



## Special Issue: Pandemics, Artwork, & Humanity

By Daniel W. Holst



*The open-air theater in Oberammergau, Germany*

The years 1770, 1920, 1940, and now 2020 all have one thing in common. No, it is not ending in zero (although that is a hint). These are the only years in which the city of Oberammergau, Germany has had to cancel or postpone its Passion Play.

Maximillian Joseph and the Roman Catholic Church banned the performance in 1770. The harsh recovery following World War I postponed the 1920 showing until 1922. World War II cancelled the 1940 showing. And today, the COVID-19 (Corona Virus) pandemic has postponed the 2020 performance until 2022. At least one ASHHS member had scheduled a trip to view the performance in 2020. Most unfortunate, she will probably not attend in 2022.

The Oberammergau Passion Play was first per-

### **Glenn Sievers — An Announcement**

Sadly, we announce the passing of Glenn Sievers. Glenn was a founding member of ASHHS. Please see his obituary on page 5.

formed in 1634. The citizens of Oberammergau, ravaged by the Bubonic Plague, vowed to God that they would perform the passion play every ten years if only God would spare them from the plague. The vow was made at the apex of the death rate and afterwards it subsided. The villagers believed that God spared them. That was 1633. For 387 years, the citizens of Oberammergau have upheld their vow.

The passion play is artwork. It is living artwork. This inspired me to examine the relationship between pandemic, artwork, and humanity. Pandemic and artwork are ambiguous terms. Pandemics can, and I use them as such, be indicative of human tragedies. Why? Because even in tragedy, one can argue that what follows is a pandemic of fear. And artwork is more than the classical term. It can be almost anything that helps to remind us of our shared and common humanity. I approach these terms under those expanded definitions.  
~ *Continued on page 6*

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The **ASHHS Goal** is preserving and promoting the heritage of Schleswig-Holstein in the USA. We encourage cultural exchange, family research, study of the languages and dialects of Schleswig-Holstein, conferences and other programs pursuant to the above objectives.

The **ASHHS Newsletter** is published bimonthly for its members. Contributions are welcomed. Submitted material remains the property of the submitter until publication. Please cite sources and give others credit where due. Observation of copyright privileges is required. Responsibility for accuracy of printed information lies with the submitter, not with ASHHS, the ASHHS Newsletter, or the Newsletter committee. Corrections will be published if given in writing. The Newsletter committee reserves the right to edit material for space, form, spelling, and grammar.

### Deadlines for Submissions

Dec 15 for Jan/Feb Issue  
Feb 15 for Mar/Apr Issue  
Apr 15 for May/June Issue  
Jun 15 for Jul/Aug Issue  
Aug 15 for Sep/Oct Issue  
Oct 15 for Nov/Dec Issue

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## *Crosses of Distinction*

*Crosses of Distinction* is an original and ongoing historical fiction story about the Franco-Prussian War and the families it affected and how their lives will ultimately all collide throughout history.

- Kylie Schaffer is a Senior Airman in today's US Air Force currently serving with the 494th Fighter Squadron from RAF Lakenheath in England. Her third great grandfather served in and won the Iron Cross during the Franco-Prussian War for reasons unknown. She and her team is headed to an old Cold War base in Ukraine to recover a broken F-15E Strike Eagle.
- Harimann, having departed *The Lady Anglia* in Dover, England, seeks to find passage back to Germany through France. He hopes to gain passage aboard a French clipper in port.
- Theodore, the son of Ailbe's neighbors Koenraad and Mili Schaffer, has discovered his leadership qualities after being conscripted in the Prussian Army.
- Tikva, her sister Angelika, and her daughter Adamina are traveling towards Hamburg for safety.

## Website Announcement

In the coming year, many changes will be made to the ASHHS website at ASHHS.ORG. Please stay tuned here or visit our website to see those changes. If you have any recommendations for the website, please email me at [danielwholst@gmail.com](mailto:danielwholst@gmail.com)

## **Please keep your membership current.**

Don't miss out on the stories  
and events coming in 2020.

We also want to hear and print your stories of travel, heritage, and life history.

Send submissions to [danielwholst@gmail.com](mailto:danielwholst@gmail.com)

## From the President

By Michael Kearney



Moin moin!

Who would have thought when the previous newsletter was published that today so much would have changed?

Now our talk is about social distancing, something that was not a term when Volume 32, Issue 2 came out. The term PPE (Personal Protective Equipment) usually associated within military, industrial, and medical industries is now on the tip of daily conversation.

Language always adjusts to these circumstance. We should too.

Meetings are being cancelled or postponed including the quarterly meeting of ASHHS and the annual conference that has now been postponed until next year.

I wish all members well and hope that we all come through Coronavirus well and look forward to resuming our normal activities.

Yours truly

President

Michael Kearney

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Michael J. Kearney".

The Facebook logo, consisting of the word "facebook" in a white, lowercase, sans-serif font on a dark grey rectangular background.

## 2020 Conference Canceled

Due to the ongoing COVID-19 pandemic and not knowing when safe travel will resume, the Low German Friendship Conference scheduled for September 11-13, 2020 in Bredstedt, Schleswig-Holstein, Germany has been cancelled. We apologize for any inconvenience.

In agreement between the two mayors of Bredstedt, Germany and DeWitt, Iowa, Christian Schmidt and Don Thiltgen respectively, an attempt will be made to find a new date in September 2021.

We apologize for any inconvenience.

## Glenn Remembered

Glenn was a great man. I am so glad that I had the chance to visit with him briefly at the Platt Conference last Fall. I have many good memories of him. My condolences to the members of ASHHS.

Bill Loppnow

Member of the Pommerscher Verein - Central Wisconsin

## Calendar

ASHHS Quarterly Meeting — RESCHEDULED

May 17, 2020 Tentatively rescheduled for June 21, 2020.

The American/Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society (ASHHS) quarterly meeting is cancelled for May 17, 2020. Additionally, the May board member meeting is also cancelled.

The website and the newsletter will let everyone know when meetings will resume. While we want to resume our activities quickly, we will not risk the safety of anyone. We will only resume when it is safe to resume our activities.

## New Email Address

The ASHHS office now has a new email address. please make note of it.  
It is: [ashhswalcott@gmail.com](mailto:ashhswalcott@gmail.com)

# Glenn Sievers — Obituary



Glenn J. Sievers, 92, of Walcott, passed away Saturday, April 4, 2020, at Clarissa C. Cook Hospice House in Bettendorf. Graveside services and a celebration of Glenn's life will be held at a later date.

Glenn was born on the family farm in Scott County on Feb. 9, 1928, to Hugo and Irene (Schneckloth) Sievers.

Glenn graduated from Davenport High School in 1946 and later attended Iowa State University. Glenn married Norma Jean Koester on March 17, 1951, in Fort Dodge. She preceded him in death on Sept. 8, 2017.

Glenn and Norma farmed in Scott retiring in 1985.

Glenn was a member of Gloria Dei Lutheran Church, the Wilton Masonic Lodge #167 AF & AM for over 50 years, Scott County Farm Bureau and a

founding member of ASHHS.

Glenn enjoyed genealogy, reading, playing cards and visiting with his family. He was a diehard Cub fan and an avid supporter of the Republican Party, especially President Donald J. Trump.

Glenn is survived by his children: Sally Lilienthal of Wilton, and Bryan (Lisa) Sievers of Stockton, six grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by his wife of 66 years Norma, his son Jon J. Sievers, his daughter and son-in-law, Sue and Richard Voss, his son-in-law, Tom Lilienthal, his granddaughter Megan Lilienthal and his sisters: Helen Sievers and Gladys Plambeck.

Memorial contributions may be made to American Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society in his memory.

# Pandemics, Artwork, & Humanity

~ Continued from Page One

Here now are several vignettes of tragedy, artwork, and humanity.

## *The Mayan 2012 World Destruction (and other apocalyptic prophecies)*

Joss Whedon is a renowned Hollywood writer and director known for many projects. He directed the movie *The Avengers* released May 4, 2012. Do you remember what was to occur on December 21, 2012? That date coincided with the debunked Mayan Calendar doomsday scenario that many believed was the end of the world.

Whedon wrote a line early in the movie for the character Nick Fury. “Until such a time as when the world ends, we will act as though it intends to spin on.” It was, I strongly believe, a direct rebuke of that doomsday prediction. Such a statement is artwork written in response to a supposed catastrophe. I begin with this to help all who are unsure at this time (as all people have been unsure of their time when faced with catastrophic events). We shall survive. We shall get through this. It will hurt. But we will continue on as the Earth, itself, spins on.

There are many reasons for artwork to follow tragedy. Like Oberammergau, it is the continual expression of gratitude to God. For Whedon, it was a direct statement towards those who peddle apocalyptic theories. But like gratitude and messaging others use it to reflect, remember, and even humanize the tragedy. For others it is personal, a way of healing both for themselves and their cultures. One needs only to watch the news today to see the countless ways where people use art to cope with COVID-19.

## *HIV/AIDS Epidemic*

Two of today’s most prolific actors: Tom Hanks and Matthew McConaughey each won the Academy Award for Best Actor for their portrayals of two men stricken with HIV/AIDS during that epidemic beginning roughly around the 1980s. Both films are inspired by and based upon real events and real people.



In the film *Philadelphia* (1993), Hanks plays an attorney stricken with AIDS who sues his firm for unlawful dismissal after they discovered his homosexuality.



In *Dallas Buyers Club* (2013), McConaughey plays a heterosexual man who became sickened with HIV. It follows his quest for personal autonomy for drug availability and usage for the HIV afflicted.

Both films sought to humanize an epidemic’s effect upon one’s autonomy and equality within the workplace and their right to be their own best advocate for their care. Humanity today and our systems of drug usage and availability have both been affected by the artwork that brought this suffering to the forefront.

Suffering is, after all, multi-tiered. One suffers from the sickness itself and suffers from community’s reaction and suffers from agency ineptitude and suffers from [insert just another reason here].

~ Continued on page 8

# Glenn Sievers

## Friend of Bredenk & Schleswig-Holstein

~ By Hans-Werner Hamann



Standesamt Kropp: Norma und Glenn Sievers im Gespräch mit Elfriede Buchholz (Mitte). Foto Mahnkopf

In the summer of 1995, Norma and Glenn Sievers from Walcott, Iowa took a vacation to Germany, a trip to the land of their ancestors. They went to Schleswig-Holstein where they searched for ancestors and relations in Schleswig-Holstein. When they drove on Autobahn A210 from Kiel towards Rendsburg, they saw the Bredenk interstate exit sign. Why, because they knew that Eric Braeden, alias Hans-Jörg Gudergast, a very well-known and popular American TV star, came from this city of Bredenk. They made a stop to visit the village and eat lunch at the Krey inn (Gasthof Krey). The innkeeper, Ruth Martin, was so enthusiastic that she could chat with Americans in Low German that she gave Norma and Glenn a 1995 Bredenk calendar with old views of Bredenk.

When the year 1995 ended and Glenn Sievers was back home on his farm, he contacted the Mayor of Bredenk, Hans-Werner Hamann, because he wanted a new calendar for 1996. Mayor Hamann sent them two calendars. One for Glenn, the second for the Mayor of Walcott. A week later Mayor Hamann phoned Glenn Sievers. After a few letters, faxes and phone calls, the first thoughts for a partnership soon came. Glenn Sievers contacted the city council in Walcott and on November 28, 1996 at the city council in Bredenk, it was decided to establish a partnership between Bredenk and Walcott.

In early 1997, an official letter came from the American ambassador in Bonn, asking for consent to a sister city relationship. In spring 1997, a delegation from Bredenk was invited to Walcott and on March 25, 1997, the Bredenk local council passed their

resolution on the partnership agreement with Walcott. Initially only a few wanted to go to America, the delegation that flew to Walcott for signature consisted of fifteen Bredenk men and women. From July 17 – 25, 1997, the foundation stone was laid for many friendships. Also Eric Braeden came on the invitation of Glen Sievers to Walcott, and we celebrated Walcott Day 1997 together. One year later a group of fifty-two people came with ASHHS from the Walcott area to Bredenk, they celebrated together at the Bredenk Dorffest with Eric Braeden, he became the first honorary citizen of Bredenk.

Many letters, parcels, e-mails and phone calls go back and forth and there are visits many years. A group from Bredenk came to Walcott in 2007 to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the sister city relationship. A street in Walcott was renamed as Bredenk Way, and a new road in Bredenk was named Walcott Weg. Also a Walcott house was built in Bredenk and opened by the Walcott Mayor Kristal Koberg-Schaefer.



*Sister city celebration in Walcott 1997*

In 2022 we will celebrate the 25th anniversary of the sister city relationship, whether in Walcott or Bredenk, we will see. But one thing will be, we can no longer celebrate with Glenn Sievers, the initiator of this wonderful partnership. All of these and much more was initiated by the partnership launched by Glenn Sievers. Without him none of this would have happened. We have lost a great friend, and we will always cherish his memory.

# Pandemics, Artwork, & Humanity

~ Continued from Page Six

## *The Plague of Athens*

It is not unreasonable to call him the first war correspondent. That alone gives him a mark upon history as correspondents and journalists have become a mainstay of conflict. By using his role to scientifically and impartially report upon war and its effects, he developed methods to explain human behavior challenged by catastrophic events. This man is the Greek historian, Thucydides.

Thucydides (460 BCE – 400 BCE) detailed the events of the Peloponnesian War between Athens and Sparta from 431 – 404 BCE. The second year of the war saw some plague of perhaps thirty possible pathogens devastate Athens. Historians believe up to 100,000 Athenians died from the plague.

We can account for this plague and its many pathogens due to Thucydides' vast work *The History of the Peloponnesian War*. He detailed the plague, its symptoms and sufferings of the people. The plague was indiscriminate in its victims. Pericles, the leader of Athens, fell to the plague along with Myrtis, an 11-year old girl.



*A reconstruction of Myrtis. She was buried in the cemetery Kerameikos*

This is how Thucydides described the plague from *The History of the Peloponnesian War*:

Violent heats in the head; redness and inflammation of the eyes; throat and tongue quickly suf-

fused with blood; breath became unnatural and fetid; sneezing and hoarseness; violent cough' vomiting; retching; violent convulsions; the body externally not so hot to the touch, nor yet pale; a livid color inkling to red; breaking out in pustules and ulcers.

The Flemish painter, Michiel Sweerts, documented the suffering in his famous painting *Plague in an Ancient City* (1652-1654 CE). Although initially thought to depict the Plague of Athens, modern scholars believe his allegorical painting to be indicative of all plague suffering through a classical lens.



*Michiel Sweerts painting: Plague in an Ancient City*

## *The Spanish Flu*

The only reason the flu epidemic of 1918 is called the Spanish Flu is because World War One censors pressured the media to minimize the flu's effects for the USA, UK, France, and Germany. However, the press was free to report the flu's effects in neutral countries such as Spain. Therefore, the mass deaths in Spain and the severe illness of King Alonso XIII were vastly reported giving rise to the belief that Spain, if not the epicenter, was the hardest hit of the 1918 flu epidemic. Yet the USA, UK, France, and Germany were still hit hard by this flu. Many people would wake healthy and never again sleep.

To help children cope with the flu, a nursery rhyme was invoked, for nursery rhymes often help children deal with difficult subjects.



# Pandemics, Artwork, & Humanity

~ Provided by Dean Rohweder

During the 1918 flu outbreak, it has been widely reported that children would recite this little ditty while they skipped rope at their playgrounds.

I had a little bird.  
Its name was Enza.  
I opened up the window,  
And in flew Enza.

Although the origins of this poem are unknown, one website states this expanded version was printed in "Our Paper" vol. 10, 1894. I haven't been able to independently confirm such citation.

There was a little girl, and she had a little bird,  
And she called it by the pretty name of Enza;  
But one day it flew away, but it didn't go to stay,  
For when she raised the window, in-flu-Enza.

"But it didn't go to stay...and in flew Enza." A cute rhyme to remind us all that diligence is key and sometimes the effects of a pandemic are more in our control than we realize.

I could elicit the power of poetry when dealing with tragedy. But in knowing those answers, let's read on.

## *The Duality of Humanity*

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote the poem "There was a Little Girl."

But first...

Oftentimes when confronted with failure, we fall prey to our own inner demons. This is not an abnormal aberration. Each of us have dual selves. American author Richard Matheson nuanced that duality with sublimity in several of his more famous stories.

One: The renowned *The Twilight Zone* episode "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet" (season 5, episode 3, 1963) featured William Shatner dueling with himself over whether it was through his sanity or through his delusions in which only he could see the monster destroying the airplane's wing.

Two: William Shatner again starred in a Richard Matheson story. Matheson wrote the *Star Trek: The*

*Original Series* episode "The Enemy Within," (season 1, episode 5, 1966). Captain Kirk was split into two beings by a transporter accident. One was his kind yet indecisive good self, the other was his impulsive, irrational evil self. We learn that neither could survive without the other. Each person needs each self to temper the other.

Finally, Matheson's story *I am Legend* depicts a man left alone after an apocalyptic contagion. He acts to preserve his personal security and seeks to reverse the contagion's effects. His heart is true, but as he tries to live for the angels, he becomes the demon unknowingly destroying life and culture.

Back to Longfellow...

There was a little girl,  
And she had a little curl,  
Right in the middle of her forehead.  
When she was good,  
She was very good indeed,  
And when she was bad, she was horrid.

Note: To understand how this art influences the art that reflects humanity, please see the season 3, episode 22, "Closer Than a Brother" (1961) from the television western *The Rifleman* starring Chuck Connors, Johnny Crawford, and Paul Fix.

## *Small Pox and Native Americans*

Mel Gibson (Maverick) and James Garner (Coop) starred in the 1994 movie version of James Garner's classic television show *Maverick*. The movie also starred Jodie Foster (Annabelle) and native American actor Graham Greene (Joseph).

Integrated within its comedic elements is some deconstruction and satire of western history. Here is a small bit of that dialogue.

Maverick: "Oh, you sure do pick the spots."  
Joseph: "Yeah, I know. You know the next time you people come and drive us off our land I'm gonna find a nice piece of swamp that's so God-awful, maybe then you'll leave us the hell alone."

...

~ Continued on page 12

# Crosses of Distinction

~ By Daniel W. Holst

## Chapter Seven "Channeling Spies"

~ 11 May 1870, 1000 hours, Dover, England

Harimann had departed *The Lady Anglia* at her impromptu port of call at Dover, England. He left with a small chest and a smaller purse and saw the French clipper docked a few piers south. He left his chest with a porter and walked the short distance to the French clipper. The sun rose high. The cliffs and sky once composed of spiritual metaphor had lost their glorious splendor. Now the cliff's pourous, chalky composition and a calm but empty blue sky soaked up his courage. He glanced eastward, over France, back to his home. Then he raised his head above the cliffs and let his eyes wander west. He imagined a life roaring across the American plains. Then thoughts of war and duty overtook his wanderlust. Upon this crossroad stood Harimann. From this precipice, he feared he would never return.

He watched as some boys ran towards him, then he was tackled as other boys ran into him from behind. One of them fell into Harimann and reached for his coin purse.

"Stop it," commanded a man. The boys ran off, and a hand grasped Harimann's neck and pulled him up and tossed him onto a cargo pallet. "Where you off to, son? These docks are no place for tourists. I'm Captain Leslie. Are you looking for passage?" He reached his hand towards Harimann.

"Sorry, sir. Thank you, sir." Harimann was amazed by Captain Leslie's unbuttoned, thick, dark blue frock coat with large, brass buttons aged older than a few years under sail. His gray shirt and black pants completed his look. A stern, yet peaceful face outlined by a black, short beard looked upon him with brown, steadfast eyes. He reached out for the captain's hand and was impressed at the strength and life in that arm. Standing now, Harimann told the captain, "I'm looking for passage east aboard that clipper."

"You're in luck, son. I'm the captain of her. Go talk to the bosun. He'll get you squared away."

"Thank you, sir."

Captain Leslie left Harimann and entered the nearby harbormaster's office.

Harimann walked over to the clipper and walked

a few steps up the gangway. Where the gangway met the ship stood a monster. Harimann addressed the monster. "Are you the bosun? I desire passage."

"Up, boy. Now."

Harimann hurried up the gangway to stand before the bosun, but he still stood under him by about a foot. Harimann shivered as he could only look deep into the bosun's full beard. It scared Harimann. He'd never seen one so full, filthy, and doubtlessly infected by animalcule feasting upon its muck and moldy crumbs.

The bosun knew he stank, and he owned his filth. It gave him the command upon which Harimann feared and capitulated his ground unto. Yet, while Captain Leslie concluded ship's business with the harbormaster, the bosun commanded the clipper. A beardless, well-dressed man stood quiet at the bosun's side.

The bosun looked at Harimann and scoffed at the pitiful sight of this young man asking for passage. "We don't take on no strays, boy. Where you from anyway, and why you gettin' to where you gettin'?" Don't bother, I see you better than yourself."

Harimann was shocked by the bosun's accent and chalky voice. He was expecting French, but the bosun's voice was sharply British, a combination of common brogue with hints of Estuary. He looked up at the flag hovering over the ship's stern. "Isn't this a French ship?"

"Don't be no go worrying about flags, boy. This's, *Osaka*. Saw captain save and grant ya passage, but I'll 'ell you. Sit on the stern and stay, little German dog you are." Then reaching into his pockets, the bosun handed Harimann some papers. "These papers will identify you as Danish. Those French want workers, but not Germans in that there Napoleon land. Hear me, boy."

"But I—"

"I saw, I know. You Germans stink like stink. Look sim'lar. But now you Danish, be Danish. Be friend of France. Danes like France. You hear, boy. Keep from cargo." The bosun spit out most words with a strain that dribbled down his beard.

"Yes sir," replied Harimann who thought he saw some scarring on the bosun's neck. And still shivering beneath the monster's command, he thought about the

# Crosses of Distinction

~ Continued from previous page

cargo and muttered to himself, “cargo?”

The bosun stepped right into Harimann. His chest expanded and pushed Harimann backwards. But yet unknown to Harimann, stink ain't stupid and the bosun planned his words as he planned them all along. “Indo-China loaded rubber rings for dirt farmers. Tell French port authority you migrant dirt worker. They'll let you in. Don't you worry. But act smart, ask many questions, and you'll be treasure-less inside the dungeons of Château d'If without any Abbé Faria. You hear me, boy. You be Danish. We get yer chest from porter.”

Harimann didn't know anything about that Château or Abbé, but he correctly inferred the bosun's intent. “Yes, sir. Quiet. Stern. Worker.” And then quickly surmising the correct response, “aye, sir.” He didn't wait for the bosun's response. He obeyed like a dog and occupied his spot on the stern. Yet he couldn't feel as if the *Osaka* was more than she let on. He thought to himself. *Rubber rings? I don't think so. Something is certainly fishy.* And looking at the bosun interacting with the crew, *at least fishier than they.*

“Hi,” said a young man a few moments later. Some youth walked over to the stern and smiled at Harimann. “My name is René. Who are you?”

Harimann could see that René was French. The fluidity of his voice carried pretention, but unlike other Frenchmen that Harimann had met, René's smile was genuine and friendly. Harimann took an instant liking to him. “My name is Harimann, and I'm headed home to...Denmark. Near Prussia.”

“What do you think of the coming war?” Asked René. “Do you think you'll make it home again? Do you plan to fight? How will you help France? France needs people like you. France and Denmark, a friendship reborn. To our alliance.” And René lifted his arms skyward looking straight at Harimann. “Will you help me?”

“Yes. I mean. Yes, I will. What do you need me to do?” The barrage of questions startled Harimann who was still recovering from his encounter with the bosun. And now René expected him to act and be Danish, to fight for France. He feared imprisonment for being a German in France. Then all he could say now was, “What do you need me to do?” Yet as Harimann voiced his tenuous alliance with René, he still felt something wasn't right with this ship. He feared the dungeons of

Château d'If, so for now, he would be Danish.

Captain Leslie came back on board and signaled the crew to get underway. He watched them work flawlessly, raising the anchor, filling the sails, and sailing out of the coastal waters. Out of earshot from the others he said, “All right, bosun. Get yourself and the gendarme into my cabin.”

After the door closed, the gendarme fixated his eyes on Captain Leslie and the bosun. He shook his head. “Why if you two don't put on the best show I've ever seen. That was remarkable. Do you think it will work?” A smile quickly widened his face.

“We saw him depart *The Lady Anglia* and had him pegged from the start. I had my urchins play him for a theft so I could step in.”

“I gave him the ole uneducated salted voice. Scared him with it and my glorious angelic presence.” Said the bosun whose vernacular became suddenly solid and toned, then with a sly grin, he continued. “Tricked him about the cargo. Gave him only the half-truth though.”

The gendarme laughed at it all. “Just to mess with a young German boy. I love it.”

Captain Leslie stood apart looking out the window. “France will come upon us soon. Do you think he is just a boy, or is he a spy for Prussia?”

“Does it matter,” said the gendarme. “If he is, then we have him in our net. If he isn't he would still use what he saw when he returned home. Either way. We use him or we kill him. Germans, Prussians, whatever they call themselves. They are all pigs.” He looked at the captain and the bosun. “Napoleon.”

“Napoleon,” responded the captain<sup>1</sup> and the bosun in unison.

The captain filled three glasses with Jamaican rum.

They each drank them in silence. The sails full. The waters breaking. The war coming.

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1 My apologies to Captain John Lawrence Leslie, the first captain of the *Osaka*. I'm sure he was a good man in real life. He captained the *Osaka* from its launch in 1869 until 1872. The *Osaka* herself served Great Britain well until its wreckage in 1904 on the Kuril Islands.

# Pandemics, Artwork, & Humanity

~ Continued from Page 1

Annabelle: "What's with you and Indians anyway?"

Maverick: "Oh nothing, I try to shoot one every day before noon, how about you Coop? I figure it was their fault too... *for being on our land when we got here.*" (Italics mine).

This leads to a shameful statement upon humanity.

Ottawa Chief Pontiac decided to rebel against British forces in 1763. British forces, led by Colonel Henry Bouquet, decided to provide blankets to the Native Americans. But Colonel Bouquet devised a plan with General Jeffrey Amhurst to infect those blankets with Smallpox to decimate the Native Americans. It worked by decimating about 90 percent of Native Americans.



*Chief Pontiac and a Smallpox infected fabric*

## *Apollo 13*

April 2020 marks the 50th anniversary of the Apollo 13 mission which launched the now infamous quote, "Houston, we had a problem." A problem they did have. And one could argue that it caused a plague of fear throughout NASA that captivated America within that same sphere of terror.

The story is well known, either through personal experience or viewing Ron Howard's 1995 movie *Apollo 13*.

Apollo 13 was a cataclysm of events. From the initial problem to the carbon dioxide filters, heat shields, re-entry procedures, and many other problems, the crew of Apollo 13, thousands of miles from Earth, were never alone. For the few days they suffered, Americans also suffered. But neither the crew

nor us Americans let that suffering overcome our need to persevere. We came together. We worked the impossible. We solved the unimaginable. We brought our astronauts home.



*Apollo 13 crewmembers return safely*

This was the official patch for the Apollo 13 mission. It's Latin statement *Ex Luna, Scientia* is translated into English as "From the Moon, Knowledge."



While cliché, the following statement is true: "It's not the destination it's the journey." The Apollo 13 mission was called a successful failure because all three came home alive. Additionally, it saved other lives by improving NASA procedures for all future missions.

It is now: From our Journey, Knowledge!

# Pandemics, Artwork, & Humanity

## *Conclusion*

I would argue that humanity learns more from our journey than our destination. This is how we succeed.

How do we do this? We work the way those who suffered in past tragedies worked. The way Thucydides contributed in only way he could. The way Michiel Sweerts and the other artists, that is, painters, sculptors, poets, playwrights, musicians, and authors have all contributed on equal grounds with the doctors, nurses, military, scientists, first responders. Each of us according to our abilities.

I often think today how wonderful that so many of us have set aside differences to resolve this COVID-19 pandemic. But what will happen next? We still face innumerable problems. Perhaps these plagues, pandemics, and other tragedies are trying to teach us about human-

ity. About seeing what we can accomplish together, and, if not, what we will otherwise destroy. I suppose it is a choice, but one that only each of us can make.

Unfortunately, that choice is the only thing we can't do together.

Yet life always rises. From broken ground and broken lives, seeds find soil and water.

German photographer Catharina Lux photographed these poppies in Schleswig-Holstein. Made famous by John McCrae's famous WWI poem, the Poppy symbolizes the life that is possible when rising from pandemic or any other tragedy.

I, and the ASHHS community, wish everyone well, and we desire good health for all. Be safe. We look forward to seeing everyone soon.



*Copyright Catharina Lux from a Poppy Field in Schleswig-Holstein*

# Celebrating Mom, Dad, and all their Labour!

Germans celebrate their Labour Day on May 1, 2020. While informally celebrated decades beforehand, the *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei* (Nazi Party) officially designated May 1, 1933 as the first annual celebration of Labour.

Translated from the German, *Arbeit*, the celebration of Labour has taken on new meaning this year, particularly for the, wrongly assumed and incorrectly labeled, menial worker. These workers prepare and cook our food, stock our shelves, and do everything necessary to sustain life and society. Today, we see the importance of their vital Labour. We thank every essential Labourer. We appreciate you!

This year (so far), among its other difficulties, has shown us the impossibility of Labour without risk. Those who receive little pay assume the greatest risk. Those whose serve the sick and needy assume the greatest risk. And those who choose to dedicate their lives to raise us choose the Labour that never rests and never ends.

No Labour of life and society is celebrated with-

out recognizing its first Labour. That is, Mom and Dad. Thank you Mom and Dad. It is through your Labours, including the literal first Labour, that we get to live and thrive and become Labourers ourselves.

Let's celebrate Labour with our German friends on May 1, 2020. Then Mother's Day on May 10 and Father's Day on June 21, 2020.

To our Parents!

The mighty oak whose life is buffeted with brutal heat and cold, never bends from the winds, never shatters. It harbours its soul deep within its only meaning: to give and spread life ever outward, ever upward. Winds of time will ferry the oak tree's seed elsewhere to grow and become itself under its own light. Yet the oak shelters and feeds and breathes life to all those around it. That is its life. This is our life. This is our parents. Our Mom. Our Dad. Steadfast to its end. Thank you Mom! Thank you Dad!



HERZLICHEN  
GLÜCKWUNSCH ZUM Muttertag



