



AUGSBURG COLLEGE AND THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

MINNEAPOLIS 4, MINNESOTA

SECRETARY OF THE SEMINARY FACULTY

Tel. LI 0501

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Mr. Tamar Jackson
Elbow, Saskatchewan

Dear Tamar--

From time to time I have seen items in "The Outlook" to the effect that you have been in and out of the hospital since last fall. By experience I do not know what this means, though I have had occasions many a time to observe in others how wearing it can be and how trying to one's patience and faith. When I heard words to the effect that you were to have surgery again the thought came to me that I ought to write you. Lest that thought should perish, I shall proceed to make it a reality right now.

You and I have never really known each other well. I knew your father from the time he was around at evangelistic meetings in 1913, and knew that he was in some way related to the Ganes', but that was all. Then on the last Sunday that I was at home before leaving for Grand Forks, North Dakota, to begin the studies at the Lutheran Bible School in 1925, we were just completing a 3-day meeting in the Church in Strongfield, he was there again. Well, I left, and if my memory serves me it was shortly thereafter that you folks moved to Strongfield. Since that year I have been back for only short visits, and on many of those I have met you. I am sure that if it had been my privilege to have stayed on up there after you folks came, or if you had come some time before you did, I would have gotten to know you much better and would have profited by knowing you and associating with you in those never-to-be-forgotten years of the teens. Yet somehow I feel that I know you well, for I have sensed that spirit of kinship in Christ every time I have met you, and have felt richer for it. Let me tell you just how you have impressed me: You have been like the Buffalo Bush (I am taking the words out of your own mouth, and I think that is what you called it; if I am mistaken, you will possibly remember the right word) which you spoke of during the Chapel Service at the Bible Camp in 1949. It never grows to be a stately Cedar or rugged Oak--or supple Willow; but there it is and there it does its work--close to the ground and in among the other trees--to make it possible for the other trees to grow. Tough and wiry it is and strong as the strongest fibre of comparable thickness. Or to use another picture (and these are now my own words), you have reminded me of prairie grass. I recall driving through a 30-mile wide ranch in southwestern Saskatchewan where nothing was but prairie grass as far as the eye could reach, and an occasional herd of sleek cattle. This was in the drought of the thirties, and I wondered how those cattle could be so fine. I knew it was the prairie grass, but there seemed to be so little of it. No man planted that grass, tended it, watered it, or harvested it. There it grew out of the prairie itself, and stored up power within itself which would make the lowland hay in more favorable environment--bale for bale--vitamin-starved by comparison. God made it to grow. So He does with people at times. You did not have the opportunities which some of the rest of us had in the way of going off to school to gain both information and inspiration; but you took your place in the Household of God and worked where you were with the talents which were yours. You entered also into the life of the community--which some might even say was vain and worldly; but here you took your place, pushed and pulled, worked and planned, directed and followed--and things of good were accomplished. Particularly did you

find the Bible Camp to be one of the areas in which you could serve; and here you went to work. I am confident that it is to the credit of you and men of a similar calibre that the Bible Camp has been operating. So God works through chosen instruments. I recall also the conversation we had in my parental home on the Sunday afternoon after my brother, Melvin's, burial; I didn't know before that you were so full of sage counsel. For all of this I wish, on my own behalf--as well as that of many others, to thank you for what you have done and been in the years you have lived in the area up there.

And now you are sick. God alone knows whether this is "a sickness unto death, or one by which God is glorified". We trust and hope that God will see fit to raise you up again to many more years of Service in the Kingdom. It is comforting always to know that we are in God's hand, and that no evil shall befall those who have such a resting-place. My only counsel to you at this time is to rest in God's will. Bring you troubles and worries to the Lord--and leave them there. Why should both you and God worry? Isn't it enough if one of you do? We know God is concerned; let that be enough. Such a rest has more curative power than gallons of medicine and cartons of pills. Commit yourself into His keeping, and experience again the truth of what we once used to sing:

Ingen er så trygg i fare
Som Guds lille barneskare,
Fuglen ei i skjul bak løvet,
Stjernen ei høyt over støvet.

Herren selv vil sine berge,
Han er deres skjold og verge,
Over dem han seg forbarmer,
Bærer dem på faderarmer.

Hva han tar og hva han giver,
Samme Fader han forbliver,
Og hans mål er dette ene:
Barnets sanne vel alene.

We were led to remember you in our evening devotions at the supper table tonight; that is perhaps also another reason why I was spurred to write. We trust that we shall soon hear that you are better--and home again. Greet Gudrun from us; others too, but especially her. I could say many nice things about her too, but I shall leave that to you.

With sincere greetings

Iver