

a little white  
church stood on the  
corner of a dead  
end road in

Thompson leading to  
the beach. It was

owned by the Zion  
Lutheran church, a

Mr. Wickson of  
Manistique a lay

man was the speaker  
each Sunday, before

opening the doors he

left home in a large  
touring dodge car.

Mr. Victorson  
made many stops  
enroute from Ministry  
picking up here and  
there children to  
attend the Sunday  
School. They even were  
slicing out the window  
of the car.

I was a motherless  
Orphan girl of 8 and  
attended it, and love  
it I was so pleased  
with my teachers, Mrs  
Guss myc and Elsie Euphonia

It was the beginning  
of my religious belief  
& we were very please  
with all of them.

Much to our  
disappointment one day  
in my 9<sup>th</sup> yr. as  
we stood by the  
School window, we  
watched who was  
in our street in  
Thompson sweep  
thru it due to a  
careless man & a  
Match being with  
it our Church. The

old altar picture  
still stands in the  
old basement of our  
church in town.

Mr. Vickerson and  
my Teachers led me  
to be a Sunday School  
teacher from my  
Confirmation at 14 till  
I was 57. and went out  
here no more and  
now out children as  
all had grown up & left