

Correspondence from Germany

26 February 1925

Dear Editorial Staff,

The newspapers have arrived delayed for 4 weeks. Before the war the German Mail Service did not know such delays. The weather has changed little since my last report. In the middle of February it was so warm here that butterflies were flying. When we were peeling the pulpwood in the forest we observed yellow ones. We don't need to heat the house much. On March 4th we will have the yearly fair in Spremberg.

With best regards to all reader,

M. H.

12 February 1925

Dear Mr. Proske,

Once more I thank you very much for sending the newspaper.

Today, dear editor, let me congratulate you as I have seen your photo and read about your Giddings newspaper celebrating 25 years.

This makes me very happy and I wish you the very best for the coming years as the Lord will continue to guide you. Remain healthy and of high spirit and gain many more readers who support their poor brothers and sisters who have been totally neglected in the fatherland to a better standard of living. May your readers give freely and pray for their suffering people. I was happy to read the editorials of W. B. and H. A. who have publicly shown their friendship for a man of golden character. You would not have any enemies if you were not of golden character. The main thing is that your friend is somebody who does not turn his back on you, whose heart does not turn cold and when your heart stops beating will lead you through the valley of death and calls to you: "*Ei, du frommer und getreuer Knecht, du bist über wenigem getreu gewesen, ich will dich über viel setzen, gehe heim zu deines Herren Freude.*" Matthew 25, verse 23: "Well done, good and faithful servant! You have been faithful with a few things; I will put you in charge of many things. Come and share your master's happiness." It is my wish that God will continue to bless you, dear Mr. Proske.

You continue to work without a type-setting machine. If I were in Giddings at this time I would have walked from friend to friend and had collected monies for such a machine. You have passed on many calls for help and many in the surrounding area of Giddings have responded with gifts according to the Lord's word: "What you have done for one of the least of my brothers you have done for me." Before you have acknowledged the Lord He will have held His hand over you. He blesses your table, all that you own and your children and when you go to heaven the Lord will welcome you with joy as you have welcomed his brothers on this earth.

People read the story teller of Bischofswerda, Saxony. I cannot afford to pay for the newspaper but I will borrow it from a neighbor or share it with a friend.

Last week something very sad happened. I had walked to Panschwitz with my daughter. When we came through Ostov we passed a house which had burnt down the night before. Four children had slept upstairs and died in this fire. The mother could only save the youngest one

which had shared the bed with her. The mother herself had received several injuries. Her husband was able to save the cow, but 4 goats, 1 pig and 2 dogs died in the fire.

When we came to the house the parents had just gathered the burnt bones of the children and put them all into a wooden box. The grandmother was crying.

The people said that the day before this family had slaughtered a pig. The mother had boiled sausages till 11pm when her husband told her to go to bed and he would finish the work. At 12.30 am he went to bed. Then the grandmother heard some noises and she shouted "fire" but nobody could reach the screaming children which tore grandmother's and parents hearts apart.

A man about whom nobody had anything nice to say was caught and sent to the police station in Bautzen. In the newspaper you read about all sorts of crimes. We have to pray a lot that God will rid those folks and their evil acts from this world.

But now, dear Mr. Proske, you will have been reading for a long time and I am afraid that your next newspaper number will appear a day later because of this.

I still have to mention that your photo reminded me of my deceased father. We are not related, are we? Grandfather R. came from Ossig near Görlitz.

If people would advertise more! When we still had money we paid attention to the stores which advertised. Those were the times when we remembered items we would have otherwise forgotten especially at those times when we went to town. Cordially yours

H. M.

Translated by Margot Hendricks