

Saturday, March 28, 1998

Some of the children have asked me to do some more writing since Murray and Carol presented to me my memoirs on Mother's Day, 2001. I was surprised that it was ready so quick. Anne has been editing these 88 pages in April when I was visiting the children in Alberta. I am so thankful that she was able to do this. Now I was asked to write about the day that Dad went to his Home in Heaven.

It is now three years and five months ago (August, 2001) that this happened suddenly.

Friday, March 27, we went to Edmonton for my 28th chelation treatment. Dad was so thankful that my heart was not racing anymore nor skipping beats since the last week of January, as it has been doing since 1987. On the way home we went to a funeral in Sangudo. Soon after we came home, we had a call from people we had met once. They wanted to visit us because they had a Moerman in their family and they wanted to know if they were from our tribe. Since this was the only evening that this man was visiting, I told them that our day had been long but until 9 o'clock they would be welcome. The lady who came along with this elderly man took several pictures of Dad with this Moerman. We both were not very happy with it because we both felt worn out from going early to Edmonton and of course the treatment was part of it. For them it was very valuable and Dad was curious if they were somehow related but this was not the case.

We had promised to help in the church the next morning, to help with the clothing exchange which we did every two months or when it was needed. But Dad had just discovered, via Ruth our neighbor, that this was the only day this spring that he could buy some chickens and some ducks. Dad felt bad that he could not keep his promise but he brought me to church and a neighbor would bring me home at 2 o'clock.

Dad drove in with our chickens at the same time as I was thanking Linda for bringing me home. Dad rolled down the window and said: "Mom, I am not coming in because I bought two muscovy ducks as well and I want to fix the duck house too before it is dark." "Can I help you with this, I asked"? He said, "Yes if you can". So I told him that I was going to put a chicken in the oven and get something to eat and drink for him.

We worked together for two hours. I picked up some things from the garage and the barn which he needed and also brought a rake and some protection from the dust to the chicken coop, which had not been used for two summers. When the duck house was almost finished he said, "Mom, can we eat a little earlier, I am getting hungry since I did not eat much for lunch." Before I went inside, I told him that I was making his favorite meal; putting carrots in the oven with the chicken and the scalloped potatoes that were ready to go in. "I'll be back soon, Dad, to help you some more." I also said that I brought some things by the chicken coop, which he needed. His reply was "as long as you do not start cleaning the coop, Mom. That is too dusty for your lungs."

While I walked to the house I thought, "I am going to help Dad with whatever needs to be done yet." But when I was inside my eye fell on the home carved and painted angel, which was presented to us by John and Ina van Leeuwen at our Open House. When we came home on Sunday evening Dad hung it over a calendar and said, "Mom, you find a place where you think it should be." All at once I knew where I wanted it. I saw the two pictures of Jesus in Gethsemane and Jesus knocking at the door (Rev. 3:20). In the middle above was the cross given to us before, by Jack and Jan Opderheide. And there under the cross, the angel who was blowing the trumpet found its place, very close to the time that Dad was called Home.

In all, I was inside for 30 minutes, I know for sure that God spared me the sight of Dad's last moment on this earth and I thank Him for it. I clearly remember when I left the house that I thought that Dad would be pleased with the place I had chosen. I knew that Dad would like the place I put it.

When I came outside Dad was not by the ducks anymore although I heard him using the hammer at least until a quarter to five. I did not hear any answer when I started calling him. Terribly afraid, I knew all at once that something had happened. I ran to the chicken coop, but had to slow down. I could not get my breath anymore by the time I found him. First I saw his boots through the fence and I thought, why did he take his boots off? When I had opened the little gate, I saw what I had feared when there was no answer. I knelt down and tried to hold his arm to feel his pulse. It was lifeless and his color was blue.

It was then that I heard the words of Ps. 46:10, which I had heard at least seven times during the month of our wedding celebration: “Be still and know that I am God.” I all at once wanted to go to the phone, “maybe something can be done yet,” I thought. I knew Dad was gone, and as I stumbled home I screamed, “Lord, why did you take him; You know how I need him.” At that time Dad's words came to my mind as well. I had asked him why Ps. 46:10 came to me so often when I woke up and while we were so happy celebrating. His answer was, “Mom, whatever happens in our lives, we always have to be still and know that He is God.” I walked home in a daze trying to comprehend that this was all real.

And during that time I received the answer to my screaming: Is.55: 8&9. It came so clear in my mind. The answer was, “For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, declares the Lord. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways and My thoughts then your thoughts.” By the time I was home I felt that I had to ask forgiveness. I felt very guilty for calling God on the carpet, even though I did it in the darkest hour of my life.

When I had the phone in my hand I could not remember any numbers and my eyesight was blurred. But the Lord helped me out again by giving me Joe and Ruth's number, 786-4446. In five minutes I saw them stopping at the chicken coop. I had phoned the hospital for an ambulance, still thinking that something could be done; even though I knew, “Dad was safe in the arms of Jesus.”

Ruth came in, knelt by the phone holding my hands and started praying for strength and words to our children, which we did between every call we made. She offered to phone all the children but I wanted to do it myself. I felt that they had to hear this first hand, but I must admit that this was the most difficult task I have ever done but I owed it to all of them, even to myself. Some how I came to grips by repeating the fact that Dad had gone Home, which Joe and Ruth had confirmed. Just talking to the children helped to release that deeply trapped feeling of grief, that suddenly took hold of me. Ruth dialed all the numbers and we prayed together for the one we were calling. Up to now I cannot remember when they were all called. Jack was first, then Murray, Anne and John. Jim was not home when I called and Andy was at a wedding. I phoned him later. Stacy I could not reach in Chile. Andy told Russ.

Before the calling, two police cars drove in. One came in the sun porch to write a report and the other went to see Dad. Two ambulances had arrived as well, since Ruth had called one too. I was with a lady police officer answering questions for 20 min. She had to know all the times when I went inside, what Dad said to me when I left him, etc.

When I saw the ambulance come I went to the window and waved Dad out. I know that it must have been strange to some but I had to do this and I am glad I did. Soon there after the other police came in to give the official word that Dad was gone. He stood in the doorway and just looked at me. Maybe he had known Dad or read his column in the paper, I don't know, but he had a hard time to give the message. I said to him, "John has gone to his Heavenly Home." Then he said, "I beg your pardon?" I repeated what I said, then he answered, "yes John is gone" and gave his condolences. I thanked him and he left. I felt sorry for him; what a job of sad tidings.

Ruth helped me with the calling and stayed until Anne and Henry and Jack and Grace came. Every child sat with me in our favorite chair when they arrived, which was standing next to the sun porch door. There we shared and sorrowed our loss together which none of us could comprehend to the full at that time. I repeated every thing what we had done that day and what Dad had said. Late in the evening, Pastor Arnie and Ruth came and stayed until after midnight. I talked about two services, I believe, but that was all decided the next day, when all the children were home. Stacy and Murk came home from Chile the day before the funeral. I was so thankful that they made it in time.

The first nights I will never forget. I felt like Peter walking on the water but constantly sinking in despair and sorrow. I was talking to myself and to Jesus, trying to understand that this was real. The change was so sudden. I dozed off in the morning for a little while.

John and Jeanne came on Sunday and Murray and Carol on Monday and Jim and Babette in that evening as well. Andy and Terri stayed with us after our Open House until Tuesday, and now were returning so soon again. It was such a comfort to me to have so many children home so soon.

On Sunday morning I phoned early to Pastor Schultz in Winnipeg. Dad had promised to preach for him on April 19. We planned a trip to Ont. and were going to stay for the weekend with Pastor Tom and Betty.

I also phoned several other pastors from churches we have served and asked them to announce Dad's sudden passing in their Churches. Some pastors or their wives prayed with me. I was glad that many people knew that Sunday and were praying for all of us. It became a little more of a reality when we began planning the services in Edmonton and Mayerthorpe and when the time of the funeral was set for April 1, on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.

When Jack and John told me that they were going to see Dad on Monday morning and make further arrangements for Wednesday, it began to hit me more and more. My mind began to work over time; I was not able to stop it. I have to give a suit along, I thought, but will they ever put it on him, since there is no viewing? It was a blessing when we started planning for the services. I felt that there was comfort in what Dad had prepared. I was glad that we could use most of the scriptures and songs Dad loved.

I can not say it enough times that all the children have carried me through those very sad days, in spite of their own sudden loss. They all have sheltered me with their love and helped me in every detail in what needed to be done. When I found Dad I felt like staying there, but all at once I thought of all the children and I received strength to walk back, "lest they have sorrow upon sorrow." That too, was a thought which came straight from the Lord!

On Tuesday God brought a word from Hebrews in my mind; "He died, but through his faith he is still speaking." I never have dwelt on the thought that Dad was in the coffin. I was well aware of it, yet I always pictured him worshipping at Jesus' feet or dancing at the "River of Life"

The few times that I have been at Dad's graveside I heard the words: "He is not here, he has risen." I am so thankful that we know that he is Home and that we are all on the way; but he arrived first!

One of the last times Dad and I walked the path of our bush I stopped abruptly, and said, "Dad, I love this place but if you are not with me

anymore, it doesn't mean a thing to me." Dad looked at me and said, "I love this place very much too but without you it means absolutely nothing." We just kept on walking, holding hands, not knowing that this too was one of the last times.

When I was at Jack's home, one of the first days, I was staring without seeing anything, when Jack said, "Mom, what are you thinking about?" Of course I was in tears which broke the shell I was in and said, "In one of the last days that Dad was with me, he was sitting in his easy chair just contemplating on what we had talked about, as we did often during the month of March. I think I was getting supper on the table. All at once he said. "Mom I love you so much" and repeated this three times. Of course I responded to him but after Dad died I have always thought that this were his last parting words for me. And I was wondering what more I would have said, if I had known that it was our last week together."

One afternoon when I had finished the dishes and went in the front room where Dad had a snooze in his chair. I stood there watching him sleeping and thought, "this is the way he will look when the Lord has taken him Home, It could be even soon that one of us will be left behind after 50 years of marriage." I settled down for a rest and now as I am writing this I was reminded of what our neighbor Joe said when he was sitting with Dad until the ambulance came. He said. "John was sleeping and he looked like that any time he could jump up and say, "time to go back to work again."

Early Wednesday morning when I was thinking about the funeral that this would be the blackest day of my life, Gods Word came to my rescue again. This time Nehemiah 8:10 came to mind very clear, "Do not grieve, for the joy of the Lord is your strength." I believed that God was going to be with me from moment to moment. But that I wanted to sing at Dad's grave was nothing short of a miracle. I remember the expression on Dad's face when I told him that I knew what to write on my gravestone. I had been thinking about this for several days and one morning I woke up with the words "I will sing of my Redeemer and His wondrous Love for me!" I said to Dad, "this is it" and he said "are you sure?" I told him that I was, and I said to him, "I love to sing and I know that you would love to preach on the text you have chosen for your service."

And now to think that God gave me the longing and the strength to sing at Dad's graveside. This day was not the darkest day in my life; the day that I found him was. It was then that the darkness closed in on me. I could sing at the memorial service as well, in Edmonton and Mayerthorpe, in spite of the deep pain of loss which I cannot even begin to express. All the friends who came to both services and so many others have stood with us in prayer. God has been and is so gracious from day to day. Yes, the longing for the time when we were together stays, and the tears are close when memories come to mind but I can thank God every day that Dad is with Jesus.

I will never forget the joy I felt when all the children and some of the grandchildren who took part in the services in their own way, expressing their love for their Father and Opa. I felt so richly blessed.

And I will never forget the meetings we had on the farm to organize everything that needed to be done; all the dates set, selling the farm, moving, the trip to Ontario, etc. There was so much love, unity and understanding that I received comfort from our whole family over and over again.

I was humbly proud of all of them and still am, even though I was not able to bring it over in words. And I still find that comfort when I have contact by phone or in person. There is always that joy. You all remind me often of my dear husband and your dear Father and Opa.

As the fifth day came to a close on the farm on April 3, it was the time for me to take the first step alone in my new life, without Dad. Most of the children had stayed until that day. John and I had gone in the evening to the young couple who were living in our little house in Mayerthorpe, to make further arrangements.

When we came back all the plants and flowers we had received in Dad's honor, were loaded in the cars, plus my suitcases that I needed for the visits to all the children in the next two months. This leaving hit me harder than the move in July. Now I look back I can understand why. As I went in Jack and Grace's car, my mind went back to the previous Friday; coming to our "home sweet home" as we often said, from Edmonton. Now I was leaving this place because Dad was gone suddenly.

So much had happened in one week that I could not process it all, so quickly. I was unable to comprehend that it was time to leave. I felt homeless and desperately alone, in spite of all the love and care of the children. The love and care and the security and protection from Dad was suddenly gone. But God stilled the storm again and the Word He gave the day before when my Bible fell open at Ps.71:14 came through. "But I will hope continually in Thee, and will praise Thee more and more."

The Visits To Our Children, April 3 - July 1, 1998:

On Friday evening when we arrived, Grace made me as comfortable as possible. She put two beautiful flower pieces from Dad on the dresser in my room and I put Dad's picture in between.

That night I slept for the first time for six hours. I was so grateful for that. It was too bad that I came down with a cold. For two nights I lay in Jack's easy chair in the front room and I saw Jack several times checking on how his mother was doing. I felt bad that I robbed him and Grace of their night's rest, but we all knew that my immune system had no control over colds etc. in the worn out stage I was in. I was more than thankful that I did not have more coughing spasms than I had, also due to their excellent care. My restful nights began to return. It was a great blessing that I felt stronger and I had hope again that the trip by bus to Ontario was going through with Anne.

Dad and I had planned to leave on April 17 so that we could have the weekend in Winnipeg, on our way to Jim and Babette. Pastor Tom and Betty had invited Anne and me for that same weekend if possible.

I also became more aware that I was to take one step at a time without Dad. It is so strange that you know with your mind that it is final and that your heart is not able to accept it yet. I am so thankful that Jack and Grace took so much time to talk with me. I felt trapped in my sorrow and there was no other way than to share what I was thinking. As the time went on I received some relief, given by family and friends in their own way, as I visited. I knew that a difficult time was ahead of me, leaving the farm and starting my

new life without Dad. But these three months were a great blessing of coming to grips with myself and a time of rest and diversion.

The trip with Anne to Ontario to visit our children and relatives, April 17, 1998:

Friday noon we went on the Greyhound bus and talked about the last weeks on the bus was good for both of us. We enjoyed the trip and did not find it boring as we sort of were anticipating. After one night on the bus we enjoyed two nights sleeping in a bed at our friends who welcomed us to Winnipeg with open arms.

The Sunday was a beautiful day. First we went to the adult Bible class led by Pastor Tom. It was on a part of Revelation. I do not know much about it anymore, but it was very comforting to me and the service was uplifting as well. In the afternoon we all rested and in the evening we watched the video from Dads Home going celebration. They were both very moved and we relived that day as well again and to me it was comforting. I am glad that I could show it eight times during the trip. Pastor Tom and Dad were very close at the classis meetings. They had always found time to talk with each other.

Monday was my birthday, the first of many special days I was to learn to celebrate without Dad. At seven o'clock in the morning we were on the bus again and Tuesday evening at seven we arrived in Brantford, where Jim was waiting for us! I was so glad that Anne was able to go with me and we could visit them. I was so convinced that I should go to Ontario. When my Mom came to visit us in 1965, soon after my Dad died, she said to me "Corrie, I have been with all my children in this past year and this was the best thing I ever could have done, after your Father died." This came to my mind on Sunday morning when I phoned our friends in Winnipeg that Dad had gone Home suddenly.

Jim and Babette had even given a birthday party for me. This had not come up in my mind, even though Anne had given me a beautiful card on Monday morning. Jim and Babette presented me with a binder with many letters of condolences from pastors and friends in Ontario.

My thoughts went back to when my oldest brother Klaas went to his Heavenly Home. He had said to Annie, “that she should go on with her life as much as possible and when she was able.” When I heard Annie say this, I thought that this was impossible. And it is next to impossible at first. Nothing is the same but there is wisdom in these words and only God can do this miracle in our life. As the time goes on, you do go back to the things you loved to do, and it gives fulfillment again. But the sharing of your life with your husband as it was before, is a longing that you have to give a place in your life.

Anne left the next day by plane after I had settled in to be with the family for three weeks. Soon I had found the routine to fill the day. In the morning after the dishes were washed, I went for a walk and see the chickens with Benjamin. Jim had started a small garden that I could work in a bit and later Benjamin would come and ask if “Oma would like to have a lekker bakkie.” Of course I enjoyed that and so the days passed

After lunch I went for a nap and did some reading or writing. I went along shopping with Babette and on Sunday we went to different churches. It was such a beautiful spring, I loved to be outside. All in all, it was very pleasant and a time of rest. I also had the privilege to go to Ontario Classis with Jim in Drayton. Of course I pictured Dad sitting there as was planned but it set the tone of what my new life was going to be like. Several people were sons of families we had met forty year ago and remembered how active Dad was helping immigrants, leading services etc. It was another step toward healing. Interest in life is part of it.

When visitors arrived from Holland in Jim’s family, I went to Nellie and Jerry, for about two weeks. That too, was very pleasant. Nellie brought me to all the Moermans; some for coffee or lunch or even a whole day. Jerry would then pick me up after his work . I also went to Murray and Georgie Rodenburg and their family on the farm. It was so good that my mind was loose from the constant grieving pain. I was well aware of the fact that every thing seemed farther away with all the visiting, but “it was indeed for me too, the best I could do”, as my Mother had said 33 years ago. On the last Saturday, we went to Anne and Ralph Postma and family in Mt. Bridges. I would not mind to go to Ontario again to see them all! Who knows? Maybe Murray and Carol want to explore Ontario during a Summer or Fall vacation.

Since Murk was not arriving from Chile (to Toronto) until May 26, I had time to be with two of our friends in Blenheim for three days; the Sonnevelds and the Schalk family. We talked much about the past since we knew them for fifty years but also about the present. It helped me much to share our loss and we watched the video in both families as well.

Two days before Murk arrived Jim picked me up from Nellie's home which I enjoyed so much to be with. I never before have been so long with our relatives in Ontario. I felt bad that we lived so far apart but that is one of the side effects from immigration. On Sunday after church, Jim and one of the children brought me to the airport to meet Murk. We could just make it in time for the Greyhound bus, thanks to Jim who knew his way. This was the end of a vacation of 35 days in Ontario. It was a wonderful time with Jim and Babette and all our relatives and friends, which I will never forget. Of course the tears flowed when I was leaving but I was so thankful for all the love and care I had received.

Now it was time to hear about what Murk went through; being separated from his family and we had plenty time to talk. When it was evening we settled down to hopefully get some sleep. I am sure that Murk was more than ready for it, after that long flight from Santiago. Fortunately we both could get an extra seat to make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

Monday on the bus went fast with all the stops we made, checking the tickets and getting something to eat and drink. We also went for little walks if possible and changing busses took some time too. It did not take too long before some people found out that Murk was on his way home from Chile. I think that it was a good time passing for him. After all he was counting the hours until he could hug his family. I did some reading and picked up some of the very interesting conversations Murk had as well.

On Tuesday I began to get some fluid in my legs in the afternoon but then we were on the Sask. prairies already "close" to home. What joy to see Stacy and the children in Edmonton in the early evening. I was so glad that Murk had been able to travel with me. Thanks to Anne and Murk for the dream of making this trip came through. And above all Thanks to our Heavenly Father for all his protection and health and strength I received to

make this trip and for the abundant love and care from all our loved ones in Ontario.

I stayed with Stacy until Anne came four days later to take me to Westlock for three weeks. I had rested very well and Stacy had spoiled me in several ways. Now it was time to go to Anne because for three weeks we planned to go to Mayerthorpe and work there for three days each week. Anne would study for her nursing diploma and make some meals and I would get busy with sorting and packing.

The last week of June I had set aside to go to John and Jeanne and just before that I wanted to spend a few more days with Murk and Stacy yet. So the time came closer to the first of July when our whole family would be for the last time together on the farm. For five days we would pack and load for my move to Murray and Carol, until the house and barns were empty. Being on the farm with Anne was good and necessary but leaving hit me in full force. I have tried to prepare my self for this; I had known the dates, that was all planned before we left on April 3. But knowing and experiencing it are two different things. The “knowing” had gone somewhat to the back ground with my long trip. Now I was facing every thing to the full again and it looked like a mountain. I had to remind my self over and over again to take one step at the time and that God would never forsake me. The three weeks went by quickly with going back and forth to Mayerthorpe. During these weeks Dad’s sister Nel came from Holland, to visit a few days on the farm with her daughter in law. She tried to come for the funeral but the time was too short. It was very comforting to me that they came, we also went to Dad’s grave with her.

Now it was time to move to Stacy who was putting me on the bus to Calgary a few days later. It was good to be with them again. There was even time to have a walk with Murk, Selah and Jordan, which does not happen too often. The trip to Calgary was a short trip compared with the Ontario one. John was waiting for me and I appreciated it very much that I did not have to change buses. I did not mind carrying the luggage when Bethany was with me on our trip to the farm in Mayerthorpe, a week later on June 30. Then we took the bus from Lethbridge. At John and Jeanne it was a restful week too and it seems to me that all the visits to the children did the same for them as it did for me. It was good to talk about Dad, the celebration of our wedding anniversary, the sudden loss of Dad and the five days on the farm

as we grieved and prepared for his Homegoing celebration. We all needed time and we all have gained from our sharing together these three months.

It was good to travel with Bethany. The trip seemed very short to me. I think it had a lot to do with the familiar surroundings. When we arrived in Mayerthorpe our neighbor Ruth was waiting for us. As we were putting our luggage on the truck, I was more than surprised at the timing of the Lord, when I saw Murray and Carol driving in at that same moment. I knew that they were on their way and Ruth just told me that she was going to take us home until someone would arrive. The next day, the first of July, all our other children came home with their families for this last family reunion in Mayerthorpe.

Our last six days in Mayerthorpe:

It is hard to tell what we all did but I will try to give a picture of it. Talking about pictures, Babette took a full roll of pictures each day which are a treasure to all of us. They are all in Dad's memorial album. Stacy took pictures as well, from many things which were so dear to us; the strawberries, the steps where I was often sitting and so on. I had never noticed that she did! All our lunches and suppers we ate outside. It was beautiful weather every day.

Jack brought his cattle transport trailer for moving my furniture to Maple Ridge and John would drive along with him on the weekend. We women did the further packing and the men did the loading and emptied the barns.

It was a beehive day after day but after supper we had our devotions with singing and in the evenings we talked and reminisced. When we were together these days, I could not get over how we all enjoyed being together in spite of the sadness that Dad was missing and that we were cleaning out our cozy home we loved so much. To me this was a miracle that this was possible; to make decisions and doing all this in love and unity. We were all hurting and thinking about Dad who had built this place up bit by bit since 1962 but now it had become an empty shell without him.

We had the privilege of having our new owners (Mike and Marie Statnyk) over for two evening at supper time so that we all could get to know them.

They also stayed for our devotions and afterward treated all the children with rides on their horses. And they in return could ask questions about several things of the farm.

Our beds were loaded on Saturday and I used a bed downstairs which was going to stay. The grandchildren slept in rows in the front room when the mosquitoes were unbearable outside in the tent or trailer. We also could pick as many strawberries as we could find and that gave us deserts for our family every day!

On Saturday several had to leave, but we were still with 28 of us in Church the next morning. Pastor Arnie and Ruth had asked for a farewell. I was not up to doing this but with the family participating it became a very meaningful service. Murray spoke first about Dad and Jim had made a sermon about "The Land" as he named it. He pictured our farm with "the path" leading to the "the land." The application of the Land was that Dad has his Home now and the path which leads us there is through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. I will never forget it. Not only for all of us as family but also for the people who loved Dad so much. It became a beautiful closing chapter of Dad's service and ministry during his retirement years.

Afterwards we were invited to a potluck lunch and then came the parting which I had dreaded most. In the morning I had gone to Ruth and Joe which was much harder then I thought it would be. Greg had brought me there and waited in the truck. There was no time to go to the farm any more. It did not dawn on me that we had passed the farm, until we stopped at the Barrhead road. My reaction was, "one less good bye for today" and I meant it with all my heart. Every farewell from Holland and many loved ones has always been painful but now it was so much more intense and so very final.

I am more then thankful that we could be together this last week on the farm. It was a precious and appropriate ending of the 36 years during which Dad had made this vacation place into a home for the whole family.

After the goodbyes where said, Jack and John left for BC with my belongings and the rest of the family to their respective homes. I went home with Henry and Anne and the next morning early I drove with Henry, Jonathan, Rebekah and Greg to Murray and Carol's home.

Late afternoon we arrived at my new home where every one was busy unloading. My bed was made I could hardly believe that so much work was done already. When I saw my bed I realized how tired I was and ready for a good rest. But before that rest we all enjoyed a delicious meal from Carol and desert (for Rebekah & Greg's first anniversary) there after. This brought a beautiful evening with Jack, John, Henry, Rebekah, Greg, Jonathan, Andy, Murray, Carol and family to an end. I thanked God for all the love and care I had received again from all of them.

I was so thankful that the moving was behind me and was well aware that it was one step again on the road of my new life.

I have been so blessed in my home at Murray and Carol since I came here on July 7. I can go to them with whatever concerns me, for what ever need I have; advice, prayer.etc. I feel at home in my little "Castle" and free to do things or rest. They always give of their time and I am part of their family.

I praise God for so many blessings, "my cup indeed runs over again!"

*Your loving Mom and Oma. (November, 2002.)
"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow!"*