Carissime [Latin for "Beloved"],

Recently I read somewhere that you gave the address at the graduation exercises of our parish school at First Church, Knoxville, Tenn. That interested me very much. I wish I could have been with you. Why? Well, because that school is one of the two daughters the Lord gave me in East Tennessee: the one in Chattanooga, the other in Knoxville. Both of them flourishing today.

I started the school in Knoxville from scratch in September, 1892. (when Rev. C. C. Schmidt, then President of the Western District of Synod, installed me at Knoxville, June 7, 1892, the congregation – possibly didn't - belonged to the Holston Synod. How did I become pastor of that congregation while it belonged to another synod? Well, that is a long and interesting story that you will not find in the pages of the Western District! _____ tell it here! To cap the climax, the Holston Synod met in in St. John's Church where the President, Rev Hancher, was pastor. Only a few weeks after my installation, the President had appointed preachers for the morning and evening service at my church. I politely told him, "Nothing doing! I fill my pulpit myself. ["] In the evening service I had about a dozen Holston Pastors under my pulpit. Too bad I can't tell you the whole story here.) When I spoke about starting a parish school, people thought I was crazy. The congregation was not interested, but when I persisted, they gave me permission to start the school strictly on my own, to earn a little money. This I did. At the start I had 28 pupils. I charged 50 cents a month tuition. I had no school furniture, no school seats; blackboards, maps, etc.; but only rickety chairs, tables, etc. When at the end of the first month I turned the tuition money over to the Church Board, they at first refused to accept it. They said that money belonged to me, not to the congregation. When I insisted that they take it, they did and reported the state of affairs at the next voters' meeting. That changed the picture. They resolved to purchase desks. blackboards, maps etc. That's the way the Knoxville school was born. No wonder I am proud of it; no wonder I wish I could have been with you. Two ladies who where little tots when I started the school still correspond with me, especially Christmas & on my birthday. Probably you met one of them when you were there - Mrs. Urban Preus, a very active worker in the congregation. Her maiden name was Lena Mauelshagen.

It makes me laugh when I hear brethren say that they have no parish school because their congregation does not want one. That's rot! The way to start a parish school is to start one. If the pastor or missionary wants to wait till his congregation comes to him and on bended knees beg him to start a school he may have to wait till moss grows in all the wrinkles of his body. The way to start one is to start it and then wait and see what will happen. He may have a big surprise and an -- eye opener. In Chattanooga I had a flourishing dayschool with 25 children long before I had an organized congregation. In fact the school really started the congregation. Not vice

versa. Please pardon my writing. The 95 plus years make writing a real task, especially when the eyes begin to grow weak. I'm sure you will excuse me sending you this You know that day will Perhaps you are interested in the unwritten history of our Western District. Ergo.
God bless and keep you & yours! Semper idem [Latin for "always the same"]
Julius A. Friedrichs

Caressine!

Decembly I read somewhere that your gave the address al the gradualism exercises of our panch school al First. Church, Thuy ille, Denn. That interested me very much. I wish I eval have been us the your looky? Well, because that school is one of this ters daughters the Lord gave me in Earl Tenners. The one in Chat accorpt, the other in Haywells, Both of them places day,

I started the solvool in Suxuelle from scratch in Seplen ber, 1892. (B3. When Per P. C. Schundt, Them Prendent of the western District of Egood, installed me est Their wille, June 7, 1892, the carrye atim harribile diction belonged to the Holsler. Segurd. Hono elid I receme parlar of that cons gregalism while it belouged to the cen other square? Well, that is a king and interesting story that four will not find lell it here. To cap the clemax, the Holden lywood met in emperior in St. John's Claude where the President, Der Hancher, was paster, only a been weeks after my enstallation The President had appreciated preacher for the morning and evening series at my clourch. I polity lold them, " nothing doerd! I fill my pulpir himself. In the local surice I had about a dozen Holdon Parlois mucher my penlight. Too bad I can't lett you the colobe day here! - When I spoke about starting a parish oderod people thought I was cruzy,
The congregation was not interested, had when I persiled
they have me permission to start the oderod strictly in my
own, to larm a hilli money. This I do'd cell the ot and I
trunk I'm price. I charged 50 cents armselfs tris love. I had no school fremden; no school reels; black boards, mules

ele: had only old ricket, chairs, latter ele. When at the and of the bust nearly I herried the trial in many vole to the Clunch Board, they at bird refused to aireful it They I and that many Wenged to my, not to the conjugation. When I ensibled that they late it, they did and repealed the state of affairs at the next volers meeting. That changed the produce. They revolved to preschare deshe, Which boards, majer ele. Thus the way the Luxuele relead was harry; No wonder I can broad of it. no wonder I wish I could have been with your. Two ladies who when lills lots when I sharled he school still every and who me, expende thereby us + my hertholy. Probably your met one of them when you were their men who were the my work there when you were their men work the men work the men work the men were the men workers. I he was the men were calve worker in the engryation. Ha menden name was Leda mauelshagen. It makes me laugh when I hear brethrey say that they have no panch school because their consecution I does not would me. Their rot! The way to short a pass of school is to short my. If the parter ar shorning would be want till his conjegation comes to him and in Wended knees beg him to start a school he was hard to wait till many grower in all the wrinkels of this rody. The way to start one is to start and their wait and see what well In Chalt anospet I had a placesting days chool who 25 children lary before I had an we amjed congregation. In fact The shoot really started the conjugation. hat were versa Olean parden injuriting. The 95 plan years make westing a real lasts, especially when the eyes begin to grow weak, - In weren. Fow Miew that day aller all geschweby. Norhage you are interested in the cemarillen knows of and Sod blen and heep yeen + your's Sempler n'dery Julius le Fridelis de Ex Tat erw my industral will that towner may

413 Yory Holy Cross Ev. Lutheran Church MIAMI STREET AND OHIO AVENUE SAINT LOUIS 18, MISSOURI April 17, 1959 CHURCH OFFICE PHONE PROSPECT 2-8633 JOHN W. OTT, PASTOR The Rev. Daniel D. Dautenhahn 1607 North Hills Blvd. Knoxville, 17, Tennessee Dear Brother Dautenhahn: In cleaning out my files today I ran across this letter from the now deceased Dr. Julius A. Friedrich, one-time pastor of First Lutheran at Knoxville. I had spoken at the graduation exercises in 1957. He read about this in the Western District Voice, whereupon he wrote me the enclosed interesting letter, all the more interesting because in was written by a nonagenarian and because it contains information that probably was not printed elsewhere. At any rate, it ought to interest you, if you do not know about it as yet. And since it is in the hand-writing of the first pastor of your congregation, it may be a museum piece for the archivist, if any. You may keep it with my compliments. If it is not worth saving, dispose of it. I am happy to hear that your are working with visible success in your new field of labor. With fraternal greetings, Sincerely yours,

THE LITTLE CHURCH WHERE YOU WERE CONFIRMED. Ps. 137, 5. 6.



My Church!

My Church! My dear old Church!
I love her ancient name;
And God forbid, a child of hers
Should ever do her shame!
Her mother-care, I'll ever share;
Her child I am alone,
Till He who gave me to her arms
Shall call me to His own.

Dear Friend:

You are

hereby cordially invited to be present at a social re-union of those

who were

confirmed by me;

on Friday, June 18th. 1897,

8 p. m., at the school room.

Be sure to come

and oblige

your pastor

Julius A. Friedrich.

Knoxville, Tenn. June 14,'97