

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 9th 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
with no more and
now out children as
all had grown up & left