

NOT GROWING OLD

This frail old shell in which I dwell
Is growing old, I know full well--
But I am not the shell.

What if my hair is turning grey?
Grey hairs are honorable, they say
What if my eyesight's growing dim?
I still can see to follow Him
Who sacrificed His life for me
Upon the Cross of Calvary.

What should I care if Time's old plow
Has left its furrows on my brow?
Another house, not made with hand,
Awaits me in the Glory Land.

What tho' I falter in my walk?
What tho' my tongue refuse to talk?
I still can tread the Narrow Way,
I still can watch, and praise, and pray.

My hearing may not be as keen
As in the past it may have been,
Still, I can hear my Savior say
In whispers soft, "This is the way."

The outward man, does what he can
To lengthen out his life's short span,
Shall perish and return to dust,
As every thing in nature must.

The inward man, the Scriptures say,
Is growing stronger every day.
Then how can I be growing old
When safe within my Savior's fold?

Ere long my soul shall fly away
And leave this tenement of clay.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the "everlasting price"--
I'll meet you on the Streets of Gold
And prove that I'm not growing old.

John E. Roberts

When I must leave you for a little while,
Please do not grieve and shed wild tears
 And hug your sorrow
 to you through the years,
 But start out bravely
 with a gallant smile;
And for my sake and in my name
Live on and do all things the same,
 Feed not your loneliness
 on empty days,
 But fill each waking hour
 in useful ways,
 Reach out your hand
 in comfort and in cheer
And I in turn will comfort you
 and hold you near;
And never, never be afraid to die
For I am waiting for you in the sky!

Helen Steiner Rice

OBITUARY

Jonas Didrikson Ferkingstad was born on October 10, 1900 at Karmoy, Norway. He was the third child of Didrick and Olava Ferkingstad.

Jonas came to Canada in 1925, arriving at Strongfield in December of that year. He worked as a farm hand as well as a garage mechanic in various places in Saskatchewan.

In 1926 at a house meeting in Strongfield Jonas gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. A number were saved and renewed at that time.

On July 28, 1935 Jonas and Jennie Tastad were married. They were married for 48 years. To this union were born three daughters.

Jonas farmed at Loreburn, Sask. from 1940 to 1967. He was a member of the Skudesness Lutheran Church and was the treasurer for many years.

Jonas moved to Edmonton in 1967 where he was employed as a machinist. He became a member of Emmanuel Lutheran Brethren Church. He moved to Saskatoon in 1978 and became a member of the Rock of Ages Lutheran Brethren Church.

Jonas loved his Lord and spent much time in prayer. He had a special interest in the church missions. He was a devoted husband and a loving father.

Mr. Ferkingstad went home to be with the Lord on August 11, 1983 at the age of 82 years and 10 months.

He was predeceased by his parents and one brother.

Jonas now leaves to mourn his passing: his loving wife, Jennie; three daughters, Helen (Mrs. Lloyd Njaa) and Gwen Ferkingstad, both of Saskatoon, and Wanda (Mrs. Wayne McMurchy) of Kamloops, B.C.; two grandsons, Brad and Doug Njaa, both of Saskatoon; six brothers and five sisters as well as many other relatives and friends.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Psalm 116:15.

Blessed be the memory of Jonas Ferkingstad.