

4273 Wyoming Str.  
St. Louis, 16, Mo., Aug. 6, 1957.

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

4273 Wyoming St.,  
St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 6, 1957.

Carissime!

Recently I read somewhere that you gave the address at the graduation exercises of our parish school at First Church, Huxville, 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 Huxville. Both of them flourishing today.

I started the school in Huxville from scratch in September, 1892. (NB. When Rev. P. C. Schmidt, then President of the Western District of Lynch, installed me at Huxville, June 7, 1892, the congregation—horribly divided—belonged to the Holston Lynch. How did I become pastor of that congregation which it belonged to ~~the~~ another synod? Well, that is a long and interesting story that you will not find on the paper of the Western District. Long as it is to tell it here. To ease the climax, the Holston Lynch met in convention 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 services at my church. I politely told them, "Nothing doing! I fill my pulpit myself. In the evening service I had about a dozen Holston Pastors under my pulpit. God had 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 persuaded 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 desks; blackboards, maps

etc; but 'only' old rickety chairs, tables etc'. When at the  
end of the first month I turned the tent on my nose  
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  
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maps etc. That's the way the Knoxville school was born.  
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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 for sending you this Board  
warm. You know that das Allen ist geschweizig.

Perhaps you are interested in the unwritten history of our  
Western District. <sup>info.</sup>

God bless and keep you + yours!

Samuel A. Fredrick

Julius A. Fredrick's  
Ev. H. L. M.

History

# Holy Cross Ev. Lutheran Church

MIAMI STREET AND OHIO AVENUE  
SAINT LOUIS 18, MISSOURI

April 17, 1959

PAUL KOENIG, PASTOR  
3620 IOWA AVE.  
JOHN W. OTT, PASTOR  
2626 MIAMI ST.

CHURCH OFFICE  
PHONE PROSPECT 2-8633

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 it 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 you are working with visible success in your new field of labor.

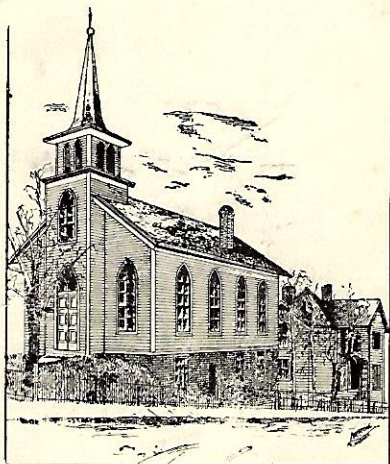
With fraternal greetings,

Sincerely yours,

*Paul Koenig*

**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*