

Concordia News – Large Print

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and friends of
Concordia Lutheran Church and Concordia
Cemetery Association

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<u>Contents</u>	<u>Page</u>
From Pastor Bruce	2
Announcements and Assignments ...	5
With Our Thanks	11
Recipe of the Month.....	13
Dates to Remember	15
Acknowledgements	16



Jesus as the Good Shepherd was the theme of the texts in mid to late April. I pass this fine article on from our synod bishop as it pertains to these texts:

To Be Known by the Knower:

Lincoln Lutheran Church, Hoffman MN,

April 22, 2018/Easter 4, Year B

“It’s not *what* you know but *who* you know that matters.” So goes a familiar piece of conventional wisdom. In just about any endeavor of life .. as important as education, experience or hard work might be ... those who *really* get ahead cultivate the right kind of connections, build the best social network, because “It’s not *what* you know but *who* you know that matters.” And yet our gospel lesson from John 10 turns that little piece of conventional wisdom on its head – declaring to us that ultimately it’s *not* what you know or even *who* you know but rather *who knows YOU* that counts.

That unconventional wisdom pops right out of this text, as we hear our Lord Jesus declaring: “I am the Good Shepherd; I know my own..” The greatest claim we can make is that we’re known,

From Pastor Bruce

recognized, claimed, named, grasped, protected, held firmly – forever! – by Jesus the Good Shepherd. Jesus know you better than you know yourself. You are far more than a blip on some celestial computer screen. You are more than a number in a heavenly record book. You are more than a “to whom it may concern” address on God’s mailing list. You are *known* in such a way that you will never be “just another face” in the crowd. The Good Shepherd knows you – with a knowing that recognizes your one-of-a-kind character, a knowing that keeps you from ever falling in the cracks, a knowing that means life for you and a future without end. “I am the Good Shepherd,” Jesus says, “I know my own...”

I can still see the image from over 40 years ago. It was about 3:00 a.m. on a farm just west of Tyler, Minnesota. Ma Christensen (who didn’t like it when her son-in-law called her that) ... May Christensen would rise from her bed, pull on a snowmobile suit, boil water and stir up nine bottles of milk-replacer. Then she would trudge out through the brisk late-winter darkness to the barn where just the sound of that old rusty, creaky door knob turning would trigger the insistent bleating of nine hungry little lambs. Having heard their raucous greeting, the good shepherdess would climb into their pen and feed them, but not until she first called them each by name: Huey, Duey, and Luey, Ringo, Midnight and Blacky, Maynard,

Snowball and Lamb-chop. They just looked like sheep to me: nine future mutton roasts, nine pre-cooked legs of lamb. I couldn't begin to tell one from the other, but Ma Christensen? She recognized each by sight, by name...she knew them as only someone can who cares enough, loves enough to get out of a nice warm bed and brave the icy prairie wind for the 3:00 a.m. feeding. "I am the Good Shepherd; I know my own" ... I know you better than you know yourself.

Isn't that incredible? That such words should be spoken to us? Isn't it amazing that you and I are known by such a One? Maybe ... and then again, maybe not. As we mull it over, perhaps it isn't as wonderful as at first it might sound. To be known, after all, doesn't exactly leave us in charge, in control, or calling the shots. **To be the one who does the knowing: that's the more powerful position to hold.** But to be known: that takes matters out of our hands.

Not that I'm in my eleventh year of serving as bishop, having traveled extensively throughout the 21 counties of our synod, I am still surprised when – in a local café or other gathering place – someone recognizes me and asks, "How's the bishop today?" Though well-intended, such greetings still take me by surprise. It still startles me to be known by people I myself may not know. And yet it happens – and there's nothing I can do to stop it from happening.

Look at these verses from John, Chapter 10, more closely. The Good Shepherd rather selfishly grabs all the verbs, dominates the action here. He's anything but a wimp. The Good Shepherd knows his own, lays down his life for his own, takes his life up again, brings in other sheep so that there *shall* be (not *might* be, but ***shall*** be! One clock and one shepherd. The Good Shepherd does it all – insists on having it His way.

There can seem to be a threatening edge to being known by such a One. Because to be known by this Good Shepherd is to find yourself completely within his power. What do you think of them apples? Can we take it – this being known by someone like this Good Shepherd? Only as our eyes are opened, only as we are grasped by his gracious embrace, only as we are “over-powered” by the ardent love of this Good Shepherd. Because, you see, this One who knows us better than we know ourselves is hopelessly devoted to us. That is his power over us.

What makes this shepherd good is that he has more, much more, than a hireling's ho-hum interest in us. What makes this shepherd good is that he is good for something, good for us. He exists on our behalf. And that isn't just *talk*: it is a passionate suffering, a brutal death, and a grim burial for us. It is a willful, pre-meditated, eager laying down of a life for us. It is a shepherd plunging into the icy

waters of a raging river to rescue a wayward lamb: that is this Shepherd' power over us...which is why his intimate knowing of us threatens no one except the Old Adam, the Old Eve, the ancient sinner in us who always wants to be in the driver's seat.

The Good Shepherd's knowing of us puts to death the self-focused, stay-in-charge-at-any-cost sinner in us so that a new person, a newborn lamb with ears keenly attuned to the shepherd's voice might come forth. Only then do we *know* even as we *have been known*. Then we know our Knower because we have first been known by our Knower, overcome by his love that will not let us go, embraced in his arms that will never lose their grip on us, enclosed in protection no thief or wolf can penetrate. "I am the Good Shepherd; I know my own and my own know me ..." This knowing of the Good Shepherd comes full circle only when only when we know our Knower ... and not us only, but all of those "other sheep" as well.

That fleeting reference to "other sheep" here in our text reminds us that the Good Shepherd's flock-tending is not yet finished. There are still some "other sheep" out there! Maybe you even know some of them. "I must bring them also," Jesus declares. "So there shall be one flock, one shepherd." When he thinks of those "other sheep" the Good Shepherd never mutters under his breath, "*Leave them alone and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them.*" No, The

From Pastor Bruce

Good Shepherd doesn't practice the Little Bo-Poop Method of Sheep-Tending.

The Good Shepherd has a restless passion for those other sheep that matches his passion for us, a passion he shares with us so that we, too, start to "feel" for those other sheep. "I must bring them in, too," he declares. "I must bring them through the still water of Baptism, I must welcome them to my banquet table, I must draw them within earshot of my Voice so that they might know me even as I already know them..." And we who all too often are sheepish about our part in the Good Shepherd's ardent mission ... we find ourselves nodding in agreement echoing the shepherd's resolve, getting caught up in his search for those beloved "other sheep," sensing deep in our bones that it really can be no other way for us who are known by such a Knower.

In the name of Jesus. Amen.

Grace and peace,

Pastor Bruce

Coffee and Cookie Servers

June 3	Kathy Krogstad	July 1	Linda Koester
June 10	Becky Jegtvig	July 8	Irene Olson
June 17	Carolyn Edwards	July 15	Gordon Kassenborg
June 24	Sylvia Teigen	July 22	Carolyn Edwards
		July 29	JoLyn Johnson



Bible
STUDY
Join us!

Bible Study

5:30 – 7:00 pm

Wednesday, June 6

Concordia Ladies

Tuesday, June 12

1:30 pm

Fryn' Pan



Join The Romeos!

Retired Old Men Eating Out

7:30 a.m., Friday, June 29

Fryn' Pan



If you know of someone in the hospital or in need of a home visit, contact Pastor Bruce at 218-329-2245.

This month's story is "Hannah." Kids Corner is located in the congregation section of the website.



Veteran's Coffee Hour

Join your fellow veterans at the Fargo Air Museum from 10-noon Wednesday, June 13.

Happy Father's Day Sunday June 17

1966 Confirmation Class

Quite by chance, five of the seven members of Concordia's contingent in the parish confirmation class of 1966 attended the Heritage Luncheon. Clinton Babolian, Jim Juve, Alene (Grover) Sladky, Sharon (Swanson) Lipp, and Cheryl (Hanson) Ostlie posed for the picture on the next page.

The only classmate missing was Cleone Koester. Paul Grover passed away in 2014.

Thanks Clinton for suggesting the picture!

Announcements and Assignments



Clinton Bilotta



Arthur James Jure



Heidi Bruner



Stacey Swanson



Cheryl Hanson



Cleone Koester



Paul Grover

With Our Thanks
Donations

Concordia Cemetery Association

In Memory of the Gorder Family

Gloria Tomas

In Memory of Robert Burke

Alvina Burke

In Memory of Allen Kassenborg

Helen Kassenborg

In Memory of Harold Horpedahl

Lance & Marilyn Nelson Ed & Loni Larson

In Memory of Ella Swanson

Bev Edenburg Alene Sladky Ida Busby

In Memory of Tomina Gorder, Marthe & Ole Kiland & Sigurd Dewey

Shelley LaPoudre

Donation

Margie Brantner

Concordia News

Donation

Jim Skree



Another Successful Heritage Luncheon

It was a sunny and blustery day outside but inside familiar Norwegian melodies filled the air.

A fabulous array of salads, flat bread, and *fruktsuppe* (fruit soup) were enjoyed by all, with *rommegrøt*, *krumkake*, recipe books,

towels and more for sale!

Thanks to Orpha Hoelstad for organizing the event, and hats off to all those who made the goodies, set up the basement, served the meal and provided the scrumptious salads!

Recipe of the Month

Rhubarb Custard Pie



Ingredients

One 9 inch pie crust (unbaked)

Pie filling

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp nutmeg

3 tablespoons flour

2 eggs, beaten

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy whipping cream

4 cups rhubarb, chopped into small pieces

Topping

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter

1 pinch salt

Directions

Filling

- Preheat oven to 350 degrees.
- Combine sugar, nutmeg, salt, and flour.
- Stir in eggs and cream.
- Add rhubarb and mix well.
- Pour into unbaked pie shell.

Recipe of the Month

Topping

- In a small bowl, mix sugar, flour and salt.
- Use a fork to cut in butter until “crumbly.”
- Sprinkle evenly over rhubarb filling.

Bake for one hour. Cool for one hour

Musicians at the Luncheon



Traditional Norwegian hymns, music by Edvard Grieg from Henrik Ibsen's *Per Gynt* and more!

Dates to Remember

Worship Services every Sunday

Coffee Hour: 9 a.m. Worship: 10 a.m.

Communion 1st Sunday of the month

Bible Study 5:00 p.m., Wednesday, June 6

Concordia Women 1:30 p.m., Tuesday, June 12

Veteran Coffee Hour 10 a.m., Wednesday, June 13

Father's Day Sunday, June 17

ROMEOs 7:30 a.m., Friday, June 27

Birthdays

June 5 Mavis Wang

June 16 Kathy Krogstad

June 26 Walter Teigen

Anniversary

June 22 Walter & Sylvia Teigen

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