

Appila Yarrowie

Sunday Evening the 9th September 1900

'Commit whatever grieves you
Into the gracious hands
Of Him who never leaves you
Who heaven and earth commands
Who points the clouds their courses
Whom winds and waves obey
He will direct your footsteps
And find for you a way.'

This verse as an opening greeting,

Beloved Friend Bertha,

I thank you kindly for your loving letter. I was delighted to hear that you were on the mend and hope that you are now quite healthy. (And sincere thanks for the pretty pictures, they are my favourite German keepsake.)

God be thanked that we are all well except that Clara has caught a cold and has a bad cough. Papa is quite well, and with God's help Mother's condition will also change for the better. Everything has its season; I have no prescription to give God. If it is God's will things will stay as they are, if it is God's will he will also ready her for the future. That's what I think, and even if I can't express these thoughts in public I do think about this. I don't like it at all, when (as often happens) people say, 'I don't think she will ever become any different again.' They forget that our loving God is Almighty; he can still do wonders today. Certainly it is often hard for us to stay with her; all too soon patience runs out and anger blazes forth. May God give us all patience in this time of suffering, so that we may remain faithful in love and in sorrow.

I can well believe that the loss of your father is hard for you to bear, but he is certainly better off there than here. His grave is often bedecked with fresh wreaths.

When I was at church today I spoke to Edelgarde. She said she hadn't heard from you for a long time. Says she has plenty to do, has to milk 12 cows. I'm sorry for her; that's really far too much for her. She's happy that they'll have a Sale soon; then she will certainly not have to do so much milking. She hasn't been to visit us since you were up here. I had taken along some lettuce for her, since your mother has given us quite a few in times past.

You want to know what my vegetable garden looks like! Then I have to tell you; It's glorious! Everyone can see that's due to God's blessing. I have never yet had such fine big lettuces. I'm delighted every time I go there. Once I weighed a big lettuce head; it was a bit over a pound. They are mostly bronze (mignonette) and so

tender that I am happy whenever I can give some to others, for giving is more blessed than receiving. If only you were here, I would certainly not forget you either.

I haven't got so much cabbage because I only ordered 2 dozen seedlings from Mr. Manz. The turnips were a good size but I only had enough to cook for two meals. I also have carrots, beans, peas, onions, shallots and radishes. But I don't want to boast, for this is also God's gift to us.

Our dear President, Pastor Rechner has also 'gone home' now, that fine pastor. It is a pity that he didn't live long enough to see Pastor Stolz inducted on 12 September. His golden wedding was also due soon, I don't know exactly whether in September or October. Maybe you were at the funeral too; they say the proceedings were very dignified and worshipful. Our dear pastor would also have gone down for it, but Pastor Rechner had already been buried when he received the news.

We have heard that Pastor Stolz has a bride in Germany. The wife of Missionary Seibert has a little son, almost ½ a year old now I guess. I am really happy about it and his two black nursemaids just adore him. I wish I could go up there once, to the dear Blacks. I like them so much I'd go right away. What sort of a pastor have you? You have never mentioned his name. And do you like his wife?

Lydia is now Mrs Pfitzner. She looked very pretty as a bride, dressed in a cream gown and with a coronet of myrtle. She had invited Clara and me for the evening and we had a good time too. Perhaps you already know who her attendant couples were: August with Lizzy Rohrlach, Gotthold with Em Lindner, John Keller with Pauline Siegert, Willie Wurst with Em Pfitzner, Bridegroom Julius' cousin, then Bertha with his brother Emil. Mrs Roennfeldt had come up alone; she looks much changed. She was also here to visit us on Clara's birthday, 15th July, when almost all of them were here for the evening: The newly-weds, Martha, Bertha, Willie & August and Pauline Siegert. That was a merry evening. The next day the young couple went down South. Mrs Wurst said she is well pleased.

My two nephews (in South Africa) were still healthy and uninjured, according to a newspaper sent to Clara from Victoria in July. In it was a well-written letter from Gustav Fechner. Do you receive the English 'The Chronicle'? I sent the letter there to 'General' and it was printed on August 18. You will find it under 'Young People', since, as you may well remember, I had joined the 'Pen Soldiers'. Indeed God's hand is also present in the theatre of war. Thanks is due to Him for protecting my nephews so graciously. May He continue to protect them and bring them home in good health.

Well, I'd better close now, but just one thing more. We will undertake another outing in the 'Bush' on 19 September with our Youth. Our dear pastor is really very good; he would make a worthy President. May God bless both him and his wife. I entrust you, dear Bertha, with your dear husband and little son, to God, and hope to see you again soon.

Your True Friend, Helene Martha

Ida Klemm

Papa sends his warm greetings to your parents-in-law, as do the rest of us, including greetings to Paul and Gerhard. Write again soon and don't take offence at anything from me. Good Night.