

May 19-20.

My dear Dr. Rem:-

It is unpardonable that I have not written sooner to acknowledge the kind letter that I received from you a few days ago. I indeed appreciate your kindness and thoughtfulness, and trust that you will remember me kindly to those who made the gift possible, and give them my sincere thanks.

My reason for not writing sooner is that I have been quite sick and confined to bed,

and forbidden to write. I am  
much better now, and think that  
from now on I shall be on the  
high road to health.

I have much to write that  
would interest you, I know, and I  
hope that the time will soon  
come when I can do this.

Remember me kindly to  
John Gardner. Tell him that  
I'll write as soon as I can.

Again I thank you, and  
with kindest regards remain

Sincerely,

Wautlet.



OTTO BOCK, President and Attorney  
526 Kitredge Building, Denver

WILL M. WALTHER, Financial Secretary  
Lutheran Sanitarium, Wheat Ridge, Colo.

# Evangelical Lutheran Sanitarium

REV. H. H. FEERTAG  
Chaplain and Superintendent

WHEAT RIDGE, COLO.  
May 25th., 1921.

Rev. A. E. Renn, D.D.,  
421 E. Broadway,  
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Brother Renn:-

We are in receipt of your letter of the 17th instant, with application blank for the Rev. Ivan Heft.

We shall be pleased to admit the applicant as soon as our new building is ready for occupancy, which will be sometime in July.

We shall gladly assist if help is needed in the meantime.

With friendly greetings,

Yours truly,

THE EV LUTHERAN SANITARIUM ASSN.

Superintendent.

Drum, Colo.

Tuesday.

My dear Dr. Brew:-

Your kind letter and check came to me yesterday, and I sincerely thank you and those who made possible the gift. Let me thank you also for your kindness in forwarding my application to Rev. Frintog. Just a few days ago he wrote and told me that the application had come, and I could enter the Sanatorium as soon as it is completed. I am afraid that this will be in August or September rather than July, due to Cuban troubles.

I am feeling much better than I did a few weeks ago. I was quite sick then, but happily seem to suffer little effect of it now. My doctors are starting me on another series of vaccine treatments which they hope will hasten my recovery. The recovery part is assumed, the only question being that of time. Of course, there are times when I get anxious to return to work, but I shall be careful to do nothing that will cause me to lose all I have gained. I am in good spirits, with the exception of occasional "blue" spells that seem to be inevitable!

I went to church Sunday for the

just time in a month. This House  
is run by the Episcopal Church,  
and there is a chapel in connection  
with it. The sermon was by a Rev.  
Dugley, who on Saturday will be  
consecrated bishop coadjutor of this  
diocese. The service and sermon  
both did me good.

I close for this time. Again I  
thank you from my heart for your  
kindness. May our Father's richest  
blessing be with you continually, and  
with the Church you serve, the Church  
I love more dearly than words can  
tell.

always sincerely,

Sam. Heft.

June 7-1921

June 7-1921

December 23, 1933.

Leonora, Dearie

Twenty minutes ago, at 2:15 p.m., Grandma Wimsatt, with tears of happiness in her eyes, made her mark on a document that forever seals the beloved St. Paul's Church of Nelson County, Kentucky, and assures her loved Church -- and mine -- the filial care of a congregation that will cherish the sacred walls and the holy ground. And that congregation is my very own, the child of my very soul. And that congregation is now legally the oldest Lutheran congregation in my loved State of Kentucky, founded -- when? Just after my State was born, or before? -- After the reading and explanation of the document, I read the 84th and 48th Psalms, and, I must confess, not without effort. Then, after prayer, we asked Grandma whether she knew what she was signing and whether she did so freely. She understood it to mean that there would be one congregation, and that meant that her old Church would be restored and kept, and that the Gospel would be heard again in that Church, -- and that her husband's grave, and her grave, would be cared for! I shall charge my congregation that, when the Kingdom come, this sacred promise be found unbroken.

There is another reason for my wanting the promise of perpetual care unbroken. I had thought to say something about it on that October 29th of blessed memory, but felt, when there, that I ought not allow myself to become too engrossed in my own emotions. Since the dear day when you and I sat together on the old ground of the old churchyard, I have felt with increasing strength, that when the days of my pilgrimage are numbered, there I should like to rest. When I was in Montana, and Colorado, and on Long Island, I left direction to be placed at the feet of my father. But now I cannot but wonder whether the call has come to leave father and mother. But enough! Let Providence carry it out! And I trust, and sincerely feel, that many years will roll by before that time come. For it seems that the Father, Who has manifestly spared me for a purpose, is leading me onward daily in that purpose. And my congregation is as a young giant awaking from his slumber. -- The Father's will be done.

I did not know, dear Heart, that I was to meander (if I may coin a new word!) as I have done. What I wanted to do was to tell Her first of all about my new-old congregation. -- Just one more word: I can this day understand why, when I was torn by conflict in the call to this congregation, a Voice within me kept saying, "Don't refuse." And so it comes to pass that some day we understand. -- A heart's love to my Leonora, beloved. --  
Parson.



Bethany Lutheran Church,  
Louisville, Kentucky,  
November 22, 1935.

To the Pastor and  
Congregation of the  
First Lutheran Church,  
Louisville, Kentucky.

Dear Friends:

Some thirty years ago, as a small boy I sat on the unfinished foundations of the First Church for the laying of its corner-stone. Among the speakers whom the beloved Dr. Waltz had invited for that occasion was his old and very dear friend, Dr. Fenner, and I shall never forget an utterance of Dr. Fenner's, spoken as he alone could. He said, "I am glad to see that the Mother Church is not too old to put on a new dress." I, a child of that same Mother, today am glad that that Mother is not too old to brighten up her already beautiful dress!

I am sorry that I cannot be present in person on this happy occasion, but must be at Service in the old Cedar Grove Church of Bullitt County where, for nearly two years now, we are holding regular Services twice a month. Our Service is at three o'clock this afternoon, and we shall think lovingly of you in your dedicatory Service. We shall remember you publicly in our prayers, and we hope that you will give a loving thought for us who are nearly thirty miles away, and yet are very near to you through our intercession at the Throne of Grace in Christ Jesus.

I send you the greeting of the officers and congregation of Bethany Church, who rejoice with you on this justly happy occasion. I send you my own greeting and affection. As the years roll on I find that the bonds of old affections grow increasingly stronger. And among the foremost of my affections is that for the Church which will, as long as I live, be my Mother Church.

Grace, Mercy and peace in Christ Jesus our Saviour be to the Pastor and people of the old First Church, on this happy occasion, and in all days and years that are to come.

Very sincerely yours,

Ivan Heft.

Rochester, Minnesota

May 18, 1945

Dear Miss Luina and Miss Emelia:

Your kind letter of March 14 has just reached me. Your remembrance brought much happiness. And yet there was distress, because I know you have been wondering whether I have received this. But now it has come, with its thoughtful enclosure, and I want at once to express my thanks. Your kind expression has given me quite a lift. It is true that the going has at times been hard, but for the most part I have never really minded it, for, as you wrote, "underneath are the everlasting arms." The Father has been good to me. His mercy and providence have never failed - never can. And one of the gifts of that providence is friends like yourself. My own remembrances go to you - self and your brother. I hope you are all well. <sup>and</sup> Once more, thanks for all that you have done.

Very sincerely  
L. Wright

M L C U  
Dec 12  
1959

Lud Ky 12 Dec 59

I have just received your letter postmarked December 7. It asks that I return the "Claimant's Statement".

The Kentucky Baptist Hospital of Louisville, Kentucky, where I was a patient, received from you ~~where~~ a group of forms, since I had assigned my hospital benefits to that Hospital. The cashier filled out some forms which I signed. The cashier gave me a form to be signed by the attending surgeon. As I remember, it was called "Hospital Expense Claim". This I mailed to you about November 30. I had a return address on the envelope and it has not come back. I received no other form from the Hospital. If one yet needs completion I must ask you to send it to me.

In the Hospital Rider Benefits I note that the Kentucky Baptist Hospital made no claim for anesthesia. I wonder whether the Hospital overlooked this. I had surgery twice, on November 3<sup>rd</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup>, with anesthesia each time. The anesthesiologist's bill was \$30<sup>00</sup>, which I have paid. After all your kindness I am reluctant to make further claims. But my financial condition is straitened.

For all your kindness I am deeply grateful.

Sincerely,

(Rev.) Evans Huff

Note: ~~7<sup>th</sup> of November~~ 30  
with the Hospital Expense Claim  
was not marked Claim Department (1) Tenn / or an address (2) Permanant

Could it be filed in some other Department?  
elsewhere

The M L C U  
3108 West Lake St.  
Minneapolis 16 Minn

To President Busch —

Dear Jerry,

I'll not attend the Retreat  
this week and wish to express  
my regret. I'll be with you in  
spirit. Please remember me to  
those present, especially to my

I have made a splendid  
recovery from the surgery. Dr  
Brown, the Surgeon, has discharged  
me. There were no complications  
and all is well. Dr Brown did  
not charge me for his services,  
so my thing is financially  
dear. The Christmas gift of the  
Board of Pensions, gift from First  
Church and more especially  
Bethany and most especially  
Finner, covered the hospital

Life & Casualty Union benefits  
were deducted.

Dr. Kamey, my oculist, says  
that surgery on my left eye —  
for cataracts is indicated for  
about June. I must see him then  
and he'll decide when to operate.  
Vision is gone in my left eye but  
the right is carrying me comfortably.  
Dr. Kamey says there is every  
indication that I'll have good  
sight for the rest of my life.

As you know, the Board of  
Pensions granted me \$37.50  
Emergency relief a month for  
this year. Thanks for your share  
in that. And for all  
your kindness. You have been  
unfailingly good to me and  
I am grateful. Sincerely, Ivan

bill that remained after ministers

0951/81  
#1  
January 1960

Dear Jim

R.R. fare from Lol to Princeton  
is \$133.71 with roomette; \$101.75 <sup>95.15</sup>  
without. There are only roomettes  
now. x The very day after my last  
writing you I had an attack of my  
talim chronic rheumatoid a throbs,  
the worst in years. I couldn't write. I  
could scarcely get out to eat. It  
must have affected my thinktank  
also, for it never occurred to me to  
phone the R. R. stations. I waited  
till I could go to them in person.  
The L+N was just its total fare  
being 111.57 + 222 roomette  
is \$145.09. Then I want to be C+O  
& its total is the \$133.71 given above.  
I would rather go by C+O for the sake  
of old memories. That is how I went

in Sept of 1911 & my usual <sup>work</sup> ~~work~~ since  
then. x Easter is at hand & I want  
to send you an Easter card. So I  
fulfil this other writing obligation  
also. ~~If Easter~~ x Again thanks  
for everything. This has started  
me & I'll ~~begin~~ to catch up on  
responses owed to 1915 class  
mates since early in the year.  
Warm weather has come here &  
that's a help to my condition. In  
March we had the heaviest snow  
total snow fall of any March on  
record. In fact, it was the third  
heaviest month in our weather  
bureau history, exceeded by Dec.

of 1917 and Jan. of 1918. All the snow  
is now past & the voice of the  
turkule is heard in the land.  
\*A lovely happy Easter to you  
& to all.

Ivan

14 April 60

Dear Don

Lucky 6/6/61

Just a word of greeting +  
remembrance for Reunion  
I'm sorry that I didn't send  
you word before this. During the  
past few weeks I've been busy  
letting things get away from  
me, including this. So just  
a word of remembrance

Do you Cupid there? If so,  
please give him the enclosed  
note, if not, please drop it in  
the mail. You may read it if  
you wish. Memory tells me for  
once met in in both Reunion

Thanks for everything +  
regards to all. Love

Dear Cupid

Lucky June 6, 61

I don't dream me a dream.  
I set out for Reunion. The  
plane's destination was New York.  
In my bag I treasured your rain  
check.

On the plane there was a lone  
vacant seat. When I reached it I  
saw that the other passenger next  
to it was Bob Williams, who  
used to sign himself Roosevelt  
Xxxxxx Wimb. We hadn't seen  
each other for years. We clasped  
hands + looked into each  
other's eyes smiling. As we  
chatted, the little maidchen  
in uniform brought me a

telegram. It stood: "Dine at  
eight at Bergendwo's." Just then  
my alarm clock clicked and I  
got up and pushed the catch  
in before the gong commenced  
to ring. I was right vexed-  
gipped out of a nice dining out.

Please don't ruminate all  
over Manhattan searching for  
Bergendwo's. Your discriminating  
discernment will already  
have apprised you that the  
name of the Groutstarts is  
fictitious. That's on account of  
I can't remember the name  
in the telegram. That turns  
me up, and just for that I'm  
not coming to New York.

Another reason is a rotation

of my doctor's. For some weeks  
I've been celebrating annoying  
episodes. I toughed them out,  
thinking it was my heart.  
The M.D. says it is also the  
lungs and desires treatment  
therefor. It is not serious.

Months ago I had hoped to  
come to Princeton and Long  
Island and suchlike establish-  
ments this June. So I  
project that once more into the  
future. For the present, all  
my grateful remembrance  
and all my well-wishes  
souvenirs to Helen and  
yourself.

Joan



Sunday  
afternoon

Dear Sir:

I left Peabody Saturday night  
but was in distress all the way. I am unable  
to get an immediate reservation home and  
cannot attempt travel without one. The  
pain is throughout the body, especially chest,  
and my throat was raw but is better - the  
sulfa pyridine is helping. I shall be OK  
and come as soon as I can. Will  
telegraph time of leaving. Have not  
seen a doctor, do not think it  
necessary, will do so, of course, if  
necessary, but don't feel it is now.  
Will let you know of my leaving,  
and any other information necessary.

Di

Cannot get any stamps. This may  
be delayed

Am in Hotel Marion, opposite  
Northwestern RR Station

would be available, - and again the  
steam! After I get some more stamps  
and mail and give it! But not till then.  
- The car is ready!

May 17

Honnie, dear:

Just back from some happy, yet  
saddening visits, to bid goodbyes - and  
yet, not goodbye since I have to come  
back to the Clinic within six months. So  
it has been to express thanks for many  
and unspeakable kindnesses. First, to  
Lutheran Hospital Pastor Wm. Naeseth.  
I came to look forward to his visits in  
the Wonall. He is nearly sixty, has a  
nice set of smile-wrinkles and is simply  
generally and perfectly grand. At times  
he would have a good story. Again, he  
would talk of some interesting problem  
and we would discuss it. And there would  
be times when he would give but a simple  
word of comfort and encouragement. He  
is altogether an ideal man for his job.  
The Naeseth dawg GP (=General Pandemonium)  
greeted me pandemoniously, and finally  
subided enough to sit with his head in my  
lap while I explained to the intently and  
gravely listening GP that I never did like  
dawgs. While we were having the inevitable  
coffee, Rev. Maakstad, Pastor of the Zumbro  
Lutheran Church, came in. His foo has been  
so very good to me. Our first meeting was  
December 24 - I had gotten out of the Wonall

December 21 - and he received me so kindly. On the following Sunday a little girl took her place at the opposite end of the pew in which I had been seated and timidly smiled. And so also the next Sunday, when I found out that she is Solvig, and is on her own since her big sister and brother are in the choir, her mamma plays the organ, and her daddy, when he isn't speaking from the chancel, is speaking from the pulpit. Solvig possesses ten years and that fragile Norwegian beauty that so often fades too soon. I truly hope her consent for she is such a lovely little thing. So she and I must sit together and share a "Hymnary", to the undisguised delight of the congregation, until -! - we would sit near the harmonist that is given over to the Senior Choir, and one Sunday Rev. M. timidly told me that the choir had asked him to ask me to sing with them! Then Mrs. M., with equal timidity, requested me to sing a solo some time! But this latter I must decline! So many are the unobtrusive acts of kindly thoughtfulness of those folks, - their immediate provision, for instance, for my inability to march in processional and recessional, and their

and in the afternoon pastors and choirs gathered at Wanamingo for the annual festival massing of the choirs. Oh! it was glorious. Our group sang the Hymn of St. Francis, set to an old German chorale. We sang a capella, eight-part for the older choir and three-part for the junior. The memory of this will ever call up those lovely strains. There were thirty-four in the older group and some twenty in the junior. Sadly, enough cars could not be gotten to bring all the latter. Some ten or twelve couldn't come. The massed choirs of nearly two hundred voices was glorious. The director, now for many years, was a small, monkeyish, whimsical man with one of the most appealingly homely Scandinavian faces I have ever seen. His spouse played what accompaniments were used, and after the afternoon rehearsal the director gave a brief sentence of thanks to the singers for their coming and ~~then~~ their labors, and then launched into a lengthy and solemn eulogy on the accompanist. The group listened in rapt attention. Suddenly the eulogist ended. Dropping his voice to a whisper, he begged, "Give me a break - I have to do this." — That night the venerated director was garbed in evening dress, as were also the venerated presiding officers. The senior choirs were in black, the girls wearing white collars. The juniors were in white.

unassumingly making me a member of the family. A couple of weeks ago, after choir practice and its inevitable aftermath of coffee, Rev. M. and I were in his study discussing our pipes - the church and parsonage are joined together. Of a sudden, little Solvig appeared in the door and looked expectantly at her daddy. He announced that Solvig had had her school-teacher teach her "The Old Kentucky Home" to sing to me! He caught the involuntary expression that flitted across my face, and at once inquired, "This won't -?" I assured him that it wouldn't, but it did. The loved song itself, and me so "far away", the memory of hills and meadows, and the little Solvig who wanted to do this for me! There was a fortunate tension-breaker. Solvig's is amongst the lowest of the three voices in the Junior choir. Her daddy commenced his accompaniment in the usual key, and when Solvig reached the third syllable of "Kentucky" her voice broke. Reproachfully she said, "Daddy, that's too high!" But the strain was broken. So I told her about Kentucky, and she listened eagerly, and her Daddy did too. Sunday before last was notable. It was Luther League Sunday. Pastors in the Circuit exchanged pulpits,

cassocks. They sat with the audience and massed upon the stage when necessary. The seniors were on a larger bleachers on the stage, and to the side was a lesser and curved bleachers for the individual choirs. - all the pastors were so gracious, and so genuinely interested - the word "Kentucky" was a talisman. - the speaker was the Rev. Professor Huggenik of St. Olaf College. Like himself, his speech was born and raised in Norway and is not merely broken, - it is shattered. The convention theme was, "Christ is the answer." The speaker's first sentence was a firm, "Christ is not only the answer; He is the only answer!" at our time he must tell a story. "In Kentucky" he darted a sly glance at the Kentuckian - "there was a darkey." while he was essaying darkey dialect he suddenly stopped and interjected, "Please understand that I am now speaking English," and then shot something at the crowd, <sup>in Norwegian</sup> who, jam-packing the vast gymnasium - assembly room of the Wamamingo School, instantly roared out. The speaker shrank back in delightful surprise and terror, and then resumed in on the darkey. The story was cleverly to the point. He played on that crowd as does a master on a many-voiced organ. - Oh, so much to tell her when I come home - yes, next week, at last! Many times since leaving the world I have started to

write her but have ever fallen in to such  
Jeremiads that I would not send. And I  
want to send this on. Concerning "the case",  
one of the strangest in Mayo Clinic history!  
let me just say: Systemic inability to throw  
off streptococci viridans and haemolyticus,  
and staphylococcus aureus; resulting in (1)  
a vesicular, pustular dermatitis and (2)  
a palindromic rheumatoid arthritis.  
Prognosis: "you are not cured, and I don't  
know whether you can be." - The great Dr.  
Brunsting, speaking. Procedure: treatments  
to ease distress, and instruction for self-  
treatments. Orders: move to a warmer and  
more equable climate, to a rural parish  
not entailing too great burden and re-  
sponsibility. Admonitions: Carry aspirin  
with you - "you are too reluctant to relieve  
your pain, and that is harmful;" don't  
neglect necessary use of cane; always send  
your shoes here, giving care number, for  
bracing and reshaping. The patient: "Is  
there any corrective shoe that I can get  
that will be suitable?" Dr. Tarara: "No.  
Get the kind you have now. Then send them  
here." - You remember the trouble I had  
with my feet after the Baptist Hospital  
episode of 1927-28. Here is further proof  
of Dr. Brunsting's firm conviction that  
that illness was not an ordinary colitis  
(due to muscular or "nervous" origins)  
but a result of the present systemic  
difficulty, the infection becoming localized  
in the transverse colon. Dr. B. asserted, in  
response to my question, that the physicians

were not to blame for failure to diagnose, since this present knowledge is but about ten years old. (My beloved Doc Sam Lancaster pointed out the respects in which this differed from other known cases of colitis!) - How I have wandered! After leaving Rev. N., went to the Worrall. A nice chat with Miss Ram Barton of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, who was my night nurse the first week in the Worrall. She was so faithful and kind. So were all, nurses and doctors. I indeed owe my life to their care and constant watchfulness. The Dr., for instance, who stayed at the bedside from 4 p.m. till 1 a.m. and was prepared to stay on, until I told him that I was very grateful and felt he ought to go to bed. He glanced at the two nurses, who nodded almost imperceptibly, and he left, - and "just dropped in" a little after five to see how I was feeling! But no more of this line, - I want to send this letter on! - Time out for supper.

The usual gang, of whom later Stax and Sodills, were absent. Only one besides "the Reverend", was Bob Stringer, physician and surgeon of Hamilton, Ontario, fellow of the Mayo Foundation, and all sorts of a peach. - I do want to tell of dinner in the Maakestad home on the Warraming, Sunday. Rev. Running of Zumbrota took Rev. Maakestad's place, and was to carry me to



Wanamings after dinner. Now there is a little Solvig who - you'd never guess it - has stolen my heart. She sat across from me. Rev. Running acted as pater familias, and I occupied the room of honor. Next to me sat Joanne, and across from her was John. Mrs. M. sat opposite Rev. R. Dessert was bunnies on sliced cake. Solvig gazed fondly at her bunnies, and then confided to me, "I used to think there were fairies in these." I said, "There are." She smiled indulgently. Looking into her eyes, I went on, "Solvig, I once thought that there were. Then for a long time I thought the way you do now. Now I find that I was right the first time." She smiled two smiles, the first, that that she had smiled in contemplation of her childish fancy, the second, the archly indulgent smile she had given me. Suddenly a look of wonder came into her face. As suddenly she looked back into my eyes, and this time the lovely smile grew and grew until it reached its fullest bloom. Then she turned to her bunnies, and addressed herself to them with (1) feminine daintiness and (2) unfeigned gusto. I glanced at Rev. Running, himself the daddy of five adult children and Grandpappy to a parcel. His eyes were

invited on Solvraig's. His smile was one of angelic beauty and tenderness. - Well, honey, I must stop. I want to rant forever. I really dread the thought of leaving here. I long for home, but am going there to prepare to leave home. Where? I want to go to the hills of Virginia or the Carolinas. Dr. Brumsting said there would be less, perhaps no discomfort in the southern Rockies. I told him that if I were younger I wouldn't mind it so much, but I have for these years been used to a way of living and would, if possible, wish to cling to it. Himself a son of Michigan and for twenty-four years a citizen of Minnesota, he smiled and told me to keep in touch with him. He was good to me! - The bell in the Mayo Tower is calling mine. Then the carillon will ring out - is now ringing the old mediaeval hymn tune. How I would listen for it in the Woodall. In the earliest days I at once came to await it. It was some time before I infallibly remembered all the sequences, but now it is with me to the end of my days. Even the first unanalytical and wholly unexpected hearing gave me a sense of deep peace. I had marked that most of the hours were preceded by a snatch of a hymn, or its entirety. Here the hour came first - that threw me off my stride! Then the sense of listening to something inaffably lovely. In those days I'd receive a shot each night at nine. I'd

cherish that loveliness until overpowered  
by sleep - or onward, if sleep didn't over-  
power. I would think of a mediaeval  
monastery in a mountain fastness, and  
think of the sequences coming distantly from  
its chapel at complines. I would hope that  
the monastery had bells enough to toll it out  
into the forest darknesses. I would remember  
how each day and night through centuries  
that monastery had been a haven of security  
in a world elsewhere torn in strife and  
death. And I would be grateful that I was  
in a haven where I was finding peace in pain.  
I would also remember the picture of the  
young monk gazing wistfully through the  
narrow window of his cell to the far distant  
and glorious mountains. I did not for a  
moment suspect that some day in that some  
morning I too would be gazing out! One day  
I did - it was while the bells were ringing  
that I suddenly realized that my whole world  
had crashed and would never again be the  
same. I didn't try to figure it out - haven't  
yet! But the carillon still brought - and  
brings - that sense of peace. Then it meant  
that one was being "put to bed", although  
goodness knows one had not been off the  
bed since last the chimes rang. The table  
lamp was put on the floor beside the bed,  
so that the ceiling light would not be  
switched on for those ministrations that  
at 10, 1 and 4 never failed, for security - three

days. These were scheduled. Unscheduled ministrations were constant in between, for the watchfulness and care were unremitting. Daily I met nurses who cared for me. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude. A couple of days ago in the subway to the clinic I heard my name called. It was Miss Hagan, whom I had not seen since the first week in the hospital. And here was one of those unbelievable coincidences! She had heard that I was going into the chaplaincy. Her favorite uncle was a chaplain. I asked her name, and learned that his was the same. So I described him to her! An amazed, "where did you see him?" In the office of the Chief of Chaplains in Washington! He, learning from Chaplain Monahan, that there was a Lutheran Chaplain in with the chief, had come to see me. He had stayed in the Army after the first war, a bachelor, he sent the nurse and her three sisters presents every birthday and Christmas. His first presents came from France. He was in China when she was born and promptly sent her a present! I asked if he was still on the chief's staff and tears rolled down her cheeks. He was in the Walter Reed Hospital, at the point of death from a heart attack. In the subway I again asked about him. Smiles now! He was recovered, and retired, and - proudly - a full Colonel! - I must tell of one

of the two times that I wept in the world.  
It was the nineteenth day after I had signed  
the waiver, the day the time-limit expired. And  
I could never hope for another examination.  
All that day I thought of Fort Knox. And  
when the carillon went four, I knew that in  
an hour the Post Chapel would close. Suddenly  
I burst into an uncontrollable sobbing. I had  
finished wiping my face with the boxing-glove-  
like towels that shrouded the wet bandages on  
my hands and arms, when in came the Miss  
Supervisor Brown. "What's the trouble!" "I'm  
ok., thank you ma'am." "That's very nice. And  
what's the trouble!" So I poured out my little  
heart! - Fort Knox, Fort Hughes, Office of the Chief!  
The Miss Brown listened. She said, "It would  
have been senseless for you not to get it out of  
your system!" In the doorway she turned  
and smiled, "You tried, didn't you?" At that,  
I asked nice Dr. Farber next day if he thought  
I stood any chance. Gravely he inquired,  
"Reverend, when are you going to stop being  
a damn fool?" - As to the other weeping,  
I later learned that two of the nurses also  
wept! It was during the nine-hour doctor-  
vigil. The nurse was changing my bandages,  
and a sound of weeping came through the door.  
A lady patient had been weeping so much, and  
I felt so sorry for her. I inquired about the  
patient, and the nurse said, "It's not the  
patient." I looked up at her, asked no  
more questions, but wondered. When she

left, there were two weavings! and I wondered the more! But some time I'll tell you of my own. This time the Miss Brown asked no questions! - Tomorrow I go to the marketads to bid farewell. Tears come into my eyes when I think of all their kindness and kindnesses. This past Sunday Rev. M. more than overwhelmed me. He said that last January many of the congregation were asking him who the attentive and fervent worshiper was who had been coming regularly. Now they all know. I suddenly commenced to feel faint. (I had fainted the day before on returning from the Wonal, and again that morning on arising.) The far distant voice went on. Rev. M. did not wish to speed the parting guest but spoke today because Doctor Haft might not be here next Sunday. The voice expressed the congregation's wish for continued recovery, and then the congregation's thanks for the way I had entered into and shared the congregation's life! Him thanking me! That was the last straw. Suddenly I fell on my knee the firm and kindly hand of Mr. Forgas Hanson. My eyes found Rev. M., smiling at me, and I could smile and acknowledge his words with an inclination of the head. - Downstairs in the choir-room the members thanked me! But by now I had found voice again. As I came upstairs there was a timid rustle behind me. Yes! it was Solvig! And then

Rev. Naesseth and daughter Betty (an infantile paralysis victim, poor thing!) took me home to spend the rest of the day with them and G.P. Coffee was not served at the table, but in the living room after dinner. Finally G.P. looked up knowingly. Betty said, "O.K., go back to the kitchen." Happily G.P. trotted back. Betty hid a morsel of cake. "O.K.," she called, and G.P. came tearing. He hunted till he found it and gulped happily. Back again he trotted and waited for the O.K. And so on and on, until he'd had his share. Betty never follows a routine in the hiding, and at times G.P. had difficulty and became excited. But he always found his morsel. Finally Betty told him, "That's all." And he came to each of us for a carass of approbation. - Here in the clinic since October 7! The day after Christmas I reported to Dr. Brunsting at the clinic. Then it was he told me, "not cured, and I don't know whether you can be. You can't work for four or five months." Then, other directions. He said he thought I could go home. He would write Dr. Kelsall and outline a treatment. "Come and tell me goodbye before you go." That night I ate no supper! The next day, in spite of chills and fainting, I got my tickets. Two days later I came to bid farewell. At Desk North 7 the Miss Valsvig looked at me curiously and said, "Come right back."

The large waiting rooms are always crowded with patients waiting their turn. I protested against going out of turn. She said, "We have strict orders in a case like this." Meekly I followed her. She put me in a room and instantly Dr. Brunsting entered. His first word was, "Why didn't you call me?" and I felt like a rebuked school-boy. "There's no sense in your lying over there alone and taking a beating like that - don't do it again." These Mayo physicians waste no words, and yet there is never absence of kindness. A few moments later I was carrying a letter to the Worrell Hospital. When I glanced down at the envelope and saw the WORTALL HOSPITAL, I must stop and tamble! But it was not for hospitalization, merely daily treatment. On the way over I thought of my first meeting with Dr. Brunsting. A repeated phrase had struck me. On that first day a Foundation fellow had taken my case history and had me undress. He examined me, not too expertly, I thought, and wondered if I had come to Rochester for this! Then the young man left the room, switched on a light, and closed the door. A moment later there was a knock, and in came a man to whom my heart at once went out. His face was grave and kindly. He put out his hand and said, "I am Dr.



Brunsting." He looked at my hand as he took it, and didn't squeeze it. He said, "You ought to be in the hospital - you've gotten here just in time." He gently lifted my feet and looked at them. "You've been taking a terrific beating - man! How did you stand it?" I wanted to cry, and was glad that he turned to a telephone and ordered the first vacant bed for an emergency patient, giving name and case number. Then to me, "How often have you had chills and fainting?" "Not, 'Did you!'" and he had not yet seen my case history. Then, "How often loss of memory?" and I lived again in an instant the confusion in the days of the week! He said, "Will give you relief." And I meant every word, "Doctor, I'll have every confidence in you." That same afternoon I was in the hospital. The next two days are lost to memory, except the burning memory of seemingly constant ministrations of doctors and nurses. The fourth day Miss Tommy Thomas, from near Monmouth Junction, New Jersey, was changing my bandages - hands and arms, feet and legs. Suddenly she said, "We want to thank you." I protested my surprise. She went on, "While you were -" a pause - "out of your head, you always said 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, ma'am,' and we never left this room without you thanking us." I was speechless! She went on, "Southerners

are always so courteous!" I suggested that one always finds courteous folk wherever one goes. Finally she said, "But there is no courtesy like that of the Southerners!" Then, "where are you from?" Proudly, "Kentucky!" and she exclaimed, "Oh! it must be lovely there!" Involuntary tears started into my eyes. Miss Tommy changed the subject! But later I must tell her all about Kentucky. - Honey, how I rant, from one thing to another! With so much yet to tell. It seems, as I write, that pent-up emotions of these seven-months-plus are welling up and I want to babble endlessly and tell wavy poky little things. I've already intuded so much of that for which I've refused to send previous out-pourings, but I do want you to get a word from Rochester and I'll not have time to do another effort. - So good night, and all my duty to the shepherdess, and I look to see y'all soon!

Parson

Dear Jim - all my thanks for your letter of Jan 9. Total hospital expense was \$441.23. The surgeon has not yet given me his bill. I cannot see him till next week and since you wish an immediate reply I send this word now. I am hoping that the surgeon will not present a bill but of this I am not certain. My old surgeon, dead these two years, never charged me. I do not know what the present one will do. I am making a good recovery. I have no words to tell you but shall write that later. I wish to get this letter on its way. Please give my thanks to the others in whose behalf you have written, for yourself and not only my Jan 13/60 thanks but also my affectionate

Jan 13  
Dear Jim - The report on hospitalization surgery was as follows: Hospital bill, \$441.23. They allowed me a minor's hospital discount of \$62.81. Hospitalization insurance benefit was \$185.00. The hospital balance was \$193.42. The surgeon did not charge me. From my insurance I received a check for \$75.00 toward surgeon's fee. I would wish to deduct that from the \$193.42, leaving a balance of \$118.42. x I had to get a report on the hospital bill because I had assigned ~~the~~ my insurance benefits. My check-book ~~act out~~ was of no help here, since I had given them a check for ~~less than~~ \$200.75 when I got my bank statement this did not help. x Delay in writing is due to delay in seeing the surgeon and for this I am sorry. I am sorry also for the confusion regarding the hospital insurance and my prayers

bill. I had to wait on an itemization from them.

Delay in writing is due to waiting on an itemization from the hospital. For this I am sorry. I am ~~also~~ sorry that for the error in reporting the hospital bill, ~~giving as I did~~ benefits had been deducted & gave the total that was reported to me.

Delay in writing is due to waiting on an itemization from the hospital. The insurance benefit toward surgical fee was sent to me directly. I had felt that the surgeon would not charge me but did not wish to ~~ass~~ presume this. I feel that the \$75 toward surgery ought be considered a part of the total benefit received

from my insurance. xx all my thanks to you & to the other surgeon. I have other things to write you, concerning the cards & letters received from classmates but will send that later since I wish to get this into the mail.

Sincerely

Joan Hoff

Jan 28

22 James C. Healey  
3185 Whirlow Road  
Bijusta Georgia  
c/o Carpenter

Pausin  
116.66

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Bank	32429
3 hrs	4079
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42685	
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cash 228 Jan

Dear Johnny (Zabon) Lolley Jambo  
Before coming to Princeton, you got my  
letter of yesterday, you know that I can not  
come to Reunion. If not, the news is that  
I have had a mild heart attack & the Dr  
vetoes the trip. The incident is not serious.  
Rather is it one of a fixed pattern. One Dr  
says the attacks are episodic. Another says  
they are palindromic. Of course, both could  
be right. It is perhaps superfluous to add  
that I am disappointed. Yet I add it. For  
I had been on the anxious seat, thinking  
I might have to undergo surgery for cataract  
and was scheduled to see the Dr. James  
His good news was that this must be  
postponed. Thus came the disappointment.  
I am writing other classmates at Reunion  
especially one Jim. For his sake I put a clean

classical album in my traveling bag. I expect  
Kurosawa to be the word for my  
in uniform. I am in a hurry, I have  
Memorial! I am in a hurry, I have  
Celia would not be in a hurry, I have  
I have a good idea of what I want to  
I shall send you a few leaves address the  
\$1.50 so that you may have my hand. I  
had made no arrangements for my hand. I  
So there is no concern in that regard.  
In the album, while I should look  
for the reasons of those who attend some  
there is written in that they are  
I hope they will  
Please give them  
all in my name

Dear Marlene -

Saturday, the day after yesterday, and I may as well confess what I am requiring to think you have already suspected; I am not yet in my home because I am not so well. The crash came Easter Sunday night. Very ill. Monday stay in bed, but work that night with difficulty. Tuesday went out to Apt. #9. No mail. Wednesday the Doctor didn't like my condition. Suspended treatment on the Staphylococcus aureus and elbow shots. He told me that he had a staphylococcal infection in the arthrum and had given himself a shot of what he gives me. A much higher dose to himself with no effect whatsoever. In fact, the absolute minimal dose, had given me a high fever. Blood pressure also "very low again". He usually tells me what it is, but this time he didn't, and I didn't ask. I do know that I have wanted to use a cane in the Y, but have had too silly pride to do so. Friday night I walked to the concert - I say Friday, it seems so far away! There was no bus or car in sight so I walked, rather than stand. Had difficulty in making it. And the same in returning. The crowd getting on the car was so great that I had no chance. I got to Broadway before the next car came. But I was living the Rachmaninoff Symphony, and that sufficed. - Oh yes! Friday morning Charlie Griffin moved my things out

was any urgent reason for my coming to him. I told him of the impending inquisition. He poked the beam of light into my eye and said, "I must tell you something, although you will disregard it." "Yes, sir?" "Do not go into the Army. You will be taking your life into your hands." So I smiled. He sighed and said, "Just as I thought. Well, the Lord bless and keep you."

Little Harma said that Dr. M. had the right to make that diagnosis. - Have you ridden on the Nickel Plate Railroad. I hope so, so that you can enjoy my latest story that is attracting my L+N Kage customers.

These rural pastors were complaining to each other. Pastor A said that that L+N train came at the same time every Sunday and spoiled his speakin'. Pastor B said that it was the Southern that spoiled his. Pastor C said that for him the spoiling came right after the collection had been lifted. "What burns me up is that Nickel Plate comin' down the aisles."

This morning I was chatting with Mr. Hunt at 8:50. I have a key, so I went back, locking the door after me. I was feeling happy after breakfast, & we two were laughing over the whole mess. Out of Roy's office comes Charlie. "Rev," he says, "the door's locked," and started out to open it. Says I to Charlie, "Pssst." Charlie stops. So I says, in a whisper, "Reform administration, kid, the heat's on." "Oh!" whispers Charlie knowingly, and then adds confidentially, "We'll be back to normal in two days." - I merely started out by deciding to confide to you that I hadn't been too peart. I hadn't planned details thereof, and certainly not what followed via the well-known association of ideas (so-called) and trains of thought. *Ehne nihil!* What is written steht geschrieben. - Since I'm certain that I enclosed you WCA3 card in last night's letter, I am sending you its twin which reposes in a newspaper clipping on my table. I had extracted the clipping, upon seeing figures on the back. Since I was certain I hadn't used Dwight Anderson to compute - upon reading in the *Constitution Journal* the rules for next income tax - that I wouldn't have to pay any tax for 1948, I extracted the clipping. Then I couldn't find



Dwight and thinks to myself, I'll find  
and send it later. I have found it.

The cage time draws near, and the  
Kage draws unto itself

Ivan

4/3/48

And 28 years ago I was on a  
Denver + Rio Grande train, moving  
through heavy snow so slowly as to  
bring me into Denver, not at the proper  
~~8<sup>00</sup>~~<sup>6<sup>00</sup></sup> p.m., but at 2<sup>00</sup> a.m. of Easter Sunday,  
April 4.

for me. Clayton Robertson had promised but I had to call him off. Charlie, shortly after this, had offered his services, and I accepted. We brought John along, the Physical Department porter. He and Charlie did the work. It was all I could do to climb the stairs. Charlie was so pleased with everything. He made thorough inspection. It was nice to feel his real enthusiasm and approval. As the days have gone by I worried and fretted at first, rebelliously. Thursday afternoon, in a semi-comatose state, I suddenly decided to quit fretting, woke up, and reaffirmed the decision. One of the factors has been a major blow-up in the Y family. Mt. Olympus blew his stack. Ossa and Pelion thereupon were shaken, and the hills and dales then tumbled. I truly say that I remained serene for myself - Olympus can go to hell for my 2¢. But it was tough on the others and I felt for them. All so stupid and unjustified. A man trying to referee a game without knowing one of the rules. Poor Roy at once commenced issuing impossible orders. This evening he gave me another as I came on duty. I laughed happily, told him it was impossible, and why. He laughed, then grumbled, not at me but at the status quo (which is Latin for 'de mess we's in'). Our sublime high light came Thursday night. Poor Mackie, alias

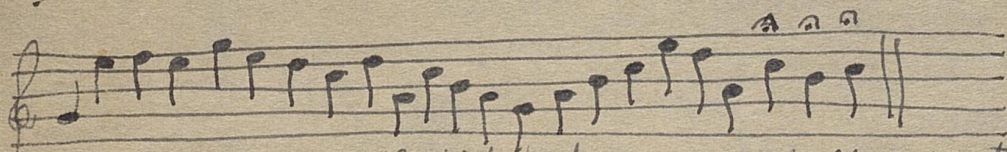
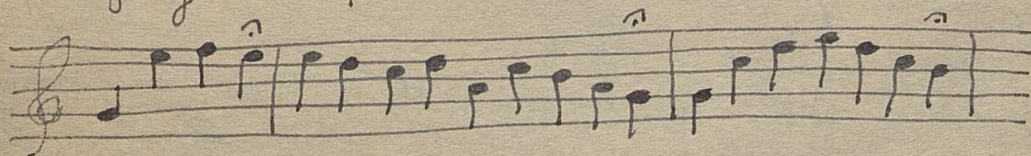
Dwight and thinks to my self, I'll find  
and send it later. I have found it.

Norie, Dear:

January 1

Just as I fix to write, the bells in the carillon give out nine o'clock. I could not but pause to listen. First a very slow tolling of the hour. Then the melody of what sounds like an old mediaeval chorale. In those earliest days in the hospital I soon came to await it. And it was some days before I infallibly remembered all the sequences. But now it is with me to the end of my days. Even the first unanalytical and wholly unexpected hearing gave a sense of deep peace. I had marked that most of the hours were preceded by a snatch of a hymn, or its entirety. Here the hour came first - that threw me off my stride! Then the sense of listening to something ineffably lovely. In those early days I'd receive a shot each night at nine. I'd cherish that loveliness until overpowered by sleep. I would think of a mediaeval monastery in a mountain fastness and hear this sequence coming distantly from its chapel at complines. I would hope that the monastery had bells enough to toll it out into the forest darknesses. I would remember how each day and night through centuries that monastery had been a haven of security in a world elsewhere torn in strife and death. And I would be grateful that I was in a haven of security where I was finding peace in pain. I would also remember the picture of the young monk gazing wistfully through the narrow window of his cell to the far distant and glorious mountains. I did not for a

moment suspect that some day I would be gazing out! I now knew nothing but peace - a mistle of a starched uniform in a dimly lit room - the bed-table lamp was always put on the floor at nine o'clock - and a quiet voice, "now take this, please." On a sudden notion that someone unheard was standing in the doorway observing me, and a turning of my head to see, and then thank her for her kindness. It was at night mostly that I pondered these things - by day one takes so much for granted! I am going to try to write you the music. It is without "time" - and forgive any crooked staves!



I soon estimated that it took nearly a full minute to play this. Later timing showed about fifty seconds. - Please memorize it! It will repay you! - and all this is not what I intended to tell you when I was afixin' to write. Rather, that I had just returned from a visit to the Worrall - AND by the way, this is breaking the news that I'm out. Since December 21. It is an experiment - I may have to go back. It's my notion that the doctors thought that I'd been gazing out of the gothic window too long and longingly! Last week the chief doctor said plainly what had previously been saying piecemeal. "You're much better than

**Bethany Lutheran Church**

IVAN HEFT, PASTOR  
SOUTHERN PARKWAY AT EVELYN AVE.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Sunday, April 8

Dear Alma:

Alma's letter came to me just a moment ago, and I want to start banging out some word of reply at once.

First of all I must explain this penmanship. Once in a while I have difficulty in holding a pen, but am able to pound my Royal. But no recipient of the message ought complain one speck about the change in penmanship.

I must frankly say that when I saw Alma's letter my first reaction was one of remorse. For there came over me in a surge the countless times that I have purposed to send her and Millicent and Marjorie some word, and have always put it off till tomorrow. I'm reacting to this today.

I believe that the most exciting news that I can give to one who has listened to Mrs. Rastus on the telephone is that I have in a truly romantic fashion that is stranger than any fiction uncovered a history of my flock that had become buried in the dust of ages, and uncovered the record of a past that is quite unique as Churches in this country go. I do not remember whether, when last I visited the east in 1930, I told the Pierce folks about my discovery that my congregation is an old one, and that it had for the greater part of a century of its existence darkey slaves as members. And these were not merely nominal members: they came into the Church by baptism and confirmation, and came regularly to the same Communion table with their masters. Now if I did tell the Pierces any of this, the fact remains that the most romantic discoveries have come within the last nine months, including the amazing finding of the old seat of worship of the congregation, namely a century old brick building within less than seven miles of the Old Kentucky Home in which Stephen Collins Foster wrote his lovely song! And I found it just in time to celebrate a centennial, the centennial of the laying of the cornerstone of the old brick Church on October 23rd, 1833. But that is such a long tale that it must wait. And even more romantic was the finding of old Grandma Wimsatt, nearly ninety years old, who as a girl was confirmed in the old Church. The city of Louisville has thirteen Lutheran Churches within its fold. Dear old Grandma was confirmed in my congregation when it was out in Nelson County, and she was confirmed six years before any

## Bethany Lutheran Church

IVAN HEFT, PASTOR  
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of the other Lutheran Churches in this city were in existence! And I have managed to dig out of old archives that I am the pastor of the oldest and most historic Lutheran Church in the entire State of my beloved Kentucky, and I have established the fact that my congregation was in existence when Kentucky as a State was less than three years old, and I am confident that I can prove that my congregation antedates the Statehood of Kentucky! And remember that although Kentucky was not the first State to be admitted to the union of the original thirteen, Kentucky was the first whose application was submitted and received. -- But I could talk endlessly and endlessly about my old building and venerable congregation. I knew nothing at all of this when I became pastor here. The utter romance of the discovery would take too long in the telling and I must leave it to another writing. And Alma can well imagine that that which I love dearest in it all is that rollof darkey members, who communed with their masters not alone "befo' de Wah", but during that same War, and AFTER it. But here is the difference in the Church records: before the War the slaves were listed simply as possessions, such as Bard's Mary, and Hays' David, and Smith's Phoebe, and so on. After the War the slaves took the names of their masters, and continued still to live with them. So that Bard's Mary is now entered on the Church record as Mary Bard, and Hays' David becomes David Hays, and so on. In my early study of the records there was one thing that struck me, and that was that of all the darkey slaves, only one took a family name other than that under whose possession he was listed. And I wondered why. Could there have been some former master whom he (for it was a man) loved more dearly? Just the night before the Centennial Service I got a sudden inspiration. I remembered that the name of this darkey was always coupled with that of another slave, Bard's Mary. I looked up the record and found that when the one was present at Communion the other was too, and when the one was absent so also was the other. Could they, I asked myself, have been man and wife? Inasmuch as seventy years -- almost seventy years -- had passed, I found no one in the old neighborhood who could answer the question, until I so romantically and providentially came across old Grandma. She confirmed my analysis. The man had been a slave in another family, and had been bought by the Bards. But, although everybody knew that he was really Bard's slave, his old name stuck, and he was continued on the Church roll in this way. When he was freed, it was his master's name that he took, along with his wife. -- I am hoping to gather funds to erect a monument to these old loyal slave members of my congregation who lie buried in the more

**Bethany Lutheran Church**

IVAN HEFT, PASTOR  
SOUTHERN PARKWAY AT EVELYN AVE.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

than a century old churchyard. And I want on the monument something to this effect: In this corner of the churchyard lie darkey members of this congregation, once slaves, now asleep in Christ Jesus their Saviour. Brought to their baptism by their masters and communing with them before, during and after the War Between the States, the bonds that held them to their masters before the War were less strong than the love that bound them after.

You can see from the length of this one paragraph how I can rant and rant when I once get started on the history of my congregation, and especially on my darkey membership.