg to come over. Mother was expecting a new baby. We then stayed at Dahlbergs all night; Selma Pearson was also there. She was there a lot. It was like a second home to her. We said our prayers and went to bed. We woke up because somebody rapped at the window.

I looked out and there was someone in all white singing, "Beautiful angels, beautiful angels is out tonight." It sounded like Selma's voice so we looked to see if she was in her bed. She was not, so we ran out to catch her. She was wrapped in a sheet and floated around the apple trees flapping her arms like wings singing beautiful angels. We really had fun, and then we had to feast on ripe strawberry crabapples before we went to sleep.

Another time I was sent on an errand to Carrie Haglund's. It was after dark, and the night was very dark. As I came to the little hill between Haglund's farm and ours, there jumped three boys out of the brush right on me, and grabbed my arms real hard and growled. Just then the clouds separated a little so I could see. Well, one had a sheepskin fur coat on and a nasty looking cap. The other had sort of a cap that was like a chimney sweep used to wear. The boys had white stripes down the side of their pants. I just shuddered. They had funny faces and corncob pipes in their mouths. Then one of them grabbed me and held me. In defense, I grabbed him by his whiskers and pulled. He cried out, "Don't do that. You're tearing my whiskers off."

I knew right away Johnie Haglund's voice so I said, "Go away you mean Haglund boys." Just then Johanna Pearson came leading little Emma by the hand. Emma let out a scream that was enough to frighten anyone. I told her it was only the Haglund boys that wanted to scare us. The boys were playing Holy Eve tricks. I had never heard about that before. I learned something.

After that every year there was plenty said and done for Holy Eve tricks. I want to tell you what the boys wore. Johnie had turned his sheepskin coat inside out and he had turned his pants too. They were homemade with muslin lining so that was the dark strips on light pants that looked so funny. The other boys had also turned their pants inside out. They made masks out of stiff brown paper and blackened over the whole side and front to make a long beard. They had holes for eyes with big black eyebrows, and a hole for the pipe or for the mouth so they could hold the pipe.

Later we learned that some boys went in flocks and did mischief without end. For instance, they would take cobs from one farm barn and put them in another farmer's barn. They traded horses, etc. They took wagons apart and put them together again on the roof of some barn. They would trade buggies and tip outhouses over, etc. When they got started, what one did not think of the others did.

In about 1886, when I was six or seven years old, I went to the first Sunday school picnic. Mrs. Israel Erickson was the Sunday school teacher or superintendent. The picnic was held on the island in Pigeon Lake. We rowed over in boats. There were some big trees there and they put up swings for us children. There they put up a long board table with nice table cloths and decorated. Mrs. Johannah Pearson supervised that part. On each end of the table they had a little pig roasted with dressing. They put a little corn cob in the mouth of each pig so that they would look real. I cannot figure out how they got those pigs to stand up on the platters, but they did. There was rice pudding and cookies and cakes and all sorts of goodies.

We had a meeting first, and Erickson had a very large heart cut out of stiff white paper. He asked us children what the heart contained. Some said farms, others horses, many said gold, pretty clothes, well everything imaginable. He started at the top and wrote what the heart had in it. Finally, he said there is something that is missing. I was too scared but I braced up and said, "Is Jesus not going to have some place in the heart?" "It does not seem so," the teacher said. "It is just a very small place left right down here in the low point of the heart." That gave him a chance to speak about opening our hearts and letting Jesus in, and letting Him have the highest and best place in our heart. And what the heart is full of the mouth speaketh.

Another picnic I remember was held at Butternut Lake, southeast of Dassel. There was a little girl, a daughter to Christoffersons. She was born with a defect in her ankle. She wore special shoes and walked with crutches. She could turn her feet so that the toes headed the right way but as soon as she stood up and started to walk, her feet would turn front to back and the toes would be where the heel ought to be pointing backwards. The joints in her ankles had a ball and socket that swung clear around.

This little girl took my attention. She saw that I was interested in her, so she said, "You and I are sisters. We will be together today." Her name was Sara (Christopherson, later Wolters). I thought that she was very sweet. Later she was sent away to some school for cripples. She became a real fine dressmaker. She married a man who was also a cripple, almost the way she was. They lived in Dassel. Later he died. She got around in a motor car chair any place she wants to go.



Sara Christopherson Wolters, in later years, in her motor car chair.

At the picnic, this little girl took all my attention. I loved her, and she was very intelligent and interesting. There were a lot of swings, some made of heavy rope, others were chains fastened to the limbs of the big trees. It was a very pretty location with Butternut Lake right across the road.

There were a few Americans who used to gather and have English Sunday school. They lived around Lake Jennie. John Quick, the judge we all called him, was one of the teachers. He had some girls, Mary, Sadie, Phoebe and Josie. We went to public school together with these girls.

We were invited to go to their Sunday school picnic which was held south of Lake Jennie at Comer's place. There were many high swings set up in big trees for the children to swing. However, we were backward Swedes and were never given a chance to get a swing, although we would have liked very much

to get a chance at least once. That ought to teach us a lesson never to be selfish.

When we were going home Mother stepped into a boat to cross the lake. She thought she would get home quicker that way, but the boat sank close to shore.

There was no harm but we then had to walk after Mr. Quick's big wagon all the way home. Mother said that old Quick could at least let these little tots get a ride. But he did not think in those terms, only of himself and his own. In contrast, the Scandinavians were always looking out for others, and should. When we got home, we were so very tired we could hardly drag our feet.

Papa's Mission

Our neighbors, the Asplunds had twelve children. They were sent out to work for other people real early in life. In 1887, when Hulda Asplund was thirteen-years-old, Mother was making cheese and sausage and salting down meat, and there were the vegetables and much to do. Mama hired Hulda to help.

One day she was helping to make breakfast. We had fried pork and eggs. She was pouring the lard into a crock and it slipped. She burned her hand badly. She went home to her mama. When her hand was healed, she wanted to come back to us. She loved to be here, but her dad said, "No, she gets too much religion at Andersons. I will let her work for Ola and Gropa."

They were not Christians and they would have drinking and card parties. Hulda did not want to go there. She was not there very long before she got the typhoid fever. She was delirious and cried, "I want to go to Ingel Andersons. He talks about Jesus to us children. I want to go. I want to go there."

Mrs. Asplund (Carolina) asked us to pray for Hulda. Hulda was a Christian, but she died and went to be with the Lord.

A few years after John Asplund took sick and was bedridden for two years. My father would go there to see him every Sunday afternoon, winter and summer. It was about three-fourths of a mile to walk and Papa had a bum leg, but he walked. When he got there he would ask, "How is Asplund?"

Mrs. Asplund ushered Papa in to his bedroom. Dad would read a portion out of the Bible and pray, then sing a hymn, and go back home. Asplund would turn his face to the wall and close his eyes and pretend that he was asleep. He did this Sunday after Sunday, but Papa did not give up. He kept going there every Sunday, just the same.

One stormy, snowy Sunday the weather was so bad that Papa could not venture out. As the time came when Papa used to arrive, Asplund started to say to his wife Caroline, "I wonder if Anderson is not coming today. I don't think so, it is so stormy." A little later he said, "Caroline, my how it seems so very lonesome because Anderson did not come."

She never dared to contradict him when he was well, but now he laid there helpless, so she said, "You should be ashamed of yourself. When Anderson comes Sunday after Sunday, you won't even say hello or goodbye. You turn your face from him to the wall. I would not wonder a bit if Mr. Anderson never would come again to see you. He has a hard time walking with his bum leg. I often wondered how he had so much patience as to keep coming as he has been doing."

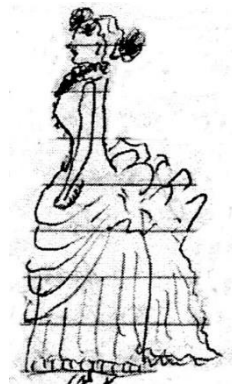
The following Sunday it was calmer weather. Papa went to Asplunds. For the first time Asplund had his eyes open and his face turned from the wall. He said, "Hello, Mr. Anderson. I am so glad that you came over. Last Sunday it was so awfully lonesome because you did not come. Call in Carolina."

Papa did. Then Asplund said, "Carolina, will you forgive me? All the things you accused me of doing have been true. I have been unfaithful to you."

There was some great confessing done. He said, "Ingel Anderson, do you think that there is salvation for a big sinner like me?" He asked Papa to pray to God for him that he might be saved.

There was a wonderful meeting at Asplund's that Sunday afternoon. Papa went home with joy in his heart and thankful to God. Not very long afterwards Asplund died. He died with peace in his heart. Praise the Lord for salvation!

Mr. Roy Case lived near Lake Jennie, a mile south from our place. I remember when Roy and Anna Grant got married and came there to live. I remember her beautiful wedding dress. It was made of nice soft silky velvet and had pretty lace pleated around the neck and on the cuffs. It had a polonaise and bright golden buttons way down the front with tiny mirrors in them. I must make a picture here so you can see how the dress





Roy Case



Anna Grant Case

was made. She really looked very stylish in her pretty, red velvet dress. We saw very few that were so pretty. She was nice looking with coal black hair, long eyelashes and blue, blue eyes. Mr. Case was very kind to children, and she was nice to children too.

They never had any children of their own. Mr. Case used to play violin at all the dances around Lake Jennie. He had an instrument that he called a piano harp and an organ too. We children liked to visit the Cases because they were so nice.

We never knew when the change came in Mr. Case's life. He quit playing for dances and there was a little white church built south of the lake, a Methodist church. Soon Mr. Case was their preacher.

Mrs. Case used to make good taffy for us. Once she made chocolate candy with sorghum instead of sugar. Oh, it was very good. That was the first time I tasted chocolate. They used to invite us over and have popcorn feasts. I just loved to see Mr. and Mrs. Case come over to our home. They always came holding hands and were so sweet to one another. That lasted all their years.

My Uncle Swan moved from Kerkhoven and lived near Spencer Lake. Aunty died and Uncle married again and lived in Dassel. His second wife also

died and he moved to Darwin to live with his son, Alfred. When Uncle Swan died, Mr. Case held his burial service. He said something that made me very glad. I quote, "You see this man Swan Anderson here? I don't know how he has it with his Lord, if he is saved or not, but I know his brother Ingel Anderson. He lived a Christian life and it was his Christian living and testimony that led me to accept Christ as my savior. That is how I am now a preacher of the gospel." Well, you know that Ingel Anderson was my father.

There were revival meetings a whole winter. We met in Israel Haglund's home. Now they had built a large house and their front room was big. They put cut off logs to lay planks on so people had something to sit on. A few blankets were thrown over some so it would not be too hard to sit on, but there were no back rests. Papa did not seem to mind that.

People would walk in flocks, some way from Moore's Prairie, ten miles, to get to the meetings. The house was more than packed every night.

The little children were tossed up on top of a high bed that had a trundle bed under it. There they had a plain view over the whole audience. I would sit there and really pray for certain ones that they would get saved. When someone put up their hands and asked for prayer it made me real happy. We children learned to sing the revival songs faster than the older folks would. How we sang with the young and old blending their voices.

Some came just to disturb the meetings and were hard at so doing. Some acted like maniacs, making nasty sounds and groaning in the outer room. More than one time some boys got a rope and laid it across the road. One boy would lay hidden in a ditch holding one end, and across the road someone else held the other end. When the minister left to go home, they tripped him, and sometimes others, too. Many that came to disturb later came under conviction and with bitter tears, wept over their sins, confessed, and were led to Christ. Every evening there was someone who asked for prayers. Those were glorious days.

The house was filled every night, only on Saturday and Monday there was no meeting. During the times the meetings were held there were several preachers. Most of them were from the Free Mission. Some were Baptists, and some were straight Missions, but souls turned to God and that was the important thing.

When some new preachers came, they would divide, some going to Section 36, some to Section 11 and some to Section 16, our section.

One evening Olive Dilley and her brother Ben asked for prayer. Then one evening when the preacher was going to Section 36 to preach, he was walking on the road with Ben on one side and Olive on the other. Their father had been dreadfully mad about the whole thing and when he learned that the preacher was going to 36 to have meetings, he laid for him. When the three of them came walking by, and the preacher was giving them some good advice, their father jumped up from the ditch and quickly hit the preacher on his nose. The preacher fell back and his hat flew away. It was dark, but after a minute, the preacher, wiping the blood from his face said, "I thank you Lord Jesus that I am worthy to suffer a little persecution for thy name's sake."

The father slid down in the ditch out of sight, but the daughter knew him and cried out it was their father. Frightened, they hurried home. But, the father could not sleep that night. He kept hearing, "Thank you Lord Jesus that I am worthy to suffer a little for thy name's sake."

The following morning Olaf Dilley came to my father and asked, "Do you think that there is salvation for such a big sinner as I am?" He said three times he was facing death and each time prayed to God and promised if his life was spared, he would turn to Him and serve Him. He said once he was near drowning at sea in a shipwreck, but got to a plank and was rescued. Another time he was driving a team over Lake Jennie and broke through, and both the team and he were near drowning but were rescued. He also mentioned a third time but it has slipped my memory.

My father said, "If you confess your sins He is just and righteous to forgive your sins and cleanse you from all iniquity." Then Papa and Mr. Dilley went into the bedroom and prayed. After that there were meetings in Dilley's home. I remember being there as a small girl for the meetings.

The devil was very mad and much was done by the non-Christians to disturb the meetings. Mr. Dilley was great, great grandfather to the younger Dilles of the Minnehaha Academy. Here we see that some seed that was sown bore fruit to life everlasting. Praise God for that! (The family at some point dropped the "y" from the name and became Dille.)

My Mission

After this there were meetings in different homes. I remember meetings at our neighbor Asplunds, Pher Jenson and Dahlberg, at my home, and Haglunds, at Ericksons, and John Hagers, and later at the Settergrens. I remember our neighbor's favorite songs. Aron Nilson used to sing, "Oh Jesus dear, when will you take me home, from this country? I am a stranger here." Mrs. Carrie Haglund used to sit by the spinning wheel and sing, "I think on thee dear Jesus while I work." Mrs. Asplund, or Carolina, she would always suggest a song that I have never seen translated that means Jesus is just the same. Mr. Dahlberg's favorite song was *I Have A Future All Sublime*. My mother's was a song of joy that Jesus is coming and putting an end to all sin and disappointment. Mrs. Dahlberg had so many favorite songs, and so did my dad. Halstrom Settergren's favorite song was *My Beautiful Home*, where the glorified ever shall live. There were other beautiful hymns and one that was a favorite of Betsy Petterson Satterlee and her sister Christina (Mrs. Engquist) went, "Is it true that Jesus is my brother? Is it true the heritage belongs to me?"

Oh, how I loved to hear these friends sing their favorite songs. Many children had certain songs that were their favorites too. There was much singing. When people sing and rejoice in the Lord, that is the time when God can use them to bring blessings to others.

In 1886, Rev. C. O. Sahlstrom was having some meetings near my home. He was a shoemaker from Sweden, so he was mending our shoes when he was not studying his sermon or text. We children had revival meetings too. One time we met in Lina Nelson Dahlberg's house. Lina was alone at home;

Mrs. Dahlberg was out so often caring for some sick. She was young then, and we invited children to come. There were three Benson girls, Clara, Hannah and Ida, that came. Their mother had gone to town. Their folks belonged to Augustana Lutheran Church in Dassel; however, they seldom went to church. The Bensons believed if they went to communion, then their sins were forgiven. If they were baptized and confirmed and belonged to church, that was all that was needed for their salvation. They had three boys and three girls.

We read and prayed and sang many songs. We had a very blessed time. When we knelt in prayer, the Benson girls started to sob so we asked them if they wanted to be saved. They said they would like to be Christians too but their brothers would make fun of them and call them names, and their mama would get awful mad.

Before we knew it, as we were happy thinking only good thoughts, Mrs. Benson came home from town. She stopped outside and heard us singing hymns and praying. She jerked open the door and hollered, "Kids, what are you up to?" I saw Lina turning pale, and the girls looked very frightened. "We are having a glorious meeting," I answered. She had a very sharp voice and she actually screamed, "Who is the preacher?" I again said, "We all are."

She grabbed her girls one by one by the hair and shoved them out through the door, as she said, "Kids, if you never had a lickin' before you will get one now!" They started down the hill to their home crying. We stood there and felt more sorry than I can tell for them. They lived only an eighth of a mile away and we heard them cry terrible when she, in her rage, beat them when they arrived home. When I came home, I was sort of sad. There I found that the preacher, C. O. Sahlstrom was sitting there mending our shoes. He was a cobbler in Sweden and he would spend his extra time mending shoes where he stayed. He asked how our meeting went. My reply was that we had a blessed meeting, but the devil came and spoiled our meeting. I gave the devil the credit, not Mrs. Benson.

Again, the seed that was sown bore fruit. The middle girl's name was Hannah. She let Christianity sink in and later she got a guitar and sang and played the songs we sang. After a few years she got married to a Christian man. The two would sing and play at small meetings. Hannah sang the lovely

songs, and the message sunk into the new sister-in-law's heart. She had five children and worked hard. She loved the Lord.

Her brother married and took over the home farm. As an adult, I went to see the sister-in-law in the hospital, and she asked me to sing for her. I did. Then she pulled out from under her pillow the song book that Hannah sang and played out of. I sang more and she seemed so glad. Soon she had gone back home to the farm. I thought that she had gotten well but when I came to my brother Albert's place to visit that summer, Olaf Benson, her husband, heard I had come to Dassel. He wanted me to come because his wife had just died. He asked me to sing at her funeral. I called up my old friend Lina Dahlberg Olson and asked her to help me. She played the organ and I sang those songs. Lina had to go home to her baby, but the pastor asked me if I would come and sing by the grave. I did. A couple of years later I got a telephone call from a nurse in the hospital saying I was wanted by a young girl that was dying.

I was in the midst of washing clothes. In those days we washed the hard way; all white clothes had to be boiled in strong soap suds. My water was hot, but I let the fire go down and got ready as fast as I could. I told the children to be good and I would soon be back, and if they needed help to go to Isaacson's. Then I was off.

The call had come from St. Andrew's Hospital. When I arrived I found the young girl was unconscious. I stood there sort of helpless, praying. The girl was Hannah Benson, whose mother was dead and she had to take over the household. Finally, she opened her eyes. I greeted her and read a Bible verse to her. She followed me with her lips and then she died. I wish that I could have known sooner that she was in the hospital. After she was gone, while I was still there, her father and her brothers and sisters arrived from Dassel. Her life was short, but she had sown the good seed. I am glad I can believe that she went to be with the Lord. Sow the good seed in season and out of season and it will bear fruit wherefore it is sent. Praise God!

Reverend Sahlstrom had been holding meetings and was going to leave and go to Section 36, now called Lamson, to hold meetings. My papa went out and hitched up the horses to the cutter. It started to snow and the horses were prancing. They were very lively because they were well fed and had been standing too long in the barn. While my papa was struggling to hold the

horses, Mother treated Sahlstrom to a cup of coffee and homemade rusks. I stood close by and said to Sahlstrom, "Oh how I wish that you would write the song about the shepherd and the little lambs for me. I would like to sing that in Sunday school." What do you know? Sahlstrom sat down again and scribbled down that song for me, while I stood by the window watching Papa sitting in a snow storm holding the unruly horses. I really was scared that my dad would lose his patience.

Sahlstrom handed me the song and said, "You cannot read writing yet, but you will learn that little by little."

Then he said goodbye and left for Section 36. I went into the bedroom and got on my knees and prayed that God would teach me to read writing. I got up from my prayer and read the whole song for my astonished mother. She could not understand how I could read. I never went a day to school and she had only taught me to read printed letters. I read and sang. When my papa bought me a rainbow tablet that had different pastel colors, I started to copy the song on every page. When Sunday came I could sing it to the class.

To me it was no wonder or miracle. I felt like a little child does who asks Mama for a drink and gets it, so simple it seemed to me. Later when I was going to public school, I told Phoebe Quick, my seatmate, about it. Some of the children laughed at me and said I must have dreamt it. I felt sorry that they did not believe me, so I sat down and wrote it into a song, the whole story. I was then 12 years old. I said they don't believe but I will have the story in a song how God answered my childish prayer. That was my first poem, and it was in Swedish.

By about 1888, there were a few Yankees settled by Lake Jennie. Mr. Quick sent for more Yankees from Kentucky. There were a lot of little log cabins quite close together and it was named The Bugg Town.

One log cabin was used for a school house. I was ten years old then and started school there. I had a girl for a seat mate. We sat two in the seat with not much elbow room. I tried to sit real near my side of the seat because she used to scratch her head. I thought that she was lousey and it used to turn my stomach to see her pick her nose. It was not very long before word came that

the school was closed. Someone had gotten diphtheria. Then there was no more school for me before the new school house was built.

I studied as good as I knew how. I got a nice little story book for a prize for winning in spelling. Now I am no good at spelling. I loved the Quick girls, especially Phoebe. Sadie was two years older than I and Josie two years younger. We had lots of fun together. The school teachers roomed and boarded at John Quick's.

In about 1890, when I was quite young, Mrs. Ann Case and her twin sister Jane asked my mama if she could spare me to go and stay with their mother, Rebecca Grant. She was sick with dropsy and her husband James was over 85 years old and not very good at waiting on his wife. When I came there, I saw a real old-fashioned bed with a real old-fashioned spring on it. It had a round log with sort of pegs that rope ends were fashioned to and the long logs turned as to tighten the spring. It then had a mattress on top. She said it was comfortable to sleep on.

She was a hard-working lady and had a three-gallon crock on the kitchen table filled with sugared wild gooseberries. They had been picked and preserved before she got sick. One day my sister Emma came with me over to Grants. She liked those gooseberries so well that after having two bowls of them, she wanted a third. I said, "No more." She whimpered. The old man was such a horrid looking man, he would scare anyone. He had a fringe of white hair that would reach down to his coat collar and a white beard that formed a fringe under his chin and went from ear to ear. He had three long, yellow teeth in his mouth that did not meet and he spoke with a decidedly Scottish brogue. He opened his mouth and said to Emma, "I'm going to eat you up." She got so scared of the old man I had to take her back home.

Mr. Grant read a chapter out of his Bible every morning and night and held devotions, and that seemed good to me.

One evening when I was coming from Section 36, I stopped in at a little log cabin that was owned by John and Nancy Warden. (Nancy was married to John at the age of 16.) John was the son of an old Methodist preacher. Their

cabin was on the shore of Wolf Lake. He was a great hunter and trapper and had a farm, too.

When I came in to call on them, she was making supper. She set the table for me and invited me to stay and eat with them. It smelled so good, and I was hungry. I can still smell it in my memory. They had fried pork, French fried potatoes with onions, homemade bread and butter, and tea. Mrs. Warden told me her mother, an Indian, used to stop in at my mother's years before.

Time passed by, and I stopped in again at Warden's. By now they lived in a small frame house and had two sons. Nancy Warden was on a couch sick with TB. There were newspapers around her bed for her to spit on. There were no screens on the windows or doors and the house was full of flies. I was horrified! John was sitting on a chair taking it easy while the flies were thick on her. I tried to fan the flies away from her. I asked him if she knows Jesus. His answer was she is only an Indian, a heathen. She don't understand nothing. He said his father was a Methodist preacher. I said, "Then why don't you tell her what you know about God?"

I read a little for her and prayed, and then I left. Shortly afterward she died. It was not long before he married again to a woman named Clara. When he was dead many years afterward, the youngest son Joseph had taken over the farm. He married Hannah Newman, a niece of my sisters Emma and Annie.

Joseph and Hannah had a dozen children. I don't think that any of them went to any Christian school. Instead they were busy raising white and dark mink by the thousands. It required many hands to see that the mink farm was run right. They had to be fed and watered the right way or the loss would be great. Their grandfather was a hunter, fisher and trapper. Like father, like son and grandson too.

That next year, when I was 13 years old, but on March 5 would have been 14, the church board voted me in as a Sunday school teacher. I was scared but glad and I would try to teach the younger children. I loved all the little children very much.

Swanberg, that tall man who had to bow his head so that he could enter through the door of Haglund's cottage started a sawmill near Lake Spencer

across the road on the south side. It was between Aron Nelson's and Haglunds' place. He sold the saw mill to Pher Johnson. When I would go past the house of Mrs. Pher (Clara) Johnson, she would come out and call, "Lydia, come in and visit with my Amanda," and I always would.

There were many newcomers from Varmland, Sweden, who started to work at the mill. One family that had many children was Erik Ostlund. They lived in a very small log cabin and had very little in the beginning. Mother used to bring them clothes and sheets and pillowcases, etc. They were happy. Now a granddaughter to Ostlund is married to my brother's son Joseph.

There was a man named (Andrew) Olson. He was a brother-in-law to George Kinnick. His wife Beata was a sister of Matilda Kinnick and Shamrock Wedelin. The Olsons had three boys. Mr. Olson worked at Pher Johnson's sawmill. One day the sad news came that Olson had slipped while riding a log and fell right on the great saw. He was badly sawed so that his lungs were showing. The doctor did what he could.

I was small then but oh, how I prayed for him. I knew that he was not a saved man. I said, "Papa, can I not go down to Pher Johnsons and tell Olson Jesus loves him and will wash his sins away if he asks Jesus to do it and if he believes?" My mother and papa said, "No child, it will be too hard for you to see him. Some older person can speak to him and we can pray for him." He died. I never found out if he turned to the Savior.

Lost

On Sundays I was free. I went to Sunday school in the morning, and in the evening I went to Section 36 for evening services because that was closer to Grants. One evening as I started home from church there was a bunch of boys and girls coming part of the way. That was fine



Lydia

with me, however I had heard that some of those boys were not to be trusted, so I wanted to be cautious. A couple of the boys came up to me and took my arm and said they would see me home. I said, “You are not!”

As soon as I found a chance I snuck behind a bush. I don’t think they missed me. They were so many anyway. I waited there until no one would see me. I was still a little afraid to take the main road, so I figured if I went through that pasture it would bring me closer to Grants than going

the long road around. I did just that. I walked and walked. It was moonlit and finally I discovered that I was walking in circles because I came to the same light log three times. By now I was tired and climbed on the log to rest. I lay down and fell asleep.

I had been praying to God to protect me from danger. I have no idea how long I slept when I heard an owl hooting up in a tree. I knew what it was but I did not like to lay there and listened to an owl. I thought, “How can I get away from this place?”

I looked around and saw a high stump a ways off. I took that for a marker to follow. I kept my eyes on that mark and not looking what I walked into I got full of murdocks and there was some that we in Swedish call präst lus and fär nälas. Präst lus were the same as sand burrs and fär nälas translated would mean sheep needles. They would stick to your clothes from all three points and were hard to remove. So, then I had to stop and pick all sorts of stickers from my clothes.

After walking awhile I got into a slough, and my mark was on the other side of that slough. On the east side was Wolf Lake. I had to step on the high tufts but sometimes my foot would go down in a hole and my feet got wet. Finally, I reached the high stump and there was a clearing and I saw a fence so I hurried until I reached that fence. I was just going to climb over when I heard someone walking on a road so I ducked and peered to see if I knew the man. He was a stranger to me so I waited until he was far enough away so he would not see me. Then I climbed over, and when I stood on the road I knew where I was. I saw Grant's cottage across a plowed field. I ran straight across that field and thanked God that I got back.

I had to clean myself outside. They had a box with a wash dish and a towel. I washed and cleaned as good as I could, then removed my shoes and went in real quiet. However, Mrs. Grant heard me and said, "That you Lydia?" and asked what time it was.

I struck a match and lit the lamp. It was two o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Grant said she was real concerned. "I never thought that you, Lydia, was that kind of a girl."

I felt real bad but I was real tired and did not try to explain to her. I was afraid that she would not believe me, and I never did tell her. She had heard of girls in Section 36 that did not have good reputations. She did not live long afterwards. Mr. Grant had an old Scottish Bible that he read out of most every day. He was a real old timer.

The Party

Our nearest neighbor to the north was George Kinnick. He was a German but could speak Swedish fluently. His wife Matilda was from Kåna in Sweden. She had gone to Germany to work for some rich people and had met George. They got married and came to America. They built a log cabin on their farm and had three daughters, Fredrika, Louisa, and Albertina. Then came three boys, John, George and Walter, followed by Betty.

They got very little schooling, if any, and Mr. Kinnick ruled with an iron rod. He was a loud, commanding sort of person. He drove all the family like a man drives his oxen. He himself did not work; he just commanded. His oldest girls had it hardest as they had to go before or beside the oxen while he sat all wrapped up on top of the cordwood load going ten miles to Hutchinson with the wood to sell. They would wear coarse men's clothing and felt boots, etc. in cold and snowy roads. He had no mercy. He said if any of his young ones would come home dressed with fine clothes or wear a hat, they would be sorry. That went on for years.

John took after his father as soon as he got big himself. He wore a stove pipe hat and fine clothes and walked around with a cane. He bought a buggy and a horse, a runner, and then the neighbors saw him really go.

The girls did leave home. The oldest, Fredrika, married a farmer north of Kinnicks whose name was John Bredeson. She got so crippled by rheumatism that she was tied by that in her house most of the time. She could not walk or get around. People said it was no wonder, the way she fared when she was a girl. Betty married Olaf Regel, a neighbor boy. Mrs. Kinnick was short and fat and sort of jolly.

Mr. Kinnick boasted about how he was an atheist, and he planted that into the hearts of his family. He would curse and swear terrible so we children were afraid of him. His many pigs fed in the neighbor's corn fields. He would see to it that the fence between our cornfield and his land was torn down real often. My father, although he had a bum leg, had to walk a half mile and fix that fence. Then it was taken down again time and time again, and Kinnick's pigs would have a feast.

In the spring of 1889 Mr. Kinnick died of a stroke. No one mourned him. The oldest son John took over and acted much like his father. He went about swinging a cane and wearing a stove pipe hat acting like a dude. He bought a new buggy and was seen out riding real often.

Mrs. Kinnick had never had a party for her neighbors but now she was going to have a real party inviting all the neighbors. She was having a cheese party. Every neighbor was to bring a pale of milk, and then she would make a big cheese.

They would get their milk luke warm in a very large wash boiler. Then they took the stomach of a young calf that had been slaughtered. The stomach had curds of milk in it. They took them out, washed and dried the stomach skin and put it in a salt solution. Then it was dried and they put the curds back into the stomach bag. They then pulled that curdled milk, called rennet, with a stick around and around through the warm milk. In a few minutes cheese formed in the milk. Gently they packed it together and lifted it into a large colander or steamer pan, then let the whey drain off. Then they put it under weights to press more whey out of the cheese. When the cheese was done, it was put up to age before it was ready to serve. The secret to getting good cheese was how it was aged.

The whey was cooked until it formed a brown, thick mess. This was made into sort of a brown cheese spread for sandwiches. Some would put parts of the first cheese into the whey and when the mess was ready, was called sweet cheese. Cheese parties were fun.

When that work was done Mrs. Kinnick served an elaborate lunch. The ladies that had to hurry home ate by the first table. After they were about finished Mrs. Kinnick said, "I forgot to serve you that sausage that I dried. It is just right by now. Mama answered that she was so full she couldn't possibly

eat any more, as did all the other ladies at the table. When the second table dined, all had some of that dried sausage except one.

When Mama had been home awhile someone came and told her to hurry and go over to Kinnicks because Mrs. Kinnick was very sick. They went to Cokato after the Doc and he came too. Mrs. Kinnick turned stiff and was in very hard pain. Mama asked her, "Have you eaten anything that has not been well cooked or fried?" She said, "No, no." Then Mama said, "How about that dried sausage? Then she said, "Oh my God! I ate the most and will die first." The doctor took a piece from Mrs. Kinnick's arm and sent it to be tested. They found trichinae. Mrs. Kinnick said that pig we killed seemed so healthy and so big. "She got out once onto the island at Pigeon Lake. I don't know what she lived on out there. She was on that island I think about three weeks. She must have eaten rats and the like. She was very sick for awhile but then she got well, and got so very fat. She was the nicest pig we had."

Soon her sister Shamrock, and then Marie Wedelin were sick, and then John Kinnick, and the Regal boys and John Bredeson. Mother tried to tell Matilda how important it was to get right with God, but to Mama's sorrow, Matilda said she only wished to die as calm as her husband did, and he did not believe in God. Mrs. Kinnick died. Mary Wedelin and her mother also died. John Kinnick, the son, also died, with just a little time between. The rest that were sick were thinking they would also die. However, they got better gradually. There were eleven sick with trichinosis. Seven recovered and some of them were sick all winter. When the doctor studied the cases, he said that they got well the same way that old sow did. The trichinae got interwoven into little bumps on their bodies. We cannot understand it, but that is what happened. Mrs. Bredeson, Kinnick's daughter, said, "They have been aggravating all the neighbors with their horrid pigs and now a pig has to be the cause of their death."

I think God protected those that did not get it from eating that sausage. They were our ladies, Mama and others that sat at the first table setting, when Mrs. Kinnick forgot to serve it before it was too late. I am sure that nothing just happens, it is planned. God is interested in his own people. Let us always put our life trust in him, and be willing to do his will. For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are called after his purpose.

Wolves

In 1891 there was a mission conference up near Kerkhoven. My father said that I could go with him. There we were guests at Dahlberg's home. What a wonderful time we had. Mrs. Dahlberg made us feel at home. The dinners were served in church. Everybody who lived out there brought food in abundance. I remember one thing that Mrs. Dahlberg made to bring was a roll cake, chocolate roll if you please. I had never seen one before.

One evening after church the Dahlbergs said, "You girls can walk home tonight. We are giving some old people a ride."

As we were on our way, I heard some hoots and I said, "Tillie, what is that? It sounds like you have hooting boys here as we have at home. The boys at home used to stop at the crossroads and hoot at each other. It was a mile from the east to the west crossroad and they would stand and hoot and answer each other."

But Tillie said, "Stop! Listen! Oh, the wolves are coming." The other girl and Tillie ran as fast as their legs could carry them. Poor me! I was short and only 13 years old. I could not keep up with them because they were tall, long legged 20 year old girls. I got way behind. We crossed the North Crow River and went through a wire gate into a sheep pasture. Tillie called to me, "Be sure to close the gate after you when you enter." I did. The gate was covered with wire way down and up, and the fence was quite high with sharp wire way down to the ground so that the wolves could not get through to get the sheep.

While I was running, I heard when the wolves ran against the wire fence. It rattled and they let out a chorus of howls. Then they followed on the outside around the pasture.

I kept running and the grass was wet with dew. I just about ruined my clothes. The girls got so far ahead that they looked like specks in the

moonlight. When I got to the sheep house, they called me to come inside and rest.

The Dahlberg boys were already home and the dogs barked. The boys heard the commotion and took their guns and shot up in the air. The wolves disappeared. Then we girls ventured out of the sheep pasture up to the house. We were glad to be in and safe. Tillie and her friend dreamt that the wolves were coming up the walls into the house all night, and they were very tired in the morning. But I slept like a log, all tired out. When I was afraid, I said to the Lord, "Take care of me," and he always did. Praise his holy name.

One day, I don't remember how old I was, it was winter and there was snow on the ground. I was on my way to Sunday school. When I came to the road that led up to the highway that leads by Erickson's Hill to the church, I saw a huge grey wolf slowly walking ahead of me up the bend in the road. Goose pimples went up my spine but I thought of what Dad used to say. Never run away if you are frightened. Face it and pray. If you run it will surely get you.

I kept walking and was in prayer. It was an old wolf, stiff legged, a high one. He walked so slow and turned and looked at me. Finally, he walked off the road and up the side of the sloping hill. When he got way up the hillside, he turned and looked at me. I turned and looked at him. The he went his way and I went mine, on to Sunday School.

One cold winter the snow fell very heavy. Sometimes it thawed between times. We used to cross Lake Spencer on our way to school. There were huge drifts on the lake. The Haglund boys made a big tunnel through the drift. It froze solid and afterwards we would walk through the tunnel. How terrible if it would have caved in on us, but all went well.

One very cold morning I was bound to go in spite of the cold. When I came a ways into the tunnel I saw an animal come towards me. I prayed God protect me. I kept walking and so did the beaver. We met and he held himself close to one side and I to the other side. We went slowly past each other saying nothing. I felt thankful. I strongly believed in the angel who protected the children.

I do believe that Christian parents should teach their children to pray at all times and thank God for help and protection. They will not become overly frightened, but they will be more trusting and brave when they are in need.

Ghosts

There was an old lady who had a thirteen-year-old daughter. People believed that the lady was beset with an evil spirit. She was very mean to her daughter and she kept threatening her. She said, “When I am dead, I will come back and molest you.”

Well, one day she died and the poor girl was very frightened. The thrashing machine was in the neighborhood at one of the neighbors of this woman. In the middle of the night the thrashers were awakened by a very sharp whistle. They were tired and it seemed too early to get up, but the whistling kept on. They dressed and went out thinking that it must be the morning. You see, the workers used to get up before daylight to get an early start. When they looked toward the thrashing machine the engine was fiery red. They ran to it, but when they arrived the engine was black and stone cold.

A little girl came running to the men crying asking them to protect her. Her mother was after her. Every night after that, while the corpse of the mother was still lying in the coffin in the shed, there was someone there, as the men would stay to watch the girl. They said there were unearthly noises, rapping, pounding, and scratching. As soon as they turned out the light the pillows started to fly back and forth out of the bed and many other things happened.

They called the Lutheran minister from the Stockholm church at Moore’s Prairie. He came over and read scripture and prayed but it did not help. After the woman was buried, I don’t know when the noise and commotion stopped. There was an old couple who said, “Did you hear that clapping, just like someone clapped their hands together with a wet cloth between the hands?” They all heard that. “Well,” the couple said, “that is a sign that you won’t hear any more noises or see disturbing things anymore.” And no one did. The little girl was never bothered anymore either.

There was a young lady who I knew real well who went to that house with her sweetheart. She heard and saw what was going on. She used to be very

much afraid of the dark. But after the visit there she was never afraid any more. She said she had been as close to spooks as anyone could be and lived through it. The lady's name was Christina Molin Larson.

Many years later I had been in the City working and came home for a visit. My sisters and I went to a meeting held in a little church east from us about a mile or mile and a half. We went past a house where a lady had been living with her three daughters. The girls all married and moved away. By then there was a cornfield close to the road way back from the house. I stopped and said to my sister, "How come Mrs. Sheck is running around the corn shocks like that?" My sister looked and we saw her and watched her. Then we walked home. My sister said, "Have you not heard that Mrs Sheck died some time ago? Mrs. Lundin has seen her running about until she too was so frightened that she is sick in bed." "No," I said. "I never heard a word about that." I had not ever known that Mrs. Sheck was dead.

Later I was told that the windows in that house pounded, from all the windows at the same time and light was seen on the window panes. But that did not last but a few weeks, and nothing more was seen or heard. One of our Covenant pastors went there. Of course, he was requested to go and order the evil out. Someone said that this lady had something on her conscience that she would not confess, and she was terribly afraid to die.

One evening I was sent to get Johannah Dahlberg because Mama was ill. It had rained before so the road was soft. I saw a light that looked like sulfur burning. It was red and blue and yellow and I saw it coming from a stump. Then I saw two more like it. It was good that mother had told me that some kinds of wood gave off that light when they are rotting. (This is a phenomenon called foxfire cause by a fungus in rotten wood.)

What was more scary was something that came towards me up on the hill. I did not understand what it could be so I prayed to God whatever it was, that it should not harm me. My father told us we should not run if we were afraid, but pray. To run would not help if it was dangerous. It could catch up with us and if it was not, it was good to stay and find out what it was.

It was (Olaf) Lowhalt Forsberg. He carried a lantern and as he walked the light went high with one step and low with the next. (Olaf Forsberg walked with a profound limp.) Up and down, the shadow and light in front of each

step went in sort of a circle. It looked queer. And when I met him he said, "It's a great world! Oh, it is such a little girl out walking this late at night." As soon as he said "a great world" then I knew who it was because someone once said, "Great World Forsberg was here today." He and his whole family would use that expression.

I said, "Is it not Mr. Forsberg I meet?" He said, "Yes." I told him I was coming from Dahlbergs and had been there on an errand. Well, I ran the rest of the way, so happy and when I came there Mrs. Dahlberg asked me if I had met Forsberg. My way home seemed real short. I was running bare foot and the road was smooth and soft.

I used to go and visit Mrs. Forsberg (Emma) in her little home when she was sitting there all alone in the summer. I would bring my guitar and sing some songs for her. When her husband was in the hospital on his very last, I went to see him and tell him about the wonderful Savior who died for his sin and the wonderful love He has for His children, and the home He is preparing for his own. Mr. and Mrs. Forsberg are home now where no poverty will ever be, no sorrow, no death, but joy forever more.

Music Lessons

We had a fine school teacher, Lizzy Roser. She was a Christian. Every morning before she would start her classes, she would read some scripture and pray to God. How I loved her and what a good influence she had on the school children. Sometimes she would come with us home and stay overnight, and we were happy to have her.

She always had a motto for each day. One was politeness. “Do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way.” Lizzy Roser had a brother, George, who taught singing lessons in the little Methodist church across the lake. He had two boys and two girls at that time. He was a music teacher and led a brass band in Hutchinson. It was fun to attend that singing school. George Roser would walk on foot way from Hutchinson to teach that singing class. Sometimes it was bad walking and cold and a lot of snow, but he would troop through and be sure to come.

One evening Albert and I started across the lake on the ice. It had been very cold and the ice was very thick. Then it had thawed a day or two and there was water on the lake, which froze on the surface. Well, we got out a ways and the second freeze broke and we stepped into water over our feet. There was still ice under and we crossed the lake that way. When we



First Lake Jennie church, built in 1886. Ingel Anderson, Aron Nilson and Israel Haglund were instrumental in the founding of this church.

arrived we were soaking wet. The church was cold and our clothes froze to ice. When I stood up to sing my skirts were frozen so that the shape was like a knee sticking out in front.

When singing was over, we went home across the lake the same way. It had turned very cold and the walking was very hard. Sometimes we stepped through the last ice. Well, I was sure that I would catch a bad cold. We had a mile home after we crossed the lake and the snow had drifted across the road in many places. I walked so that the perspiration just poured from me. When we got home, we took every stitch off and put dry clothes on and crawled to bed upstairs in a room that had no heat. What a wonder we woke up rested and fresh in the morning, without a sign of a cold. Now I understand that it was that hard walking and sweating that saved us, and that while we still were very warm, got dry clothes on. For the rest I thank God. I know it was His help and mercy and guidance, as I have known many, many times in my life. God is ever good.

George Roser held a concert in the Lake Jennie church one evening when his four children sang lovely quartets. One song that I thought was lovely was *Listen to the Mocking Bird*. Another evening he brought his brass band, and they played for our Lake Jennie church audience. It turned out to be a wild snow storm and mother and dad invited them for lunch after the church concert was over. They came. I wonder how they could drive home to Hutchinson. They must have had a hard time to get home through the snow drifts and the storm.

Danger

South of Litchfield lived Dave Hull. He came to my mother one day and asked her if she could spare me for a couple of weeks. Mrs. Hull needed extra help because his mother and father and young niece were coming to visit them. The young ladies name was Clara Millard. Mother said if I wanted to do it, it was all right.

I had to get my clothes ready as I had to take the train. Dave would meet me in Litchfield. I had a dress that I bought the material for and sewed myself. It was fitting to wear for the 4th of July. It was red and white striped and blue and white for trimming. I took that dress with me and packed the suitcase with clothes.

When I arrived in Litchfield I stood there waiting for Dave. The circus was in town and there were crowds of people. Finally, a man came up to me and spoke to me asking, "Have you been waiting long?" My answer was, "Yes." Then he said, "I will carry your suitcase and we will go to the circus." I said, "No, I wish that you would get your buggy and put them in and take me home." I thought it was Dave Hull. He resembled him and had brown eyes and a little mustache. "No, let's go to the circus," he said. I again said no and he asked, "Why not?" I told him I didn't think Mama and Papa would approve.

"That's silly," he said. "Don't you want to see all those fine animals perform? Are you not hungry?" "Yes," I said. So, he said, "Let's go to the restaurant and have dinner, alright."

He took both my suitcases and we went to a restaurant and had a good dinner. While we were eating, he tried to talk me into going with him to the circus. When dinner was over, I asked him if he knew where the post office was. "Yes," he said, "Right there." I said, "Let's go there."

We left my suitcases in the restaurant and went to the post office. I asked for Dave Hull's mail and the postman handed it to me. Then I asked, "Do you know Dave Hull?" "Yes," was the answer. "Do you know this man?" I asked. "No, I think he is a circus man." I gave the mail back and told the man to take me right back to the restaurant.

As we came to the restaurant I saw my uncle August Sangren and Dave Hull standing there talking. The circus man disappeared. I was so glad to see Uncle Sangren and Dave Hull. Now I saw that Hull was a taller man. I was glad to get to Hulls safe.

I got real busy with work at Hulls. I soon found out that I really had to work. I washed and ironed and cooked and cleaned as fast as I could go because the company was arriving from Iowa the next day. Dave Hull was giving a big ball for his niece Clara Willard. He had a paid band from Minneapolis come out to play for the ball. He had a huge hayloft with a floor to dance on, and a platform for the band.

Mrs. Hull (Addie) and I made cakes, and he had ice cream made in Litchfield to order. The hall was beautifully decorated. Clara was dressed very beautifully. I asked what I should wear that would be fitting and she said, "That red and white striped dress with the blue and white trimming is very fitting," so I wore my 4th of July dress.

After everything was ready Hull wanted to teach me to dance, but I said, "No, no, I don't want to." If I had been convinced to learn to dance who knows where or what I would have been now. I was afraid it looked like sin to others.

A couple of days after the ball Dave's father asked if he could take the buggy and horse to take his wife out for a ride. That would be so much fun for her. They knew someone that lived not so far away. Dave said yes, and the old folks started out. They drove about a mile, when something scared the horse. The old man lost control. They had a runaway. The buggy was broken and the horse went back to the farm. They found Dave's father trying to console his wife. She had a broken hip.

There was no hospital in Litchfield then so she was brought home to Hulls. Clara was so sweet to her old grandmother but Mrs. Hull was so mad because

the buggy was her own that Mr. Hull had given her as a present. She was so mad she would not even see her mother-in-law or ask how she was. She went to bed and would not get up to help make the meals or anything. Poor old lady, poor old man and poor Dave. But Clara was so sweet, she cared so sweetly for her grandmother and carried out bed pans without a complaint. She was only 17 years old. I heard Dave say to his wife, “You think more of your buggy than of my mother.” She was so bitter, the poor unhappy and selfish woman. I don’t know if the old Mrs. Hull ever recovered.

Hijinks

Anna, John and Lina Nilson became Christians. Anna is past 80 years now and is still living and trusting in the Lord in 1957.

I mentioned that Aron Nilson built a big nice house that had many rooms both upstairs and downstairs. Anna was to leave home. John, the younger brother was full of tricks, and he really went too far with his tricks. The night after Anna and August got married, John managed to put strings from the different doors so that he could open and shut doors without being seen. He crept under the bed in August and Anna's room. After they had gone to bed he started to pull strings, first one string, then another opening and shutting doors. It made them real nervous and they could not understand why all this opening and shutting of doors was going on all night.

John did not get any sleep but he did not care. In those days the people had only straw mattresses and no springs, only slats to lay the mattress on. John cut a hole in the casing that held the straw and gradually picked the straw little by little. Finally Anna and August were lying on the bare slats.

Well, they had been disturbed by the opening and shutting of doors all night and by the way, he had a cow bell on one door and a sheep bell on the other. He kept ringing those bells at intervals too. What do you think? Don't you think that he was real naughty?

Towards morning he sneaked into his own room and bed and got a little sleep. Poor Anna and August were so worried and tired. They found out how it all was done in the morning and decided not to make any fuss about it. Just a little laugh.

The Lady

When I was between 13 and 14 (about 1891) there came a one-armed man from Hutchinson and asked Mama if she could spare me for a couple of weeks. He had been driving around and could not find a girl to come and help out in the hotel while the Adventists had their convention there. They were housing and feeding many of the guests of that convention. Mother told him I could. I packed my suitcase and put my Bible and song book in it, and also brought my guitar along. I figured to play in my room evenings and practice.

When I came there, I was to share a room with two other girls. I was surprised to find both the personnel and the hotel owner, a lady, so ungodly. I felt bad about that but I thought they are not bashful to show whom they serve so why should I be.

My job was to peel potatoes and all sorts of vegetables, and to help to toast bread over hot coals holding the slices on a fork with a long handle. I also washed dishes. When evening came my feet were aching because I only brought my Sunday shoes in the morning when I came.

When we came to our room at night, two girls slept in a big bed on one side of our room and I had a single bed on the other side. The other girls had another room. I felt very alone but I tuned my guitar and played and sang in Swedish. Then I read a chapter of scripture. I read audible but low and then I sat down listening to their chatter. Finally, I knelt down and prayed for them and the owner of the hotel and myself. I slept good all night. One night when I was playing and singing the song about Mimmie, one of the girls started to sob. The other girls asked her what the matter was. She said, "If you could understand what this little girl sings and prays about you would weep too."

Then she wanted me to interpret for her. I could not do it very well but I did my best. I think had I known that one girl was Norwegian I would have been more bashful. The other girl was German, and I sang Swedish.

Miss Simmons, the lady who owned the hotel, was not married to the man she lived with. She used to come out in the kitchen and dance on the floor and laugh and cut up. She was very nice looking, black curly hair, brown sharp eyes, long eyelashes, always powdered face and she wore rich brocaded silk dresses and many petticoats with embroidery ruffles on. She wore a gold watch and chain and armlets of gold. There was no imitation on her. She wore real high heels and was dressed like a queen every day.

One time she and the man she lived with came into the kitchen and she danced and kicked up as usual, and then she kicked the man in the seat. I was so shocked that I stared at her. She gave me an angry look and said, "You stare at me as if you've never seen people before." After that I never looked at her. When she came in, I turned the other way. I prayed that the ungodly woman would repent and turn to God. You can understand how lonesome I was for my home. I never dreamt that I would ever see Mrs. Simmons anymore.

When the two weeks were up, I was so glad. My mama came and had my little sister Annie with her, and I could go home.

Many years later I met that same lady again when I was sent by the church to do visitations at the hospital. Our committee consisted of six plus Pastor and Mrs. O.B. Olson. The pastor read some of the Holy word and we ladies sang and I accompanied them with the guitar. Then Pastor Olson said a few words to the sick. I heard sort of a cry and sob from the room across the hall and stepped in there. One of the ladies said, "Those Swedes are getting so many callers but we don't get any." I asked her if she would like to have us come in here and hold devotion and she said, "Yes."

I went back and told our committee and Pastor Olson and we all went in there and held devotions and sang and I played the guitar. There was a woman lying in a corner bed near the door. She fastened her eyes on me. Every time I looked at her she was watching me. She seemed familiar to me so I went to her and said, "Hello." She was very crippled and could hardly speak to be understood. She started to cry and I thought she was trying to say, "I, I know you." I asked Pastor Olson to talk to her, but she could not talk so she could

be understood. I said, "Goodbye," and she tried to say, "Come back soon," but I could only guess what she tried to say.

On the streetcar on my way home it dawned on me who she was, the Miss Simmons that I had worked for in Hutchinson. The next time I went there she had been moved to the hospital up north for the incurable.

Time went by and we made a trip up north to the hospital for the incurable. As soon as I got into the long ward, I saw Miss Simmons laying right there in the second bed from the door. I started on the opposite side and said a few words to each person, then through the sun room and down the other side until I came to her. The other ladies stopped and visited by the beds, but I wanted to spend my time with Miss Simmons. I was glad that she knew me. She could talk more understandably now. She asked me, "Where is your husband, the one you had with you the other time?" I told her he was not my husband, he was our pastor. My husband is home. She asked, "How did you get here? Did you ride in the buggy from Dassel? I told her I lived in Minneapolis now and my husband runs a grocery store.

I asked her, "Are you not the Miss Simmons that had the hotel in Hutchinson?" She said, "Yes, I had one in Dassel and a hotel in Cokato, too." I asked if she had given her heart to Jesus yet. She started to cry and said, "No, no. I am a big, big sinner." Then I could tell her that, "Jesus came to save sinners. He did not come to save the self-righteous but sinners. And who-so-ever cometh unto me, he said, I will in no way cast out."

I read and sang to her, and when the ladies caught up to me, we started back home. She said, "Come back soon, soon!"

I was sorry that I did not have an easy time returning to that hospital. It was quite a long time before I went there again. When I got there, she was gone; she had died. I asked the lady next to her whom I remembered being there when I was last there, about her. She told me that Miss Simmons used to have a man that came to see her at first. He had stolen a hat from a man on the street car and was put in prison. There he tore something and hung himself. After that she cried more than before. She was all crippled with arthritis and very unhappy. The only one who ever visited her was gone. Her jewelry was gone. Her riches were gone. Her health was gone. She went on, "And then there came a young lady with a guitar. She played and sang and prayed for her, and after that visit she became calm and quiet until she died."

Her body was taken to the morgue. I went to the office and got some more information. When I told them how she used to own a hotel in Cokato, Dassel and Hutchinson and how she was elaborately dressed, and how she danced and joked, etc., that office girl said, "There is nothing swell about her now." She was buried in a potter's grave. I expect to meet her up yonder someday, a sinner saved by grace, who found peace in her soul.

Babies

In 1893, when I was 15, my sister Hulda and I were coming home from the city. We were down at Union Depot when a young man came carrying two three-month-old babies. A boy was with him, carrying a couple of pillows and some other things. The boy laid down what he carried beside the man with the babies and hurried out. He had brought the man and babies from the Children's Home in a buggy and had to return. There the poor young man sat holding two crying babies in his arms. What could he do? I could not stand to see his predicament so I went to him and said, "Shall I help you?" He was so glad and grateful. I was real puzzled and asked, "Where do you live?"

He said, "Fourteen miles south of Morris. My wife will meet me in Morris and she will know what to do."

He told me, "We are Catholics, but we have no children. My wife should have come down to pick out some orphans to adopt, but she has never been in the big city, so she said she would take care of the stock and do all the work if I would go to the orphanage and bring home a baby. So, I went and there were two cute babies, a boy and a girl, the same age, three months. They are not related but I could not resist adopting the two of them. I called my wife and asked her what to do and she said to bring them both to her."

She told him she would do the chores and then drive to Morris to meet them and bring lots of blankets to keep them warm. "How are you ever going to get along until you get there?" I asked. He said, "It will go somehow alright. As soon as I reach Morris, the worry will be over. My wife will know what to do."

I changed those cold, wet babies and gave them their bottles, one after the other. The milk was getting cold but they seemed to be so hungry. I helped

him to get on the train. My sister had to take care of both mine and her suitcase. There were nice looking ladies in the depot. I heard them say, "Poor young mother, she is just a young girl," etc. I did not care. I thought, "You old heartless women, why don't you lend a hand?"

When we arrived in Dassel, I said goodbye to the man and wished him good luck. I told him to write me and tell me how it went. After a few days, I heard from him. He said his wife had driven fourteen miles through stormy weather to meet him, and they had that long way to drive back in very cold, snowy weather. The little girl survived, but the boy died. What a pity! He did ask me to help him until he reached home but I could not do that. I don't think even I could have survived that long in cold, blizzard wind. Then I would have had that long way to get back home again alone. I think that I should have gone way home with them. May that not be counted against me, I was so young and so homesick at the time.

Assaulted

When I was in my teens my sister Hulda had an errand to Cokato. We went to a drugstore where one young man, a friend of my sister was a druggist. He wanted to show us his nice room upstairs, next to the doctor's office. The doctor was in and asked me to come into his office. He showed me what he had there. He was a young doctor who weighed three hundred pounds.

I held myself aloof from him. My sister Hulda was visiting with her friend when all of a sudden the doctor grabbed me and pulled me into his lap. I struggled back but he was strong. I prayed from my heart for help to get away. He kissed and kissed me. I called for sister Hulda and her friend for help. He said, "You are a hard one." Then they happened to come in. He dropped his hold on me. I felt very humiliated but thanked God that he did not get the best of me. I think now that an angel protected me and delivered me from that man. We learned later that man ruined a sweet young girl for life. It could have been me.

Papa's Leg

Papa's sore leg got worse. He went to Cokato to Dr. Cassel, who put him to bed in a hotel there. When Papa went there, he asked Mama if I could come with him and wait on him and give reports back home for him. I worked for my board in the hotel where Papa had his room.

Dr. Cassel did what he could. He scraped Dad's sore with a sharp brush until the sore bled freely, then took 32 hunks out of Papa's arm and tried to graft flesh in the wound while it was red and bleeding. Then he bandaged up the sore, hoping that it would take life and grow skin on the big wound. Every effort failed and the pieces of skin fell off. His wound got ten times more than before. When he went there, he walked with a cane, but when he returned, he walked with a crutch. That made me cry.

Finally, he decided to go to Minneapolis to see some doctor there because the treatment had been a failure. Dr. Soderlind and Dr. Lind planted big hunks of flesh from his other arm into the sore that was so much larger now after the first attempt. They too deteriorated and it was hopeless. Then Papa told them to amputate his leg.

While he was there, we children did the harvest all alone, plus all the farm work. Albert drove the binder, and Hulda, Emma and I shucked the wheat. When it was time to stack, my brother Albert drove around in the country to find a man that he could hire, but there were none to be had except for a 17-year-old boy, Emil Nelson. He pitched the bundles to Albert when Albert laid the wheat stock. My sister sat in front of the wheat rack and drove the horses. Hulda laid the wheat load and I pitched the bundles onto the racks. We drove with two racks and two teams. When one was by the stack unloading the other was in the field loading.

One time sister Emma turned the load too sharp and the whole wheat load fell on top of us girls. No one was hurt but we struggled to get out of the load and found that we came out of it crawling on the ground. We had to reload the

whole load. When Ray Nordstrom and his thrashing crew came to thrash, they wondered how the stacks could be dry, on account of the rain that came just as we were through with the stacking. Not one stack had taken in water when it had rained so much. Albert got a lot of praise for his skill in stacking the wheat. Our neighbor's stacks had started to sprout some but we got No. 1 A on our wheat because it was real dry. That made me glad.

The last stack was made on a Saturday evening, because we were afraid of rain and to be sure, we worked after supper until eleven at night. We were so happy to be through so we called our neighbors kids over and we had a treat and played hide and go seek until twelve o'clock at night. We did our chores in the morning and went to Sunday school and church and were no worse off for it. We had a fine time. At first, I got real stiff in my body, but after three days I was feeling real limber and strong. One can really work to get muscles.

Papa came home and was glad that everything had gone so well, but he had to go to the city again and have his leg amputated. He again asked if I could go with him. He went to Deaconess Hospital. It was only a house then with a small shed on the side for the ones that had thyroid fever. Many in the city had typhoid fever. It was found out that they got it from the water they drank.

The nurses were so nice to me. They had me for a play nurse. I was dressed up in one of the smaller nurses' uniforms and I could sit with them at the table to eat.

Papa told Dr. Soderlind and Dr. Ringnill that he wanted me by him when he was operated on. I stood there until they started to saw and then I was in the side room until the leg was off. I was to talk to him first and call him. When he started to come to himself from the ether chloroform he called out loud and clear, "God bless you Doctor Soderlind, God bless you Doctor Ringnill," and to everyone he knew there he said, "God bless you." When he came into his room, he recited loud and clear one Bible verse after another. He called to Olson, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things will be added unto you," and to Johnson, "All things work together for good for them that love the Lord. Rejoice in the Lord and again I say rejoice." I never knew he knew so many by heart.

I did not have to pay anything because the nurses kept me real busy doing something all the time. Sometimes I was sent to bring home a load of medicine from a drugstore, a triangle building on Riverside Avenue.

When we had breakfast, Sister Ingeborg was the head nurse. She sat at the head of the long table and always asked the grace. Every morning we always had family alter. Sister Ingeborg read the first verse and we all read a verse as our turn came until the whole chapter was read. We knelt around the table and prayed, then we stood up and sang a hymn. After breakfast we went to hold devotions in the sick room.

I was sent to a young man, 20 years old, who had a broken neck. He broke it diving into water that was too shallow. I brought my guitar, read scripture, sang and prayed for him.

Six years later, I was married and living in Lamson by the highway. My husband was a store clerk in Danielson's General Store in Lamson. We lived in an old and big farm house. One day two men came to our door. They asked if they could put their horses and big load in the empty barn. They wanted to get into shelter because it looked like a rain storm was coming soon.

I said they were welcome to and the barn was clean and there was plenty of clean straw. It seemed to me that one of the men looked familiar, and he sort of looked at me more than the other. When they were making their supper, they came to the house and asked if they could cook some coffee on our stove.

I said they could, and when Pete came home, I told him about our company in the barn. He went out there and invited them to come into the house for the evening and night. They accepted and one of them looked at my father's picture on the wall. He asked, "Is that your father?" When I said yes, he said, "I think I know him. He visited me at Deaconess Hospital before he went home. Are you the little girl who sang and played the guitar and held devotions in my room when I was paralyzed?" "Yes," I answered. What a surprise to meet him again!

After we had gone to bed, we heard the men reading the Bible and praying. I was wishing that I could have joined them, but was already in bed. I regret that I did not ask them where they were moving to with their printing press. They were editors of a paper and were moving from Hutchinson, but I don't know what paper they were editors of. This happened shortly before Gertrude

was born and I felt sort of bashful and clumsy so I did not ask questions. I was glad they were Christians.

The City

When we had come home from the city I felt lonesome for the lovely young people meetings that were held in the tabernacle. It was called Dät Swänksa Tabernacle. When I was sixteen, I asked Papa if I could go back to the city and get a job and work. Then I could go to the young people's meetings in the Tabernacle. I had already gotten acquainted with some of them. One nice memory was that when Dwight L. Moody and Ira Sankey were in the Tabernacle, I had a chance to hear Mr. Moody speak on how God so loved the world. I heard Sankey sing *The Ninety and Nine*. I loved the choir.

When I arrived, I went to an intelligence office close to the Tabernacle, Mrs. Stromberg's office, and I accepted the first job offer I got. I was afraid I might not get a job so I took it and it brought me way out to Merriam Park. I worked in a restaurant there. The kitchen was in a half basement and two of us girls had a bedroom right off the kitchen. I was real lonesome. My job was to keep the big cooking stove filled with coal and two gasoline stoves filled with gasoline.

I had no idea how dangerous it was to handle gas with fire nearby. If my guardian angel had not watched over me, I might have blown up the whole kitchen or building. I would fill the gasoline stove close to a roaring hot cooking stove many times a day. I would turn down the arm that held the gasoline and fill it while the burners were lit. No one warned me and I did not know. God really protected me.

One day I went to St. Paul to buy a new hat. Before leaving I got on my knees and prayed to God that I could meet someone whom I knew that was a Christian. As soon as I boarded the street car my eyes fell upon a preacher that

I knew. I was bashful and blushed, but I had prayed about meeting someone and this was him. I went up to him and said, "Hello."

"Oh hello," he said. "Why are you way down here Lydia?" he asked, and I told him. I also told him how sorry I was to be so far from the Tabernacle and that it was impossible for me to attend meetings there. I asked him if he knew any Christians in Merriam Park. He said there were a few that meet in a small chapel they rent for Sunday evening and Wednesday night. They have a Sunday school in the park when weather permits. He also gave me the address of two of the families. One was the chairman and the other the vice-chairman. They lived in the same house, the Sybles and the Bjorks, one family upstairs and one downstairs.

On my first afternoon off I looked them up. They welcomed me with open arms. I felt at home with these plain people right away. I was in the Syble's home, saw an organ, and sat down and played and sang. They said, "Praise the Lord. Now He has sent us an organist. You will play for us because we have none in our little group that can play." I felt like a spoon in soft butter. I played the organ and helped with the Sunday school. I was happy with these kind people.

One evening a lady came up to me and said, "You are my cousin Lydia." I thought she looked familiar to me. I had seen her on a photograph. It was my cousin Josephine from Kerkhoven.

Some time later, my ankle started to ache fiercely. I could not sleep for many long nights. On Sunday I asked for permission to be free for the afternoon. The lady said yes, if the other girls would do my work, and they agreed. I could not get a stocking or shoe on my foot; it was so swollen and feverish. I had inflammatory rheumatism in that ankle. I tore an old sheet into strips and wrapped my ankle and foot. Then I started for the church at noon.

I could not lift my foot off the ground. I had to drag it along. It felt as if it was falling off when I tried to lift it for a step forward. I dragged it, then stepped quickly on the good foot. I kept that up all afternoon. I had to rest every once in a while. I arrived at the church at eight o'clock and they were singing when I came in. I slunked inside and sat down on a seat by the wall next to the door.

When Mr. Syble saw me, he said, “Sister Lydia is here and she will play for us.” That was too much for me to hear. My tears started to run. An old, 80-year-old woman said in her Dahla brog, “Ho, ho, kom hit Ja mener ho gräter.” (Come here, she’s crying.) Then they came down to me Mr. and Mrs. Syble and Mr. and Mrs. Bjork. They asked me if I had an accident. I told them that I



Young Lydia

had inflammatory rheumatism in my ankle and I came because I wanted them to pray for me. I did not want to be a cripple for all my life.

They stood there and looked at me sort of crest fallen, as if to say, “What are we going to do about it?” When the old lady heard that she said in a commanding voice, “You are going to pray for her aren’t you?”

That took. They melted down on their knees and prayed right to the point. “Dear Lord, if it is thy Holy

will to heal her do so!” It felt like an electric shock went through me and I felt the pain leave instantly. I told no one. Mrs. Larson told me to continue to pray. “You’ll see. You’ll get well. Anoint yourself as it says in James 5.”

“What oil should I use?” She told me kerosene or whatever I had handy. She said God did not care what oil I used. I did leave and go home. It took me less than half an hour. Just think, going there took all afternoon. I thanked the Lord for taking my pain away, but I said I didn’t know why I was anointing myself with oil. I did it because I was told to do so.

I went to bed and slept sound all night. When I awakened in the morning, I felt so rested that I thought I must have overslept. I jumped out of bed but then I remembered that I had such a sore ankle. I looked at it and the swelling was more than half gone, and by the third day there was not a sign of swelling

left. I have never had any touch of it since, and I am over 79 now. I am not looking for that ailment to come back.

It was a wonder to all the girls in the restaurant. I went singing about my work and they looked with respect at me. This wonderful thing did not happen to me because I am or was any better than anyone else. It happened because my Lord Jesus, in mercy, heard the child's prayer in my heart. I did not say, "God you must make me well." No, who was I to command God? I find that to pray if it is God's will is best. If not, I will serve you just the same. Thy way is the best way. He knows whatever he sends us is the best. He is bringing up a people for himself. We are His and he cares for His own.

A few weeks later I went to the Syble's for a prayer meeting one evening, and we celebrated the Lord's Supper. It got pretty late before we were going home. A girl named Marie lived further up in the park than I did. We would have company together going home to our places when we worked. Then Mrs. Syble and Mrs. Bjork said, "You two girls are not going home alone. It is too late and dangerous."

I was quick to answer, as usual. I said, "No one will harm decent girls." But they insisted Syble and Bjork would escort us home. I said, "I don't think that would be right. They have to get up so early in the morning to load the ice wagon and they need their rest. We will get home all right."

No, the men went with us. We had to walk through some woods on a small road. The two men were walking a little ahead of us girls and were talking. We girls were talking and laughing. All of a sudden Marie nudged me and whispered, "A man is in back of us."

I felt a hard poke in my back. I did not turn to see but Marie did see he had something in his hand that he poked me with in my back. He walked so close behind me that for each step that I took I felt his toes on my heels. It was awful, but we did not summon the men.

By the time we got into the open, we did not see where he disappeared to. We said nothing to the men. We felt sort of ashamed that someone had followed us. When I came to the big brick building where I worked in the restaurant, I said goodnight to the men and Marie. They walked fast to take Marie home. I had two keys with me, one for the door that went into the half-

basement where the kitchen was and one for the hall on the street level on the other side of that kitchen door. The kitchen door was on a platform with steps that led down to the sidewalk. Down there was also a low window in sort of a hole where newspapers blew. On the south side was a big door that led into the hall on the main floor. I had never gone in that way, but after the scare in the woods, I thought that someone could be down at the bottom of that stairs. I wanted to go straight in through the heavy big door. Just as I stood on that stone platform and had the key in my hand, a man seemed to come from nowhere and grabbed around me and held me real tight. I did not dare to try to scream. I was afraid he would hold his hand over my mouth. I just prayed from my heart to the Lord for protection. He said to me, "Good night Marie." He thought I was Marie.

He said, "You come with me. We are going up in the park and we will have fun." Something told me that I should pretend that I was interested so he would loosen his hold on me. I started by asking where about in the park shall we go, and he dropped his hold. He was a swarthy man, he looked like a dark Italian. He stood real close to that hole where the window was where rubbish would blow down by. I put my one hand around my back where I held the key and I talked. I don't remember what I said to him but he got the idea that I was going with him. I felt with my fingers for the keyhole and pushed the key into it. I shoved slowly on the heavy door until it was out of its latch. I prayed for strength and courage, then gave him a hard and fast hit on his nose with my right fist. He took one step back and tumbled down into that window hole. I flew, in and slammed the door shut. When I was safe inside my knees started to knock together violently.

I had to stand awhile and think and thank God that I got in safe. I had never been in that hall before. I had to feel along the wall until I could find the stairway down to our kitchen. I did not dare to light the gas light, for if that man was outside he could see me. The basement was coal black and I was real quiet and felt my way. I remembered that in the middle of the stairway was a window that opened on hinges like a door. It had no lock and it was held shut only by a spring. Being a brick building it had wide window sills so it came to me that I'd better put some big hotel canned peas, corn and tomatoes on that window sill. I would hear when the cans rolled onto the floor. I went quietly to where the cans were and put several on the sill. Below that window stood a

table. A couple times one of the girls had pushed open that window and stepped in on that table, and then jumped to the floor.

I prayed and went to bed. I was very tired and fell asleep. I don't know how long I had been sleeping when someone pushed that window open, and with a terrific noise the cans fell on the table and rolled onto the floor and kept rolling. I jumped up fast and ran to the window, thinking that noise was enough to scare the man so he had not gotten in. I slammed the window shut with a bang and then felt for the cans on the floor. I put them all back and went to bed in my room, praying God to watch over me. I fell asleep again, when once again the cans started to roll. Quickly I was up. This time the window was open just half ways, and I slammed it again and put the cans back and went to bed. I prayed, "Dear Jesus, don't let that man shove the window again. I cannot take any more." I covered my head and fell asleep. I woke up safe in the morning, nothing more happened. I was frightened but still I had a feeling that the guardian angel was holding around me.

Another time our neighbor's daughter Emily Asplund and Anna Samuelson and I were coming home from the evening service in the Swedish Tabernacle, now called the First Covenant Tabernacle. We had a long way to walk and it was late. We never thought of any danger. We were three of us. We had to cross a bridge on our way to Bryn Mar.

Just as we were walking and talking, two men jumped up out of the low side and started after us. We ran and ran, and they after us. We reached the house where Emily lived first, and got inside in a hurry. The men were on the porch just as we shut the door. We were out of breath, but thanked God for getting in.

We went up to Emily's bedroom and we undressed in the dark. Anna lived just a few houses away from there. We looked out through a hole in a shade, and what do you think we saw? We saw that the two men were sitting on a stump watching the house. It was a bright moon light shining right on them. Anna was just going to start for home thinking that the men had left. I was staying all night with Emily Asplund. When we saw them sitting out there, we changed her mind. She stayed. The men stayed there until two o'clock in the morning before they left. I knew that we would be protected because we were trusting in His help.

On the way home from a prayer meeting in the tabernacle I had company with some other girls part of the way. Then I had to walk alone. I thought, "Why not cut through this park? That will bring me home much faster."

I walked a little ways and saw a couple, a man and a lady, going the same direction. I thought fine, I can sort of keep not too far from them. The young man spied me and called to me, "Hey little girl, you be my girl."

"No sir, no sir," I said. He grabbed me. "I'll take care of you!"

"No sir, you won't," I said, but he held on to me. Then his girl companion said, "Let her go. She is a little descent one. Let he go her way."

How I thanked God, and ran home real fast. One never knows what all this meant. I think, don't walk through parks alone. I was supposed to be home at ten o'clock sharp, and it was good to be able to do just that.

Many years later I went to Merriam Park to look up Brother and Sister Syble and the Bjorks, but they had moved out some place on a farm. After I was married several years and we lived at 2112 31st Av. S, and Gertrude, Margaret and Myrtle were going to Minnehaha Academy, Margaret came home and was talking about a boy who went the Academy named Syble. I wondered if that could be a son to the Sybles I knew. She asked him if his folks used to live in Merriam Park once. His answer was, "Yes, and we live there now again."

I told her to ask if they remembered a Lydia Anderson who used to play in their chapel. He answered, "Yes, my folks used to talk about that happy Lydia, and wonder what became of her." "That was our mother," the girls told him.

The following Sunday they came over to visit me, and we had a glorious time together. Phyllis was six months old at that time, and how they made over her I can not describe.

The brothers and sisters as they were all called, had a meeting and they washed each other's feet. They read the text about when Jesus washed his disciple's feet. I felt that was the custom those days, when they used sandals,

but I would not for one minute think or make anyone else think that I held myself too good to really wash anyone's feet, so I did. I felt glad that I had.

I went to visit a young couple, Charles and Hulda Johnson, who were very poor. They had a small baby. The wife was a pretty lady and they were newcomers to our church. Her name had been Hulda Peterson and she was a cousin to some Lake Jennie folks. Her address was given to me by her relative, Anna Nelson Johnson. They lived below Washington Avenue by the railroad track, upstairs in a house. They had just two small rooms and the stairway went up on the outside of the house. They hardly had any furniture, but had a real small cooking stove, a bed, a chair, a stool, and a small kitchen table. It gripped my heart to see their poverty. I tried to tell her that better days would be coming.

When I left there and was going home to the place I worked I passed a big empty warehouse. It had iron bars on all the windows. Just as I was passing, I heard the most terrifying screams from inside. So curious was I that I peered through the iron bars and saw a beautiful, tall, blond lady with her hair flowing down over her shoulders and back. She was running and hollering, "Let me out of here! Let me out of here!" She wore a sheer, pink, long dress like a formal and had a low neckline. A fine, pale blue veil hung over her shoulder and one arm. She ran back and forth screaming.

I called to her and she came close to the window just once. She looked so frightened. She only said, "Let me out of here." I told a man I met about her but he just looked at me and hurried on his way. Another said he would find out, and a third said she is someone that lost her mind and is just being held there between trains to be taken away to some asylum.

It bothered me every time I thought about that girl in such a place. I had to be back at a certain time so I went back to my place. Every time I ride past 13th -14th Avenue on Washington I see that sight in my memory. I was not acquainted much in the City and was nervous about getting back to the place where I worked. I have asked myself why should I have to see her and what would I have done if it had been now. Why? Why did I not do something more? If I knew what I know now I would have reported about that girl to some policeman or someone that could have seen to why she was there or found out who she was. God have mercy on poor, innocent people in our land who do not know their mind, the hungry, the sick, the poor, and the homeless.

Wedding

In 1894 Lina Nilson and Otto Ollson got married. I was hostess at their wedding, a home wedding. It was very nice indeed. Their friends were invited to the wedding. Lina looked so nice in her wedding outfit. Otto was very happy, too.

The old man, Aron Nelson had married for the third time a few years before this. The new Mrs. Nelson stood at the helm to arrange everything beautifully at Lina's wedding.

Otto used to live in Minneapolis before, but came out to Lake Jennie and bought a house and started a chicken farm. All the boys around were sort of jealous of any outsider who came and took a girl from their neighborhood and they pestered Otto a lot. Every evening he would go to call on Lina. Someone would know, and they would lay for him. Either they would crow like roosters, or both crow and cackle like a hen. On Sunday night Lina and Otto would come home from church, and a flock of boys would lay for them. When they came past, they would start a real chorus of cackling and crowing, and sit on a fence rail flopping their arms about as if they had wings. They kept this sort of thing up for months. They were having fun. I don't think it was very funny for Lina and Otto, but they got used to it.

After the wedding they were sitting around with friends at the home. Mr. Nilson told his wife he was tired and they should go to bed. The old folks retired and had just gone to sleep. All of a sudden, a gang started to chivaree (mock parade.) They rang bells and the men carried a round saw blade from a saw mill on an iron rod. Others were beating it with iron rods. That made a loud ringing noise. The wind came from the south. The clang could be heard all the way to Dassel, five miles north of their place. They would stop a little

and then shoot in the air. Then it all started over, Otto got scared. He said, "Lina, we will blow out the lamps, then they can't see through the window." But they would put lights right up to the glass that made the room light. They saw some of the people trying to hide and they laughed. Otto crept under the table to hide.

Aron Nilson got up and went out to the gang in his shirt only and said, "What does this mean?"

The boys told Jamie Haglund, "You talk to him. You are the captain." He said, "We want a treat." Mr. Nilson said, "Why did you not come today when there were things ready to eat?" Jamie answered, "We were not invited you know."

It was customary to give a treat to the chivaree crowd. It would not have to be much, some cigars or something else. But Nilson did not know that. So, the boys kept on until they were tired, and then they went home; however, they decided to come back the next night again. Aron Nilson's horses got so frightened they would neither eat nor drink. The boys kept on night after night. They said they would keep it up until the old miser gives them a treat.

They took water and poured it on the porches and scrubbed with brooms until they scrubbed every bit of paint off and wore out the brooms. While some carried water and sand, they kept on crowing and cackling. Others complained about how hard it was to clean after all the dirty chickens.

Some intervened and told them to quit coming there any more, that it was sin to scare the horses and cows. They quit, but after Lina and Otto moved to their own home, they started all over again. The boys did not want to be mean, but Otto had been the leader on other chivaree and they said he had it coming. He could have come out and showed them his bride and given them a little treat and all would have ended.

Miracles

When I was in my teens I went to Bible school. Professor and Mrs. Josephina Princell had a Bible study course in White Hall at the Free Church. Ellen Modin had a rest home for missionaries in her house. (Modin founded a school for female evangelists and a rescue shelter for women and children.) She personally invited me to come and take part in that Bible course. I was happy to do so.

She was hoping that I would be a missionary someday. I was sincere and interested. I never will forget the blessed times I experienced there. This home was run on faith. I remember that one morning, just as we were sitting down at the breakfast table, Miss Modin said grace, and added, "Dear Jesus, we have no more milk." We had a dish of oatmeal in front of us and no milk. Just as she said, "Amen," the doorbell rang. A milkman stood there with a pail of milk and said, "I was passing by and came to think maybe you would like to get some milk. In those days milk was measured out from a big container to the purchaser, based on how much he would need. He gave Ellen a whole pail full of milk. She poured it into a pitcher and said, "The Lord sent us milk. Thank you, Jesus, for the milk."

On another time our bread was used up. Ellen prayed, "Jesus we have put the last of the bread on the table." Before we were through eating the last slice of bread, there came a woman to the door carrying a big bundle. She said the thought came to her while she was baking, that being that you are so many here to eat, you might like some bread. "I made a batch just for you." Her husband was driving past so she brought it right over. Ellen again said, "Thank you Jesus for the bread."

I was helping in the kitchen, peeling potatoes, and believe you me, I took real thin peelings. I thought those potatoes were holy. They were also sent in to Ellen's home by a farmer, a whole sack of fine potatoes. We had all the

food we needed, but no luxuries like cake or fine deserts. Everything tasted so very good, not a crumb was wasted.

We went out to visit the poor. We went two and two to do visitation in the homes in the river flats. One day I was sent along with two other sisters in Christ to make home calls. We came to a little hut with two small rooms. We knocked and were admitted. There sat a mother with red eyes from crying. We told our mission to her and she sobbed out her sad story. She was a poor widow and did day work for her living. Her work really was hard work, not any conveniences and with hard hearted ladies.

Her daughter was a good girl but she got acquainted with a fellow who made love to her. She was so thrilled about him, but one day she came home weeping, telling her mother that she was pregnant. He told her he did not want to get married to her, and left for another city to live in. She cried herself to sleep. Her mother wept too and could not sleep. What could they do?

The girl was just desperate. One day the mother found her daughter soaking matches in a little water. She was just going to drink it to poison herself to death. And then we came. She showed us the solution. I think the girl was helped. We talked and prayed with her and reported our visit to Ellen Modin. We should never look down on any poor soul who has fallen, but try to help. To step on the one who is down will never bring us to a higher ground.

More fallen girls came to Ellen for help, but how could she mix fallen girls with the missionaries that had come to her home for rest. That would give the home a bad reputation. Ellen kept praying to God for a home for defenseless fallen girls. She prayed that if it was God's holy will, he would give her a home to have to rescue fallen girls. Meanwhile the Lord was working.

Some years later my husband and I moved to Minneapolis and bought a grocery store on 25th and Riverside Avenue. We had a very fine lady as a customer. She had two daughters and a son. They went to the Salvation Army. Later one of the daughters became a captain in the Salvation Army. I loved this widow. Her name was Mrs. Sandee. She would act like a real Christian

and I had her daughters to baby sit for my children if I had to go away sometimes. One day she told me her story, and it was real interesting.

This was her story. She and her husband were both Christians, and her husband was a contractor. He built houses. When she asked him any questions about his business, his answer was, "Don't worry about the business. You have the children and your house to tend to. I will tend to the business."

So, she knew nothing about his affairs. One day a messenger came with the sad news that her husband had fallen dead with a heart attack. She was just as numb as could be for a while. She did not know what to do. Bills came in and she did not know what she was owed or what she owed to people.



Anderson Children – Annie, Emma, Albert, Hulda & Lydia about 1900.

One day while she was hanging out clothes, a neighbor came to her and asked her why she was crying. She told the neighbor about her troubles. "It would not be so bad if only I knew more about my

husband's affairs." This lady was a spiritualist and she told Mrs. Sandee that if she came to their place of worship, she could get her affairs straightened out. Mrs. Sandee did go and had a talk with some spirit that was purported to be her husband. Sure enough, she got to know that she owned a house on Columbus Avenue that was all paid for, and other things. She was so very glad.

Then a medium told her that she had a very strong spirit and would make a wonderful medium. The woman would help her to become one. However, she said, "There is something that you hold too dear to your heart that you must

let go of.” Mrs. Sandee said she knew of nothing, but they insisted. Then Mrs. Sandee got on her knees and prayed, “Dear Jesus, you know that there is nothing that is too dear to me.” The medium told her to shut up. “It is he, it is he that you hold too dear.”

She got cold of fright, got up and went to her home and asked Jesus to forgive her. She could not believe her sin could be forgiven. That night her house was really haunted. Spirits knocked and scratched. They were objects moving in the dark. Her little children were so haunted that they were scared out of their wits almost. She fell on her face and prayed to Jesus to forgive her.

Just before the dawn started, she saw a bright light shine through the house. In a corner she saw a vision of the crucified Jesus looking so tenderly at her. At that same moment there was a terrific noise throughout the whole house. All the evil spirits that haunted the house flew out through the windows and doors and walls and a wonderful peace came into her heart. After that time, they never were bothered by bad spirits.

Mrs. Sandee wanted to give the house that she owned to the Lord as a thank you to Jesus for his help, so she kept praying for guidance. She started through some incident to think about the poor fallen girls that needed help to be rescued from sin. She mentioned it to someone who knew Ellen Modin, so she went to Ellen for advice. Ellen had been praying for the Lord to give her a home for such girls if she could help to rescue them. Mrs. Sandee decided that the home was to be given to Ellen for a home of shelter.

One day I was greatly surprised. Ellen, Mrs. Sandee and someone else came upstairs to me and the deed to the house was written in our front room over the grocery store. Mrs. Sandee lived in a poor tenement row on 25th Avenue just a little ways from our store. Ellen’s prayers were answered and so was Mrs. Sandee’s. Many fallen girls were rescued in the home of shelter. A bigger house was later bought on 2010 19th Avenue in North East Minneapolis. Many were the time when our Dorcas Ministry went to that home to give a little cheer to that house. Later the home was turned to a rest home for older people because the world had made it too difficult to run such a home. There were too many girls so the state had to take the girls in some other way. Our dear sister Ellen went to be with the Lord.

One time, after I was married and had six children, I was sent by the Dorcas Society to visit some sick. I was shown into a ward with four beds. I stopped and talked to Mrs. Bergren, and she introduced me to the lady in the bed next to her. She was from Roseau, Minnesota. “Oh,” I told her. “I know only one person in Roseau. Her name is Lydia Sjoquist. Her mother and father were great friends of my mother and father and used to visit at my home often. This lady said, “Why, Mrs. Lydia Sjoquist is my nearest neighbor and a friend of mine,” so we were acquainted and I had a visit with her.

She then introduced me to the lady in the bed next to her. I asked her where she came from and she said from Hibbing. Hibbing was the town that one of my Sunday school girls moved to after she got married. She asked me what is her name? I said she was Mrs. Effal Carlin. “Oh, my dear,” she said. “She is my best friend. She and I have such nice time together. We went on our vacation together.”

We talked about spiritual things and soon I had to leave. But I said, “This last bed is empty or I might find someone that has some connection to my friends in that, too.” Just as I was leaving the lady came who belonged to that bed. She gave me a look and then put her arms around me and said, “My dear, are you not Lydia Anderson, or Mrs. Nelson?”

I was very much surprised that she was my seatmate, Phoebe Quick, a schoolmate of mine. Then she said, “Will you pray for me? I have never forgotten the time you told me how you prayed to God to teach you to read writing and he did. It impressed me so, so pray for me.”

Then she told me her sad story. Her home was now in Hutchinson. I am sure that God led my coming and going. (Phoebe recovered and lived until 1943).

I don't remember an afternoon with the sick folks where I got more out. May I be a blessing to some sick soul, and be a help to some person. Here we meet to part again. May I be ready when Jesus comes and have oil in my lamp so that I can meet my dear bridegroom when He comes.

There were dangers living everywhere, but I know from experience that if we commit our life unto God, and are willing to do his will, we are protected from the evil one in a marvelous way.

One day a man came to me when I was working for the Dunwoodys. Evans Dunwoody was the brother of the man who built Dunwoody Institute. I had wanted my mother and father's picture painted from a smaller picture. This man came and was advertising just that kind of work. I gave my father's and mother's picture to him and he gave me a receipt and an address where the work was done. He came back after a few days and wanted a down payment. I gave it to him and he told me what day I could come to see the pictures.

I went there on the day appointed. He showed me the partly finished painting of my father and it was good so far. Then he told me to come into a sitting room. He wanted to show me some work. He gave me a reclining chair and asked me if I would make a deal with him. He would give me \$300 cash and finish my mother's and father's pictures too. He said he wanted me to come and strip myself and be painted nude. "Oh no!" I said. "I would not do that for any money."

I prayed for help to get away from him. He came real close and shoved his hand under my skirt. He said, "I am not going to harm you. I just want to test your limbs."

However, he stopped like he was frightened, and looked about. I got up and shot out through a long hall with rooms on both sides. I went back to Dunwoody's and told Mrs. Dunwoody, and she told her husband. I was ashamed to tell about the offer he made me. I thought it was a disgrace to me, but I told them what he said about that I wouldn't get my picture finished unless I paid out a lot more money.

Mr. Dunwoody told her to tell me that he had heard about a little white slavery gang that was operating like that and now this maybe will help them to catch these guys. How thankful I was that I got away from them.

Mr. Dunwoody got a detective to follow me to claim the picture, and Mr. Dunwoody came along also, staying a little behind. When I asked the man to give me the pictures, it was already past the time they were to be ready. Well, the man said one was ready but not the other. They wanted a little more money. Then the detective stepped forward and told him to finish the other picture, frame it and deliver it without any more money. Now he read the law for these scoundrels and told them just what they were. He snooped around and saw those little rooms with cots in and he knew.

The man got furious and said, "This girl has told you a lot of rot and you believe her." The fact was that I had told them nothing, but he seemed to know it anyway. I did not have to say anything about what the man said or did, only that he was not doing what he should about the painting. My father's picture was fine but my mother's was not quite so good. He did deliver them and did not ask for a cent more for his work.

Many more times I have been in danger but God has protected me because I trusted in him. I was too ignorant about the dangers. I never seemed to realize how careful one ought to be.

I remember a friend in my youth, my childhood friend Hannah. She was an orphan girl adopted by Johannah Dahlberg and her husband Israel. They brought up several children during their married life.

Hannah was a very smart girl. She had a very fine memory and she learned her lessons easily, by heart and she knew her confirmation lessons perfect. I really was not as bright as her. She took lessons on the organ from me and we would sing and play together, and enjoyed being together.

One Sunday afternoon I was on my way over to visit Hannah. When I was about an eighth of a mile away, I saw Hannah and Ellen Asplund at the crossroad. Ellen had been over to see Hannah and Hannah went with her on the way home. I saw that Ellen spied me and said something to Hannah, took Hannah by the arm and they both ran as fast as they could towards Ellen Asplund's home. It hurt me so. Well, I always liked to go over to Dahlbergs so I went there anyway, thinking Mrs. Dahlberg and I would sing.

There, Mrs. Dahlberg said, "Hannah should have been home by now. She went a ways with Ellen." "Yes," I said. "I saw them at the crossing when I came. Ellen tapped on Hannah and they ran fast towards Asplund's home. I think Ellen wanted to prevent Hannah from seeing me and visiting with me."

Mrs. Dahlberg said she would talk to Hannah about it. She did and Hannah denied it all. Mrs. Dahlberg told me that Hannah and Ellen never saw me. But I know they did, and I felt worse yet about the whole thing.

A couple or three years afterwards Hannah took very sick and they found out that she had TB of the lungs. I was then in Minneapolis. I got a letter from Mrs. Dahlberg saying that Hannah wanted me to come home. She wanted to see me. I could not leave so I wrote that to her and then I got another message. Hannah was asking me for forgiveness for lying to me and to Mrs. Dahlberg and for making a liar out of me. She knew that she hurt me too. Well surely, I forgave her, and she told Mrs. Dahlberg that now she could die in peace. It is very important to always tell the truth. Hannah went home to be with the Lord and to sing the new song.



Lydia was married to Nels Peter Nelson of Dassel.

I have disobeyed my precious Lord many times. I know the Lord has forgiven me, but I will lose some of my reward.

One time when we were running the grocery store at Riverside and 8 ½ Street there was a minister who held meetings in the old Bethany Church. He was young and his name was Magnus. Souls came forward for prayers.

There were two sisters who went forward. They wept bitterly. We prayed for them three evenings in the campaign. I asked the girls what was bothering them. The oldest girl said, "I wish I could talk to someone about it."

I asked them to come home to our place and have Sunday dinner with us. They were glad to and came.

On Sunday afternoon I talked with them. What they told me was so terrible that I cannot mention it. I wanted to go and look them up afterwards, but my husband refused me to go. He thought that it was not my business. But, I

prayed that the Lord would send some help to them. Did I obey man more than God was a question. This happened about forty-nine or fifty years ago.

Then about two months ago, someone told me that she met a lady, crippled in a wheelchair, who asked if she knew a Mrs. Nelson who was running a grocery store. She said, "Yes, she still goes to our church."

This crippled lady said that I invited her home for dinner when she was a stranger. I still don't know if she was one of those sisters because we often asked strangers home for dinner on Sundays.

My first baby kept me awake until I lost my need of sleep. I started to think that sleep was a habit, not always needed. I was greatly mistaken.

I lost my memory so completely, that I did not remember my own name or my father or husband's name, or anybody else. My husband got real disgusted with me. He would tell me something, the next minute I could not remember that I ever heard it.

I got so frightened about it that I went on my knees many times a day and prayed to Jesus for help. I did not forget Jesus, nor doubt him. The prayers were answered. The baby started to sleep a little longer and I started to sleep. Gradually, I got my memory back again.

Mother

In 1909, Mother was called to go to Clay Center, Kansas, to care for a sick nephew, Anton Tjellden, who was on his deathbed. He wanted his only aunt (his father Jonas's sister) to come to him. He did not know the Lord and Mama led him to Christ. On the same day that he died mother took sick. My mother's cousin Edling was the administrator of the estate that was left to Anton by his father. His father and mother and two sisters were already dead.

My mother and Mrs. Edling had been standing out in the yard planning the arrangements for Anton's funeral when Mama said, "I feel ill, and I will go in and lie down awhile." She did not come out again, so Mrs. Edling went in to look after her. She found Mama lying across the bed unconscious. She called to the undertaker who was there getting Anton's body ready for the funeral. He came running and he saw what had happened and pulled the phlegm from mother's throat that was chocking her, so that she could breathe again.

The Edlings sent a telegram home to Father and Albert saying that Mother was very sick and someone must come to her. Albert phoned me, and I answered the telephone and he told me someone has to go to Mother. She is very sick and the telegram said to hurry.

I had a premonition. We had paper hangers at our home and one of them had a bad headache, so I cooked coffee for them in the forenoon and afternoon. I was so anxious that they should get finished. I had much to do because we had Jette Sanberg and Annie Hillstad boarding at our place and one roomer.

I heard something like a train passing by our store, and we lived upstairs. I went to the window to look but saw nothing. This was repeated and then I heard a voice real clear saying, "So you are going out traveling." Then I heard someone singing in the other room, "I am a Pilgrim, I am a stranger," etc. I

thought how strange. I wondered if Pete is going to sell our grocery store and we'll be moving from here. He had been saying it would be better to sell than to get so much on the credit books. Some did not pay for their groceries.

I soon found out the reason for the mysterious happenings. There came a telegram from Albert. I answered, "It won't be anyone else. I will have to go to Mama."

When Pete came home, in the evening I thought it would be best to give him his dinner and then the daily paper before I told him about the telegram Albert had received from Kansas. Then I told him and added that I thought I should go to Mama. He got real excited and put his fist hard down on the table and said, "You! You! Not you. Anyone of your three sisters has easier to get away than you have. Oh, no. Not you."

I did not answer one word but I breathed a prayer to God. If it was His Holy will that I should go He would arrange so that I could go.

My Pete went to Enoch Nelson and told him about Mother. Enoch said Mother Anderson is so husky and strong, she will soon come home well. I am sure that Mother did not know that they had sent that telegram. If she had, she would have stopped them from sending it.

Then sister Hulda came out of her bedroom and said, "I am afraid that Mama is going to die. I dreamt last night that Mama was very sick in Clay Center and no one could go to her. I woke up disturbed. Someone must go to her. I am not feeling to well and Deloris is too small to travel with, so I cannot go."

Enoch phoned out to Albert. He said Papa was just getting over the flu and he could not leave Jennie as she was pregnant, and there were a lot of chores to attend to. And, a man is not much good by a sick bed anyway. He thought that Annie would be most suitable to go and they also said, "What about Emma?" Albert answered, "She is not the right person." But they tried to reach Emma, who lived near Atwater on a farm, but they could not reach her by telephone. If they had reached her, it would have been too late before she would have gotten ready. She would have arrived too late, and she was also pregnant we found out later.

Then Enoch and Pete went Northeast to see Annie. She was pregnant and it was impossible for her to go to Mama. When they came back to me Pete was real calm and said, "It looks like there is no other way but you will have to go to your mother." Then it was my turn to start considering how could I leave my three dear little girls, not knowing that they would be cared for. So, I said I could not leave the children before I knew that someone dependable would care for them. Pete answered, "I know where we can get a girl."

"Who?" I asked. Pete answered, "Miss Minnie Ahlstrom was in our store, and she said that her sister is better now so she was going to look for a job. She did not go today because the weather was so bad. Do you know Minnie took care of your sister Emma when she was sick and Emma told me about her two weeks ago when Minnie passed by here when Emma was visiting us. Emma also said that Minnie was the only girl that she would trust to care for her children if she went away someplace."

Pete went and asked Minnie and she came right over in the morning. I worked and combed the girls and they had breakfast. I forgot to eat breakfast myself. Pete called up from the store, "It is 55 minutes until your train is leaving. Are you ready? I'll drive down in the grocery wagon."

I threw my things into the suitcase and said goodbye, and we were off. When we came to the depot the train was not in yet. Pete said he would not have time to wait so I had to watch out and get on the train myself. We had already bought the ticket. Pete went to tell Annie that I did get going. Then he went to the market for provisions for the store.

I sat there like a bump on a log. I was almost petrified. Then Enoch came and asked me if I had taken some lunch to eat on the way. "No!" "I'll go out and buy something for you," he said. He came back with a bag of donuts and buns and said the train is in now. If Enoch had not come I might have been sitting there yet! I did not see nor hear when the train pulled in. He took me onto the train and bought me a sleeper. When on the train all day it was a blessing to lay down when night came and rest.

As soon as I closed my eyes I saw two candles lit and in my sleep I heard someone saying, "You'll see Mama in two nights and two days." When after riding on the train for two nights and two days I arrived, it was in the morning. Edling's son met me, He took me to a restaurant to get something to eat. I ordered a soft-boiled egg. Then he said, "No, that will take too long,

have it fried.” So, I had a cup of coffee, a piece of toast and a fried egg, and then we started for Edling’s house.

He had driven fast coming to Clay Center and it was seven miles to his home so he whipped up his runners and they went as fast as they could run. He said there is no time to lose. Your mother is very, very sick.

When I arrived the nurse met me in the yard and asked, “Are you Mrs. Lydia Nelson from Minneapolis? Your mother is very sick. You must be calm and don’t show any emotion. She cannot stand it.”

I tried to control my feelings. The nurse told Mama, “Your daughter Lydia is here.” Mama answered, “Oh, Oh,” and then she went unconscious again. I patted her cheek and said, “Poor little Mama. You are awfully sick.”

Then she woke and asked, “Who is it that calls me Mama so far away from home?” I answered, “It is your daughter Lydia.” “Oh, is it you? You was good to come to your Mama. How are the children? Who takes care of them?”

I told her we got a good and dependable girl so we don’t need to worry about them. She will care for them. Then she was unconscious again.

She laid that way quite a while. When again I said, “Poor Mama, you got so sick,” she said, “Who is it calling me for Mama so far away?” I said again, “It is your daughter Lydia.” “Oh, is it you? How is it with Papa and the other children?”

I told her that they would have liked to come to her, but that was impossible. Dad was better but he had been sick and was not well enough to take this long trip. “I can greet you from them.” Then she became unconscious again.

The Edlings came and said, “You best go to bed and get some rest. Tomorrow night you will have to watch alone.

In the morning they told me Mother had been very restless all night. Her cousin Bretta Kajser (Karin Lindquist) came to see her, and she knew her. Then the pastor and his wife came. As he stood there he said, “I was going to read some scripture for her, but I see that she is unconscious so that won’t do any good.” I said, “Please read anyway. I have heard that the last that leaves a person when they are dying is the hearing, if they otherwise can hear.”

He came close up to her and read slow and clear the 23rd Psalm and when he came to these words, “Ye though I walk through the shadow of the valley

of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me,” she took ahold and read these lines herself. She almost hollered them out because she had a hard time to speak. Her tongue was big and swollen and purple. Her head sat back between her shoulders, although she used to be a little round shouldered before. They had removed the end mattress and put the pillows on the spring so her head could lay on it. She was so bent back from the pain. Now when she got unconscious they saw that she was dying, so the doc took ahold of her and pulled her hard to straighten her while she was warm. That was the only way. They then put the end mattress back in place.

She opened her eyes and said, “Help me up.” They tried to help her up but she stopped breathing. They felt for her pulse but it had stopped and she was dead they all thought. Then I started to cry. I said, “I have come so far and did not get to say goodbye to you Mama, and here are letters from home I would have liked to read to you. Oh Mama, are you leaving me now?”

Then she gave out a loud sigh and said clearer than ever before, “This was a hard farewell for you Lydia.”

“Oh Mama, I thought that you went to Jesus now.” She answered, “No. Not today, but tomorrow maybe.”

I asked her if she could hear if I read the letters that came that day from home. She said, “Read, read.”

I read Papa’s first, then Albert’s. He asked Mama if she could forgive him for all the times he had disobeyed her and hurt her feelings. I asked her, “What shall I tell Albert?” She laughed out loud and said, “That’s done a long, long time ago.”

Then I read Hulda’s and Enoch’s and Annie’s and Ben’s and Pete’s and our three little girl’s letters to her. When that was done, I sent a telegram to Dassel saying, “Mama says that she will go to Jesus tomorrow, maybe.”

The pastor prayed and asked a blessing on her. She asked me to sing *It Is Pleasant to Praise the Lord*, a song of A. L. Skoog that she often heard me sing and she loved it. Then we all sang, *In the Sweet Bye and Bye*, we shall meet on that beautiful shore.

The next day at the same time of day, she went to be with the Lord. I sent that telegram home too. When the first telegram went through Kansas City,

the operator there was a friend of the one in Clay Center. He wired back and said he wished he could say that when he had to die. The Clay Center operator wired back, "Live for Jesus and you may."

When the first telegram arrived in Dassel the agent told my brother, "Here is a telegram for you from Clay Center, Kansas that I can't read." Albert said, "Spell it then." He did and Albert said, "It means exactly what it says. Mama says that she will go to Jesus tomorrow maybe."

The agent knew Mama, He did not understand, but was touched by it. When the second telegram came the next day that Mother has gone to be with the Lord, he saw what it really meant. I had wanted to prepare them at home.



Anna's grave marker at the Lake Jennie Cemetery. The stone is barely legible today.

That's why I sent the first message.

Now the task was to get her ready as fast as I could and take her home. There was a lot to attend to. Edlings helped me. We got the coffin in Clay Center and I bought myself a black outfit. When we came back to Edlings, the undertaker had mother fixed and laid in the coffin. The neighbors came and brought flowers. It touched me much to see the love they showed to us strangers. I had never expected to see a single flower on her coffin. The

pastor read and held a short service in Edling's home. The pastor's daughter played the organ and sang a solo, then we all sang *In the Sweet Bye and Bye*. Then we started for Clay Center.

The Edlings and I were invited to have supper at the undertaker's. There was a string of teams that followed us more than half way to town and some all the way to town. After supper they went with me to the depot and got my ticket for me and mother's corpse. The depot agent was invited out for a wedding but had a boy who was learning and he made out the fare for us, but did not know how. I was sent on a wrong train in a wrong direction. I had both a wrong kind of ticket and a wrong claim check for the corpse.

When the depot agent came back and questioned the boy, he found out the mistake. He was responsible so he sent a telegram after the train. When we came to McFarland, the red cap came running by the train and was calling loud, "Is there a Lydia Nelson on this train?"

I answered, and had to stop there for two hours for another train to take me back the right way. I said, "God, what do you mean?" I soon found out why this mistake had to be made.

When I entered the depot, I saw a poor woman crying. She held a tiny baby in her arms and one small child clung to her skirt on each side, and another little one tootled behind her. All were crying.

I went right up to her and asked, "What can the matter be my dear lady when you are weeping so bitterly?"

She answered, "I am so afraid that my mama will die before I can reach her. I must ask her to forgive me for running away from home and marrying a good for nothing man. He won't work and support us. Oh, if she would only live until I can ask her forgiveness. The children are hungry."

"How did you get money to make this trip?" She said she begged the train fare from her neighbors. Then I told her that my mother was in a coffin with me, and told her what my brother said in his letter. He asked Mama, "Can you forgive me for disobeying you and hurting your feelings so many times. Do you know, I asked my mama what I should tell my brother, and she laughed and said, 'That was done long, long ago.' That is a mother's heart for you. They'll forgive before they are asked. All you need to do is to ask Jesus to forgive you. He will. He said, "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

I had a basket of apples that Edlings raised and gave me to bring along. I gave each of the children an apple and they were quiet. I gave my lunch to her

along with the basket of apples. I thought I could get along without. Soon her train took her along, and I went on to Kansas City. When I arrived there, I had to be driven across the whole city on cobble stone streets in a wagon with horses to another station on the outskirts of the city. I was afraid so I walked over a lot of train tracks to find out if mother's coffin and trunk were along. It was there, and I waited in that station for five hours.

When I got on the train for Des Moines, the conductor told me my ticket was not good and I should pay \$1.70 more. I was puzzled. I told him my story and he promised to help me get a right ticket when we reached Des Moines. I asked him to write a letter for me to explain. I said I was so tired I wish he would do that, and he did. When that was done, and they looked into the mistake, they said I had paid too much instead of too little for the ticket. Then when I was on the train to St. Paul they said when I reached St. Paul, that was my destination. I told them I had paid for a ticket all the way to Dassel, Minnesota and through Minneapolis. How glad I was when Constantine Olson, my pastor, and Pete came and met me on the train in St. Paul and everything was corrected. It was fine that I had that letter to show, too.

They took me to Minneapolis and I then had to go with the corpse to Dassel, then out to my home, and then take the next train back to Minneapolis to get my family ready so we could attend the funeral the next day. It was held in my old home. Many were the friends that came. Pastor Bryngelson spoke kind and comforting words to us all. A service was held, then she was laid to rest in the Lake Jennie Church cemetery. We sang Mother's favorite song and then *In the Sweet Bye and Bye*. We shall meet on that beautiful shore. Mother is resting now at Lake Jennie until the day of resurrection. (Ingel eventually remarried and moved to Dassel for his final years.)

Now I will mention about something that helped us to decide that we should see to it that someone would be sure to go to Mother when she was sick. Hulda dreamt that no one could go to mother, and she was far from home and very sick. Jenna dreamt that her father and my mother came up to the house talking confidentially. She told Albert, "I wonder if Mother Anderson is sick. You see, my father just died a short time ago." It seemed odd for Jenny to dream like that and I already mentioned the foreboding I had.

Sister Annie did not see or hear anything but the three other occupants in the four-family flat where Annie lived heard what they claimed was a

foreboding. One lady down stairs said she heard someone run up the stairs to Annie's door and ran like a horse and pounded three times real hard on the door. Then he took ahold of the door knob and shook it violently, then turned about and ran down just as noisily, like a horse. She went to see but saw nothing. She went to the other lady downstairs and she had heard exactly the same. She had also gone to see what it could be and saw no one. Then both these ladies went upstairs to the third lady and told her, and she also had heard the very same thing. She too had gone to see and saw nothing. The three ladies then went to sister Annie. Annie said, "Oh, you've heard something out from the street." They said that they had heard plainly that someone ran up the stairs like a horse and knocked three times at Annie's door, then took ahold of the door knob and shook it violently, then turn about and ran down just as noisily. They looked and saw nothing. There was nothing in that street.

Amanda Nyman often had visions and she would tell about what she had seen. We never took much notice of it, but her mother said, "It gets one thinking. Things really happen." Amanda said that she saw a funeral pass by. It was not a sad funeral. Everyone and everything was so clean and white, and it was the funeral of one of our dear friends. She did not say whom, and no one asked her. Then when the news about Mama's death came, she said, "Ja, Ja, I dreamt about it. I had a vision. I saw it."

Now I know if these warnings had not come to us, we would have thought just like my brother-in-law, that Mother was so husky and strong she would be well again and come home. Also, maybe she never knew that the Edlings sent that telegram. Maybe they got frightened when she got suddenly ill.

Mother always worked very hard because Papa had his bum leg. She took many steps extra to save him. In her short life she accomplished a lot. She helped Papa to clear the land in what was the heavy timber section of Meeker County. She took care of the cattle, did the milking, and made butter and cheese. She made many useful things out of all those flour sacks. She sheered the sheep, carded, spun and wove, and made clothes out of the yarn. She took care of every scrap of cloth and cut them into rags, gut sewed and made carpets out of them. She was a good dyer. She dyed materials and made them look like new again. She always helped to slaughter and take care of the meat. She did the curing of the pork herself, smoking the hams with hickory wood,

making very fine smoked pork. She made her own lye to cure the lutefisk, and made the lye for her own soap. She made her own potato flour and she roasted the green coffee for our household use. She helped make the sorghum and husked corn and all kinds of outside work. She washed, ironed and baked and cooked our meals. She sewed our clothes too, everything from panties, petticoats to dresses and bonnets. No wonder she started to be worn out.

Now all her children were married. She had the joy of seeing our oldest girls and sister Hulda's DeLores. Albert's son was on the way. He became a Covenant pastor and now has a church in Litchfield, Minnesota. She did not see Delma, Annie's oldest nor Louise, Emma's oldest daughter. They were also on the way. All they will ever know about Mother is what I am telling them about in my writings.



Undated photo of a gathering of the John Anderson, Nels Anderson, Settergren and Quanstrom families. These were all neighbors of Ingel about 1910. Note the fashionable men's hats and white shirtwaists on all the ladies.

Prayers

As I am nearly finished with this book, I would like to add more stories about God's answer to prayers. One time I had gotten the seven-year itch (scabies) from a person related to me. She came as a guest to us from California, and she said she had gotten it at a camp where she stopped on the way over. My daughters said they would not sleep with her, but we had so many that we had to double up some way. I said Pete can sleep with Lowell and Lillian can sleep with me.

I was in the middle of canning and it was hot weather. It made me real susceptible to the itch. I got it so badly that I thought there was no way for me to get to a doctor. I could not get out. Every joint in my body was raw although I refused to scratch. I was awake all night and got dreadfully tired. One evening I knelt by my bed, and called upon the Lord. I said, "Dear Jesus, you see how miserable I am. Oh, if it is thy holy will, make me well again. You see how tired I am. If you don't see best to heal me, give me more patience. I will love and serve you just the same." Then I went to bed, and I slept all night.

I woke up like a new person. I thought I must have overslept. I felt so refreshed, so renewed, so good. Then I remembered that it was I who had the seven-year itch. I looked at the inside of my elbow in the joint. It was all healed and it was so white it looked like it was powdered. I brushed with my hand over it and it fell like fine white dust from my arms. I looked under my arms and all other folds. All were healed and white. I was so surprised that I called out, "Oh, oh! Praise the Lord. I am healed. I am healed." I ran from room to room and showed the children. It was just wonderful.

However, all the rest had that itch. I had to go to the doctor with them. He gave me some dark salve they had to leave for three days, then wash it off with warm, soapy water. All laundry had to be boiled and the blankets and coats had to be sent out for special cleaning. My cleaning bill was sixteen dollars and really, I was poor, but it had to be done.

The doc said that if one application did not work, they had to wait two or three days before a second application after a thorough bath. My husband had to take the cure two times and also Phyllis. Lowell never got the itch.

If we are willing to obey, just keep on praying. Thy will be done. I have not always been willing to let God have his way. Then I would not have the peace that only Jesus can give. Then I would have to be asking Jesus to cleanse me and make me willing to do his will.

How anxious I have been to have any children love the Lord and put him first in the lives. I am unwise at times, but there is nothing I would put before God in my life or in their life.

I remember once when two of my daughters went to California for a vacation, I prayed that God would be with them and that they would be kept away from falling into temptation. After they left and I committed them into God's care I did not worry. But one night I was abruptly awakened. It seemed that someone grabbed me by my arm and said, "You must get up and pray."

My thoughts went straight to the girls. I got up and fell to my knees and prayed earnestly to the Lord for my girls, then I went back to bed and fell asleep. I did not think any more about it, and did not worry in the least. When the girls came home, I had prepared a nice dinner. As we were sitting at the table, one of the girls said to the other, "Shall we tell her?"

"Tell me what?" I asked. "Mama, after we had our suitcases packed to go home and were about to leave, there came an invitation for us to go to the Rose Bowl with a friend from Minneapolis. We said, "Oh, it is too bad that we are leaving and will miss out on the get together."

Then Myrtle said, "We don't have to take this train, let us go to the Rose Bowl and then take the following train home." It was said and done. The girls had a very fine time and when they came back, they took the next train for home. They rode along and were happy. The train stopped up in the

mountains and a red cap came and told them that it was a train wreck ahead of them.

People helped the girls and other passengers to climb over the wrecked train to where another train met them to take them on the way. The engineer and the fireman had been killed and people were hurt. The mountain was on one side high and on the other side it was a great depth.

After they told me I asked what time it happened. They told me and that was the time I had been awakened and told to pray. I knew that God could take care of them without my prayer, but He has told us to make all our requests known to him. God really loves to have his children speak to him and to be trusting him for his answers. He is wonderful mercy and grace.

Another time my Margaret and Ada Glemaker from St. Paul rented a cottage by Lake Minnetonka. They promised me that they would come straight home on a Saturday when the week was up, so that they could get to Sunday school and service on Sunday. Ada Glemaker had Mr. Olson's Ford. He worked with her father who sold fur goods. On Saturday a couple boys came to visit the girls and they were riding in the back seat of the car. The girls were riding in the front seat. They were laughing and talking and chewing gum.

When they came to a sharp turn in the road, Margaret called out, "Ada, there is a sharp turn," but it was too late. She drove over the edge and the car fell against a tree and the door broke. It laid on one side.

They were frightened. The boys got out and helped the girls out. The boys had each a bump, but the girls were not hurt but they had to pay for the mishap. The boys helped and got a man with a derrick to lift the car up and take it to a garage to be fixed. When they came to their cottage, they thanked God that they were alive and not hurt. One of the girls had a piece of glass in her chewing gum, but was not scratched. The other had glass in her shoe, but was not cut.

When they did not come home for church or Sunday school, I felt really bad. I woke up in that night and prayed for the girls, that the Lord should speak to them and bring them home. As soon as they got the car fixed, they came home and I said, "Oh girls, why did you not come home Saturday

evening? I was so sorry because you had been spending all week playing, and forgetting to come home for Sunday school and church. We cannot live on bread alone.”

But when they told me I really felt sorry for them but thankful to God.

One day when I was preparing lunch for myself, I was home alone. My husband brought his lunch with him and the children were at the Minnehaha Academy. There came a man to the back door and he said he was hungry. He looked real decent so I told him to come in and sit by the table. I asked the Lord to bless the food, and we were eating when he told me that he was Swedish, and that he was a Mohamaden by faith. He started to explain this sort of religion to me. Of course, it would not sink into me, but I noticed he looked at me with a very passionate look and it frightened me. He said, “I can tell by your complexion that you have pure blood in your veins.”

I saw what danger I had gotten myself into and I prayed in my heart to God for protection. Just as he stood up from the table and walked towards me, I said, “Lord help me,” and there the front door opened and my husband walked in. The man ran out through the back door so fast he did not even thank me for the food. “I suppose you wonder why I came home this time of the day,” Pete said. “I forgot to take my chisel along and I needed it.”

But I know why he was sent home. Before you call on me, I will answer thee God has said. He had planned it all and after that I would feed hungry men out on the back steps.

Much later, in about 1944, my son was married and had two little boys, Doug and Greg. He came home to me one day and asked me to pray to God to keep him out of the war. He said I am Number 1A and can be called any day. His oldest son Doug had heard when Lowell was planning with his wife Florence what to do when he had to leave the family and go into the service. The little fellow started to cry and said, “Daddy, daddy, you cannot leave us and go to war.”

He told the little boy, “Daddy cannot do anything about it, but you just pray to Jesus to keep your daddy out of war. You see, if I am called, I have got to obey and go.”

The little boy went to the bedroom and prayed, “Jesus, keep my daddy out of the war, amen.”

After that he was glad and played as usual. The day came that Lowell was called to Fort Snelling, and they called the names and the boys answered. Then when Lowell’s name was called, they said the quota was full. Lowell Nelson can go home. In three months, they would call him again.

The boy cried when he left, but when he came back and could stay home, he said, “I did pray to Jesus to keep Daddy out of war.”

So, Lowell came home and told me to pray too. He would not want to have Doug’s faith shaken. When the three months were gone, he was called again, and then too he was called last. Again, they said, “Lowell Nelson can return home. The quota is filled, and after three months he will be called again.

Again, he was called and the quota was filled, and he returned home. And for the fourth time when he was called the quota was filled. Now a whole year had passed and he was so confident that he would not be called. Each time we really thanked God that the quota was filled, so he could stay with his family.

After a short time, one of the draftees took sick and Lowell was called to take his place. Doug really mourned. Lowell went through the training and was booked for Japan. Some soldiers asked to come home and see their families but were refused. Some had farms and grain was going to waste for lack of men to take care of it. Lowell had two little boys who had hernias, one had double hernia. Lowell had cared for their ailment and seen to it that they got new trusses when the old ones got too bad. He would get up at night and care for them. He was needed at home, but the later part of their time was spent doing nothing and they were not even allowed to go home and say goodbye. So, they went to higher up officials and got permission to go home.

Lowell took his family to the Red Cross and asked them to see to it that the boys could get trusses when they needed. The nurse said, “Why, you are needed much more in your home than in Japan. I will send a telegram out to your post and have them release you.”

Lowell waited for that telegram and heard nothing. He wrote to me, asking me to pray about keeping him from going across to Japan. Finally, the day arrived that the ship was going to leave the port but they were detained for two hours because they had to take off some of the cargo and put the things on first that were put on last. The boys stood in formation all the while. Just as they were on the gang plank there came by loudspeaker an order that Lowell Nelson had to stay and go back. The girl who was keeping file had stuck the telegram in back on the file and forgotten about it. After the boys were gone, she discovered her error and sent a telegram to the boat to hold Lowell Nelson. After some red tape, he was sent back home to stay. There was joy and thanksgiving in the home. Doug's faith was strengthened.

There were people who got angry at me when I told them. "Oh, you are not any better than we are." I said, "Oh, no, I am not."

One lady said, "I hope that Lowell will be sent to war and get killed." Oh, the hate some could sling out at me. I learned that I could not mention it. Lots of complaints? Yes. But if there was anything to be thankful for, no, nothing doing.

I often think if it had not been for God's wonderful grace I would be wandering far away from God. I love pretty things, and I would surely become very worldly. I thank God for the Christian influence I got from my home, for the prayer meetings, for Sunday school and for Christian friends. Best of all Jesus became my very best friend and my Savior, my Redeemer, my King, my hope for time and eternity. I think of the poor people who never heard about the Savior.



Anderson farm as it looks in 2020. There is little evidence remaining of any original buildings.



Marking the passage of time – The barn on the Anderson farm as it stands in 2020. It is mostly collapsed. This barn was built in the early 1900s, likely by Albert. The names of Albert's sons are engraved into concrete inside the barn.



Peter & Lydia with all their children.
Back row: Gertrude, Margaret, Myrthel.
Front row: Lowell, Phyllis, Connie.

Nels Peter Nelson died in April 1943 at the age of 71. Lydia continued in life until her passing in April 1959, shortly after completion of this manuscript.



The family all grown up.

Lowell

Gertrude

Lydia

Myrthel

Margaret

Connie

Phyllis

