



My mentor, my friend

Soon after I joined Faith Lutheran Church in Saskatoon, I was befriended by Natalie Appelt and quickly invited to LWML society meetings. It wasn't until later that I learned Natalie had been instrumental in making LWML part of the Saskatchewan scene and had served as district president.

Our young family, with Natalie, and her husband David, acting as surrogate grandparents, was often invited to social events. Natalie, the perfect, most relaxed hostess, also made a group of former LWML leaders, attending a District convention, feel welcome.

Smoothly, she initiated me into tasks. One of these was to be a member of the Altar Guild. She lovingly made me familiar with all the 'dos and don'ts'. Then she went one step further and decided that we would be banner makers.

Now, Natalie was an artist and I am simply a sewer but that never deterred her.

One very cold Saskatchewan night, when most people would have had more sense and stayed home, we set out to take a banner making class across town. On the way home, my VW type car decided it could no longer tolerate the temperature. Just as we had bumped across the University Bridge on square tires and were waiting for the traffic light to turn green, the gas line froze and the car died, refusing to continue.

With both of us shivering in my 'no heat' car, I managed to roll it backwards and coax it into the next side street by repeated starting and consequent dying. Natalie then set out to find a phone (It was long before cell phones.) She called her husband to come to the rescue. David arrived just before we, too, started to freeze up.

He tied a rope from my car's bumper to that of his Mercedes and pulled me up the hill. Miraculously, my car fired and I headed home without ever stopping again. Neither Natalie nor David ever mentioned how much damage the luxury car sustained. Such was the bond between LWML sisters that we could go through cold and misery together and still be friends the next day.