

This is from a schoolteacher to a pastor in Lincoln, Nebraska, named David Maul, who used to be the pastor in Huck.

9 March 1933 Die Welt Post

From Russia

Huck, 1 February

Very beloved Pastor,

You certainly have already heard of the great misery, which currently dominates us. I, from time immemorial, had a good income, but see a black future. My livelihood, which I still had, has been taken away in an unfortunate night. To what purpose you will be able to imagine. The community, which I am serve, is utterly impoverished, so that I can't put my hope on any further support. My service to the community, so God will allow, I want to continue. Our people, which once supported the church, now must be the ones who rely on charity and rely upon our noble-minded acquaintances in other countries. The number of my poor brothers (other schoolteachers and vicars) in our area are melting away on nearly nothing. Many colonies are going without ecclesiastic services. Most positions are not filled. Huck still receives a few (church services). You have to question if we will be able to carry on in the future. Neither myself nor the pastors could for the future rely on an existence if the conditions remain the same.

Since 1928 I have made my home on this place for two years in the Sarepta, filling the post of my father who died two years ago (in Sarepta). I had to go through a lot during the period of this time. My brother Konstantin – a pastor in Stalingrad and Sarepta – had to take a long departure for three years from his family and is currently in the north. I also was for eight months separated from my family and these eight months were the most difficult time of my life. Gideon von Hussenbach with his oldest son Heinrich doesn't live anymore. My family and I suffer deficiencies and are very short of things, even to cover the most essential needs of life. I am not through our fault in this sad situation, but it's a very circumstance of the times, which are to blame. It is heartbreaking, that you must turn away the many hungry small people from your doorstep, without giving something to them,; our own family is deprived, even from a small slice of bread. We long still for a small piece of bread – to be able to buy bread for our money, is an impossible thing for me, while a packet of corn roughage costs 130 Rubles and the price is climbing higher. Only for foreign money can one buy in the "Torgsin" relatively cheap produce. We will not find things especially easier over time. I am aware that things may not be easy for you, but you certainly don't lack for the basic necessities, like food and clothing.

We project in this year still much work. With trembling hands I have grasped the feather quill, and it is difficult for me to describe our situation to you. Never the less, I still must do it. I didn't start with the intention to get support from you personally. I know you have many relations who call to you for help. Because of that, accept my apologies if I

turn to you Herr Pastor and ask you to move the people from Huck, who now are in your community and gave a lot to my father in 1921. Ask them to be moved to contribute as much as possible to alleviate my desperate situation and enable me to continue my services amongst their relatives at home. (Herr Pastor David Maul, Lincoln Neb. has arranged for this letter to be published and has started a parcel to send to Huck. Unfortunately only three Huck families are still left in his parish, but maybe other Huck families in Lincoln can come together and help the poor schoolmaster in the old country. An annotation from the editor.) I know you have influence on your countrymen and your pleas will not be without success. With the greatest gratitude, I will welcome the smallest charity. May God allow that your kind request on which I write will be crowned with success.

Greetings to you.

Your Heinrich Rusch
Housenumber 420