

ERIK ALFRED NELSON

Biographical Note

December 17, 1862	Born in Orebro, Sweden. Son of Anders and Annie Maria Nelson.
1862-1869	Family lived in Sweden.
April, 1869	Immigrated to United States to escape religious pressure from the state church. Family settled in Kansas in what is now Chanute, Kansas.
1869-1884	Lived on his father's farm and primarily handled cattle.
April 10, 1877	Converted at a community revival and was baptized by his father.
1884-1889	Roamed the West, working as a cowboy and railroad worker.
December, 1889	Returned home to Kansas.
September, 1890	Preached first sermon, preaching in Swedish.
1890-1891	Preached throughout Kansas. Felt a call to Brazil after reading a letter from W. B. Bagby.
November 19, 1891	Arrived in Belem, Para, Brazil and preached on a ship the first Sunday. Treated sick sailors because of yellow fever epidemic, and began selling Bibles for American Bible Society in the market place.
December, 1892	Ida Lundburg journeyed alone to Brazil in response to an invitation to join Erik and marry him.
January 7, 1893	Married Ida Wilhelmina Lundburg.
February 2, 1897	Helped to organize the First Baptist Church of Belem with 10 members.
April, 1897	Ordained in Recife.
1898	Started receiving financial support from the Foreign Mission Board. Began making trips on the river by steamer into inland Brazil.
1899-May, 1900	Returned to United States for furlough.
October 5, 1900	Organized church in Manaus with 20 members.
1905	Returned to United States for furlough. Left the three oldest boys in the Margaret Home, Greenville, South Carolina.

English: Nelson, Eric Alfred
 Swedish: Nilsson, Erik A.
 Portuguese: Nelson, Eurico Alfredo

Nelson, Erik Alfred

958

America will be working together in the Third Jubilee Program of Advance.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: W. W. Barnes, *History of the Southern Baptist Convention, 1845-1953* (1954). N. Y. Beall, "The Northern Baptists and the Higher Education of Southern Negroes During 1865-1875" (n.d.). M. M. Fisher, *A Short History of the Baptist Denomination* (1933). C. S. Johnson, *The Negro in American Civilization* (1930). R. Jones, *History of the Virginia-Portsmouth Baptist Association* (1881). H. L. Morehouse, *Baptist Home Missions in America* (1882). W. W. Sweet, *Religion on the American Frontier. The Baptists* (1971). W. D. Weatherford and C. S. Johnson, *Race Relations* (1934). B. S. White, *First Baptist Church, Richmond 1780-1955* (1955).

COURTS REDFORD

NELSON, ERIK ALFRED (b. Orebro, Sweden, Dec. 17, 1862; d. Manaus, Amazonas, Brazil, June 15, 1939). Missionary to Brazil. Nelson was baptized by his father in a Baptist church in Kansas. Apr. 10, 1877, after the family moved from Sweden. Influenced by a letter from William Buck Bagby (*q.v.*), Nelson went to the Amazon Valley in 1891. After he married Ida Lundburg (1869-1954) Jan. 7, 1893, she joined him in Brazil. He was ordained in 1897, and the next year he and his wife were appointed missionaries by the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board. Nelson organized a Baptist church at Belem in Feb., 1897, and led in the organization of a church at Manaus in Oct., 1900. After residence in Santarem and San Luiz, the Nelsons chose Manaus as their location. Mrs. Nelson's health was undermined, forcing her to return home from 1910 until 1928, but Nelson continued his labors. In canoes, launches, and steamers, his travels took him on rivers, tributaries, and lakes in the equatorial region. The Nelsons returned to the States in 1936, but Nelson went back to the Amazon for the last months of his life.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: L. M. Bratcher, *The Apostle of the Amazon* (1951). A. R. Crabtree, *Baptists in Brazil* (1953).

E. C. ROUTH



The Commission
So. Bapt. Foreign M.
Journal

Feb. 1971

SBC-AR 363

A CANOE AND ONE PADDLE

By Richard E. Walker

INDIVIDUALLY, we are expendable," someone has said, "but as the agency of God we are indestructible." This more adequately describes the life of Eric Nelson than any other word I have heard. The sphere of his activities never ceases to amaze.

Three young women recently accepted Christ as Saviour, and within a period of a few weeks each made her public profession in one of the churches in Manaus, Amazonas, Brazil. When their elderly father was visited in his home, he indicated that he was already a Christian. He had accepted Christ under the preaching of Eric Nelson, in the city of Teresina, Piauí, 1,000 miles down river from Manaus and 1,000 miles inland by land.

Missionaries of the Amazon Valley and other areas in the Equatorial Brazil Mission have traveled countless miles preaching the gospel, but rarely do they touch the borders of an area not already visited by Nelson.

Nelson was expendable, subject to the suffering and death of the body. However, Nelson as an instrument in the hands of God was and is indestructible. A man can be replaced, and any work of his hands can be remodeled, but his accomplishments as an agency of God are eternal.

Many men have been raised up by God to take the place of Nelson. One of these knowingly moves within the last days of his own life among mortals. Herculano de Oliveira has lived 82 years in the interior of the state of Amazonas, some 250 miles up the Amazon River from Manaus.

His only earthly possession, out-

side of a few household goods and personal clothing, is a small canoe with one paddle. His only real possession is the sufficiency of the grace of God. In a land where the river is king and sole ruler—stretching from two to five miles wide in its normal course, carrying an indescribable amount of water to feed the Atlantic Ocean—one man in a small canoe is kept only by the hand of God.

Herculano heard of the grace of God from the lips of Eric Nelson and since that day has not ceased to follow in the steps of the "Apostle of the Amazon." At times, during the course of many years, he walked beside the apostle. Since Nelson died at his post of duty in Manaus in 1939, Herculano has continued to declare those good tidings up and down the Amazon.

"I always ask God to give me two fish each day as I travel preaching his Word," said Herculano, "one fish to eat and the other to trade for *farinha* [meal]. To this day, even when fish were extremely hard to come by, God has never failed to give me those two fish."

This type of simple, magnanimous faith characterizes Herculano. Discouragement comes easily in the abandoned regions of Manaus. With nothing but fish and fruit for a steady diet and the impossibility of education for self or children, one can feel downtrodden at times.

"I was walking through the jungle one day and walked over a fallen tree," Herculano related. "I felt just like that tree—fit for nothing but to be walked on by others. I told God just that.

"The next day, as I retraced my

steps toward home, I feared, yet rejoiced, to find that very tree standing straight up as if by the hand of God!"

The driving force in Herculano's life can be felt when one talks to him. It is seen by thousands who have come in contact with him as he travels with the love of God in his heart and on his lips.

One frustration Herculano feels—one which all of us who travel the great river feel—is trying to be sure where God wants one to stop and preach. There is no way to number the opportunities to be found along the river. It is not difficult to gather a crowd of 30 to 50 persons along the banks—most of them of one clan, all kinfolk.

Choice of where to stop would not be difficult but for the fact that there are approximately 40,000 miles of navigable river in this gigantic valley. There must be some criteria of selection. Herculano has related one, proved many times.

"I never know where it is that God wants me to stop and preach. So I pray, 'Lord, as I paddle down this river, if you have someone to whom I must go with thy saving word, let it rain just as I am passing their house. I will stop and share thy good news.'

"Many times an entire family has accepted Christ when God led me by his rain."

Not long ago I left Herculano many miles from his home in Berury at the home of a family who were not Christians. They live in a *flutuante*, a house floating on logs. Herculano did not know them, but they knew of him. He asked if he might stay and preach a few days and then move on along the nearby lake when someone came

The author, appointed a missionary to Brazil in 1964, serves as a field evangelist, stationed in Manaus.

by going that way. It was three weeks before he reached home again.

What drives a man into the wilderness with the gospel?

"I had heard about the gospel for some time, but no one had ever come to share it with us," Herculano told me one day. "I remember the longing in my heart. It was a burning that would not lessen its intensity. I cried for the satisfaction which I knew God must have for such need.

"One day we heard that there was

going to be an evangelical preaching service not too far from our home. We eagerly went to hear of this 'way of life.' How warm the gospel felt to the deep satisfaction of my soul!"

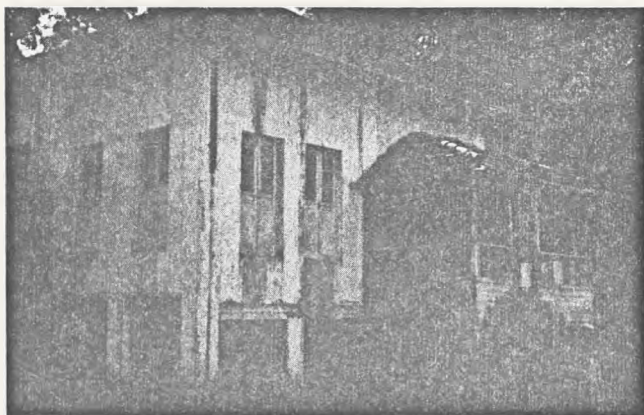
Several members of his family accepted Christ that first opportunity. I feel a deep conviction when I recall Herculano's tear-stained words:

"Pastor Ricardo, how can I stay home when I know there are many people with that same burning in their hearts that I had, that same yearning

for peace, and with no one to tell them of Jesus!

"I travel knowing that God will show me where they are, and I will have the privilege of telling them about Jesus."

News will come some day that Herculano has died—probably away from his own home, buried among grateful strangers. "Expendable as an individual, but as an agency of God, indestructible." God will raise up another.



'Why Not Let It Fall?'

PASTOR Ricardo! Pastor Ricardo!" Francisco seemed a bit anxious as he came running up to our house.

Advised that the pastor was not home, Francisco insisted excitedly, "But I must find him now. The mission house is falling down!"

And so it was. The mission house was Eric Nelson's old home that we were trying to remodel. Nelson finished the main part of it in 1917. Now the wooden floors were all but falling in. Only the mahogany beams held the place together.

When we began to remove the floors and beams in order to install a reinforced concrete slab for a floor, things began to happen. Those old walls and foundation just weren't meant to stand alone.

I knew that whatever remedy we used would eat a good portion of the money we had for the job. But there seemed no choice but to put reinforced concrete columns under the walls and a new foundation. To do this, holes were cut in the walls at intervals, and the walls were braced. With the house safely propped, the work moved along swiftly.

This was not the first time I had considered seriously, privately, "Why not just let it fall?" Every board had

to be cut by handsaw, every bucket of cement mixed and carried by hand, and every other bit of work done the slowest, most primitive way. My twentieth-century-oriented patience was challenged.

Why not let it fall?

Because of a man. Because of the inspiration of the memory of a life lived in selfless dedication to an adopted people. Alfred Eric Nelson died in the "front room" of the old house June 17, 1939, after 38 years of intensive labor in the Amazon Valley. His old boat, *The Buffalo*, has long since rotted away. Of his personal possessions almost nothing remains.

His heritage is in the lives of thousands of people swept into the stream of God's eternal love through his preaching. It is said that one could ask any man in the interior the name of Brazil's president or of the governor of Amazonas state and few could tell you either. But to mention the name of Eurico Nelson was to light up the face of almost any man on the riverbanks.

Those who knew him either loved him greatly or despised him wholeheartedly. There was no compromise in his life or his message. He lived out his life and spent it in the huts

and villages along thousands of miles of almost uncharted waters.

The only true monument to such a life lies in the lives of people touched by the gospel he preached. But Brazilian Baptists want this last tangible monument to this great life preserved. Because of the life of the man for whom the house stands, we are glad it didn't fall.

But Amazonas Baptists also need the building. It will house all the offices of the Amazonas Baptist Convention. A book deposit will make materials available for churches. Printing will be done on a small offset press donated by a church in Tennessee. The semi-basement has been remodeled for use in student work, with recreation area both inside and outside. Thousands of university students live in the city.

When Nelson bought the property it was considered far out in the jungle. Now it is in the heart of a valued residential area of Manaus. It is fitting that the center of Baptist work in the heart of the Amazon Valley should be housed in the home of the Apostle of the Amazon.

For the life it represents and for the hope it demonstrates, we are thankful. I'm glad it didn't fall.

—Richard E. Walker

"Some facts about my life by Ida Lundberg Nelson

My grandparents on my fathers side were both Christians/ What was known at that time ~~as~~ ^{as} "Readers", they read the Bible and believed in being born again." They were born and lived in North Central Sweden, the chief industry, mining. My grandfather worked in the mines. There were five sons in the family; no girls. The parents were both ambitious for their sons to learn some trade. Not much schooling was available except to read, write, and some mathematics. As soon as the oldest was old enough to be apprenticed they sent him to Stockholm, where he started to learn cabinetmaking. When he had advanced far enough to help his brother next in line he sent for him and he started in the same line; then the third which was my father, Per Eric Lundberg. The two older brothers, Olaf and Gust, as they advanced took up architecture and sent for the two younger brothers, Andrew & Carlos.

When my father finished cabinet making and home building he decided to go to sea, and see the world. The oldest, Olaf, got a position as city architect. The second, Gustav, took the mechanical line of building saw mills.

I do not know the year of the death of my Grandfather, but my father furnished money for my Grandmother to live in comfort. Home from his sea-going, he built a comfortable home for his Mother and planned to stay in Sweden, but soon the urge to see more of the world got the better of him. He turned the home over to his elder brothers, stipulating his Mother should live there to the end of her days.

The younger brothers, Andrew and Carl, on finishing their course in architecture decided to go to Russia and continue their studies.

My mother, Johanna Erika Strandburg, was born in 1846 in the county(city) of Smedjebacken. Her father was a tailor. There were two children, my Mother and a younger brother. When she was only 4 years old her Mother died and her Father (at that age of seven) took her to a distant relative, ^{Mrs. Johanna Johnson} who gave her a home and treated her like a daughter.

The English had silver mines in this area in charge of a Mr. Durham. Mr. and Mrs. Durham were consecrated Baptists. Several Baptist workers from U.S. came over to this area of Sweden. There was persecution from the Lutherans but the seed grew and soon there were small groups who dared to be baptized and churches were organized. The lady who raised my Mother (Mrs. Johanna Johnson) was one of the early Baptists. My Mother at about 18 years of age was converted but not baptized.

In the years 1866 & 1867 groups began looking towards the U.S. where there was religious liberty and a better future for their children. Quite a group in this vicinity decided to leave Sweden. Some had heard of my Father having been in the States and speaking English, as well as Dutch, and invited him for a conference. The result was that he decided to accompany them to their destination which was Kansas. ^{USA} I don't know how they decided where to locate. They stopped at a settlers home (Mrs. J. Husband). 3 sons, a daughter, my Mother, and a young single man besides my father.

After seeing a land office in Waterville the three men set out to locate suitable homesteads. Even here on the lonely prairies of Kansas where the buffaloes and Indians had roamed a few years previously the old, old story of love had a place. My Father wooed and wed the young Johanna Erika and they settled on a farm near Randolph, Riley county, Kansas.

There were in time 7 children, I being the oldest. Father's narratives of his travels in distant lands were my fairy tales. In the 14 years at sea he had many experiences; yellow fever in Santos, Brazil; pirates who robbed them of all valuables, even their clothes, forcing them to shift with blankets for clothes until a port was reached.

Kansas was rapidly being settled when I was at the age to attend school. Randolph had a good school-- men teachers with strict discipline.

When I was 17 years old we had a wonderful revival with over 100 young people being converted. By this time Mother & Father were both Baptists. I was converted Jan 18th, 1886 and baptized in Feb. ²⁶ The ice was 18 inches thick where it was cut out for the baptism. Thirty young people were baptized that cold day. The deacon's ~~home~~ home was near by and we changed our clothes by a red hot wood stove. No one caught a cold or had any ill effects from the baptism.

Our pastor was a wonderful man, and he had the special gift of leading us to study the Bible and prepare us for active work in the church. I soon felt a call to give my life for special service, but did not dare to tell anyone. One day my pastor asked if I had not felt a call to give my life in complete service. Tears came to my eyes; I could only say yes. Not long after a visiting minister asked the same question, though I had never hinted to any one about it.

I could not get away from the call while I stayed with my Mother to help care for my father who had been ill for some time. But I did write to the Women's Baptist Training School in Chicago. I received a kind and encouraging reply, but stating I was too young to enter, as 21 ^{years} was the age young women were accepted.

My Father died Dec. 26th, 1889 which left me free to work and I secured a position in the Indian school at Haskell ^{Institute} (Lawrence, Ks.)

A young man from Chanute, Ks. had been in our neighborhood preaching and was entertained part time at our Grandmother's home, as we called the lady who raised my Mother, and part time at our home. While preaching in Kansas he received an article by W.B. Bagby (a missionary) about Brazil now being a republic with religious liberty. He felt the call to give his life to the spread of the Gospel in Brazil.

While employed in the Indian school (Haskell) ^{Institute} a letter came from the young man wanting to know if I would be willing to share his life as a missionary in the Amazon Valley, Brazil.. I still had the Training school in Chicago in mind, & had decided to take a business course while waiting. So I enrolled in a business college in Lawrence, Ks.

Soon the letters from Brazil became more urgent that I should not wait to take a full course of training. After studying the matter over and praying about it I decided to take a short training course in an Independent Bible school in Kansas City. The teachers were Baptist;; we were given a good Bible course; instruction in personal work, prayer meetings and Sunday School work with practical work in the slums of Kansas City.

About the first of Nov, 1892, I went home to make preparations for the trip to Brazil. I left home on Dec. 10th. My dear Mother was willing for me to go, but of course felt the separation most keenly. She accompanied me to the second town from home, Junction City, ^{Kansas} where we spent the night with some friends. There were tearful goodbyes that morning as I left for Chanute, Ks, to stop over at Mr. Nelson parent's home for a day- then on to Kansas City. The church where I held membership had a touching farewell meeting; supplied me with some cash and arranged my railroad fare to New York. Arriving in New York a perfect stranger, I had to find my way to the Baptist Pastor's home where I was entertained. A big snow storm and cold wave ^{was} not a good preparation for the tropical climate of Para ^{Brazil}. On inquiring about passage on the American Steamer "Esperanza" I found my funds were not enough for 3rd class passage. While employed in the Indian school I had loaned some money to a relative. I had to call for this money--while it could not reach me in time for the sailing date, the Baptist Missionary, Miss Melby, was willing to loan me the amount so I could leave on the Steamer which left New York on Christmas morning, Dec 25, 1892.

I was not a good sailor; the captain took pity on me & gave me first class cabin. Food was out of the question except for small sips of orange juice. My only meal was a small bowl of chicken soup while the ship was at anchor in Barbados.

On Jan 6, ¹⁸⁹³ about 8 o'clock we saw the lights from Para ^{Brazil}, but too late to get the visas ^(to visit?). On the morning of Jan 7, Mr. Nelson with a friend came on board to meet me. I was taken to the American Consulate where I was kindly received by Mrs. James A Ayres and Dr. Ayres. She prevailed on me to take a rest before dressing for the marriage ceremony which was to take place at 5 P.M. Mrs. Ayres had bought some beautiful roses which I carried and the dear old Glory was hung conspicuously in the consulate.

The hour arrived--also the witnesses, ~~the~~ His Honor Mr Kantach, the English consul, and his Honor Mr. Fussinelli, the German-Swedish consul. The American consul performed the marriage ceremony using the Presbyterian ritual. He forgot to leave out the words "Who gives this young lady away?". Mr. Nelson's friend and companion, Lord Ivo Robinson, from Dublin, Ireland, arose, made a graceful bow and repeated most solemnly "I DO". Afterwards he teased me saying he was responsible for me now, to see that my husband treated me squarely.

Our wedding dinner was to be at the Hotel America where we had eaten breakfast that day. During the ceremony it started raining--yes, pouring & kept up in such torrents the street cars were stalled and cabs refused to move. At 7 o'clock we had to decide to eat at the Cafe Coelho (Rabbit) which was nearby on a slight elevation not under water. The wedding party had to walk to get there. The American consul, his wife, the two Honorable Consular witnesses, Lord Robinson, the groom and bride made up the party.

The food was strange to me and so were some of the proceedings. All but the bride and groom indulged in drinks, some rather freely. When the coffee was brought Brandy was poured in and set fire. Mr. Nelson & I of course felt humiliated but could not say anything. It hurt to think we had to pay for this, and raised in Kansas, a prohibition state. But even this evening came to an end & each one started to their respective homes.

Mr. Nelson had rented a rather good home. Lord Robinson, an English engineer, Fred Staples, had rooms with him. These two friends were very kind and would not let me work ^{much}. Fred washed the dishes, and had a quaint habit of throwing the dish water on the floor near the back door. You can imagine how pleasing that would be for one with American ideas of housekeeping.

Mr. Nelson was preaching on board the sailing vessels in the harbor on Sundays. Sometimes as many as 40 to 60 vessels were in the port. Most of the Captains and sailors were friendly and many were fine Christians.

It was a real pleasure to be able to do some Christian work while learning the language (Portuguese). There was a great deal of yellow fever at that time and we spent much time in the two hospitals where the pay patients were. There were some notable conversions too, for which we were thankful.

I had been in Para only 19 days when stricken down with a severe fever. Dr. James M. Ayres very kindly ministered to me and after 3 weeks of intense suffering the worst was over and slowly my strength returned so I could take up the study of the language.

April 26, 1894, our first baby was born; a boy we named Ivo Amazon, for Lord Ivo Robinson, "who gave me away" as you remember, and Amazon from the great river, not noisy and turbulent but quiet, mighty, and majestic.

The little boy was only 5 weeks old when I came down with yellow fever, but we got it checked before the black vomit set in. My recovery was not complete and 6 months later I came down with it again. A splendid Brazilian doctor took my case-- no doubt he saved my life humanly speaking though for 2 days and nights I hovered between life and death. Thus you see for nearly 2 years I did not have much health nor strength. At times it looked discouraging, but through the Grace of God I did not ever feel like giving up. April 1, 1896 our second son, Inor Gordon, was born.

In 1897 we had a small congregation at the regular evening and week night services. We invited Rev. Solomon L. Ginsburg to come up and baptize the believers and help organize the 1st Baptist church in the Amazon. Mr. Ginsburg (Ginsburg?) came, and the days were happily spent visiting in the homes & services at night. Oh! the joy when the first believers were led into the water, five in all. The church was organized that afternoon. The second day of February the Sunday School was organized and we felt a real work was started, even though small.

Our first furlough was started in 1899, and we returned to Brazil in May 1900. On the stopover in Para I organized the Women's Missionary Society with Margarida Rigo as President. We then proceeded to Manaus where we had decided to make our headquarters.

On arriving at Manaus we found the little group we had baptized there had been active in winning others while we were at home. On June 19 we organized the Sunday School and the church with 20 members was organized ~~with~~ Oct 5th. 1900. On Oct 19, I organized the missionary Society. I found it easy to teach the Brazilian women to do active work among their friends. This has been a most encouraging phase of the work. They know all the intricacies of the Catholic religion and can do so much more than we ever can, after they get instructed in the Bible.

Our third child, also a boy, was born while home on furlough on Aug 14, 1899, and named Iron Cargy Hawthorne. Feb 27, 1901 our fourth son, Ira Spurgeon, was born in Manaus. On Nov 8, 1902, our first daughter Eunice Crvilla was born.

When we came home on our 2nd furlough we knew our three older boys would have to be left at home (in the states) We were not sure what arrangements could be made, but the Lord was providing for that.

Mrs. Frank Chambers of New York had cared for some missionary children of a missionary of the Northern Baptist Board. She saw the need for a home for missionaries' children of the Southland. She gave a \$10,000 beautiful home with acreage in Greenville, South Carolina, in memory of her mother, Margaret, & this was the name given to the home, The Margaret Home.

As the Margaret Home was not ready when Mr. Nelson felt he must return to the field I stayed in the states till the home was ready in November 1905. Our three sons, Ivo Amazon, Inor Gordon, & Iron Hawthorne were left there Thanksgiving day, 1905. It was hard- our Dear Dr. Willingham down to the train- brought a dainty lunch from his good wife, saw me comfortably settled and encouraged me in his capable way.

We stopped in New York for various supplies needed and finally embarked on a Booth boat. We had a fine trip over the ocean. I had a little as a sailor. Mr. Nelson met me in Para and we journeyed up to Manaus. The Brazilians are great in giving you a most hearty Welcome.

We were soon busy in the work. The Amazonas State Baptist Convention was organized. The pastor from Santarem, Almeida De Lobrah came, as did the pastor from Para, Ermajdro Bento Alves. A young man from Texas, Ira Patrach, had come out as a missionary. We also had now the native pastor of the Manaus church, Thomaj A Aguiar, a Professor in the public school, a consecrated, capable man.

Just after close of the convention we found it necessary to go to Santarem to help in the work there. Our second daughter, Eyleen Winona, was born there Feb. 6th, 1907. When she was 5 weeks old, the work in Para was in need of our presence. Our health, especially Mr. Nelson's, was not the best in Santarem and we decided it would be best to go to Maranhao, 250 miles south of Para on the ocean.

It proved fine for our health and we were soon preaching and organized a church in May. The 2nd National Baptist Convention was to meet in Rio De Janeiro. Mr. Nelson's brother John had furnished the money with which we built a frame church in Santarem. There was still enough for us to make the trip to the convention. What a joy to meet for the first time the missionaries at this convention. Not such a great number yet-- the Bagbys, Entzmingers, Maddox, Dirmaltan?, Ginsburg, Jason, Shephards, J. A. Tudson (?)

On returning to Maranhao we found the two children Spurgeon and Eunice sick. Spurgeon recovered quickly but not so Eunice. For eleven months she suffered. My health too was not the best- it was time for a furlough. The oldest boy, Ivo Amazon, also had reached the age limit to stay in the Margaret Home.

Who can describe the feelings that stirred our hearts as we saw our three boys waiting for us on the platform in Greenville as the train pulled in. Ivo and Inor recognized us, but not so little Hawthorne. He was just 6 years when we left him.

We arrived in Kansas where we lived a year or nearly so. Mr. Nelson traveled for the Board. We found my health was such I ~~too~~ could not return with Mr. Nelson. We decided to locate in ^{South} Baptist territory, and moved to Stillwater, Oklahoma. All the children could live at home with me and go to school. The board agreed to this arrangement. There was plenty of work to do in the small Baptist church and among the students at the college, Okla. A & M., Stillwater, OKla

Notes:

I could wish that Mother had included in these memoirs a description in her own vivid words some of the privations the early settlers in Kansas suffered- going to school, walking, several miles in the dead of winter through snow drifts to get an education; of the periodic prairie fires that were so consuming, and the heroic efforts necessary to preserve the home and farm buildings; of the hordes of grasshoppers (locusts) that came without warning except that it looked like dark rain clouds were coming and how they devoured every green thing; how even the children would try to help save a little of the garden by crushing the insects between stones. Mother could make these things live in our minds as she talked.

Hawthorne

Headstones Copied from Randolph Cemetery (relocated) Kansas

SBC-AR. 363

North of
Manhattan
Kansas

Per Erick Lundberg
Fodd

Den 21, Junl 1837 (Sweden)
Dod Den 26 Dec 1889

(Baird) Johanna Erika Strandburg

wife of F E Lundberg

1848- 1928

born in Smedjebecken, Sweden

- 1 Ida Wilhelmina Lundberg b Aug 13 1869 d April 18, 1954 (buried Tulsa, OKla)
m. Erik Alfred Nelson
(6 children)
2. William O. Lundberg b Apr 24, 1871 d Mar 3 1949
bachelor
3. Charles Edward Lundberg b Feb 8 1874 d may 14 1933
m. Nellie b June 12, 1888 d June 27, 1958
daughter b Feb 4 1922 d Feb 4 1922
son Chas Edw. Jr b Feb 28 1923 killed auto accid. May 4 1948
- 4 John Frank Lundberg b Sept 25, 1877 ; d jan 13 1953
m---
widow with children
- 5 Amy C Lundberg b 1880 d 1937
mr Charles J Johnson, widower with 5 children
1. Minnie Florence b d Mar 1966
6. Gust P Lundberg b Nov 16 1882 d Apr 18 1911
bachelor
7. George Arthur Lundberg b Jan 19 1885 d. Mar 22 1915
bachelor

666666

Ida Wilhelmina Lundberg

Eric Alfred Nelson

1. Ira Amazon
b Para Brazil April 26 1894
d
one daughter, 3 sons
2. Inor Gordon
b Para April 1 1896 no children died Feb. 24, 1947 (buried Tulsa OKla)
3. Iron C Hawthorne
b Randolph Ks 8-14-99
one son; one daughter
4. Ira Spurgeon
b Manas 2-27-1901
one daughter; one son
5. Eunice Orvilla
b Manas 11-8-1902
daughter, son, daughter
- 6 Eyleen Winona
b Santarem 2-6-1907
two sons

M. Kate Vermillion
b
d

m Muriel Kathryn Tice
b 7-19-1904

m Josephine Syponieska
b

m Joseph C. Benedict
b July 27,

m Virgil D Curry
b Mar. 12,

revise
or
complete