

**POWER,
PASSION,
AND**
Faith



Emmy Carlsson Evald

Suffragist and Social Activist

Sharon M. Wyman

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Prologue

Warm, pungent odors rise from the subway grates as panel trucks rattle down the street en route to their next delivery. New York City is just beginning to stir on July 1, 1938; for Emmy, it is a day of reckoning.

Emmy has championed women's causes from social justice to women's suffrage throughout her life. But her crowning achievement, as president of the Woman's Missionary Society, is the Lutheran Home for Women. The home was a financial success due to Emmy's hard work, boundless energy, and innate business sense.

But over the years, her well-proportioned body has grown thin, and wisps of wayward gray hairs radiate from her face. Still, beneath her wiry frame is a woman of strength and determination, which often results in an authoritarian management style. She is a mover and a shaker—an unstoppable force.

Her faith is strong and her will impervious to changes within the Woman's Missionary Society. Now after decades of personal sacrifice, the powers that be wanted to boot her out . . . to remove her forever from her life's work.

At age eighty, she awaits a confrontation with the women she once led.

Chapter One

The Early Years in America (1853–1875)

Emmy Carlsson Evald was a woman of courage, a crusader for equal rights, and according to friends, “a force to be reckoned with.” Her story begins in Sweden with her father, Rev. Dr. Erland Carlsson, who endowed her with two guiding principles: a proud Swedish history and an abiding faith. Born on August 22, 1822, Erland grew up in Älghult Parish, an impoverished farming community in Småland in southern Sweden. Having lost his father at an early age, he worked hard to achieve an education at Lund University.

As a pastor, young Erland’s liberal viewpoints often conflicted with the state-run Lutheran Church of Sweden. In addition, his long but artful sermons annoyed the local bishop, further limiting his options.

Meanwhile, in America, trouble brewed in Chicago. Local pastors worried about the Swedes and their increased use of alcohol. More troublesome, Methodists were coming to town,¹ whose ideology differed from the Lutherans in that Southern Methodist churches tended to accept slaveholders. The church polity was also dissimilar.²

Consequently, they asked Erland to join them with hopes of establishing a Swedish Lutheran church in Chicago. Given his dim job prospects in Sweden, Erland agreed and left his homeland of pink and purple lupine on June 3, 1853. His decision begat generations of Americans with Swedish ancestry.

Erland, along with 176 other emigrants, journeyed first to Hamburg, Germany, and then to Liverpool, England. From there the group embarked on the *St. Patrick* bound for America. To stay active, travelers participated in Bible classes and hymn singing

(often accompanied by Erland on his violin), and when possible, studied English vocabulary and grammar.³

Erland arrived in Chicago on August 28, 1853, at the age of thirty-one. Luckily, he found lodging in an attic room with an outdoor staircase. Board and laundry cost ten dollars per month. He took responsibility for the room's upkeep and his stove.

His first months in a strange city proved particularly harsh and not very encouraging.

His first Christmas Eve, he had been out inviting people to a *Julotta* [a Christmas morning worship service]. He came home all alone to his attic room. It was bitterly cold and there was no fire in the little stove. When he went to wash his hands, the water was frozen, the pitcher fell on the floor and cracked into pieces. That was too much for the lonesome, homesick pastor and he sat down and cried bitterly. Far away from his loved ones . . .

—Emmy Evald⁴

Most immigrants faced a period of adjustment; as a new pastor, Erland carried an extra burden: that of building a church. Part of his would-be flock had affiliated with different congregations. Others had simply drifted away from church or Chicago altogether. Thirty-six remained, including eight married couples and twenty singletons, one of whom would become his wife and Emmy's mother.

Erland's first church was housed in a Norwegian Lutheran church at the corner of Superior and Orleans Streets. Once the wee congregation could afford a church of their own, the parishioners purchased a church building and the adjoining empty lot for less than \$2,500 in October 1854.⁵ They called the church the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church of Chicago, forming the only Swedish Lutheran church in the city. (The name changed to the Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Immanuel Church of Chicago. Immanuel, meaning "God with us," became its corporate name. The word "Swedish" was later deleted from the name.)

A white picket fence surrounded the wooden church with its tall spire, and an open door welcomed parishioners. The church, referred to as Immanuel Lutheran, marked a beginning for the

immigrants whose courage and aspirations laid the groundwork for the Christian community.

A skilled organizer, Erland and his fellow Lutheran pastors formed the Augustana Synod, which required extensive travel throughout the Midwest. He soon emerged as a central figure in church development, mission, and education, crisscrossing the country. As an adult, Emmy would follow in his footsteps.

For the Swedes, the church represented both a social and spiritual connection, and membership was a status symbol. To “belong” to the church where a well-regarded pastor preached meant an everyday laborer could attain a level of respectability.⁶ The church was the center of community life with fairs and picnics—the “tie that binds.”⁷ Within the community, folks compared church attendance to good citizenship, like paying taxes and voting.⁸

Emmy’s father toiled endlessly on behalf of his growing congregation, serving his flock as a counselor, a realtor, a translator, and—at times—a mailman. Long lines of parishioners, seeking aid, formed outside his attic room causing his landlord, who tired of the commotion, to evict him. Deadly cholera swept through Chicago in the fall of 1854. Due to malnutrition, many immigrants literally died in the street on their way to work and were loaded onto wagons for burial. Surrounded by the acrid smell of death, Erland tended his parishioners as best he could, contracting a mild case of the disease himself, which would later manifest itself in bouts of ill health throughout Emmy’s life. Ten percent of church members perished that year.⁹ In all, Erland estimated that nearly 60 percent of the Swedish immigrants who arrived in Chicago that fall succumbed to the disease.¹⁰

* * * *

Thanks to a common language and shared faith, Swedes often married each other. Erland, too, proposed to a member of his flock. He and his bride, Eva Charlotta Anderson, wed in a quiet ceremony on May 25, 1855. Eva was twenty-six and Erland thirty-three. His sculpted forehead and deep-set eyes accentuated his boyish good looks. Chin whiskers made him appear older than his years.

With her chestnut hair pulled tautly into a bun, Eva, on the other hand, looked as plain as prairie grass, although the curl of her smile softened her stern countenance. Those who knew her thought her to be a humble Christian woman with a pleasing personality whose life encompassed good deeds. She nursed the sick, cared for the homeless, and was a wise, tender mother and an exemplary pastor's wife, who had time for everyone and was friendly toward all.¹¹

Little is known about Eva's early childhood. She was born on March 11, 1829, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anders Anderson of Timmele Parish, in Västergötland, Sweden. Exactly when the family arrived in America is unclear. Multiple sources cite various dates ranging from 1847 to 1852.

The Anderson family may have been part of a Västergötland group who came to America and proceeded to Sheboygan, Michigan, only to be stranded on the pier unable to communicate with the residents. One account indicates Mr. Anderson was a blacksmith and wagon maker who immigrated to Taylor Falls, Minnesota, and subsequently to St. Charles, Illinois, before moving to Chicago. Church records show that the Anderson family arrived in the city in 1851.

* * * * *

The financial crisis of 1857 caused bank failures and unemployment unlike any the country had experienced. In Chicago, families evacuated from the city proper and wandered into the countryside where they tried to sustain themselves on potatoes and corn. Men worked for fifty cents a day to provide for their families, and women took in laundry to make ends meet. Landlords charged twenty dollars per month for rent and flour rose to a costly seven dollars a barrel. Rumors of muskrat skins being used in lieu of cash could be heard along city streets.¹²

That same year, Erland, weary and in declining health, resettled his family in Geneva, Illinois, a sleepy little hamlet on the fringes of Chicago. He organized a Lutheran church in town and hoped to rest. There, on September 18, 1857, Emmy, baptized Emlie Christina, came into the world. She was the second child to bless

the Carlsson home; Emmy's sister, Annie, had been born the previous year. Nobody imagined the woman she would turn out to be, the influence she would wield, or the respect she would gain.

In less than a year, the family returned to their home in Chicago, where Erland continued to serve Immanuel Lutheran Church and the family grew. Ebenezer arrived April 1859 and Samuel in February 1864. Between 1868 and 1872, Emmy's mother gave birth to four more children. Although little Ester lived for two years, the other children died during infancy. All in all, the Carlssons buried more than half of their children, which was common for the time. Because infants often perished within days of their birth, families sometimes waited several months before naming them. Emmy's brother Sam appeared so frail his parents held a baptism the day he was born.

* * * *

Prayer meetings at the family home were so popular that the parsonage filled to overflowing. On occasion, smoky oil lamps and flaming candles absorbed the oxygen, making it difficult for the worshippers to breathe.¹³ The Carlssons also appreciated the arts and music. Erland played both the violin and the flute, and friends recollected a house filled with joy.

Days were never idle during the early years of the church. Recalling their own plight as immigrants facing hunger and disease, the family focused on mission projects within the church. Their home at 151 Lincoln Avenue served as a refuge for the homeless and a hospital for the sick. At various times, as many as sixty immigrants lived with the family. One family friend referred to their home as a "little Castle Garden" after the central immigration station in New York City.¹⁴ Their home at Lincoln and Cleveland Avenue was used as temporary housing for Augustana Hospital. Emmy's parents eventually sold their property to the hospital in 1886, donating a portion of the proceeds to the organization.

With all the comings and goings, a youthful Emmy occasionally misinterpreted what she saw, especially when needy families arrived on the Carlssons' doorstep.

We had no immigrant home. The church served as such and they slept in the pews. As a child, I remember Mother kneeling as a nurse cleaning the sores of a poor immigrant's legs infected and full of worms.

I have seen her carrying out big kettles of meatball soup with potatoes and carrots to the hungry, poor, and penniless immigrants in our backyard. As children, we used to go up and down the aisles of the church looking at the immigrants and feeling so sorry that Mother and Father came from such people.

—Emmy Evald¹⁵

Emmy eventually realized that the poor people in the pews did not represent all Swedes but reflected her father's Christian love and the urgent need for immigrant aid.¹⁶

* * * *

Once the Swedes were settled and the church building constructed, the congregation made plans for a school. They erected a two-story building on an empty lot adjacent to the church. In addition, the need for reading materials and devotional books outpaced the supply brought from Sweden. To remedy the problem, the upper floor of the building housed the first business office of the Swedish Lutheran Publication Society. Smelling of paper and ink, the society, started in January 1855, published the New Testament and other books in Swedish.

The publication society also printed the *Hemlandet* ("Homeland") newspaper, which reported on social and political issues, such as slavery and temperance. Emmy's father promoted the paper, which reminded readers to stay true to their Lutheran upbringing. The venture proved rewarding for young Emmy and her siblings, who earned a few pennies each for folding the paper with newsprint-stained hands.¹⁷

In the summer, classrooms occupied the main floor of the frame building. Emmy and her siblings attended "Swede school" in their formative years. As students, they learned Swedish, scriptures, and the catechism corresponding to today's parochial schools. The

curriculum for children and adults included English, although, in the home, they communicated in Swedish. Off and on, immigrants also resided in the schoolhouse.

As religious leader, Erland's responsibilities went beyond Sunday worship services. He and his fellow pastors sought to recruit and educate students who would actively minister to the growing needs of rural communities. Although a theological degree was not necessary to pursue a calling in the ministry, most denominations, despite being strapped for cash, built seminaries to inspire young men to further their religious education.¹⁸

As a result, the schoolhouse played a different role from 1860 to 1863 as the first home of a newly established school, Augustana College and Theological Seminary. The lower floor of the schoolhouse served as a lecture hall and the upper floor as a dormitory. The students were poor but suffered no want.¹⁹ Profits from the *Hemlandet* helped to defray the cost of the college.

Wide-eyed and inquisitive, Emmy mistakenly observed the students at the college. "As children, we thought it was awfully funny that these big men had to go to school where we had learned our ABCs," she said.²⁰ Of course, the students focused on preaching, not reading and writing.

The women of Immanuel Lutheran Church also involved themselves in the college. Ready-made bed linens were unavailable in the mid-1800s. Emmy's mother's sewing society chatted over coffee as nimble fingers worked to make sheets, pillowcases, and towels and construct quilts and mattresses for the beds at the seminary. The mattresses, filled with crunchy corn husks, made for a lumpy night's sleep.

In addition, the women's group prepared the dormitories for the seminary students by cleaning and scrubbing the rooms. They made beds and washed and ironed the students' laundry. Without a dining room, church families invited the students to their homes for meals.

Emmy's fond childhood memories included the early days of the seminary and college. With chores to be done, beds to be made, and meals to prepare, her little hands helped where they could. Wearing a simple calico dress, she headed to the dormitory

with slips of paper telling the students where to go for their meals. “There was one cranky student and no home wanted to feed him,” said Emmy. “He came and complained to Father. Father told him, ‘It is no wonder, when [at dinner] you asked, *‘Duger detta att ata?’* . . . ‘What is this?’”²¹ The story provided a lesson on gratitude and manners.

* * * *

As Emmy grew, so did Chicago. Its population now outpaced St. Louis and Cincinnati. Most businesses located by the Chicago River along Wacker Drive and Lake Street, making downtown a central area for shopping and financial transactions.

On the political front, President James Buchanan occupied the White House, and the country teetered on the brink of war. As one of the nation’s largest states, Illinois was a swing state, with nearly one-fourth of its population foreign born. The rural communities of southern Illinois supported proslavery views and the northern portion of the state pro-Union, having been inhabited by Union sympathizers from the Northeast. In 1860, Abraham Lincoln won the Republican Party’s nomination at the Wigwam convention center in Chicago, putting the city on the map.

Emmy was almost four when the Confederates attacked Fort Sumter, signaling the start of the Civil War. As the war broke out, antislavery ideology had a firm foothold on the city, and the economy boomed. Northern states prospered with increases in commodities and wages. Swedish immigrants—still troubled by famine and unemployment in their homeland—continued to flock to Chicago in search of a better life, making Chicago the largest cluster of Swedes in the United States.²²

In those days, all good citizens did their patriotic duty. Many young men from Immanuel Lutheran Church served under the Union “colors,”²³ having aligned themselves with the antislavery stance of their mother country. The times were not conducive for a growing college, however. As more men marched off to war, enrollments at Augustana College and Theological Seminary declined. In 1863, after much discussion, the college moved from the school-

house behind the Superior Street church and relocated south of the city in Paxton, Illinois, surrounded by fertile farmland.

Not everyone agreed with the move, but Erland and other pastors hoped the locale near the Illinois Central Railroad would bring students to Augustana and that the community would assist the college and help it grow. Instead, the flood of immigrants headed north to Minnesota and west toward Nebraska and Kansas. Meanwhile, the war dominated the news.

As a socially minded Republican, Erland endorsed President Lincoln. In April 1865, when word spread of President Lincoln's assassination by John Wilkes Booth, Emmy found her father sitting at the kitchen table with his head bowed and his shoulders shaking as he sobbed. Stunned by what she saw and unable to imagine an event that would cause her father such sorrow, she assumed the worst . . . God must have died.

After two weeks, the body of the fallen president lay in state at the Old Court House in Courthouse Square at the corners of Randolph, Clark, LaSalle, and Washington Streets. As the draped funeral train passed carrying Lincoln's body, Erland hoisted Emmy's brother Eben onto his shoulders to watch history in the making. The Prairie State would bury its native son in Springfield.

After the Civil War, many veterans returned to the city. Some arrived by train, some by horseback, and others came on foot. Keen to rebuild their lives and in search of family members, they returned to Chicago. Battered by disease and alcoholism, wounded, maimed, and on makeshift crutches, the soldiers found a haven in the churchyard where they lay strewn across the lawn, their uniforms tattered and torn. Having seen the horrors of war, the battle-weary men found eight-year-old Emmy scampering about to be a welcome sight. She and her mother brought steaming pots of meaty broth and vegetables to the ailing and exhausted men and bound their wounds.

When General William T. Sherman arrived in Chicago to review the impoverished troops and offer his assistance, he spotted Emmy in the yard. He kissed her hand in gratitude for her kindness to others and her service to the troops, his scruffy whiskers brushing

her skin. She never forgot the gesture. His thankfulness was the first of many accolades she would receive.

Emmy witnessed huge changes in the city during its industrial era. By the mid-nineteenth century, railroads converged in Chicago, bringing with them prosperity. The city became known for steel manufacturing, technology, and refinement. On the international scene, Chicago was the center for meat packing with its stockyards and processing capabilities.

Speculators learned, if they guessed right, that they could make big money. Dollars flowed through Chicago's marketplace and were reinvested in areas such as banking and finance. Chicago expanded into a hot spot for investing and speculation and a mecca for immigrants with modern ideas. High rollers lived at the top of the food chain with those in desperate poverty at the bottom.

A restored Union brought changes in merchandising and packaging. Folks could now buy Pillsbury flour and wash with Ivory soap or soothe their aching heads with Bayer aspirin. But as the nation's economy soared, disaster loomed for the Carlsson family and the city of Chicago.

* * * *

Within five years, the membership at Immanuel Lutheran Church had jumped from 220 in 1860 to 525 in 1865. Parishioners squeezed shoulder to shoulder into hard-backed pews. The stuffy quarters caused some churchgoers to swoon from the heat. Because the small wooden church housed only one-half of the congregation, members elected to purchase property at 218 Sedgwick Street for \$7,000 in 1867 (some church records indicate the purchase price was \$8,500),²⁴ and plans got underway to build a different church.

In November 1869, the congregation held a farewell service at the Superior Street church, after which Erland and the deacons carried the communion vessels and the church Bible to the church at Sedgwick and Hobbie Streets.²⁵ Moving so far north concerned a few parishioners. But the area known as Swede Town, too, had expanded with nearly five thousand residents bounded by Division, Superior, Franklin, and Larrabee Streets and the north branch of

the Chicago River.²⁶ Of course, they could not foresee the events that would befall the city in October 1871.

The church sanctuary proved to be the grandest of its day. The spire with its gilded cross rose 154 feet toward heaven and the building cost a whopping \$34,000. Everything looked promising, and the congregation happily anticipated the future. However, the church still owed more than \$22,000 on the property, which worried church members, and they took steps to reduce the debt. They planned a special meeting for October 9, 1871, but it never occurred.²⁷

The autumn day appeared ordinary. Swing bridges shifted back and forth across the river at Rush and State Streets to allow schooners to enter the city with deliveries and consumer goods. Horse-drawn carriages and wagons bustled up and down Wells Street. That evening, a blaze of orange appeared on the horizon.

Fire alarms did not phase the city's residents even with the recent drought. Not to mention, Chicago sidewalks and bridges were made of wood, and many of the houses had flammable roofs of pine and tar, plus bales of hay and straw filled local barns. Folks assumed the river would stop the flames and contain any fire. They were wrong.

The blaze broke out around half past eight in the evening on October 8, near Mrs. O'Leary's barn at the rear of 137 DeKoven Street where she stabled her milk cows. High winds whipped the fire out of control. Flames flew across the river, sending onlookers fleeing for their lives.

Emmy's father preached that Sunday at the Evensong service, a choral worship service combining vespers and evening prayers. Scripture readings and music made up much of the spiritual observance. On his way home, Erland noticed a reddish color in the sky to the south.

The fire was more than three English miles from Immanuel Lutheran Church, and no one feared any danger. But before sunrise the following morning, most of Chicago was in ashes. Early Monday morning the fire flashed across the river to the north

side where the ravaging element like an ocean of fire spread out from the river to the lake and soon swept everything in its path.

—Erland Carlsson²⁸

The Great Chicago Fire of 1871 would change the course of history for the Carlsson daughters and Immanuel Lutheran Church. However, at the time of the fire, Emmy and Annie were out of the country. Having completed their public education in Chicago, the teenagers were safe and sound in Kalmar, Sweden, at the Rostad School for Girls. Under the guidance of *Mamsell* Cecill Fryxell, the Carlsson daughters busied themselves with their academics and training in Christian virtues. Letters from home told of the fire and the toll it took on the family, the church, and the city itself.

The Swedes bore the brunt of the disaster more than any other ethnic group. The latter resided in neighborhoods throughout the city, whereas approximately two-thirds of the Swedes lived in Swede Town, which had been in the direct path of the fire.²⁹ The neighborhood ignited tantamount to a tinder box, reducing the entire North Side to ashes. Grabbing whatever personal possessions they could snatch from the flames, families abandoned their homes for safer ground.

The same bell that had tolled for President Lincoln rang out until the courthouse, consumed with fire, crumbled to the ground. Hundreds of homes in the city and four Swedish churches fell into a pile of rubble.

Erland and Eva watched in horror and church members wept as flames crackled about the church and rafters crashed to the ground in a fiery rage. Only the church records could be saved. Fire also destroyed the congregation's first church on Superior Street. When it was over, nine out of every ten church members, including the Carlssons and their two young sons, Eben (age twelve) and Sam (age seven), were homeless.³⁰

The loss was devastating for Emmy's family who lost their home, valued at \$25,000 in the 1870 Census, and their personal property, assessed at \$1,000. Fortunately, the Carlssons found lodging with friends. Others slept in open fields away from the scorched

earth. People lost everything—their homes, their church, and their belongings. But not one church member died in the conflagration.³¹

The fire turned the tide for the city. All total, one-third of the city's residents remained homeless with 18,000 buildings burned and more than \$199 million in property damage. Roughly fifty insurance companies went belly-up because of the fire, which meant insurance claims went unpaid. The destruction would become the yardstick by which future fires were measured.

Chicago businesses sold everything but commemorative T-shirts. Locals tried to sell what housewares they had to restart their lives elsewhere. Frantic construction began. Buildings grander than before rose from the ashes, and city leaders established stricter fire codes.

After the blaze, church members met to discuss their future. Now saddled with a huge debt and no means to repay it, some church members wanted to declare bankruptcy. Emmy's father had a different opinion. Five days after the fire, he preached an impassioned sermon from a wagon and declared he would stay as Immanuel's pastor and assist in paying off the debt if the church council would agree to rebuild. The congregation accepted his offer and made plans to build a new church in the same location. The meeting ended with the hymn "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," a fitting benediction.

Men, women, and children covered in black grit from charred lumber worked together to clear the debris and pile bricks to rebuild the church. Keeping his end of the bargain, Erland wrote to other churches and journeyed throughout the United States and Europe asking for money to rebuild the church. Money poured in from the East Coast and as far away as Sweden.³²

Completed in April 1875, the church lacked a steeple, an organ, and bells; the walls remained unpainted; and there were no pews, but the congregation rejoiced just the same.³³

That same year, Emmy and Annie finished their education at *Mamsell Fryxell's* progressive school, thought to be the finest education Sweden had to offer. Erland journeyed to Kalmar, where he had once worked as a boy, to give the commencement address.

The girls said farewell to their school chums and the threesome traveled to Älgult, Sweden, Erland's childhood home, to visit family. They stopped to see the church where their father once preached and paid their respects to family members buried in the churchyard. Erland's simple wood-framed home with its huge fireplace decorated with blue and white tiles appeared smaller to the girls than their Chicago home. After a brief stay, the trio boarded the *Polynesian* in England and set sail for America, arriving in Chicago in November 1875.³⁴

While Chicago rebuilt, such was not the case for Augustana College and Theological Seminary, which faced another crisis made more severe by the depression of 1873 and subsequent financial downturn. The college needed cash and teachers. To cover the deficit, church leaders sold the print shop, including the newspaper, the *Hemlandet*. In the past eighteen years the shop had never turned a substantial profit.³⁵ But Emmy saw the tabloid as a spot to advertise church activities and claimed church leaders made a mistake in selling it.³⁶ In the years to come, both the church and the college became a source of conflict for Emmy, but for now, peace prevailed.

Notes

Chapter One: The Early Years in America (1853–1875)

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2. Sam Ronnegard, *Prairie Shepherd: Lars Paul Esbjörn and the Beginnings of the Augustana Lutheran Church* (Rock Island, IL: Augustana Book Concern, 1952), 100, 113.
3. Lindquist, *Immigrant People*, 24.
4. Emmy Evald, “Early Days of the Augustana Synod in Chicago” (speech to the Pastor’s Association, June 6, 1932).
5. Lindquist, *Immigrant People*, 61.
6. Beijbom, *Swedes in Chicago*, 355.
7. Anderson and Blanck, *Swedish-American Life*, 6.
8. John H. Keiser, *Building for the Centuries: Illinois 1865–1898* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1977), 304.
9. Olsen, *History of the Swedes*, 469.
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13. Evald, “Early Days” (speech).
14. Lindquist, *Immigrant People*, 82.
15. Evald, “Early Days” (speech).
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21. Evald, speech.
22. Gustafson, “Swedes,” 805.
23. *Story of Immanuel Lutheran*, 16.
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25. *Story of Immanuel Lutheran*, 17.
26. Beijbom, *Swedes in Chicago*, 68.
27. *Story of Immanuel Lutheran*, 18.
28. Lindquist, *Immigrant People*, 64.
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30. *Story of Immanuel Lutheran*, 18.
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35. *Story of Immanuel Lutheran*, 124.
36. Evald, “Early Days” (speech).

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Happy Reading!

About the Author

Since childhood, Sharon Wyman has heard family stories about Emmy Ewald. They were grand tales indeed of Emmy's trip to China, where she thwarted a robbery attempt, and of her travels to India, where she spent the day with a viper in her cot. But it was not until Wyman relocated to Chicago, where Ewald grew up, that her interest in family history blossomed.

As Ewald's great-granddaughter, Wyman has access to her personal papers, scrapbooks, and photographs. Plus, she has the inside scoop from family members who knew Ewald best, adding to an intimate portrait of Ewald's life.

Wyman grew up in St. Louis, Missouri, and spent twenty years in corporate communications. She currently lives on Cape Cod with her husband, Bob, their beagle Annie, and a cat named Calvin.

sharonwyman.com

*It is the morning of July 1, 1938,
and New York City is just beginning to stir.
For Emmy Evald, it is a day of reckoning.*

Born the daughter of a pioneer preacher in 1857 in Geneva, Illinois, Emmy Evald grew up in the poor section of Chicago known as “Swede Town.” Despite her humble beginnings, she became one of the most influential and remarkable Swedish American women of her day.

Emmy began challenging the male-dominated church and social mores early on. Clear in her vision, she established the Lutheran Woman’s Missionary Society in 1892, raising more than \$3 million, which provided health care and education to women worldwide.

A distinguished orator, Emmy led the charge on behalf of women’s suffrage and marched with Susan B. Anthony to the US Congress in 1902.

Her actions met with both victory and defeat. Some women felt a woman’s place was in the home and resented her. Men tried to silence her spirit. But she was a “force to be reckoned with,” one who never gave up on the fight for women’s rights and social justice.



As the great-granddaughter of Emmy Evald, Sharon M. Wyman utilized her access to Evald’s personal papers, scrapbooks, and photographs to write *Power, Passion, and Faith*. Plus, she had the inside scoop from family members who knew Evald best.

Wyman spent twenty years in corporate communications and currently resides on Cape Cod.

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