



Golden Hours



LOOK NOW ! FOR GLAD AND GOLDEN HOURS
COME SWIFTLY ON THE WING

Golden Hours

A SOUVENIR BOOKLET COMMEMORATING THE FIVE HUNDRED GLAD AND GOLDEN HOURS WITH GOD, WHICH DURING THE PAST TEN YEARS HAVE WINGED THEIR WAY TO COUNTLESS AGED, SICK, AND SHUT-IN LISTENERS EVERYWHERE.



Published for Kirche Daheim

by

THE RADIO COMMITTEE OF ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH
KITCHENER, ONTARIO

1940



D E D I C A T I O N

TO ALL Listeners and to our Friends and Patrons, whose kindness has made it possible to give Church-at-Home to those from the Church shut out . . . this Booklet is affectionately and gratefully dedicated.

*What is in a Name?**A name is a kind of face whereby one is known.—Fuller*

THAT which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet," said William Shakespeare. And who are we to question the great poet's wisdom? "Golden Hours" is after all only one of the hundred good names offered by listeners to express how the "Gospel Message" was brought to them each Sunday on the "Waves of Salvation" by the "Radio Beam," or to tell how for ten glorious years the "Festive Bells" have been ringing in for them the "Sabbath's Happy Hour."

What a lovely bouquet of sweet smelling appellations was presented to "St. Matthew's Church of the Air" on her tenth birthday. And what a host of friends joined in gathering the posies which made up that gorgeous sheaf of names. Thanks a million. "Who hath not owned with rapture smitten frame, the power of grace, the magic of a name."

Really we should like to have adopted all the charming names chosen for this booklet, because like the many facets of a well cut diamond, each one lights up a different angle of our work, reveals some new aspect of its worth, or emphasizes some interesting feature with a sparkle and a brilliance all its own. But we simply could not accept all the names offered. After admiring them all individually, we were compelled at last to decide upon one. Regretfully we have had to leave the ninety and nine other good names out in the wilderness, so that we might carry the chosen one upon our front page with rejoicing. Whether or not "Golden Hours" is the best possible choice for our anniversary booklet, is for you to decide. In the end Shakespeare may be right when he asked: "What is in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet."

Three members of our invisible congregation share the distinction of having offered the name that was finally adopted. The first was Mrs. Helena Schaus, of Hespeler, an invalid for a quarter of a century, and an unfailing listener of our broadcasts since Feb. 23rd, 1930. The second letter, suggesting "Golden Hours" as an appropriate title, was postmarked Heidelberg and came from Mrs. Katie Shaner, who

celebrated her 85th birthday on January 20th this year. The third communication favoring the same name was signed jointly by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wittich, of Neustadt, Ontario. That makes three cheers for "Golden Hours."

But what is in a name? In this name there is, to begin with, a little poetry. Who does not remember the familiar lines from the hymn of Edmund Hamilton Sears; and who, hearing these lines, does not think at once of our radio congregation and of the many burden bearers among them?

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

So what is in a name? In this name there is also a bit of fancy. Every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, when Peter, our faithful sexton, with arms stretched high above his head, grasps the bell rope which sets in motion the six thousand pounds of bronze that hang high in the belfry, there is a stirring in the rafters above, and a rustle of wings, as our feathered friends, who nest there, wing their way out through the wide open tower windows over the roofs of the city and into the blue sky beyond. Many people looking up have often wondered what the meaning might be of the strange sight that met their eyes. Did those doves, that sailed forth towards the four quarters of the globe, carry with them on their journey an olive branch? Were they the messengers of peace on earth? Perhaps they were. But let us fancy them to be something else also. Let them be the "Golden Hours" that with the mellow music of the bell's first stroke speed forth to bring comfort and joy to eager listeners throughout the land.

And so we may conclude that our friends have helped to give this booklet a fitting name and one that expresses in a poetic and fanciful way our true mission. We shall try with the help of God to live up to it.



A Personal Message

BY THE PASTOR

The five hundred glad and golden hours of our radio broadcasting have been just so many doors by which the word of God has been given access to your soul. Your pastor has been merely the doorkeeper.

And yet, however humble the person of the doorkeeper may be, that detracts nothing from the incalculable worth of his ministry. A shepherd lad may point the way to a philosopher. A peasant maid once became her country's saviour. A beggar can be the bearer of an invaluable present. And so a doorkeeper—well, there is nothing that I would rather be than a doorkeeper in the house of my God.

Five hundred golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. You yourselves, my dear listening Friends, have written and spoken about these Sunday morning broadcasts in this way with endless variations. What shall we do with them?

Much in them must have been dross, much that was not lovely. Let us on this anniversary day pray to our heavenly Father and ask Him in His mercy to cover up with His forgiveness whatsoever was not pure in them, and graciously to accept that which has been good in His eyes and acceptable to His divine Majesty; through Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord.

REV. JOHN SCHMIEDER, D.D.

LITTLE WORDS

If any little word of mine
May make some heart the
lighter;
If any little song of mine
May make some life the
brighter,
God, let me speak that
little word
And take my bit of singing
And plant it in some lonely
vale
To set the echoes ringing.

—Anonymous.



The Home of Golden Hours

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH

HER PEOPLE

“OF ZION it shall be said, This and that man was born in her,” that is to say, in God's Church people of every tongue and tribe may find a home. The Father's house is a house of prayer for all people without distinction of national origin.

The Radio Committee frequently receives letters from listeners, who, living here and there in various parts of the Province, tell us that this and that man, relatives of theirs, have long been happy members of St. Matthew's congregation. Indeed, the membership lists reveal that many have come from regions far beyond the borders of our Province and Dominion; from England, Scotland and Ireland, from the Netherlands and the Scandinavian countries, from Germany, France and Italy and many other lands. Some day the Radio Committee may arrange a Pentecostal broadcast in the Babel of tongues that are represented in the Christian brotherhood which is our congregation.

St. Matthew's numbers among her people some 3,200 souls. Every tenth resident of the City of Kitchener is enrolled there; every sixth Protestant, every third Lutheran. At Easter-time in the year 1939 over fifteen hundred persons communed at her altar. Since her founding two thousand infants have been baptized at her font, slightly more than that have renewed their baptismal vows in confirmation, more than eleven hundred couples have been united in the bonds of holy matrimony, and eight hundred and sixty-two have gone to join the church triumphant.



ST. MATTHEW'S AMID THE BLOSSOMS OF SPRING

Of the members of the first church council, elected on Feb. 23, 1904, two are still members of the congregation. Both are hale and hearty to-day. They are Henry H. Hagen and Alfred Lindner.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

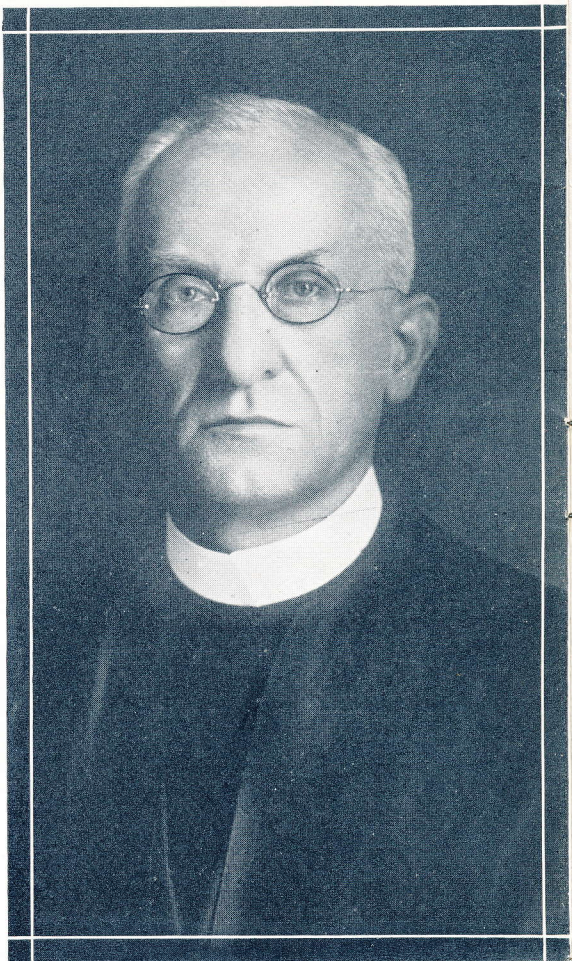
Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Longfellow.

The Home Church

HER PEOPLE—Continued

THE Official Year Book for 1940 of the United Lutheran Church in America, to which our church, together with the Canada Synod, belongs, has 3,962 congregations. In the Feb. 7th issue of "The Lutheran" there was published a list of the twelve largest congregations in the U.L.C.A. This list shows that St. Matthew's, founded only thirty-six years ago, has experienced a remarkable growth and stands tenth among its sister congregations in the number of her baptized members, eighth in the number of her confirmed members, and seventh in the number of those who are faithful in the use of the means of grace.



LIST OF TWELVE LARGEST CHURCHES IN THE U.L.C.A.

BAPTIZED MEMBERS			
City	Church	Pastor	Members
1. Omaha, Nebr.	Kountze Memorial	W. H. Traub	6,481
2. Chicago, Ill.	North Austin	F. W. Otterbein	5,481
3. Stapleton, N. Y.	Trinity	Frederic Sutter	4,932
4. Des Moines, Iowa	St. John	F. J. Weertz	4,061
5. Brooklyn, N. Y.	Good Shepherd	W. F. Sunday	4,000
6. Rockford, Ill.	Trinity	H. M. Bannen	3,705
7. Johnstown, Pa.	Zion	Theodore Buch	3,559
8. Hanover, Pa.	St. Matthew's	H. H. Beidleman	3,270
9. Mansfield, Ohio	First	G. E. Swoyer	3,231
10. KITCHENER, ONT.	St. Matthew's	John Schmieder	3,209
11. Hazleton, Pa.	Christ	F. T. Esterly	3,142
12. Baltimore, Md.	Christ	J. L. Deaton	3,050

CONFIRMED MEMBERS			
City	Church	Pastor	Members
1. Omaha, Nebr.	Kountze Memorial	W. H. Traub	4,761
2. Chicago, Ill.	North Austin	F. W. Otterbein	3,868
3. Des Moines, Iowa	St. John	F. J. Weertz	2,991
4. Johnstown, Pa.	Zion	Theodore Buch	2,714
5. Rockford, Ill.	Trinity	H. M. Bannen	2,557
6. Brooklyn, N. Y.	Good Shepherd	W. F. Sunday	2,536
7. Hanover, Pa.	St. Matthew's	H. H. Beidleman	2,529
8. KITCHENER, ONT.	St. Matthew's	John Schmieder	2,363
9. Mansfield, Ohio	First	G. E. Swoyer	2,361
10. Buffalo, N. Y.	Christ	J. M. Strodel	2,239
11. Baltimore, Md.	Christ	J. L. Deaton	2,184
12. Reading, Pa.	St. Luke	W. A. Fluck	2,167

COMMUNING MEMBERS			
City	Church	Pastor	Members
1. Chicago, Ill.	North Austin	F. W. Otterbein	3,195
2. Omaha, Nebr.	Kountze Memorial	W. H. Traub	2,285
3. Mansfield, Ohio	First	G. E. Swoyer	1,886
4. Hanover, Pa.	St. Matthew's	H. H. Beidleman	1,782
5. Pottsville, Pa.	Trinity	E. W. Weber	1,744
6. Rockford, Ill.	Trinity	H. M. Bannen	1,713
7. KITCHENER, ONT.	St. Matthew's	John Schmieder	1,676
8. Akron, Ohio	Trinity	F. C. Fry	1,628
9. Des Moines, Iowa	St. John	F. J. Weertz	1,596
10. Johnstown, Pa.	Zion	Theodore Buch	1,570
11. Sunbury, Pa.	Zion	C. B. Foelsch	1,548
12. Hazleton, Pa.	Christ	F. T. Esterly	1,527

PASTOR E. HOFFMAN, D.D., President of the Canada Synod, President and Professor of the College and Seminary at Waterloo, and the First Pastor and Founder of St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran Church.

SAINTED

He loved the House of God;
His dearest wish to be
A minister within its walls
In service full and free.

Beautifully he lived,
We who well loved him knew,
Blessing with kindly hands our
dead,
Softening death's cruel blow.

Beautifully he died—
The temple floors he trod,
To pass to his reward within
The altar of his God!

—Estella Shields Fabringer.



THE VISIBLE CONGREGATION LISTENS ATTENTIVELY TO THE SERMON

The Home Church

HER PROGRESS

St. Matthew's Church did not achieve her present status as the largest Lutheran Church in the Dominion of Canada overnight and with effortless ease. Under God's blessing it was the result of steady growth due to the faithful labours and sacrifices of her members. Even during the depression decade notable progress was made, so that the number of communicants, which is the most reliable gauge for the church's strength, increased 22 per cent. during this period.

The congregation's first home was the old Methodist meeting house on Queen Street North. For ten years the congregation wor-

shipped there and then, with more faith than funds, launched forth to build for themselves and their children a church. In the midst of building operations the World War broke out. Many staunch hearts were filled with confusion and dismay, but their fears and doubts notwithstanding, the beautiful house of God was dedicated on March 7, 1915. Six years later the church was free of debt.

This freedom was immediately exercised in the service of Christian charity. The benevolent contributions were doubled, and when opportunity knocked, and God opened a door to new, untried avenues of service via radio, her people responded with wholehearted enthusiasm.



GOING HOME FROM CHURCH IN A BLIZZARD
WITH SNOW IN THE FACE AND A SONG IN THE HEART

Whatever the weather may be, says he—
Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear,
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere.
An' ye'll warm yer back, wid a smiling face,
As ye sit at yer heart, like an owld fireplace,
An' toast the toes o' yer sowl, says he,
Whatever the weather may be, says he—
Whatever the weather may be.

AT THE GATE
OF THE YEAR

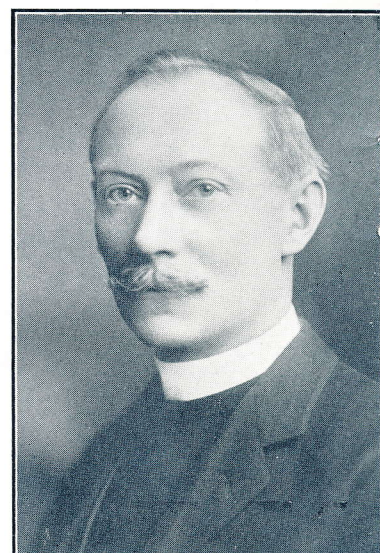
Lines by
MISS MINNIE L.
HASKINS

Fifty-six words
which the King's
Voice carried to the
four corners of the
Earth in his Broadcast
on Christmas Day,
1939.

I said to the man
who stood at the gate
of the year, "Give me
a light that I may
tread safely into the
unknown," and he re-
plied, "Go out into
the darkness and put
your hand into the
hand of God.

That shall be to you
better than light and
safer than the known
way."

Below:
DR. C. R. TAPPERT



The Home Church

HER PASTORS

SINCE her founding in the year 1904, the people of St. Matthew's Church have been shepherded by four pastors. Each one made a unique contribution to the life and progress of the Church.

DOCTOR HOFFMAN, THE FOUNDER

It's founder and first pastor was Dr. Emil Hoffman, a prince among preachers and one of God's noblemen. He was the President of the Canada Synod and the pastor of St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, when he accepted the invitation of a group of Kitchener Lutherans to assist them in organizing a new congregation.

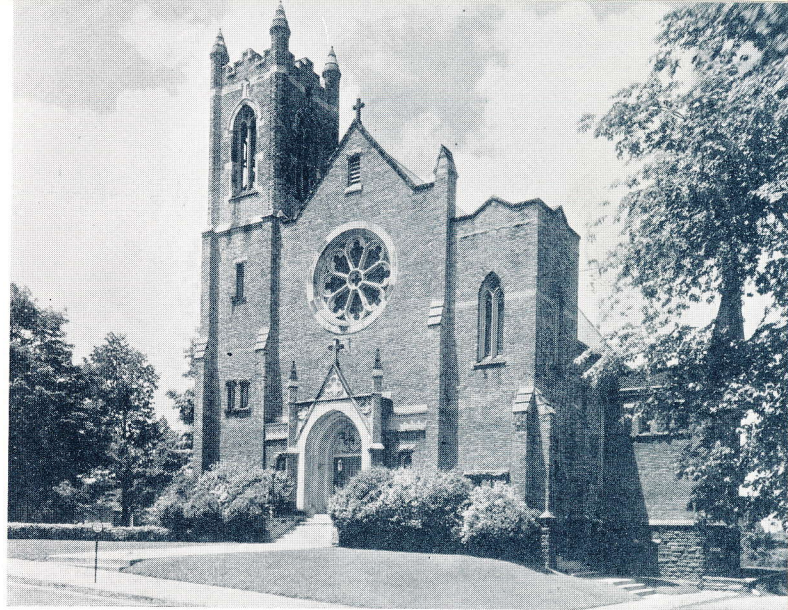
Dr. Hoffman, in 1921, wrote a brief account of the founding and early history of St. Matthew's Church, as follows: "In the midst of coldest winter the congregation was born. It was on the evening of the 23rd of February, 1904, when we traced our steps through a blinding snowstorm to a hall on King Street. I believe it was Forester's Hall, where a meeting had been called for the purpose of discussing ways and means to care for several hundred Lutherans who had severed their erstwhile congregational connections. Enthusiastically and with one heart and mind the assembly resolved to establish a new Lutheran

Felicitations

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED LUTHERAN
CHURCH IN AMERICA

"My heart beats in gratitude and joy with the countless hearts that for ten years have been blessed by the messages from Kirche Dabeim. Those messages have been from God's Word and therefore have His blessing. He also rejoices on this tenth anniversary. May the "Golden Hours" be multiplied many more times."

(SIGNED) F. H. KNUBEL



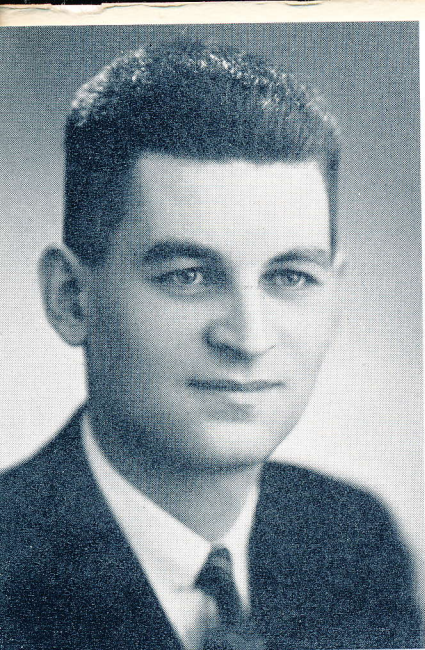
THE HOME CHURCH AMID THE CLOUDS AND
SUNSHINE OF SUMMER

congregation in Berlin. The new-born child was given the name St. Matthew's, the first church council was elected, plans were made for the holding of regular services in a suitable auditorium, and finally God's blessing was implored upon the new beginning in prayer and song—Abide with us our Saviour, Nor let Thy mercy cease.

"A few days later the undersigned, at that time Pastor in Hamilton and President of the Canada Synod, was honored by being tendered a call to accept the leadership of the new congregation, after having already had the pleasure on March 6th of holding the first service in the chamber of the Court House, which was packed to the doors on that occasion.

"The attendance at this and at subsequent services was so encouraging that the young congregation felt justified in acquiring the Methodist Church on Queen St. North, which was being offered for sale, and in acquiring a fine parsonage on Alma St., thus giving early evidence of the permanent character of its organization. One of the first official acts of the congregation was its affiliation with the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Canada.

"The succeeding years ushered in a happy period of internal and external development which was blessed of God to such an extent that within a short time St. Matthew's Church outranked her sister congregations in the number of her members, which increased so rapidly that the necessity of a more commo-



PASTOR U. LEUPOLD,
PH. D.,
*Assistant to
Dr. Schmieder*

dious house of worship became very urgent. After the first preparatory steps in this direction had already been taken, a call from the First Lutheran Church of Toronto in 1912 removed the undersigned from his rich and fruitful labours in St. Matthew's."

About ten years later Dr. Hoffmann returned to the Twin City as professor and president of the College and Seminary at Waterloo. His voice was again frequently heard from the pulpit of St. Matthew's Church. When in 1925 the great bell arrived from overseas and was safely installed in the tower of the church, he preached the sermon of dedication, speaking on the text, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." When the congregation celebrated its 20th anniversary, he and all the 64 charter members still living were present as honored guests. When the Easter season brought an extra burden of work for the pastor, Dr. Hoffman kindly assisted in the preaching and the administration of the sacrament. During the Lenten season in the year 1926 he gave a series of seven Lenten addresses on the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. The last of this series was preached on Holy Thursday, at which time he also took part in the distribution of the Holy Communion to a large congregation. On the day following, on Good Friday, he was taken ill, and nine days later God called His faithful servant home. Thus, according to God's will, he was permitted at the end of his life to minister once more to the congregation which he had founded and for which he always cherished a fatherly affection.

In accordance with the wishes of his family, the public funeral service was held in

HER PASTORS—*Continued*

St. Matthew's Church. A thousand people gathered in solemn remembrance of the beloved pastor and great teacher, who, during the forty years of his ministry, had faithfully spoken the Word of God, and who in his life and death left an example for all to follow and a victory after which to strive.

On the walls of the church, to the right of the pulpit, the congregation erected a bronze tablet to the memory of

DR. EMIL HOFFMAN

† APR. 11, 1926

PRESIDENT OF THE CANADA SYNOD,
PROFESSOR AND PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE AND
SEMINARY AT WATERLOO AND THE
FOUNDER AND FIRST PASTOR OF ST. MATTHEWS CHURCH

"They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

DR. TAPPERT, THE BUILDER

Dr. C. R. Tappert, who was called to succeed Dr. Hoffmann, came to Kitchener from Meriden, Connecticut. He is now editor-in-chief of the "Lutherischer Herold," a scholar and a theologian, who wields his pen in support of conservative Lutheran doctrine and practice and endeavours to foster among his readers a wholesome piety and a consecrated Christian life.

When Dr. Tappert arrived in Kitchener at the beginning of the year 1913, preliminary discussions looking towards the building of a church were already underway. These now received a fresh impetus, and it soon became evident that the new minister, despite his profound learning, was also a gifted executive and efficient administrator. The ship of many a congregation has suffered shipwreck or serious injury on the stormy seas of such a building venture. But as a good pilot, Dr. Tappert steered the ship of the church safely past the Scylla and Charybdis of new Location on the one hand and foundering Debt on the other, and launched her, sound of beams and with steady keel, upon the open seas of yet greater conquests for the Prince of Peace under the banner of the cross.

His was an arduous task. When it was completed, the congregation had a permanent

home, a church building in which beauty was not sacrificed to utility, nor the principles of good church architecture surrendered to the passing fads of modernistic notions, a house of God that expresses from without and within the historic faith which her people confess and propose to hand down in all its fulness and purity to their children.

Though Dr. Tappert served St. Matthew's during a brief pastorate of only three and a quarter years, he is still held in grateful esteem by those to whom he ministered in the Gospel as a scholarly preacher, a cultured Christian gentleman, and the builder of their beautiful church.

PASTOR ZARNKE, THE CONSERVATOR

Fortunately the congregation was able to secure a successor immediately in the person of the Rev. Mr. C. Zarnke. Pastor Zarnke was not at that time in robust health, and was in charge of the Lutheran Book Room on Frederick Street, but the special situation created by the World War was threatening the safety of the flock and presented a challenge which he felt constrained to accept. A man of unflinching courage, and strong in the strength which God supplies, his sermons had in them the prophetic "Thus saith the Lord," to which the people responded in willing obedience and with renewed hope and confidence. Jesus said

THE FAMILY

The family is like a book—
 The children are the leaves,
 The parents are the covers
 That protecting beauty gives.
 At first the pages of the book
 Are blank and purely fair,
 But Time soon writeth memories
 And painteth pictures there.
 Love is the little golden clasp
 That bindeth up the trust;
 Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
 Should scatter and be lost!



THE HOME CHURCH IN THE SETTING SUN OF
 EARLY AUTUMN

of John the Baptist: "He was a burning and a shining light; and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light." The same may be said of Pastor Zarnke. Like a candle, he consumed himself in the burning. At the end of 1917 he resigned because of ill health. He has served since then in the Sullivan Township parish and in Pembroke, and is now labouring in East Zorra.

During an interlude of four months Pastor emeritus M. G. W. Arendt, who was at that time living retired in Kitchener, supplied the pulpit of St. Matthew's Church, instructed the confirmation class, ministered to the sick, and performed all ministerial acts, without however being regularly called as pastor of the congregation.

And so, after the congregation had been founded, the church built, and its integrity courageously demonstrated, the present pastor was called and took charge on May 1st, 1918. He is now being assisted in the work of this large parish by Pastor U. Leupold, Ph.D., a young man of pleasing personality and exceptional talent.



OUR CHOIR — THE CHORISTERS AND ORGANIST, WHO MAKE GLAD WITH MUSIC AND SONG THE GOLDEN HOURS

Top Row from left to right: Earl Hurlbut, Menno Boshart, Harold Treusch, Oscar Radtke, Jacob D. Schaus, Jos. Maglarine, Adolph Scharlach, Henry Steiner, John Schmidt, Milton Volz, Wm. Schwantz, Earl Haase, Dr. U. Leupold, Wm. H. Schaus, Walter Scholtis.

Middle Row: Jerrene Lovegrove, Matilda Muehsam, Ursula Schwichtenberg, Minnie Rothbaecher, Rhoda Daber, Delores Lahn, Margaret Hay, Ruth Miller, Mrs. Oscar Radtke, Mrs. Paul Peacock, Irene Schilling, Lillian Heller, Doris Woinowski, Doris Bowman, Rose Frim, Edna Wettlaufer, Mrs. Earl Hurlbut.

Front Row: Margaret Hossfeld, Eugenia Hildebrandt, Mrs. Clara Wilson, Mrs. Elizabeth Sales, Gerhard Binhammer, *Organist and Choirmaster*, Mrs. Jos. Maglarine, Vearl Steffler, Mrs. Wm. J. Lahn.

Absent: Mrs. Grant Bruder and Walter Gallatly.

MR. GERHARD BINHAMMER, *Organist and Choirmaster*



Dr. Martin Luther once said: Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of God's most magnificent and delightful gifts to man. It drives away the devil and fills the heart with joy. It makes us forget all anger, impure things, pride and other vices. Next to theology I give to music the highest place and honor.

The Birth of Kirche Dabeim

BY A. W. SANDROCK

WHAT has become widely and popularly known during the past ten years as Kirche Dabeim, was born in the mind of the writer at the time of the Twin City Endowment Fund campaign for Waterloo College.

In order to arouse the people of this community to an appreciation of the value of such an institution for the Twin City and surrounding territory, every means of publicity was employed, notably the radio. There was, in those days, no radio station in Kitchener or Waterloo, so the writer, who happened to be the chairman of the speakers' committee, approached CKPC and CKCR, which were then still located in Preston and Brantford respectively. Together these stations contributed twenty hours of time over the air, which helped considerably in promoting the cause of the Endowment Fund.

On a Sunday afternoon in May, 1929, and during the course of a conversation with Mr. Patterson, who was at that time the owner of CKCR, the writer suggested that the prosperous and progressive community from which he hailed, presented opportunities for the profitable operation of a radio station, which in Brantford were admittedly absent. Mr. Patterson was impressed, "Yes," said he, "I will move immediately, provided only that I can secure the necessary transfer of my license and the promise of sufficient commercial programs to warrant such a step." The matter was then discussed with Major Gates and his associates of the Endowment Campaign, and in almost no time at all, Mr. S. C. Tweed, of the Ontario Equitable Life and other insurance companies and manufacturers had subscribed for enough



A. W. SANDROCK

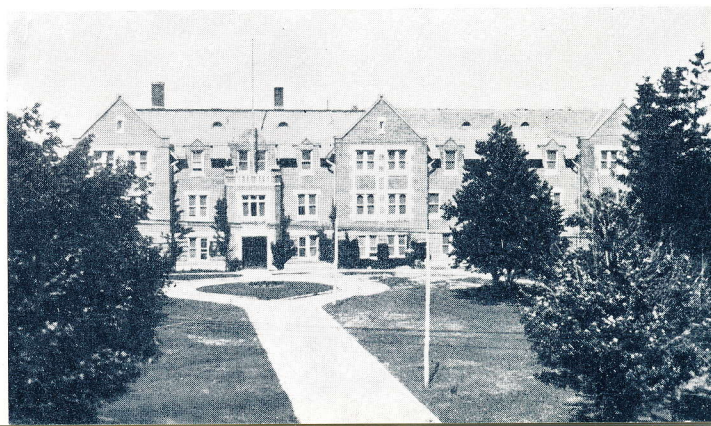
radio advertising to convince the management of CKCR that a transfer to the Twin City would be profitable. Through the good offices of the Hon. W. D. Euler, the transfer of license was accomplished, while Mr. W. G. Weichel, M.L.A., contributed rooms in his building on King Street, which were suitable for studio and broadcasting equipment.

Mr. Patterson was so highly elated with the co-operation which he had received and the results obtained, that he promised the writer, that anything which he might ever desire of him, would be his for the asking.

Due to the nature of the business in which the writer is engaged, and his contacts with people, who through illness or the infirmities of old age are deprived of the privilege of attending divine services, and also being convinced that to provide such services to the shut-in by means of the radio would be a worthy objective for the Brotherhood, the writer, as president of that organization, broached the matter to his executive committee and other members, and then proceeded to lay it before the organization itself. The proposal staggered the Brotherhood at first; but after more information had been placed at their disposal, and they began to see the whole proposition in the light of a service of love to the aged and shut-in, they all voted to make a trial of it, trusting in God to guide them in the uncertain future.

Mr. Patterson was as good as his word. The eleven o'clock hour on Sunday morning was available and was contracted for at a reasonable rate. The first service was broadcast on Feb. 23, 1930, exactly on the day on which St. Matthew's congregation was founded

WATERLOO COLLEGE





RADIO COMMITTEE: *Left to Right*, Alf Heller, Art Sandrock, C. N. Weber, Herb. Hollinger, C. W. Kruse.

twenty-six years earlier. Another page in this booklet describes the humble beginnings, the sketchy equipment, and the determined efforts towards perfection, which occupied the attention of the men of our church in the early months and in the years that followed.

It only remains for me to record here the names of the first Radio Committee, consisting of the pastor, together with Messrs. Herbert Hollinger, Carl W. Kruse, Jacob Ebel, the late W. K. Schmitt and the writer. The committee in this anniversary year consists of Dr. John Schmieder, chairman; A. W. Sandrock, secretary; C. N. Weber, treasurer; H. Hollinger, Alf Heller, and C. W. Kruse.

May the heavenly Father, Who has blessed our work thus far, continue to bless it, so that it may always bring solace and comfort to the many sick, aged and shut-in, whose only church service is Kirche Daheim.

THE MAN IS NOTHING, THE WORK IS ALL!

What, after all, is Kirche Daheim? It is not the Radio Committee. This committee is

simply a group of enthusiastic workers for Kirche Daheim, merely the human instruments, which attend to certain business and mechanical details in connection with the Sunday broadcasts.

Kirche Daheim is a vast unseen audience composed of old, sick, or invalid folks. Nearly all of them are shut-in, either temporarily or permanently. Many are forsaken and lonely. They are burdened by a common poverty—their physical infirmity. And they possess a common treasure—our golden eleven o'clock hour. These two things unite the far flung audience firmly together into a brotherhood which is intangible and invisible, but nevertheless real. John in Tavistock, Helena in Hespeler, and Emelia in Neustadt, have come to know each other, and they, with countless others, worship in Kirche Daheim each Sunday.

Kirche Daheim is a messenger of the Lord, bearing the Word of God, the preaching of the Gospel, and the praises of His people. Each Sunday, precisely at 11 o'clock, this messenger goes forth on an errand of mercy. Kirche Daheim brings comfort to the sorrowing, joy



THE VISIBLE CONGREGATION STANDING IN WORSHIP

to the saddened, strength to the weak and despairing. It has shown many a wayward son the way to the Father's house. It has mended broken homes. It goes regularly to hospitals and sanitoriums, to prisons and penitentiaries. Where no minister would be admitted, Kirche Daheim has been given glad entrance. Kirche Daheim penetrates everywhere. When snow-bound villages were without services, Kirche Daheim, unaware of the deep drifts, was there to give the people their Sunday preaching. Kirche Daheim is To-day's Good Samaritan pouring the oil and wine of God's forgiveness into wounded hearts. It is the modern St. Christopher, who on his shoulders bears the dear Saviour across the turbulent river. Its voice is heard in the highway garage, in the

boarding house and in the kitchen, and where ever men and women are prevented by stern duty from attending church. Kirche Daheim is the Lord's messenger and everybody's servant.

Kirche Daheim is the doctor's assistant, cheering his patients, and making his work easier. It helps the nurse and the attendant, who cares for the aged and the blind. It supplements the work of the busy pastor and makes for him at least one call to each sick bed weekly. It is a boon to the young mother, who cannot leave her infant baby. It is the church's travelling missionary, who visits isolated families, living miles and miles away from the nearest preaching station. Kirche Daheim does all this work single-handed and simultaneously. It is God's work.



THE VISIBLE CONGREGATION, assembled for worship on Sunday, January 28th, 1940. The photograph was taken after the benediction

had been pronounced. Outside a blizzard raged intermittently (see the candid camera shot on page 8, of people leaving the church.) Inside

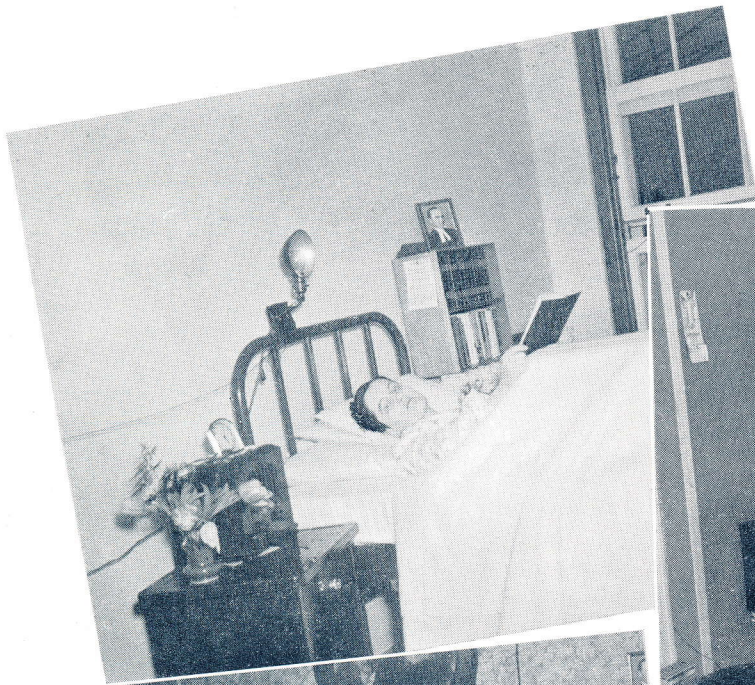


there was comfort for body and soul. The finest ornament of any church, more precious than its carvings in wood or stone, is a large

congregation, assembled for the worship of Almighty God, and for the hearing and learning of His holy Word.

Two Pages from the Album of Our Shut-in Friends

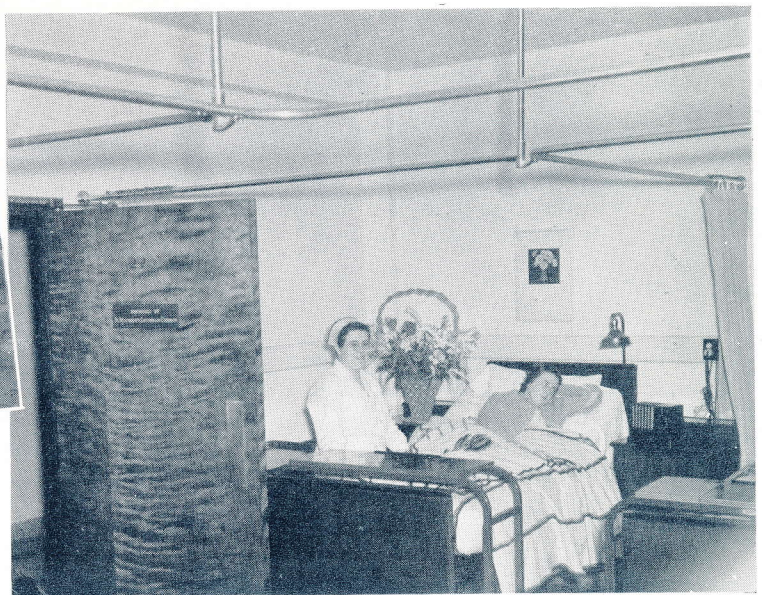
Everybody's friend is the Scot lassie, Gretta Fairfull. After having been a guest of the Freeport San. for more than ten years, she recently attempted to claim ownership of her room there by virtue of "exclusive, uninterrupted possession."



A Great War veteran, Mr. Ed. Woinoski, recently sponsored a broadcast in memory of his old comrades who sleep in Flanders Fields. Unable to raise his head, he sees with the help of the mirror.



Above—Mrs. Helena Schaus, of Hespeler, Ont., is one of the three who chose to call the Anniversary Booklet "Golden Hours". An invalid for more than a quarter of a century, she has enjoyed every broadcast without a break since February 23, 1930.

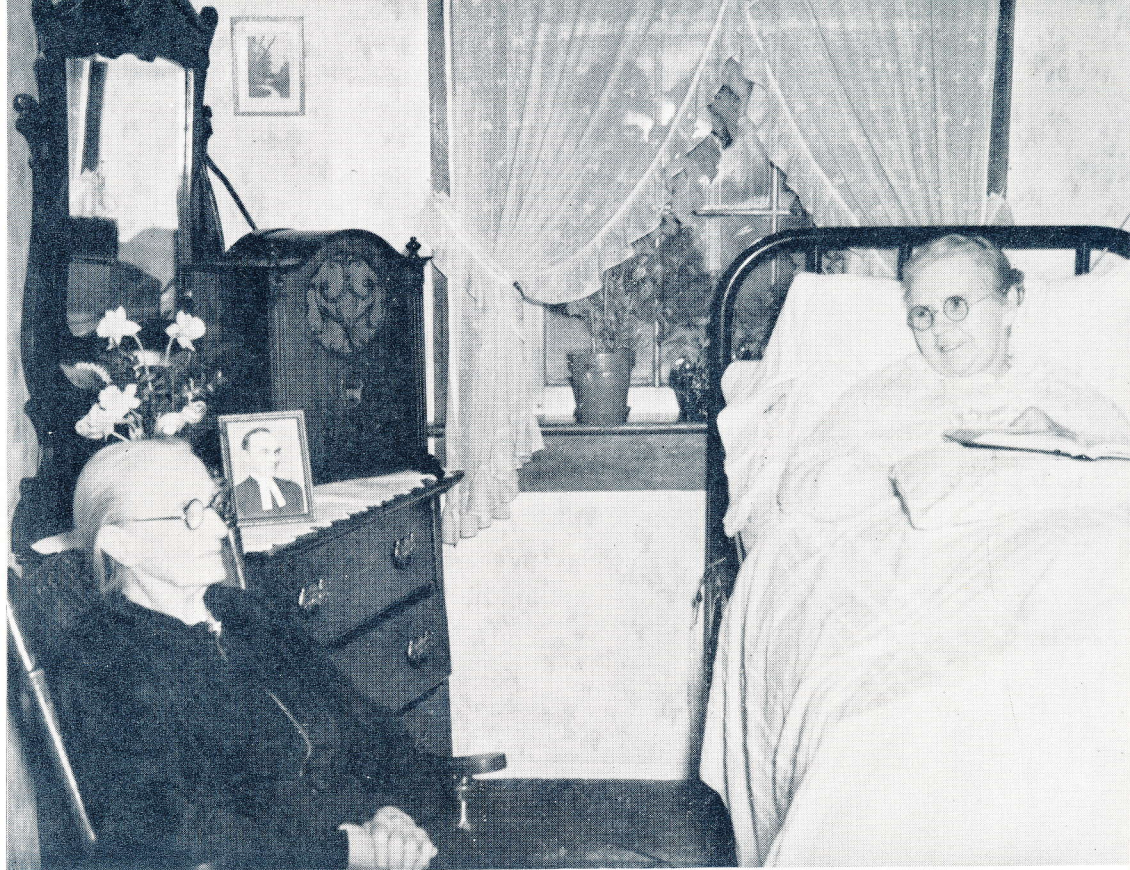


A patient in St. Matthew's Ward of the K.-W. Hospital. The effort of the congregation to furnish and equip this room, including the mantel set, was promoted by the Radio Committee.

There's frost upon the window
pane
And snow outside the sill,
But underneath the coverlet
A heart is beating still.—

A heart that fills with gentle
warmth
The curtained room within,
And radiates a gracious love
To all her kith and kin.

MRS. MARGARET HEDRICH,
whose verses, entitled "My
Friends and Neighbors,"
appear below, was caught
by the photographer on a
Sunday afternoon in Jan-
uary chatting with one of
her neighbors of 80 winters.
The picture has all the
atmosphere of Whittier's
snowbound.



MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

Who tries to cheer and make me glad,
Who shares my cares when I am sad,
Helps me forget the trials I had?
My friends and neighbors.

Who tries to gladden all the hours,
Who sends me dainties, gifts and flowers,
Brings sunshine bright, despite the showers?
My friends and neighbors.

Who speaks so kindly when oppressed,
Who comforts me when sore distressed,
God knows,—and may they all be blessed:
My friends and neighbors.

—Margaret Hedrich, *Elmira*.

SLEEP SWEETLY

Sleep sweetly through the healing night
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy dreaming heart.

Nor let tomorrow mar thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend;
His love surrounds thee still.

Dismiss then every evil thought;
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweetly then, good-night!

SHUT-IN

Shut-in, God knoweth why,
That days and weeks and months pass by
And still, shut-in.

The busy rush of life goes on,
The New Year comes, the Old Year gone,
And still, shut in.

Shut in, still there comes love,
And peace, and joy down from above,
While thus shut in.

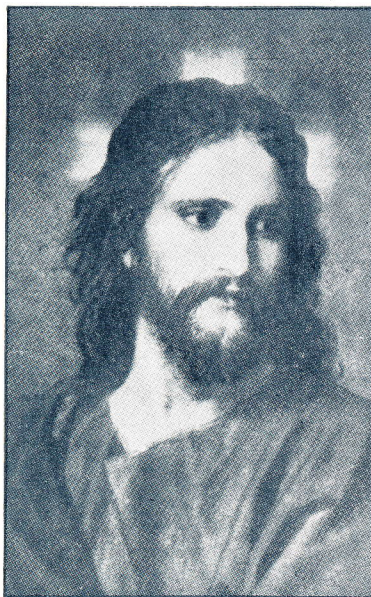
Flowers, fruits and books
From friends so true,
And letters, papers, bright and new,
For me, shut in.

Shut in; so may it be,
Until the hour He saith to me:
"It is enough—go forth to service with thy
might,
Either in earthly ways or fields of light,
No more shut in!"

Honor Roll

PATRONS AND SPONSORS

BY C. N. WEBER



Our Friends

'Twould never do for God to live across the street,
Or in the house next door, where we would daily meet;
So in His wisdom and His love, He sometimes sends
His angels kind to walk with us—we call them "friends."

Just "friends"—one word—but letters can express
A wealth of sympathy and pure unselfishness.
One syllable—a single breath can form it—"friends."
But O how much our happiness on them depends!

When trouble comes—or loss! When grief is ours to bear
They come, our friends, with words of love, our load to share.
How could we bear defeat without a friend's caress,
Had we no friends to praise, how bare would be success!

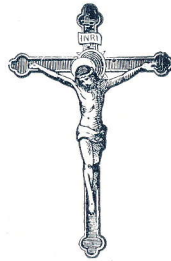
'Tis not God's plan that we should see Him face to face,
Yet he would hedge us in with His abounding grace,
And so His messengers of love to earth He sends;
They're angels—but we know it not—and call them "friends."

FRIENDS of Kirche Daheim. Without them and their support there would have been no Golden Hours for many of you who are today sending us your expressions of thanksgiving for the blessings you get from "Church at Home." This gratitude and praise belongs first to Almighty God and then to the patrons and sponsors who have brought not one but five hundred Golden Hours to you in your hospital beds, wheel chairs and sick chambers. Pure unselfish love prompted them to use their means for your benefit, and they ask no further reward, but we know that the thanks you tender to us are intended for your friends. We are therefore happy to have this opportunity of passing on your thanks to them.

Over two hundred such friends make up our Honor Roll which we have divided into five parts. You will find many whose names appear on two or more of the lists, in fact, not a few

have sponsored as often as ten times, once for every year of our broadcasting. The first and largest Honor Roll is that of Memorial Sponsors, shown on the next page. The second, Wedding Anniversaries; the third, Birthdays; fourth, Church Societies and Groups of Friends; fifth, the long list of sponsors who simply thought of you and sponsored a broadcast, not in honor of any special occasion of their own, but for you alone. Then we have another Roll, which has no list of names, but actually comprises more members than all the others. This is for the hundreds who regularly send their smaller contributions, silver coins, one, two and five dollar bills. Together they pay for sending out all the services not sponsored by any individuals, and while their names are never announced, it is their support that keeps the Golden Hours coming to you week after week and year after year without interruption.

Honor Roll



MEMORIAL

SPONSORS

MRS. (REV.) ELSA ARENDT
 MRS. WM. ASMUSSEN
 MRS. MATILDA BADKE
 MRS. H. BAHNSEN
 MRS. GEORGE BAUER
 MR. & MRS. WALTER BERGMAN
 V. R. BERLET FAMILY
 MR. & MRS. EMMANUEL BERNER
 MRS. LEAH BERNER FAMILY
 MR. & MRS. FRED BINKLE
 MRS. KATHERINE BITZER
 MRS. FRED BORTZ
 MR. OSCAR BRUECKNER
 MR. GORDON BREUTIGAM
 MRS. CARL DAMMAN
 MR. OTTO DANNECKER
 MR. FRED DAUB
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 MRS. A. N. HETT
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MISS LOUISE HUEFNER
 MR. & MRS. BRUNO HUEHNERGARD
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 MR. & MRS. ED. LANTZ
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 MISS HULDA OBERER
 MR. WM. OSWALD
 MR. & MRS. HENRY OTTERBEIN
 MISS RUTH OTTERBEIN
 MISS FRIEDA PASCHKA
 HENRY PAEPCKE FAMILY
 MISS LUCINDA OLBRECHT
 JOHN KARN FAMILY
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 REV. H. R. MOSIG
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 MR. HENRY STEINER
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 MR. VALENTINE WETTLAUER
 MR. JOHN V. WITTIG
 MR. MELVIN WITTIG
 MR. & MRS. ALBERT WIDMEYER
 MR. JOHN WITTIG, SR.
 MRS. JACOB WINKLER
 MISS HENRIETTA WITTIG
 MRS. KUNIGUNDA YOST
 EDWARD ZIEGLER FAMILY
 MRS. CARL ZUCH

*"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord;
 he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall
 he live."*



MR. AND MRS. C. S. SMITH, Ellen Street, Kitchener, with friends on their Diamond Anniversary. With the evening shadows falling softly behind them, once more on memory's path they go over life's journey together.

Honor Roll

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY SPONSORS

Marriage

Two volumes bound in one complete,
With thrilling story old but sweet;
No title needs the cover fair,
Two golden hearts are blended there.

—Mildred Merle.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES, Wooden, Tin, Crystal, China, Silver, Pearl, Golden, and even Diamond Jubilees, all are included on our list, yet the thanks of all who sponsored to commemorate their nuptial day was in gratitude for the many Golden Hours God had granted each couple together. No institution on earth can bring more true joy and happiness than the one sanctified by Christ Himself at the marriage in Cana. It is only to be expected then that this Honor Roll should be one of the largest. In their abounding bliss they wished you to share in their celebration by sponsoring these broadcasts. By so doing they received more than they gave, for happiness can only be enjoyed to the fullest when it is

shared. Like love, it comes not with hoarding. The more you give to others, the more you have left. If you have not yet experienced this yourself, or perhaps doubt it, why not try it on your next anniversary and see if the more than sixty sponsors on this Honor Roll were not wise in their investment.

For some on this list the thread of earthly life has since been broken. One of the partners has passed on to the heavenly home, while the other waits below for the long-expected hour that will join them eternally with God Himself. But to those who remain, and where the golden thread of life is still unbroken, we extend our best wishes for God's blessing and many more years of happy married life together.

Honor Roll

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY SPONSORS

GUSTAVE & ELIZABETH BADKE
PHILIP & ANNIE BERDUX
EMMANUEL & PAULINE BERNER
IRVEN & VICTORIA DEDELS
JACOB & HELEN EYDT
JACOB & ANNIE EBEL
DANIEL & ELIZABETH FISHER
WILLIAM & LOUISE FORLER
EDWARD & SUSANNA FRIES
JOHN & ERNESTINE GRODY
HENRY & FLORENCE HAGEN
ADAM & AMELIA HAHN
CHARLES & LOUISE HAHN
JOHN & MARY HAMMER
HENRY & ANNIE HELDMAN
ALFRED & ROSE HELLER
OTTO & KATE HELLER
GEORGE & ELMA HOELSCHER
FRED & SOPHIA HOFFMAN
HENRY & FRIEDA HOFFMEYER
ELMER & HILDA HOHNER
HERBERT & EMMA HOLLINGER
JACOB & ELMETA ISSLER
CHARLES & FRIEDERIKE JACOBI
JACOB & MARY KELLER
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ARTHUR & LILY KLUGMAN
HARRY & EMMA KNIPFEL
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JOHN & ANNIE KOCH

JOHN & ANNIE KOEHLER
WILLIAM & AUGUSTA KRUSE
HENRY & CATHERINE LOOS
EPHRAIM & OTILLIA LUDWIG
ARTHUR & LUCINDA MEYER
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JACOB & ELIZABETH RAUSCH
PHILIP & CHARLOTTE REHKOPF
PASTOR GEORGE & MARGARET SANDROCK
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WILLIAM & ELIZABETH SCHARLACH
PASTOR JOHN & MARGARET SCHMIEDER
EMIL & DOROTHEA SCHULTZ
JAMES & MINNIE SEARLES
CHARLES & FRIEDA SMITH
CARL & MARIA SMITH
OTTO & CARRIE STAUCH
ENOCH & ANNIE STEFFLER
CLARENCE & ELINORA TOTZKE
GUSTAVE & JOHANNA TUCHLINSKI
JACOB & IDA ULLRICH
GEORGE & ROSE VOGT
JOHN & ANNA VOGT
WILLIAM & EMMA WEICKER
JACOB & CATHERINE WINKLER
JACOB & CATHERINE WELTZ
EDWARD & MARY WESTPHAL
HENRY & CHRISTINE ZIEGLER

The holiest vow that man can make,
The Golden thread of life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which blessed by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Through care-worn days, each care divides,
And doubles every joy.



MR. JACOB B. OSWALD
Photographed on his 100th Birthday

Mr. Oswald was born on October 1st, 1837. Three months after his 101st birthday, he slept silently away. Up to the last he enjoyed the fullest use of all his faculties, reading without glasses, working his own garden. Here we see him, as was his regular weekly custom, listening to the Sunday services coming from his own beloved St. Matthew's Church. Patriarchs and pioneers like Mr. Oswald established the church from which for ten years "Golden Hours" have been coming to you. They have helped to bring Christ's Church thus far and present a challenge to those of us who follow them. Will we take it up?



"Across the fields of yesterday
 He sometimes comes to me,
 A little lad just back from play,
 The lad I used to be.
 And yet he smiles so wistfully,
 Once he has crept within,
 I wonder if he hoped to see
 The man I might have been."

Honor Roll

BIRTHDAY AND ANNIVERSARY SPONSORS

BIRTHDAYS and Anniversaries bring in their train memories of so many hopes, joys and sorrows. Fortunate indeed are those of us whose passing years have added measurably to our store of wisdom and growth in spirit and faith. "If only I had my life to live over again."

But birthdays are supposed to, and can be, happy and joyous celebrations. Every spring we see a re-birth of nature and so we at the threshold of each new year are given another opportunity to catch up on some of the things we have left undone. Kind thoughts and a few good deeds for our fellows radiate a happy and wholesome atmosphere, enrich personality and bring sunshine and cheer into their lives and ours. Worldly riches do not in themselves insure happiness and contentment. Our birthday sponsors in their celebration were more concerned with your happiness than their own. As a means of extending a sympathetic and helping hand they send to you "Golden Hours" and a Light to help you on your way.

Hold out a light,
 The way is dark;
 No ray to guide
 Your struggling bark.

Rough rocks are near,
 And wild waters roar;
 Hold out a light
 To show the shore.

Hold out a light;
 Your brother may
 Win back to land
 With your small ray;
 New courage find
 Life's storm to face,
 With Strengthened Faith
 To win the race.

—Addison Howard Gibson.

Honor Roll

BIRTHDAY AND ANNIVERSARY SPONSORS

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MR. & MRS. WM. F. BERNER
REV. H. K. BINHAMMER, B.D.
DR. F. B. CLAUSEN
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MR. & MRS. C. N. WEBER
MRS. KARL WEBER

I Remember, I Remember

A BIRTHDAY LYRIC

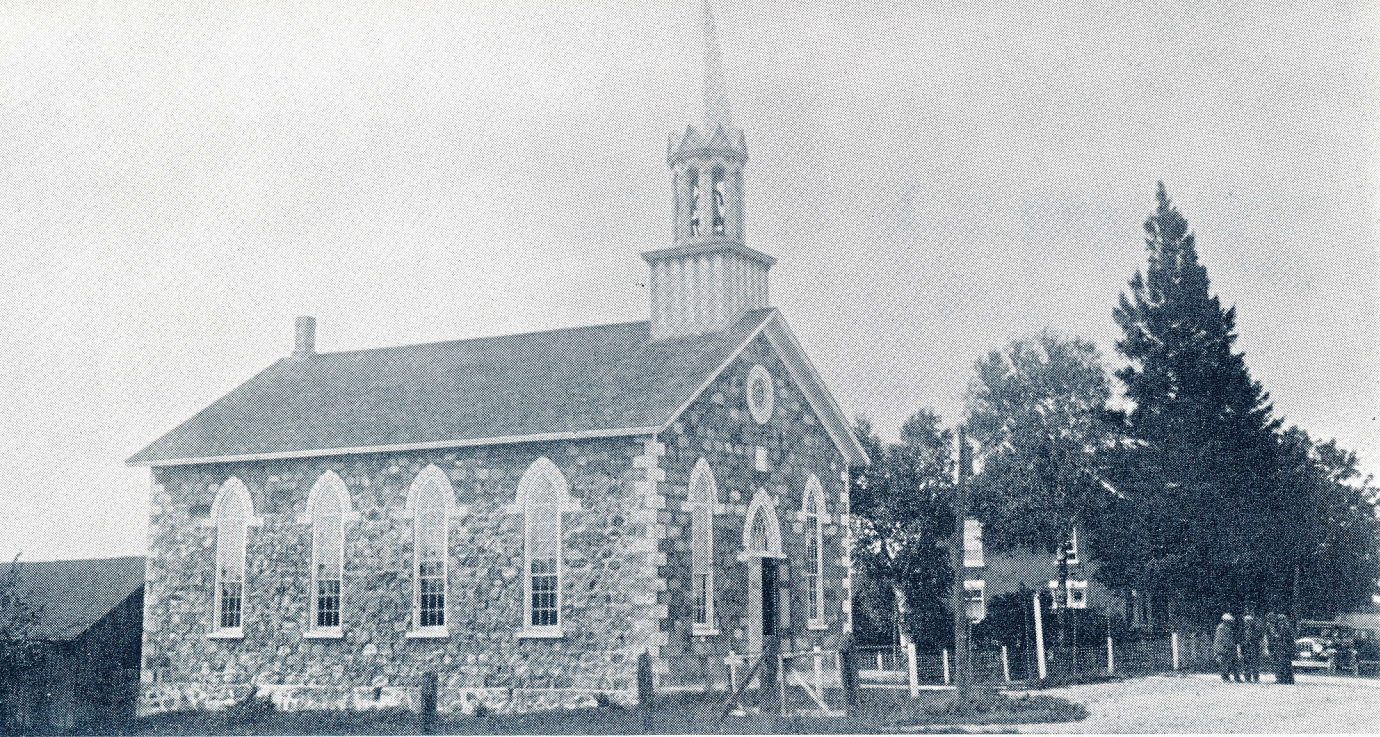
I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers of the light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—Thomas Hood.



ST. PAULS CHURCH IN NORMANBY TWP., ONT., is the chief church in a parish, which includes St. James and also St. Johns of Carrick Twp. Organizations and individuals of this parish have given generous support to the sending out of Golden Hours. The Rev. H. K. Binhammer, B.D., is the pastor.



ST. MATTHEWS CHURCH, HANOVER, ONT., whose pastor, choir and ladies' aid have shared in the joy of our broadcasting work. The Rev. E. Sterz, by the way, will celebrate the 10th anniversary of his Hanover pastorate in June, 1940. Kirche Daheim extends congratulations.

Acknowledgement

TRINITY CHURCH, NEW HAMBURG, the Rev. H. R. Mosig, pastor; Trinity Church, Tavistock, Rev. O. T. C. Stockmann, pastor; and the North Easthope-Wellesley-Gadshill Parish, whose present minister is the Rev. Wm. Nolting, have likewise supported Kirche Daheim with gifts of love from time to time. Their beautiful tall spired churches would have made an interesting addition to the group displayed on this page. But neither cuts nor photographs were available.



ST. PETERS CHURCH, LOGAN TWP., ONT., has recognized Kirche Daheim as an Inner Mission agency worthy of their congregation's support. Their warm-hearted pastor is the Rev. S. Friedrichsen.

Honor Roll

SOCIETIES AND CLUBS

Let me today do something that shalt take
 A little sadness from this world's vast store,
 And may I be so favored as to make
 Of Joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me tonight look back across the span
 'Twixt dawn and dark and to my conscience say,
 Because of some good act to beast or man—
 The world is better that I lived today.

The Church organizations, Clubs and other groups on this Roll have added much to the gold reserve of human kindness. Time and time again they have come with their help, some every year since 1930. Particularly are we indebted to our sister congregations in Waterloo, Gadshill, Wellesley, North Easthope, Normanby, New Hamburg, Sebastopol and Hanover. Not content to lend their financial assistance only, they sent their pastors to preach to you on special occasions, bringing additional inspiration and encouragement.

What strength and force we have in union! Individually we are limited, but working in groups for a common purpose, the results are increased beyond measure. Our hearty thanks to these Well Wishing Friends.

BE HAPPY GIRLS' CLUB	ST. MATTHEW'S, BROTHERHOOD
DEBORAH SOCIETY	" CRADLE ROLL TEACHERS
FRIENDSHIP CLUB	" ENGLISH SUNDAY SCHOOL
GOODWILL CLUB	" GERMAN SUNDAY SCHOOL
HAPPY HOUR CLUB	" GIRLS' GUILD
HELPING HAND CLUB	" LADIES' AID
K.-W. BROADCASTING CO.	" PASTOR'S BIBLE CLASS
LUTHER LEAGUE OF CANADA	" RADIO COMMITTEE
ST. JAMES', N. EASTHOPE, CHURCH SOCIETIES	" WOMENS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY
" " SUNDAY SCHOOL	ST. MATTHEW'S, HANOVER, LADIES' AID
ST. JOHN'S, WATERLOO, LADIES' AID	" " CHOR
ST. PAUL'S, WELLESLEY, CHURCH SOCIETIES	TRINITY, SEBASTOPOL, LUTHER LEAGUE
" " SUNDAY SCHOOL	" " WOMENS' MISS. SOCIETY
ST. PAUL'S, NORMANBY, LADIES' AID	TRINITY, NEW HAMBURG, LADIES' AID
ST. PETER'S, GADSHILL, CHURCH SOCIETIES	TCBC CLUB
" " SUNDAY SCHOOL	WATERLOO COLLEGE GRADUATING CLASSES
ST. MATTHEW'S, BIBLE CLASSES	WILLING WORKERS' CLUB
	WELL WISHING FRIENDS

Honor Roll

GOOD WILL SPONSORS

Somebody

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend indeed;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought "'Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Somebody helped the sun to shine;
Somebody sponsored "Kirche Daheim,"
Was that "Somebody" You?

MRS. H. BAHNSEN
MRS. GEORGE BAUER
MISS CLARA BERNER
REV. H. K. BINHAMMER
MR. OSCAR BRUECKNER
HON. W. D. EULER
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MR. JACOB MOLITOR
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REV. E. F. STERTZ
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Golden Hours

THE QUEST FOR THEIR TECHNICAL PERFECTION

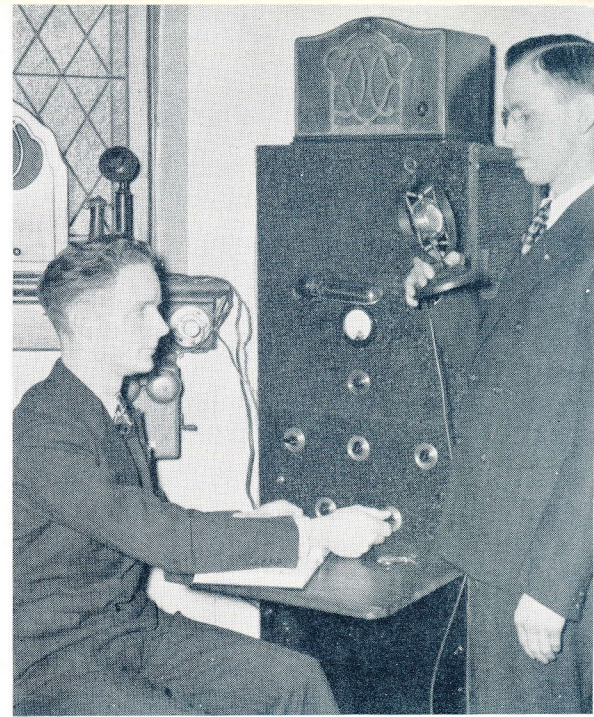
BY C. W. KRUSE

BACK in 1930, radio in general was still pretty much in its infancy. But it was also developing with amazing rapidity, and during the short span of ten years, which marks the period of our broadcasting experience, it has perhaps undergone more radical improvements than any other modern device.

On that historical Sunday in February, when we first ventured into this new field which God had opened up for the spreading of His word, we had only a very hazy conception of what might be involved in such an undertaking, what sort of equipment would be required, and how it would have to be installed in order to function properly in transmitting all parts of the church service from the choir gallery as well as from the pulpit, from the altar as well as from the lecturn.

We still have in our possession a detailed report on the reception of that first service as heard by Dr. H. Schorten of Waterloo College. That first broadcast service had in it the voice of many waters. It was punctuated with static, which the sensitive professor sometimes spelled S-T-A-T-I-C. The coughing during certain moments of silence, he recorded, came over the air with annoying clarity. But the sermon, the singing of the choir, and many other portions of the service were splendid. Indeed, we soon learned that thousands of people were thrilled to hear the word of God brought into their own homes.

But let us turn back again for a moment to glance at the machinery which was used to bring about this thrilling result. A few minutes before our radiocast began, some employees of the local station brought into the church two microphones, a quantity of wire, some batteries and a portable amplifier. The microphones, mounted on stands, were quickly set up; one on a tabouret near the pulpit, the other near the altar. Wires from these points led out into a corridor to the amplifier. From here a connection was made to a temporary telephone line, which carried the service to the radio station in the town of Waterloo to be broad-



SAM WEICKER and GORDON KIPPER at the control panel. These two young men help to monitor the weekly broadcast and make the closing announcements.

cast. Notwithstanding the hurried assembly of somewhat primitive equipment and the lack of experience in monitoring the broadcast of a Lutheran service, the first attempt was, on the whole, quite satisfactory.

This method of broadcasting was in vogue for several months. Meanwhile the number of listeners grew by leaps and bounds. Voluntary contributions began to come in, augmenting the subsidy granted by our local Brotherhood. After a while it became apparent that our timid venture had promise of becoming permanent. It was deemed advisable to consider the possibility of purchasing and installing our own equipment. After due consideration, and with the generous assistance of enthusiastic friends, two carbon microphones, the best that could be procured at that time, and very expensive, were purchased. A standard line amplifier was built and was placed in a specially constructed cabinet in the electric switch room, located in the south-west corner of the church building. Our only source of power in those early days was in batteries, wet and dry. These were used with good results, but required much attention, constant recharging and periodical replacement. Our painstaking efforts towards technical perfection, however, were rewarded by the many evidences of grateful appreciation on the part of our expanding audience.

But men engaged in this kind of work are

never permitted to rest on their laurels. Perfection was our watchword, but perfection in radio broadcasting was found to be a very elusive ideal. Throughout the next two years a number of further improvements were made in order to enhance still further the quality of our broadcasting. A third microphone was placed near the organ and choir, so that the musical part of the service might be heard to better advantage. A new three channel mixing amplifier was also designed, making it possible to use one, two or three of the microphones at will. Furthermore all the equipment was now moved out of the switch room into the sacristy adjoining the sanctuary, so that the attendant or operator might be able better to follow the movement of the service and thus provide the best monitoring of its various parts. This new arrangement proved to be highly satisfactory, and again there was a marked improvement in the reception of our service in the homes of our listeners everywhere.

By this time five years had come and gone. We enjoyed the good will of a large congregation of invalid and aged folks. Their prayers continued to give us every encouragement. But in the field of radio no one is ever satisfied with past achievements. Changes continued to come with lightning like rapidity. One morning we woke up to discover that battery power could be dispensed with, and that for various technical reasons all-electric equipment, which could now be had, was far superior. Once more a new amplifier was constructed, with the pleasing result that we were able to broadcast with increased power and fidelity and without the danger of a sudden interruption due to battery exhaustion. About this time, too, we undertook to erect our own transmission lines from the church to the broadcasting studios, thus effecting a substantial saving, since we no longer had to lease the wires of the Bell Telephone Company.

About a year later it was felt that the opening and closing announcements ought to be made from the control room in the church, rather than from the studios of CKCR. This would enable us to time our broadcasts more accurately, and besides that, would probably also add more dignity to the presentation of the service itself. This would, of course, require the installation of a fourth microphone. We learned at this time also, that a new and much superior type of microphone had been developed, namely the velocity microphone.

It was somewhat smaller than the older model and less conspicuous. Though very sensitive, it had the very desirable tendency of picking up less extraneous noise. On the other hand the adoption of this improved device required an entirely new channel amplifier, designed to work with the velocity principle and equipped to take care of the proposed fourth microphone.

Once more we realized that perfection was indeed an elusive maiden. But its pursuit had become a fixed policy, and before long we signed a contract with a leading radio engineer for the construction of a new outfit, specifying in particular that in its provision was to be made for the installation of further equipment. All this was carried out to our satisfaction. The velocity microphones were actually very much better, and our broadcasts took on a fresh quality of fidelity and perfection.

Finally, about two years ago, a public address system was installed in the church, and at the same time a number of individual hearing aids. The latter were intended for the convenience of the hard of hearing, while the former was designed to make the pastor's voice as plainly audible at the rear of the church as in the front. For this purpose four loudspeakers were introduced into the walls of the church. They are completely invisible to the eye, and even the ear is unaware of their presence, but the worshippers, who prefer the distant pews, are now as near, in effect, to the pastor, as those who are fortunate enough to get a seat near the pulpit. Naturally all these additional units work in conjunction with our broadcast amplifier and are controlled simultaneously from the same panel in the control room.

Although the cost of keeping our equipment up to date and abreast of the times has been considerable through the years, yet the thought, that by so doing we were serving the Master, never permitted us to hold back from making any improvement that promised to bring His holy word more acceptably to the lonely and the shut-in. Moreover, in our constant quest for technical perfection, we have given to the broadcasts of St. Matthew's Church services the high standard of quality and distinction which they rightly deserve, and which have made them for countless listeners glad and golden hours with God, to Whom we desire to give all the honour and the glory.

Goldene Stunden

ZUM 10. JAHRESFESTE VON KIRCHE
DAHEIM

VON H. R. MOSIG

Gold'ne Stunden hat der Vater
Seinen Kindern zgedacht,
Als er sie im Paradiese
An das Licht der Welt gebracht.—
Gold'ne Stunden sind verschwunden
Als das Kind vom Vater ging,
Und in Sunden und in Sorgen
Dunkle Nacht die Welt umfing.

Gold'ne Stunden giebt es wieder,
Seit Gott Seinen Sohn gesandt,
Der mit treuer Heilands-Liebe
Alles Leid der Welt gewandt.—
Gold'ne Stunden mag nun finden
Jedes muede Menschenherz,
Das in Demut und in Glauben
Zieht die Strasse himmelwaerts.

* * * *

Wo am heil'gen Sonntag Morgen
Gottes Volk zur Kirche geht,—
Sieh, da sucht man gold'ne Stunden,
Die kein Sturm, der Welt verweht;
Da vernimmt man sel'ge Kunde:
"Sieh, ich mache Alles neu!"—
Und durch Predigt und im Liede
Wird die arme Seele frei.

Frei, dass wir wie Tauben fliegen
An das treue Vaterherz;—
Frei, dass wir wie Noah's Taube
Kuenden Ende allem Schmerz;
Das die Sintflut ist vergangen
Und die gold'nen Stunden da,
Wo, wie einst im Paradiese
Gottes Kind den Vater sah.

Seht, so fliegen seit zehn Jahren
Tauben mit dem Friedensblatt
Aus Matthaeus' Kirchenhallen,
Die uns Gott gesendet hat.—
Fliegen in das Heim der Kranken,
Und wo einer alt und schwach,
Einsam, und voll Not und Sorge
Ob des Lebens Ungemach.

Sieh, da schafft es gold'ne Stunden
In der Angst und Not der Zeit,
Und man hoert's wie Engelsfluegel
Leise aus der Ewigkeit.—
Flieget, Friedenstauben, weiter!
Kirche im Daheim soll sein,
Bis dann unsre gold'nen Stunden
Muenden in den Himmel ein.



Die Kirche Dabeim

Der Sonntag kommt mit leisem Schritt,
Bringt jedem Christen etwas mit
Im heil'gen Gotteshause;
Doch Mancher, der da schwach und krank,
Und mancher Einsame seufzt bang:
Kann nicht aus meiner Klaus.

Doch horch! Ist das nicht Glockenklang?
Ist das nicht Orgelspiel und Sang,
Das durch die Luefte rauschet?—
Es dringt in's Krankenkaemmerlein
Wie lichter, warmer Sonnenschein,
Und mancher Kranke lauschet.

Wo kommt der Segen Gottes her?
Und fuellt das Herze, das so leer,
Am lieben Sonntag Morgen?—
Aus St. Matthaeus kommt der Klang!
Und dafuer sei Dir herzlich Dank,
Du Stillter mancher Sorgen!

Fahr' fort in Deinem hehren Tun,
Ihr Kinder Gottes sollt nicht ruhn!
Teilt aus mit vollen Haenden.—
Lasst durch die Luefte rauschen fort
Das teure, liebe Gotteswort:
Ihr sollt ja Segen spenden. —H. R. Mosig.

The Sunday comes on silent wings
And to all Christians it brings
In God's house each a blessing;
But many who are old and grey,
And many sick and lonely say,
"For me God hath no blessing."

But hark! I hear the church's bell,
I hear the organ's music swell,
And holy hymns ascending,
It drifts into my lonely room
And like the sun dispels all gloom,
Brings peace and joy unending,

Whence comes this heavenly blessing, say,
To warm the heart and make it gay
On every Sunday morning?
Out of St. Matthews it doth rise
And like the dew drops from the skies
To gladden all who listen.
Thanks be to thee
Without ceasing, still increasing,
May salvation
Fill the whole of God's creation.

The End

GOLDEN DEEDS AND GOLDEN HEARTS

In these concluding lines the Radio Committee desires to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Pauline Woolner, † May 13, 1937, and to Mr. Charles Jonas, † Oct. 6, 1938, both of whom remembered the work of Kirche Daheim in their last will and testament.

What truly golden hearts these children of God were blessed with, is exemplified especially in the correspondence of one of them, from which we here present a few extracts.

On March 29, 1931, Mrs. Woolner wrote, "Please accept this little gift for your radio fund. I am so grateful that the good Lord has found a way for His children to hear the church service over the radio. It is indeed manna sent from above for hungry souls, who like myself are old and sick and shut-in. I am sorry that I cannot send more, but I know that the Lord, in Whom I trust, will honor the widow's mite, and pray that God may bless His word, as it is sent out to those who are shut-in because of bodily infirmity, Yours in Christian welfare, One of the thankful shut-ins."

This first letter bore no signature, but later in the year we received another in the same hand-writing which did; and we were able to reply and thank her. Letters were exchanged every now and then. Two years passed. In October, 1933, when we were better acquainted, Mrs. Woolner wrote, saying:

"I feel as if I ought to explain why I sometimes wrote 'the widow's mite' when sending a donation. Well, by the help of God, I tried to do a widow's part during the 26 years when my husband was ill and I was left alone with a young baby son of two weeks and eight other children to care for. He was a good kind husband before this came over him, and a Godly man. We used to have family worship together and were happy with our children until he had to be taken away. But God never failed me. I found that when the days are darkest, the dear Saviour is always nearest. Two weeks ago we received word that Mr. Woolner had passed away. We brought him home and quietly laid him to rest beside our three children, that have gone on before, leaving him in God's hands, Who does all things well. But now you will understand why I always called myself a widow."

In the early depression years, when foreign mission boards were beset with debts and deficits, and we asked for special offerings, Mrs. Woolner offered her mite with these words:



"We cannot all go to the foreign field, but we can help along by praying and giving of those things with which the Lord has blessed us, even though the sum is not large. I like to lay aside a portion, when I get money, for the Lord's cause, so that when the call comes, I have something to give. I always feel blessed in so doing and never get any poorer for it."

In January of that year she was deeply moved by the calamity suffered by the people in the Ohio River valley. "I have been thinking and praying about it all week," she wrote, "but that will not help the poor people in their great need. So I beg you to give my donation in with the rest which has been collected, and pray the good Lord that He may add His blessing and send deliverance to these stricken people."

Early in March, 1937, we received a very beautiful note of congratulation extending to us her felicitations on the occasion of the seventh anniversary of Kirche Daheim. As she listened from her sick bed she shed tears of joy and gratitude when she choir sang, "Herr, Deine Guete" (Lord, Thy goodness extendeth to the heavens, and to the ends of the earth), and it occurred to her that God had found a way to do that very thing by radio.

But her body was steadily becoming more feeble, and at length, on March 23, 1937, we received a letter, written not in ink, but in pencil. The lines were no longer as even either. Only the spirit was still the same, and it dwelt in a heart of gold. The letter, addressed to the Radio Committee, reads:

"Dear Christian Friends: Just a few lines to express to you and the dear pastor my sincere appreciation for the weekly broadcasts of the beautiful service of St. Matthews Church. During the long winter months, when I was seldom able to leave my room, it brought so much joy and comfort. It was the one thing that I always waited for eagerly each week. They would bring the radio right into my room so that I could hear it better. I am especially thankful for the Good Friday broadcast. In the cross of Christ I glory and also in the victorious and risen Saviour. May God richly bless all those, who are so faithfully helping along to keep up the broadcasts of Kirche Daheim."

(Signed) Yours Sincerely,

PAULINE WOOLNER.



*The Christian's heart doth always rest
Upon a bed of roses;
And e'en beneath the Cross of Christ
In peace and joy reposes.*