

# Heritage Horizons

...a memorial book was written in His *presence*, recording those who revered Him  
and those who had the highest respect for His name...Malachi 3:16



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**"God works the miracles; we just lend Him our hands."**

- Dr. Theodore Adams-

## Point of View *by Lenore Lang*

The Triennial is now past history, and we are grateful for everyone who contributed to its success in many ways. Above all we thank God for His grace and enabling power **and** for travel mercies for those who attended from near and far. Safe travel is **never** a thing to be taken for granted.

Pastors and their families are precious people. In this issue we will get a point of view of a pastor's wife from our oldest NAB church, the former Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia. This peek inside a parsonage may tickle your funny bone the way it did mine as Ruth

Correnti describes some of their family happenings. Above all may this article encourage all of us to pray regularly for our pastors and their families.

See an offer of free CD's — the contents will inspire you. Guaranteed!

As I promised in the last issue, our Editorial Consultant, Sarah Breitzkreuz, has written some words you will want to read, words that will inspire you.

Don't miss finding out what Associate Archivist Berneice Westerman has for us in her **Armchair Traveler**.

## Life on Earth *by Sarah Breitzkreuz*

The world is too big for us. Try as you will, you get behind in the race, in spite of yourself.

Every generation tends to see itself as living under the greatest stress and strain in human history. The temptation is either to throw up our hands in a gesture of helplessness and wait for the inevitable doomsday or to put our hands together and pray for miracles to solve our problems.

When the Risen Christ appeared to the disciples for the last time, He said to them, "You will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes down on you; then you are to be My witnesses ...

even to the ends of the earth." No sooner had He said this than He was lifted up before their eyes in a cloud which took Him from their sight.

Why do we stand here looking up to the skies? There is no pie up there. The power of the Holy Spirit has come down on us. And here and now, we are to be witnesses to the ends of the earth of a God who is with us, in the midst of all our problems.

As the Father has sent Jesus, so now He sends us as life-givers, as reconcilers, as peacemakers, as women and men for others.

## Memories of 28 Years in Urban Ministry by Ruth Correnti

Shortly after Rev. James Correnti was called to minister at Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church or Erste Deutsche Baptisten Gemeinde, Marion Steinbronn opened up the **Reuben Windisch Memorial Parsonage** (as proclaimed by a plaque on the front porch) so that we could get a look. She ushered us in and showed us the spot in the living room where she and her husband, George, had been married many years ago. We were told of a ramp that had been placed from the parsonage to the church so that the wheelchair-bound son of a former pastor could get in and out of the buildings. A bell rung from the kitchen sounded in the pastor's study so he could be called home to lunch by his dutiful wife. It remained to be seen if the new pastor's wife would be so dutiful!

Since I had grown up in California and in the Philadelphia suburbs, row houses were only something that I had observed on train rides through Philadelphia. I had always wondered to myself how people could live so close together. But this was a large, roomy building, which would fit my plans

for an extra-large family. So, in spite of the racket made by the shaking and rattling of the windows on the first windy night that we stayed in the parsonage, we were honored and excited to be chosen to be the "first couple" of the church at the young ages of 27 and 23, and guests in their parsonage.

I was asked by the trustees to pick out a paint color for the building. I did not know too much about urban housing, but I knew that there were a lot of nice city homes in a newly-rehabilitated area of Philadelphia known as Society Hill. One of the colors being widely used there to bring urban housing to life was an *understated creamy gold* color. This was what I **thought** I chose for the exterior trim of the Reuben

Windisch Memorial Parsonage. To my surprise, after it was applied, it was a rather bright yellow-orange. Shortly after this color made its debut, I went to the Ladies Missionary Meeting and they hopped on my 23-year-old, Ivy League self with a vengeance. I ran into the bathroom crying and most of them rushed in after me; they had only wanted to let me know that I had made a major error, but my crying made them think that they

had gone too far. As I was sobbing in the bathroom, one of my comforters explained that one of their number had a sharp tongue and I would learn to "work around" her as they all had done. I learned through the years that there was much in church life to "work around."

Welcome to the Reuben Windisch Memorial Parsonage. The honeymoon was definitely over!

Soon we began to bring the parsonage up to full duty as Jason was added to our family and then three foster children from an agency that specialized in hard-to-place emotionally-troubled children. They were followed by Jeremy, whose skinny, pink newborn-self was greeted by his older brother, Jason, with the words, "Is that a **chicken**?" We completed the picture with two more foster children and two more of our own, Joseph and James. We made the transition from a highly-sought-after classical musician/pastor and his sweet wife to a group that you thought twice about having anywhere in earshot.

Once I went to the obstetrician with my very loud 9-year-old foster daughter, Mary. I had told Mary that I was pregnant, but she didn't believe it. The doctor made the mistake of coming into the waiting room. Mary did not notice that I had



moved away from where I had been standing, and a grey-haired woman was now standing in my place.

Mary, in her blasting voice, asked the doctor, "Is she **really** going to have a baby?" and pointed directly at the grey-haired lady. The older woman, who was no doubt hoping for a privacy-shrouded gynecological visit, looked ready to pass out as the whole waiting room started to laugh.

On another doctor's visit, Mary sat down next to an older sickly-looking woman who was lighting up a cigarette. Mary spoke kindly to her: "Really, if you wouldn't smoke, you wouldn't be sick and have to come to the doctor's office." I overheard the doctor saying to the nurse, "Take Ruth Correnti first. Her children are making the other patients nervous."

The question of who owns the pastor's children came up quite a bit in the process of church life. Shortly after our last son, James, was born, he made his grand debut into church life. I overheard this conversation, between two women in the church: The one holding him turned to the other who was sitting next to her and said, "This is my baby." The woman answered kindly, but firmly, "No, I think that he belongs to all of us."

(Editor's Note: This is the first installment of Ruth Correnti's delightful true story. See the next issue for the continuation.)

## What America Means To Me

*Reflections by Rev. Berthold Jacksteit*

During the Vietnam War, Rev. Jacksteit was very disturbed by the anti-American sentiment that was so prevalent. He was a relatively private person who did not readily talk about his personal life or early life-experiences, but he was so disturbed by all the anti-American rhetoric and open demonstrations, that he very much wanted to express his deep appreciation for his adopted country.

So in 1972 he gave seven sermons in his church, The Central Schwenkfelder Church in Lansdale, Pennsylvania. In these sermons he tells his story of the difficult times of suffering that his family experienced as Christians in a Communist-dominated culture and political system. Born in 1910 at Rodzischtsche, Russia, he tells of the experiences and economic struggles of the Jacksteit family coming to the United States. He also relates the heart-wrenching experience when he feared deportation because his documents were not in order, and how finally he was granted citizenship.

Rev. Jacksteit speaks about his deep resentment over the fact that his own father became a pastor. He came to America because of political freedom and economic opportunities, but by God's grace and power he himself was called to become a pastor! To that end, from 1929—1934, he attended the North American Baptist Seminary which was then located in Rochester, NY. Ordained in Leduc, Alberta, Canada in 1934, he served in Leduc and in Rabbit Hill, Alberta, from 1934-1936. In 1937 he received his BA from Westminster College, Philadelphia, and in 1939 an MA from the University of Pittsburgh. He went to be with the Lord in April of 2001.

His Reflections are as interesting as a book, yet you can listen to them in your car or at home on your CD player. There are 3 CDs containing seven messages. Please write to us and ask for your free copy. You will be glad you did!

(By Dr. Ernie Zimbelman, Heritage Com. Chairperson)



## The Armchair Traveler by Associate Archivist Berneice Westerman



During the recent Triennial, **you** traveled and my armchair stayed in place, except for my daily trips to the Arena. I have not fully evaluated the benefits but am so glad I had the chance to visit with so many of you. It pleases me that

our men are interested in retaining the history of our Conference. One recommended his wife as a *translator* of German materials and already she has been sent materials relating to travel plans of the 1913 Conference in Madison, SD as well as the history of the German churches in Iowa. Thank you, Maria!

I am still in the process of doing an inventory of items that some of you brought to us. I have had the privilege of sharing some of that information. I truly wish you could visit us to see for yourselves all that is in our Archives. Two women from California stayed a day longer after the Triennial to have a look and were pleased to see what a vast amount of information there is here in the Archives for the serious researcher.

Right now the contributions from the Fleischmann Memorial Church are being inventoried and put into acid-free archival boxes and files. There are times that I wish I were adept in reading the German handwritten language. What a blessing and challenge would be found in those minutes of those church meetings as well as those of the deacons and women's meetings.

At the Triennial there were some items on

loan for our Heritage Commission display. I want to go on record to say a special "Thank You" to Mrs. Dorothy Bleeker and Mrs. Lillian Kludt for the Church Scrap Books. They showed what can be done to keep records of your church events. I took the liberty to photocopy some of the material so that we have such information in our files.

A personal scrapbook given to us by Dr. David Draewell had some vital information that was photocopied and put into the appropriate church or personal files. One of the Bibles which belonged to Dr. Draewell's father had a very good family summary, so in that case I photocopied those pages and put them into the appropriate biographical file.

And now, — a request! We would really appreciate a 1913 picture of a parade of 100 cars from the NAB Conference in Madison. These cars, we understand, were used as taxis and the special newspaper printed at that time tells us that a Mr. Zoe took the picture. Someone told me that Mr. Zoe's nephew continues to run a Photography Shop in Madison. **Can you help us find this picture?**

We already have the Conference program, a picture of attendees, a pin and newspaper from that Conference. That Car Parade picture would be a real addition to our Archival collection.

Thank you!

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**"We are so busy clutching our material possessions that we do not have our hands free to receive the additional spiritual blessings God wants to give us."**

**- Mrs. Rosa Page Welch -**

(Baptist Herald Dec. 17, 1953)