

Letter # 12

February 5, 1933

Want to visit you once. It's Sunday morning. Wish you health and happiness. Today it's very cold, 28 degrees. Except for Kornelius, the children have gone to church with Thiessen's Tina. All is still. My husband is reading. Just Isaak is with me, he just came home from the school. From today onward, it's the seventh day that's supposed to be the day of rest (*Otdetch*). For awhile everyone could choose which ever day one wanted as a rest day: one took Friday, the next one Saturday, but Sunday was automatically a necessary workday. When Bernhard took his tractor course, just after New Year's, it was decreed that Wednesday must absolutely be the day of rest. Now things have already changed, who knows for how long. We believe what we see, and that always . . . ?

In this difficult situation, may the Lord provide strength for us of little faith not to despair, for there is no authority without the will of God, and He sees the misery around here, but what we hear is terrible, when one travels how many people just starve to death. By us in the village here there is little distress, but still many with few clothes, and eating far from the best, but most have bread and potatoes, except those recently arrived from the south, those are very (poor ?)

We have harvested so much bread that we are now to give to those in need, and God loves a cheerful giver. But soon we'll have gone so far that we won't know who needs help the most. Helping everyone, that's impossible.