

Byron

2770 Marin Avenue  
Berkeley 8, Calif.  
February 24, 1958

The Rev. Byron Swanson  
1404 E. 65th Street  
Kansas City 16, Mo.

Dear Byron:

While reading through the Lutheran Companion, and noticing the change listed there of your address, I decided that it was "high time" that I at least send some word of greeting to my former Christian counsellor, second cousin, team-mate on Angie's softball squad in Omaha, Christian friend, and (hopefully) future Lutheran brother-pastor.

It surely has been a real source of joy and inspiration to me to read of you from time to time. I always am reminded of two words from you which can never leave me: It was at that Luther League camp some years ago that you were able to enforce upon me in a vital way the strength which comes when one lives "looking unto Jesus." And secondly, I shall never forget your little talk to us Leaguers in Omaha on how you talked with God each evening concerning his choice of your future life's partner. When I think of these things, and view the happenings of your life in the light of them, then I too am spirited onward, inspired by your example!

My life has really not been unexciting these past three or four years! I suppose you have heard of my bout with heart trouble a year and a half ago. It really was a surprising, shocking, yet in a strange way, a blessed thing. One really begins to look with a different perspective at those things which are not normally so readily apparent when one is forced to spend three months on his back, and six months at inactivity. Then, last August, I finished up my work at Portland State College; and now, I am a student in the Junior Class at Pacific Lutheran Theological Seminary.

What a place this is! Our campus is situated high upon the highest hill in Berkeley, and looks out upon San Francisco Bay, the Golden Gate Bridge, the City of San Francisco, and the surrounding beautiful country. Two Spanish-style mansions comprise the greatest part of of the school buildings; however, a new dormitory has been built and a new library and chapel are on the way. We are told (and it could be true) that this seminary is the best of all U.L.C. seminaries! I have a part-time job here---stenography---which brings me into close contact with our professors, notably, Prof. E. T. Bachmann, and Dr. Charles B. Foelsch. All in all, it is a pleasing experience. However, as may be typical of first-year students, quite often I am more than mildly shocked when something I have always thought to be true becomes rocked by some teaching of a professor. (There is a lot of this now, especially with respect to the doctrine of inspiration of Scripture, which seems to be in the limelight.)

The family in Portland has found good rootage in the Northwest soil, and seems to enjoy living in that part of the country. Roger is a junior now at Portland State, preparing for elementary education. Don is a fresh at the same institution, but undecided as to life's work. Linn, or Doug as he is now called, is busy as a freshman in high school, and right now is working out, hoping to make the varsity track team. Mother feels quite well (still has that squishy nose!), and Father seems to be getting

used to his job of traveling about the Northwest circuit: Washington, Oregon, and Idaho.

Last summer I had the privilege one Sunday of taking charge of church services at the Augustana church in Rochester, Wn., after their pastor (at present his name escapes me) had departed for his home in Boise, and then for Europe. He spoke with him briefly, and he said that he was a class-mate of yours, your room-mate on a choir tour, a transfer from Warburg Seminary. (Boy, I'm sorry I can't recall his name; you, no doubt, would know him even from this brief description). He seemed like a wonderful fellow and he must be having a wonderful opportunity now while studying in Europe.

Well, Byron, there is much that I could write; there is much too that I could ask you about personal questions: seminaries, synods, and perhaps similar occurrences that happen as a result of seminary life--- you know just what I'm going through, don't you!) But, I'll leave it at this, thanking you for influencing my life into the proper channels when I lived in closer proximity to you and your family, and praying that you and your wife will be strengthened during these rich but demanding Lenten days.

Best wishes always!

Sincerely,

Walter H. Capps