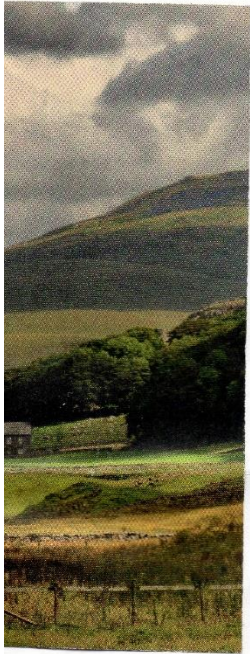


bei der Licht= by the light, Januar= January, Sonntag= Sunday, Liebe betul= Dear Betul, Line 4
Weihnachten Karte= Christmas card, Deutsche= german, Montag= Monday

✓

bei "der Licht" 20. Januar 2019, Sonntag

from Indiana to Nürnberg!



Liebe Betul,

It is a blessing having received your 5 Dec letter w/ beautiful photos in forest settings and later your Weihnachten Karte. The articles re Deutsche Bank scandal... tax protests in France are very interesting. Sources here have not been so candid, and of course I have no access to the internet here. Thank you so very much!

I would take every opportunity for walks in such beautiful forests. God bless your thoughtful choice for looking the photos up and sharing.

I've been reading a biography of Adolf Galland. He enjoyed an outstanding role as an aviator in WWII and before. He grew up on a farm at Westphalia which would be near where my great grandmother was born. She, a Galmeyer, was age 3 when her family immigrated to USA and eventually married my great grandfather John in Iowa. He immigrated from Lower Saxony when he was 17.

Our youngest son, Michael Dean, (36), did some ancestry search and found that John's birth records are at Hanover. He learned, good or bad, that Heinrich Himmler is a cousin in the tree. Mike had his DNA searched and learned he is 79% German; 17% Scandinavian; and 4% British. Very interesting. My mother's ancestors - dairy people, largely of Netherlands; her mother some British who were already in USA in colonial days.

My father's family lost the Deutsche language under the duress of WWI. Before that, they were confirmed and schooled and church ceremonies, as well as all day-to-day conversation was in Deutsche. My great grandparents and many of the grave markers; marriage certificates, etc. all in German. Most of the people in the area from Germany. Small world.

Even today, prejudices of our heritage contribute to this persecution.

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It's been a long time since I took off and enjoyed flight. I

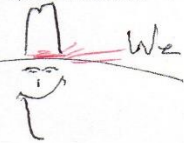


was about 30 when I learned to fly - and soon learned to love it. I can not think of anything that is comparable. It is a wonderful experience all itself. Wonderful as it is, I could never get my father to go for a ride with me.

A couple times I even landed a few miles from his home and called, but he would not chance it.

As a cowboy working with cattle and horses there is so much more danger. A friend of mine, horseman all his life, fell when the horse reared and Roger was dead on the spot. We've had bulls that would crush you if you ever gave them the chance. By comparison, flying is much safer. But my dad had his mind made up. Ha, ha!

Life is risky. Everyone must cross the veil some time. It is so good to know Jesus has prepared the way. We all have best of reason for rejoicing.



bei "der Licht" 21 Januar 2019, Montag

As I look through slats and wire the ground is again white. Some of the guys are concerned for the neighborhood cats having to deal with snow and cold. With buildings and shelter, as well as their winter coats they are fine. They do like food handouts and no doubt have plenty. 😊

I hold you and yours up in prayer "every" day - we shall see liberty and his goodness today and every day!

With love of Christ,
Ray - russell - dean



P.S. May joy be yours!