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Taochow, Old City, Kansu, China.

Aug. 19, 1930.

Dear Friends,

Since being with you on my way to China I have met with a great loss. Thorsten died of typhoid fever here early on Sunday morning of this week.

After half a year's language study in Peking we finally saw our way clear to come to Kansu and started on our long journey last March. Because of famine and bad conditions in North China it was necessary for us to make a longer journey by boat up the Yangtze River thru Central China and then thru the mountains by chair and mule to this province. The trip was very fatiguing and at the end Thorsten caught the fever. He was taken sick the after day we arrived at this mission station where we have friends. His sickness did not seem heavy for the first two weeks but then he took a turn for the worse which ended in his death. He was nearly five weeks in bed and then his heart weakened and this caused his going. At the end he was very peaceful and knew me and spoke with me. He was ready to go and praised God many times.

Dr. Hummel, a Swedish doctor who is also a scientist and a member of the Sven Hedin party, came all the way with us from Peking and he was most kind and helpful thru all this trial. He had learned to love Thorsten and altho not a Christian he testified many times to his goodness.

Mr. Carlson, a Swede of American birth who is a missionary our here, conducted the funeral service. He read many of Thorsten's favorite Bible verses and spoke of his good life and his peaceful death and reunion with Jesus. Then he asked Mr. Hsiong, a Chinese evangelist who had lived with Thorsten during his earlier days on the field and whom he loved as a brother, to speak to the Chinese present. Mr. Hsiong told them that Thorsten had gone to his heavenly home and exhorted as many as didn't believe to turn to God that they might follow. We sang twice; "Shall We Gather at the River" and "Christ is Coming". Mr. Derk, a missionary who accompanied us up from Hankow, prayed. Mr. Ekvall, with whom we went to Ngawa four years ago, prayed in Chinese. Mr. Carlson read a passage of Scripture in Swedish. After the coffin was lowered into the grave he spoke of the hope of the resurrection and Mr. Fesmire, the head of this station, lead in prayer.

As it is the season for wild flowers here and they are plentiful, Dr. Hummel had decorated the coffin beautifully. The cemetery is in a beautiful spot overlooking a river surrounded by wooded hills and the entire service was conducted there. Two Missionary ladies who laid down their lives for Jesus some years ago are buried there and also a little child, the daughter of Mr. Simpson of our Mission.

The friends here feel with me that I should not try to stay here at this time so I am returning to Peking to work until God leads me elsewhere, possibly back here if conditions should allow me to live in this province alone. The times are very turbulent and there is much danger out here altho it is somewhat more peaceful than it was a year ago. I shall have foreigners to accompany me all the way to Peking. If you should write me in Peking I should be very glad. My address will be c/o Mr. Hansen, 111 Hsi Su Pei Ta Chieh, Peiping. I shall be happier, I think, in Peking than here as I have so many Swedish friends there and it is so much easier for single ladies to work.

We saw Mr. Simpson and Martha on our way up here. Martha expects another confinement in November so they are staying the winter in Chungking, Szechuan. Perhaps they will go from there to America as both of them are tired out and need a furlough.

God is very near to me at this sorrowful tome. But for His help I could hardly bear the lonliness, but He is Love, and His is Good.

With very much love,

Elna.

Written for Elna by Betty F. Ekvall