

Grace and peace to you from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ.

This is something I truly hate to miss—the opportunity to worship with you all in celebration of 150 years of Immanuel Lutheran.

What a blessing that the founders of this congregation formed this fellowship in June instead of January! I do miss the spring and summer in Iowa.

Rusty and I thought we would divide this letter—he would cover all the church matters, and I would reflect on the parsonage.

First, let me say what a blessing that beautiful home was and how much I enjoyed living in it. She was always so inviting, warm, and ready for hosting. The craftsmanship was stellar, and I was absolutely giddy when we pulled up to her in 2004.

Before we left Texas, Rusty's Aunt Alma gifted us many of her crystal treasures and wedding dishes, which found a beautiful home in the dining room.

But what I remember most about living in the parsonage are the memories of those who came to spend time with us.

We hosted missionaries from Cameroon, Africa, Wycliffe Bible Translators, and Reaching the Unreached—Rodney and Malinda Heinrichs. We shared countless Bible studies and meals together, and Rusty and I truly enjoyed hosting our Christmas Open House.

These are precious memories for me, but what I loved most was spending time with the littles.

Ryan Lang and I were pirates on Tuesdays and Thursdays. We baked cookies and delivered them to the ladies at the bank. Earl, Elsie, and Bernie also all enjoyed our pirate treats.

Occasionally, I picked up Briley and Brody at Little Lambs, and they would come back with me, excited to share everything happening in the Diem household. Don't worry, Paige and Justin—I only believed about half of it!

A brief letter can't capture all my memories—the time Don Piper came to town, the folks who got stranded in the snow and stayed with us, or the man from Germany who visited the parsonage to thank Immanuel for sponsoring his family after WWII.

So many wonderful things happened at 107 3rd St. South that I could fill a book with only good memories.

In closing, please know that our years in Swea City are incredibly dear to both of the Baileys.

We may not all meet again in this world, but we will certainly be reunited in the kingdom.

Blessings of our Lord Jesus Christ to all

Cindy Bailey