

PETER & MARIA (REMPEL) FALK
from Marie (Stoesz) Toews
July 10, 1981 at her home in Mountain Lake, Minnesota

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It is very interesting to me to think of all that our grandparents went through when they came from Russia. Grandma Falk was very good in remembering things that happened. When she came to visit us here in town after grandpa passed away, she liked to sit in the screened porch and every chance I got I went to sit with her.

Great-Grandpa Peter Rempel had been a quiet man, not very tall and a little chubby. Grandma Falk told me once that Great-Grandpa Rempel and a few other people (whose names she never told me) went to buy goods for their store. The trip took a whole week. They made the trips in their covered wagon (it had springs) and slept outdoors and took enough food with them to eat on the trip. Grandma Falk went along with them on some of the trips. It had been very dangerous to travel in Russia as there were so many robbers along the road and lots of people were killed. One time when grandma and great-grandpa were in the wagon, someone came and held a lighted candle inside the wagon to see what they had. Great-grandpa quickly took the man's head and bounced it against the edge of the wagon. That robber just turned around and ran off.

When Grandpa and Grandma Falk came to America in 1876, they had no place to stay so they stayed at Grandma's Uncle Abraham Penner's place in Mountain Lake for awhile. Then they found a place at Aaron Peter's farm. Mr. and Mrs. Peter's were nice to them; Mrs. Peter's let Grandma do the bread baking in their oven.

During all this time, Grandpa Falk was looking for land. They paid \$600 for the land he found one mile north of the Bergthal Church. The brick house that they built is still standing there. My mother helped dig the foundation which was dug three feet into the ground. The people that live there now are friendly, keep up the house nicely, and are willing to show it. There are two bedrooms, a front room, dining room and a kitchen downstairs; three bedrooms upstairs.

The first winter when Grandpa and Grandma Falk were on the farm was very hard. Grandpa walked, with a little sled, to St. James to buy flour, sugar and a few necessary groceries. It took him one day to walk there; he stayed two nights and coming back on the third day there was a bad snow storm but he found his way home. Grandma had prayed a lot for his safe return.

Uncle Pete Falk and Aunt Sara moved to farm in Munich, North Dakota in 1905 when I was five years old and I remember it never was so much fun after they moved. Their daughters were Marie, Susan and Alice. Uncle Pete became very ill with diabetes and passed away in 1923 in a hospital in Minneapolis. Marie is a widow living in Billings, Montana. Her husband Byrne Manley died many years ago. Susie is living alone in Montana. Alice, who had never married, died of cancer several years ago in California. She was saved before she died.