

The Ministry of Reverend Lloyd Hahnke

Missionary, Pastor, Dean of Students, Professor



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In the beginning ...

The year was 1919. The world was just beginning to recover from the devastation of World War I. The war had certainly had a tremendous impact (much of it negative) on many aspects of life, including the spiritual life of families. In his essay, *The True Reconstruction of the Church*, August Pieper laments:

“In our Christian homes there is and remains very little of God’s Word, hardly even the regular family worship with Scripture reading and prayer every morning and every evening. Yes, in some Christian homes there is no common prayer at all anymore, neither spoken by the father, nor by the mother, nor by the children, particularly in such homes in which the children do not attend a Christian school. Even the table prayers have been discontinued in some families. The Bible is seldom or never opened.”¹

This was not the situation in all families, however. In the same essay, Pieper also says:

“There are indeed many God-fearing children still among us... Yes, in the midst of our Lutheran people there is much true, simple, and deep Christianity; childlike faith; genuine fear of God; fervent love toward God; and a wholesome zeal for God’s kingdom still to be found.”²

One of those families which had a deep and abiding love for the Savior and his Word was the family of Henry Hahnke. Henry was five years old when his family emigrated to America from Pomerania in 1891. He married Agnes Streich, a native of Howard Lake, Minnesota. They eventually settled in rural Buffalo, Minnesota, where Henry took up farming. On October 27, 1919, Henry and Agnes were blessed with a son—Lloyd Donald Hahnke.

I first met Rev. Hahnke in the spring of 1991, when he was visiting one of his daughters in California. Although he had already been retired from the ministry for several years, he graciously consented to conduct the service and preach for my wedding to that very same daughter (Maribeth) later that summer. The man whom many people know as Pastor Hahnke,

¹ Pieper, A. The True Reconstruction of the Church, *The Wauwatosa Theology, III*, pg. 303.

² Ibid., pg. 302

Dean Hahnke, or Professor Hahnke, I am privileged to call Dad. From the moment I met him, he has been a blessing to me. To be sure, he has shown me a father's loving concern for his son; but my appreciation for him goes far beyond that. Over the years I have been privileged to see him show his love for the gospel time and time again—not only to his family, but to everyone whom he has touched. Rev. Hahnke truly is a *Seelsorger*; and since the time I began to prepare for the public ministry, he has also become my role model as a pastor. But I am getting ahead of myself. Every story has a beginning; and the beginning of Lloyd Hahnke's story as a minister of the gospel begins in Litchfield, Minnesota, where he grew up.

The seed is watered ...

"I always wanted to be a pastor. In fact, when we children would play at home, then I was the preacher (complete with gown) and my brothers were the audience." Thus, from early on, Lloyd Hahnke knew that he wanted to dedicate his life to the ministry of the gospel. In those days, the road to the ministry for a Minnesotan began in New Ulm (about 60 miles south of Litchfield), the home of Martin Luther High School. However, "When it got to be [near the end of] eighth grade when I should have gone away to school, we just couldn't afford it. Corn was ten cents a bushel; oats were seven cents a bushel. [At those prices], my parents couldn't afford to send me away to school."

So instead of going to Martin Luther High School, Lloyd attended the public high school in Litchfield. He took some farming and technical classes, and also a business education course. He took courses that would help him, as he put it, "in the work a day world"; but he still yearned to be a pastor. Perhaps an incident that occurred in his Social Science class would help illustrate that his destiny lay not in the business world (he maintains that he would have been a banker if he hadn't become a pastor), but in the ministry. One of the subjects the instructor taught about in

that class was the Reformation. As Lloyd puts it, “Now I’m paying attention. She mentioned that the Counter Reformation corrected all the ills that Luther had against the Catholic Church. And we (there were several of us who came out of St. Paul’s) insisted that the Counter Reformation didn’t do a thing against Luther’s objections. ‘If you look up Lutheranism in the dictionary, you’ll find that the doctrine of justification by God’s grace through faith in Jesus Christ is the center of Lutheranism.’ And I said that the Counter Reformation didn’t do a thing for that. She was dumbfounded that we kids would know that much about the whole thing. Anyway, I didn’t get anything out of that course, either.”

There were plenty of classes for a future farmer or banker, but none that would prove helpful to a young man who, in his heart of hearts, wanted to be a pastor. “All the way through [public] school I remember having history; but I don’t remember any of it having any significance for me. The deficiencies that I had in history lived with me throughout my life. I regret them to this day that I do not know that history which involves the Bible—where human history goes off in one direction and Bible history off in another; [they were] living together, but with a totally different viewpoint.” Summing up his public school education he said, “There just wasn’t much of anything there for me”.

Playing catch up ...

“‘For I know the plans I have for you,’ declares the LORD, ‘plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future’” (Jeremiah 29:11). Fortunately for Lloyd and for the church, God’s plans did not call for him to be a banker, but rather that he receive a divine call to be a pastor. When he was a senior in high school, a young man (also a member at St. Paul’s) attending Dr. Martin Luther College in the pastor track came home to Litchfield for Christmas vacation. He told Lloyd that it was possible to earn enough money while going to school at

DMLC—that was all Lloyd needed to hear. Immediately, he asked Pastor Plocher if he would tutor him in German.

There was only enough time for a six week course in German before he went on to New Ulm in 1937. He spent two years at the College, chiefly picking up the languages (shades of the Sem-Cert program). He took first and second year German, and first and third year Latin; and at the same time they threw him in with a student in second year Latin for extra help. While he was at New Ulm, he was also able to pick up an abbreviated history course (to help correct his “deficiency “ in this area). “When I got to New Ulm and Professor Klatt started with ‘This is God’s story’, suddenly history took on a significance for me.”

On Wisconsin ...

Lloyd entered Northwestern College in 1939. Reflecting on the depth of his language training in New Ulm, he said, “It was OK—but I really appreciated getting into the Latin at Watertown.” Even though he was at a distinct disadvantage compared to the other students entering Northwestern College, his love for language helped compensate for his lack of training. “I did love to study languages. That’s why it wasn’t so difficult for me to get into the fifth year Latin class and third year German when I went to Watertown, even though I had only had two years of each. I jumped right in and didn’t have any problems.”

Language was one hurdle that Lloyd overcame; another, more difficult one, was physics. When the science professor discovered that Lloyd never had physics in high school, he was very sympathetic; and he eventually passed the course. There proved to be an even greater challenge during his time at Northwestern than the class work, however. In his sophomore year, Lloyd’s father suddenly died of a heart attack. From the time he started in New Ulm, Lloyd had pretty much been on his own, at least financially. He worked while he was going to school; and every

summer he returned to Litchfield to work on his father's farm. In fact, "We encouraged the neighbors to fill their silos early so that I could get on to school. They didn't like to do that, since the corn was pretty green, but they finally did it. Sometimes I'd get it started and then go back. I got paid so much [for my summer work] and my dad paid my room and board. [But] then my dad died. I was able to support myself working in the canning factory [the *Green Giant* plant in Le Sueur] each summer. I was able to pay for my room and board and my books. And one year I even bought a suit—cheap."

"The summer after my father died we had to register for the draft. My mother was all in a dither because my number was the first one drawn on the list of new registrants. I prayed that the Lord would allow me to get back to Northwestern before they would send me my papers, because then I could go directly to Professor Kowalke so he could get the affidavit certifying that I was a student studying for the ministry. And God worked it out; so, within a few weeks, I got my 4D. Other students weren't as fortunate. [Some of them] were eventually pulled into the service, and at least one of them lost his life."

The war continued to have its effects on his education; the result being that his course of study was accelerated. "The summer after I graduated from Northwestern was the last summer I was able to work. The draft board said that if you were going to be excused from military service because you were going into the ministry, you could only have a two week vacation; anything longer than that and you'd be eligible for the draft. So we went into an accelerated program at the Sem all the time we were there. Once we started, we were there for two and a half years. And so we graduated at Christmas time—the Class of '45 B."

In the years that Lloyd attended the Seminary, there was no such thing as a vicar year. It was strictly left up to the student whether he wanted to get any practical training in the ministry.

Lloyd, being the industrious German he is, took the initiative. He and Elmer “Butch” Mahnke were very good friends all the way through Sem. Butch had an older brother, Jon, who was a pastor at Mt. Lebanon on the north side of Milwaukee. “I got tremendous practical information about the ministry [from him]. Here was a guy right off the farm, and now he’s going into the ministry. And he doesn’t have the faintest idea what it means to live in a parsonage. It was so worthwhile to listen to him—to his wisdom with which he handled the problems of the ministry. I went on hospital calls with him; canvassing; I taught Bible classes; conducted services and preached every once in a while. I owe my practical experience in the ministry to Jon Mahnke.”

“Go West, young man ...”

Owing to the accelerated program at the Sem, Lloyd graduated on December 13, 1945, and was immediately assigned to the mission field in Colorado. “We got our assignment from the Conference of Presidents. The announcement wasn’t made in a big service [like it is now]. We were just called in one by one by Prof. Meyer and told where we were called to; what the place would be like, and so forth.”

Before he left for his call, however, there was one more bit of business remaining. Ten days after he graduated from Wisconsin Lutheran Seminary, Lloyd Hahnke married Evelyn Alvina Amelia Pomerence in St. Paul, Minnesota. After the storm had passed, (snow, that is), he packed up his '29 Model A and his new bride and headed off for Colorado. He was ordained on January 20, 1946 in Platteville, where he served as a supply pastor for a brief time. Eventually, Lloyd was able to begin the work to which he had been assigned—namely, as an exploratory missionary under the direction of the Colorado Mission Board. The territory which he was to cover envisioned much of the West. Besides missions in Colorado, he served in Wyoming. He went as far south as Albuquerque, where he, Pastor Vollmers and Pastor Knicklebein did some

canvassing. Albuquerque had experienced tremendous growth during the war years; and as a result of their canvassing, many prospects were found. They ran into a huge problem, however. “Not even could a basement apartment be found to rent in all of Albuquerque that could conceivably serve as both a church and school. Mission financial constraints would hardly envision the building of a church, school, and residence for the pastor.”

“We had about five preaching stations there [in the Southwest]. When I went down there, Knicklebein and I worked as a team. We served the congregations at Mancos and Cortez—preaching and preparing them for the weeks we wouldn’t be there. We did a lot of exploring. There were prospects there; also, there was a Spanish population and also the Navajo and Ute Indians—they were there as well. A newspaper editor invited me to Dove Creek; we had a nice group there—about twenty or so.”

“Then I went to Norwood, where they had the atomic power plant. I remember talking to Lutherans there—all kinds of Lutherans—who had lived there for twenty five years and insisted that there hadn’t been a Lutheran service there for those 25 years. They really appreciated our services. Suddenly, a man by the name of Kretzmann (when you hear that name, you immediately think Missouri Synod) wrote to his parents in Denver about our services. Then the Missouri Synod Mission Board got after their man down in Durango, who had been assigned that area. So they arranged to have a service there—a communion service. I thought to myself, ‘With the background of those people, you’ve got to have them in a Confirmation class first before you have a communion service’; but they scheduled one anyway. I was very disappointed, so I called my Mission Board Chairman, saying that there was a lot of confusion down here. The Missourians are insisting that this is their field; they’ve done nothing here for 25 years—and yet it’s their field. Here, I’ve gathered these people together, and they’re planning this communion

service with the fruits of my labors? Anyway, the upshot of the meeting was that since Missouri had driven through there 40 years ago, it was claimed as their field. I preached my last sermon there to a crowd of at least forty people. When we ran out of hymnals, I had no other choice but to give the pianist's hymnal to the last couple who came in the door. Fortunately, the pianist was my talented wife, Evie, who could play by ear. I simply had to tell her how many verses of each hymn to play, and she did it—without missing a note!”

These few experiences help to demonstrate some of the blessings and frustrations Lloyd experienced in the mission field. He had the joy of bringing God's Word to people who were starving to hear it. Many of the friendships he forged in the preaching stations and mission congregations he served he maintains today. He was able to work with his fellow brothers in the ministry, much in the way that Paul, Barnabas, Silas, and Timothy worked together to spread the gospel. But along with the successes, he experienced a number of disappointments as well—the disappointment of developing prospects and not being able to start a mission; the disappointment of seeing a congregation fade after a promising start; the disappointment of being stopped in one's tracks by a synod with whom you are in fellowship. In any event, the Lord of the harvest has graciously seen fit to bless the people in the fields where Lloyd labored so faithfully. Almost every community where he served or canvassed—Greeley, Loveland, Cheyenne; yes, even Albuquerque—are now being served by a WELS congregation. And Norwood? A year after he left, he had the occasion to meet with some of his former members. When asked how things were going they said, “We haven't had a single service since you left.”

Meanwhile, Lloyd had been permanently assigned to Platteville; but even though he served the congregation there, he did not cease his mission work. Through friends, he knew that there were good prospects in Cheyenne; so he went to the Mission Board in Denver to ask for

permission. "It takes money to do this; and besides, it's a matter of good order to do things that way. So we got the permission of the Board to go there. President Frey was just a little reluctant. I remember him saying, "They're just a bunch of cowboys up there. It'll never go any place!" But, he didn't stand in our way, so we got it started."

At that time, Lloyd had about 37 communicants at Platteville; but one Sunday, about 35 visitors came to worship. They said that they were from Loveland, where they were disgruntled with the Missouri Synod pastor. Eventually, they asked him if he would come over and preach for them. "I said, 'I can't do that. (I didn't want to be guilty of luring them away from their church.) What you ought to do is ask for your transfer from Missouri; also, go to Denver and inform President Frey and Mission Board Chairman Vic Tiefel that you would be interested in having our services.' Time and time again, Frey and Tiefel sent them back to Missouri. Eventually, they were granted their transfer, and I got started in Loveland. The German-Russians in Loveland told me that they wanted German services every other week. So, for the first service, I preached the best German sermon that I had written while I was at the Seminary. After I had preached it, one man patted me on the back and said, '*Es wird immer besser, Herr Pastor*'. I thought to myself, 'It's going to get a lot worse before it gets better!'"

Lloyd had his hands full now, serving his own congregation in Platteville and the people in Loveland. He was also kept busy at home with two young sons, Donald and Steven, who were both born in Colorado. He then received a call to Beatrice, Nebraska. He told his congregation that he would be happy to stay and be their pastor; but he felt that Loveland needed to be canvassed intensely at this point. In fact, it would be much more practical if he could live in Loveland and then only drive the 26 miles to Platteville twice a week. "The Platteville people told me, 'Nothing doing—you are our pastor. If they want a preacher living there, they can go get

their own.’ And I thought, ‘If you’re only paying five dollars a month toward the pastor’s salary [the Synod was paying most of his salary at this point], you hardly have the right to say something like that.’”

Go Huskers ...

With that ringing endorsement, Lloyd took the call to Beatrice, arriving there in February, 1950. They arrived in the dead of winter, only to find that the parsonage water pipes had frozen and burst. Obviously there was no heat in the house at first; and two weeks later, Lloyd came down with pneumonia. Once he was back on his feet, he was eager to get going. “There was a pressing need for a pastor there. The neighboring congregations were feeding people into Beatrice. The letter that came with the call told me that 26 people had been transferred in there. Here was a congregation ready to bloom. [But] when I got there, there were only six communicants. The seventh communicant was my wife, Evie—and I brought her along. [Evie soon added one more soul to the congregation when she gave birth to their third son, David.] By the time I left Beatrice five years later, the little church had grown from six communicants to between 85 and 90 communicants.”

“In the meantime, the congregation had purchased a church. When I first started, we worshipped in the parlor room of the parsonage. It was about 16 feet by 30 feet, and it could house about 35 people. There were times we had people sitting all the way up the stairs. One Easter, we had some 80 people worshipping in the parsonage.”

As God would have it, an old ALC church became available for purchase. The district Mission Board gave their permission to see what kind of deal they could make; and final approval to purchase the church was given at the 1952 Synod convention. “So then I waited several weeks [for the money to come from the Synod—but none came]; so I called the chairman

of the Synod's Board of Trustees to ask him about the money. He said, 'What money? We don't have any money.'" Both Missionary Hahnke and the congregation were able to recover from this unexpected turn of events. By pooling their resources and those of the neighboring congregations, they were able to raise 30,000 dollars to purchase the church. Christ Evangelical Lutheran Church was now firmly established in that community.

"I was there at Beatrice when the congregation got on its feet and really got established. I was the only pastor some of them had ever had. When I was about to leave, I wondered, 'Are these people going to stay with us, or are they going to defect?' Twenty five years later, I was invited to preach for its anniversary. And I was tremendously impressed by the number of original members who were still at the church; they were very faithful!" Professor Richard Gurgel once said that one way to measure a pastor's "effectiveness" at a particular congregation is not what falls apart when he leaves, but rather what stays in place. Using that standard, Lloyd Hahnke's ministry at Beatrice was truly "effective".

Before we leave Nebraska, however, we ought not overlook one significant event that occurred in 1954—not significant in terms of Lloyd Hahnke's ministry—but in terms of the impact it had on the author of this paper. On September 8, 1954, Lloyd and Evelyn were blessed with their first daughter, Maribeth—my wife.

The Land of 10,000 Lakes ...

During what would turn out to be his last year at Beatrice, Lloyd suffered from a chronic sore throat. He would go to the doctor; the doctor would give him a shot of penicillin; he'd get a little better; but a week or so later, the sore throat would return. This cycle would repeat itself over and over again. The doctor then suspected that it might be his uvula; so he had that surgically removed—and still there was no relief. "I was going from Saturday to Sunday without

saying a thing—that was no good. I was a missionary, and I wanted to be out with the people. And it was hard on my family. It turned out that the severe dust storms that Nebraska was enduring was wreaking havoc on my throat. So when the call came to Boyd, Minnesota—Omro Township—I thought, ‘What a Godsend!’”

So, for health reasons, Lloyd took the call to Boyd. But before he was even installed, he had to preach a funeral sermon; and he noticed afterwards that his throat wasn’t sore! Saint John’s in Boyd was an old country church in western Minnesota. Although there was no mission work to be done, so to speak, Lloyd had to preach in both English and German. He realized that he would have to practice quite a bit if he was going to preach in German. So he wrote his sermon in English, translated it into German, memorized it in German, and then went into the pulpit. “I knew that I was missing a lot of German vocabulary. So I thought, ‘Why don’t I take the Sunday School lessons for the year and preach that Sunday School lesson—make a sermon out of it? So, that’s what I did; and the people loved it!’”

“I was only at Boyd for three years, but during that time I was bombarded with calls—Washington, Arizona, Rochester, Gary (South Dakota), etc. In fact, I received the call to Rochester (Minnesota) when I had only been at Boyd nine months. Two men from the mission board called and insisted that I had to take this call. We were on a party line at the time, so when the people heard that the pastor had an important call, the members hung on the line. Later, we heard that the talk was going around the congregation that the Synod had sent its “big guns” out this time! But I turned down that call and every one of those other calls.” Incidentally, the eavesdroppers overheard another important call. Pastor Hahnke’s wife had given birth to their fifth child—a girl named Karilynn.

Back to school ...

“When the call came to be the dean of students [at New Ulm], that was one I really felt that I could not turn down in good conscience—I wouldn’t have wanted that call ever—but I felt that I, in good conscience, could not turn it down. The first thing that Evie said was, ‘Just think what this will mean for our family. It will be an opportunity for our children to go to a Christian Day school, a Lutheran high school; the College is right there—What more could you want?’ Of course, I thought to myself, ‘That’s what I want [for my family], but what I don’t want is the dean’s office!’ You don’t covet the dean’s position at all. Finally, it dawned on me, ‘For what reason are you going to turn this position down?’ I was looking for a good reason to turn this call down; but there was none. Languages—they didn’t scare me; and teaching other classes didn’t bother me either, even though I had never had a methods course. But the dean’s office scared me plenty.”

The thought of being dean might have scared him initially, but not enough for him to decline the call. Not long after he got to New Ulm, he discovered that he actually enjoyed his duties. “I found that I had no trouble in the dean’s office. In fact, I can’t remember a time when I was afraid to do anything that the dean would have to do—even things that were extremely distasteful; they didn’t bother me the least bit. I was just tough enough to do what needed to be done, and to make no apologies for it. I told my students, ‘I’m using the best judgment the Lord God has given me. If I’m doing wrong, then I plead guilty before God; but what I have done is what I think my Lord wants me to do.’ After I said that, most of the students backed down.”

Professor Hahnke’s call was to be dean at Dr. Martin Luther College and Martin Luther Academy. In addition to his duties as the dean, he also taught at MLA. In his first year, he taught ninth grade religion and first year Latin; later, he added first year German (two sections), and

when Prof. Birkholz died, he took over second year German. "I was getting a pretty heavy teaching load."

Though there was a lot of work, the Hahnke's always made time to attend campus events and faculty get-togethers. In addition, they hosted a Christmas dorm party each year, serving ham sandwiches and Evie's homemade Christmas cookies. Summing up his time as dean, Lloyd said, "I'd have to say that I've never been so busy in my life as when I was the dean. I enjoyed every day of it—they weren't all happy—but I enjoyed every day of it, and I would never (with a big laugh) do it again!"

Dean Hahnke actually came to New Ulm by himself in August of 1958. The dean's home was still occupied by Prof. Brick. So Lloyd lived in the dorm while his family stayed in Boyd. On one of his weekend trips back to Boyd, he found that the family had been sick. Since he had the car, Evie had to prevail on others to get to the doctor, grocery store, etc. That very weekend, he took the whole family back with him to New Ulm and put them up in a motel. He told President Schweppe that he was going to the Board to ask them to do something about the situation. The next day, the Board found them a house in which to live. Finally, they were together as a family; and by November, they had moved into the dean's home on Waldheim Drive.

Professor Hahnke served as the College and High School dean for eight consecutive years. When he left the dean's office, they replaced his position with a College dean for men, a College dean for women, and a dean of students for the High School. A few years later, he returned to be the dean of students at the High School, but only until someone else would accept the call. He noticed that the behavior of the students had changed. When he had left the dean's office, he felt that he had kept them pretty much in line; but now they seemed to be a "wild bunch". He was very grateful when Jim Schneider took the call to be the dean.

Even though Professor Hahnke was no longer the dean, there was much to keep him busy. He taught religion, Latin, and German, and served as the vice president of the Academy, as well as the recruitment director. He often filled in for vacationing pastors in the area, and he was the vacancy pastor four different times for neighboring congregations. At the celebration of Lloyd's 25th anniversary in the ministry, President Oscar Naumann wrote this congratulatory statement: "Don't think that it has gone unobserved how willingly and readily you have volunteered to help in instances of vacancies in the area congregations." Lloyd also occasionally taught Dogmatics, New Testament, and Catechism classes at the College's summer school sessions. Though he would have been content to stay at the High School, the Lord had other plans for him.

Going down hill ... (the Center St. hill, that is)

About the time that the Synod was deciding whether or not to move the Academy to Prairie du Chien, he received a call to be an associate pastor at St. Paul's in New Ulm. In fact, this was the second time that St. Paul's had asked him to be their pastor. This time, he accepted the call in the summer of 1978. "One of the reasons I thought I should go to St. Paul's was my hearing; I was definitely having difficulty in the classroom hearing the students' answers. But I really struggled with this call."

"I think that if I had known what it [St. Paul's] was going to be like, I would never have gone. Those were some tough years. Going to St. Paul's was no release from pressures at all; the pressures were going to be equally as big as they were at the College. So, in that sense, I think I jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

One of the pressures he felt was trying to get all the work done—especially the visitations. One of his first visits was to Hermann Raabe. Herm had gotten wind that St. Paul's was planning to call a third pastor—something that Mr. Raabe thought was totally unnecessary. Pastor Hahnke

said, “Herm—How long have you been a member here at St. Paul’s?” Herm said, ‘All my life; and I’m 65 years old.’ ‘OK,’ I said. ‘How many times in your 65 years have you been visited by a pastor in your home?’ He said, ‘Twice—and you’ve been here both times.’ I said, ‘That’s exactly what we’re talking about! Isn’t it about time that our pastors get into the homes of the members of the congregation so they know what’s going on among our people, and are able to minister to them much more richly than they are?’ That’s the last I ever heard from him about a third pastor. He appreciated the fact that here was a man who had the best interests of the church at heart.”

“I used to start off the week with a list of sixteen or seventeen things that I absolutely had to get done that week. By the time I got to the end of the week, there were seventeen new things to replace them; the pressure was never-ending. There was a time in my life when pressure didn’t bother me. But the older I got, the less I was able to handle it.”

In November of 1984, Lloyd became eligible for Social Security benefits, and he decided that he wanted to retire. St. Paul’s asked him if he would stay until they got another pastor. So, he stayed through the spring of 1985. He retired, and he and his wife moved out to their home on Lake Minnie Belle (near Litchfield, Minnesota). “I was hardly up there a week when I got a retirement call to St. Peter’s in rural Darwin (which is about eight miles east of Lake Minnie Belle). It was a Social Security call. I was there for three and a half years.” After he had been at St. Peter’s for about two years, he started having chest pains and difficulty breathing. The angiogram showed that he had several blocked arteries; so, he had quadruple bypass surgery in October of 1986. By December, he was back in the pulpit. But by the spring of 1988, after serving some forty two years in the ministry, Reverend Lloyd Hahnke decided to retire for the second and last time.

Gone fishin' ...

Even though he had retired from the full time ministry, he didn't quit cold turkey. He preached occasionally in the neighboring congregations when the pastors would go on vacations. He also had an arrangement with Pastor David Bode at Mt. Olive in Delano, Minnesota to preach once or twice a month. Lloyd rather enjoyed this arrangement, which lasted for about a year. Now he mostly enjoys being retired at his beloved lake home. He and his wife can fish to their hearts' content.

That's all, folks ...

Reverend Lloyd Hahnke is no longer active in the public ministry, but his legacy lives on. His love for the gospel lives in the hearts and lives of his children and grandchildren. Four of his children entered the ministry, and four of his children's spouses also entered the ministry. One grandson is a pastor, and five other grandchildren are currently studying at Martin Luther College.

"A farmer went out to sow his seed. As he was scattering the seed, some fell along the path; it was trampled on, and the birds of the air ate it up. Some fell on rock, and when it came up, the plants withered, because they had no moisture. Other seed fell among the thorns, which grew up with it and choked the plants. Still other seed fell on good soil. It came up and yielded a crop, a hundred times more than it was sown." (Luke 8:5-8)

The seed that fell on the Hahnke farm in 1919 found good soil in Lloyd Hahnke. He bloomed as he was watered with God's life giving Word, and became a sower of that precious seed himself.

Missionary, Pastor, Dean, Professor, Reverend Lloyd Donald Hahnke

To God Be the Glory!

Oops! I almost forgot ... The information for this paper was derived from four hours of interviewing with Reverend Lloyd Hahnke on February 22nd and 23rd, 2001.