

“So do not fear; for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand.” Isaiah 41:10

Entering into a new year can sometimes leave us wondering what will come. In this issue, we see how Cadets and GEMS are learning about God and His creation and to fear not.

Cadet Season Report

By Shane Tukker

This year's Cadet season at Pella II started with a party for the 2016 cadets. Due to the International Camporee this summer, we held our reward party in the middle of August. Those who earned enough points throughout the 2016 season were treated to video game night. They played Xboxes, Playstations, Wii's, retro gaming systems, and computer games, all while having their fill of healthy foods like candy, pop, and pizza. We appreciated the hospitality of Grace CRC to allow us to use their facilities to accommodate all our equipment.

On the first Wednesday in September, we started off the 2017 season with our regularly scheduled nights. This year we are blessed with a large Junior Cadet cadre with four second-graders joining our group. To help cope with that number of rambunctious boys, we gratefully added Jeff DeVries to

our ranks as a Junior Cadet counselor. Our group now consists of 5 Junior Cadets, 10 Cadets, and 6 counselors.

A normal night at Cadets consists of a Bible Lesson and projects, all learning about God's creation and power. Some of the badges the cadets have earned throughout the year so far include Geocaching, Simple Machines, Computer Knowledge, Bible Exploration, and Bat Knowledge. The Cadets are currently working on Knots & Lashing, Modelers, New Life, and Woodworking badges just to name a few.



So far, this year's extra activities have included a father/son campout, pork patty supper, and a dodgeball night. Our annual father/son campout was held at Whitebreast Youth Campground. We enjoyed a warm night under the stars followed by an hour-long canoe trip on Lake Red Rock. The pork patty fundraiser was another success and we thank the congregation for all the support they provided. We joined with the First CRC Cadets for a night of dodgeball at the PC High gymnasium and enjoyed pelting each other with balls. Personally, the price of the night was truly realized the next day when my body reminded me that I'm not as young as I used to be.

We are looking forward to a great rest of the year that will include a Snow Derby in Minnesota, a night of bowling with the GEMS, and a lot more learning about God's love and continual grace. Thank you again for all your contributions to the Cadet club and the boys in it.

A GEMS Seasonal Recap

By Katie Magnussen

It feels like our 2016-17 year of GEMS has been flying by so we wanted to give you a little update on what the girls have been up to! We kicked off our year with a campout party complete with hotdogs, s'mores and games.

In November the girls enjoyed seeing a lot of our church members at Pizza Ranch and clearing away plates and cleaning tables for our fundraiser. We appreciate everyone that came out to see us and support us! Also in November the girls went shopping for our Operation Christmas Child boxes. The girls had so much fun picking out fun toys, school supplies and personal items for children of all ages.



In December we celebrated Christmas with our annual Christmas caroling at the Pella Manor. The girls enjoyed singing songs and some hot chocolate afterwards.

In January the girls will be collecting soaps, toothbrushes, wash clothes etc. to create

hygiene packs to include in the Pack the Backpack program in February. These bags are sent home with students on weekends filled with extra meals and snacks to help children who might not get enough to eat. Please check your bulletin and the box downstairs for a complete list of items we will need.

Once again thank you for all your support of our GEMS girls, we are having a great year so far learning how to live like Jesus!

A pastoral letter to the people of Second CRC, Pella

By Pastor Dale Slings

“Do not be afraid!” How many times don't we hear the angel messenger telling people

like the shepherds pulling the graveyard shift, “Don't be afraid,” or Jesus telling his disciples fearing the wind, waves and ghosts, “Take courage, it is I. Don't be afraid.”

Worry and fear. How much of our lives are captivated by fear? We fear things we do not yet see, things outside our control. We face national and international issues, economic uncertainties and even church questions that can strike fear into our hearts. So often we become paralyzed by our fears. We are unable to move forward, and even if we do move, it is with such hesitancy and indecision that failure is almost predictable.

God did not deal kindly with Israel when the people responded in fear to the reports of the spies and refused to move forward. Had not God promised them success in taking the land?

Being filled with fear in our world is understandable but for those of us who understand the love and grace of our Lord Jesus, letting our fears control us is no compliment, no great affirmation of faith. In fact, there are at least 40 places in the Bible where God says to us “don’t be afraid, do not be anxious, do not be worried or upset.” And most times those words are not meant as cheery encouragements but as serious commands: “Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Do not be terrified; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go.” Joshua 1:9.

It might not be easy at times, but we have a choice to make about fear. We can choose to shrink back in fear or to surrender our lives into God’s hands. We sometimes have to have a serious conversation with ourselves – “Hasn’t God been faithful in the past? – Has He not cared for me throughout all my life? – Then why should I be afraid of the future now?”

Personal fear is one thing, but when fear and anxiety fall upon a large group of people – like a church – the paralysis can be devastating. Fear is often the cause for our not trusting our leaders. If we believe that God is with us and trust that our leaders are prayerfully seeking and listening for His direction in a matter then



we should be able to say, “God’s will be done!”

We all know there are big changes ahead for Second Pella CRC. Some might cause us to shrink back in fear. But God has promised – “So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand.” Isaiah 41:10

Missions to JAARS

By Kathleen DeHaan

In late September I flew to North Carolina where I spent six weeks volunteering at the JAARS (Wycliffe) Center approximately 25 miles south of Charlotte. JAARS, Inc. is the support services center to Wycliffe Bible Translators. Some of the services are computer, aviation, purchasing and shipping, communications, media center, and business offices in the Townsend Building. The cafeteria and auditorium are also located in this facility.

This was my first time to work in Aviation recruiting—for the past several volunteer trips I have always worked in the offices of the purchasing and shipping department. So this was something new for me. I worked in a small office on the upper level of the Aviation hangar. Every morning I climbed 20 steps to reach the office. On my way up I could stop at an open door and look out over the hangar floor where planes and one or

two helicopters were in various stages of overhaul, updates, or whatever.

My job was working on a spreadsheet of over 700 names of men, and some women, who were interested in mission aviation. Many of them were still in college in an aviation program. Others were in the final months of military service and wanted to use their skills in serving the Lord on the mission field. In addition to making sure information on the spreadsheet was correct, I wrote letters or email asking for a photo that we could add to their file. Each Wednesday a group of aviation personnel gathered to pray for these prospective pilots or mechanics. This was interesting work as I learned many new things in the aviation field.

The JAARS Center has a great need for more workers, not only in aviation, but in the other departments as well. Several departments are short-staffed. Pray that God will send more new members as well as long-term volunteers. If you are planning a vacation trip to the southeast United States, consider a visit to the JAARS Center. You will be blessed!

Thank you for your prayers and financial support to make this mission trip possible.

Auntie Fran

By Stan Ver Heul

I always assumed her name was Frances until I researched her arrival in the Ellis Island archives for her 95th birthday and discovered her given name was Francine. When I asked her about it, she said, “Oh Stan, everybody thought it was ‘Frances’ and it didn’t matter.” I suspect there is more revealed in that response than we have time to consider today.

Auntie Fran has left us...and she has left a mountain of love, a volume of memories, and a giant hole in our hearts—perhaps especially for all us nieces and nephews. I know she was that for the Ver Heul kids, and especially for me, born while my father was overseas. “Uncle R” was the man in my life, and Aunt Fran was like a second mom. (When I was little I used to wonder why a guy had only an initial for a name until I learned it was “Arie.” I was, and still am, madly in love with “Uncle R’s” 1932 Plymouth, which eventually became Grandpa’s. “Uncle R” died when I was 5.) Aunt Fran was so much a part of our life that I think we assumed she was part of our nuclear family, but stayed with Grandpa and Grandma. She took trips with us; she was over for dinner every Sunday. Sundays really began with coffee time after church at Grandpa and Grandma’s (in Dutch, of course). Aunt Fran always baked some cool stuff, and we kids were allowed a little coffee with our cream and sugar. Then we had dinner at our house (in English). If we were lucky (and we usually were), the afternoon was spent at “the farm” (Uncle Warner and Aunt Joh’s) or occasionally “the other farm” (Uncle Ed and Aunt Marie’s). Otherwise, it was a long country “ride.” It’s a good thing they made bench seats in cars in those days. Our ’49 Ford overflowed; Mom, Dad, and Mona in the front seat, Lowell, Aunt Fran and me in the back...with our rat terrier Pepper hanging out the back window from Aunt Fran’s lap.

Cousin Roger and I are the same age, and were more like brothers growing up. I called him “Wowie” before I learned to pronounce my “r’s.” We each had our own moms (Aunt Joh and my mother Jessie) but there was only one Aunt Fran, and we fought over her lap. I can still see photos of her on the front porch of the East Third street house with

Wowie on her lap and I think, “That should have been me.” My parents married in 1942, a hastened event because Dad’s being called up left them short on time. They married in Missouri, with only two friends with them as witnesses. By the time Lowell and Mona were born, I understood, but at first I would look at the simple B&W Kodak brownie photo and ask, “Why isn’t Auntie Fran in the picture?”

Mom was from Denver. And yet Aunt Fran became very much a part of her siblings’ lives. Mom and Dad’s photo albums include a lot of photos with Aunt Fran and my Denver aunts. Because of the Denver connection, I may be the only nephew who got to take road trips with Aunt Fran and “the girls” as they called themselves. Aunt Irene had asthma and allergies, and would spend summers in Denver where the climate was kinder to her. Aunt Fran drove her there, and I would get to go along—mom had four siblings in Denver and I would spend time bumping from one cousin’s house to another. Aunt Fran did not have any fear about driving that distance, first in the sky-blue ’54 Chevy and later the 2-tone ’57. We did it in a day, and I don’t remember anyone else helping with the driving. Long before daybreak, she would pick me up. Then we’d go get the others. It felt like we were doing some really clandestine operation, going from place to place and waiting quietly for another cohort to join us. I remember Rachel Ryken, Hilda Spoelstra, Aunt Irene, of course...and occasionally someone else. This was before the days of interstates and cell phones. We sailed through the night on two lane roads, hardly meeting a car. The girls went on for a “vacation” after dropping me off; my parents would retrieve me later in the summer. As I think of it now, it must have been a real pain in the rear to drag this kid along, but they made me feel like I was

really somebody. Aunt Fran always made you feel like you were somebody.

Once we left college, Lowell, Mona, and I found our lives outside of Pella. But Aunt Fran remained a part of us. We saw her, of course, when we visited Pella. But she also visited us. Our children, Robin, Leslie, and Elizabeth knew her intimately, and loved to see her come. It meant adventures were going to happen, and extra love in the house. Our older grandchildren knew her as well; although she saw pictures of Leslie’s two children, we’ve always regretted that she did not get to meet them in person. They were born after my parents were gone, and trips to Pella became infrequent.

I’m sure we all have our quirky stories about our times with Aunt Fran. I remember when she learned to drive. It was about the time my mom did, too—the mid-50’s. Bless ever-patient Uncle Warner for teaching them on little 2-tracks in his pastures. It meant freedom for Aunt Fran, and she was fearless. It was painful to visit her and my mom, who lived in adjacent rooms at Fair Haven East, and to see her white Olds and Mom’s blue Taurus in the parking lot, barely used anymore. Initially, Aunt Fran’s big challenge was backing up. Perhaps you remember that at the Third Street house, Grandpa didn’t trust her so he opened up a door at the rear of the garage so she could drive in from the street and out through the alley!

When Aunt Fran spoke, it was never hard to hear her. Especially on the phone, she spoke as though she had to personally cover the distance between us. When they moved to the house on Columbus, a block from my parents, we kids would laughingly say Aunt Fran only needed the phone to let us know she was calling—after that, we could hear her without it. It was the original speakerphone; everybody in the room could

hear the conversation. After Uncle Warner’s untimely leaving us, Aunt Fran and Aunt Joh became fellow travelers. When we were living in Los Angeles, Mona was in Seattle, and Roger was in Fresno. The two of them flew to Seattle, took the Amtrak to Fresno and then to L.A. to visit her far-flung family. One legend in our family was the time Judy took the two of them to a mall in Beverly Hills (trust me, we did not live there!) and they were sitting in a coffee shop when Judy said, “Don’t look now, but Tony Curtis, (a well-known actor) is sitting at the table over there.” Of course, they both looked. And Aunt Fran, in her typical loud voice, said “Tony Curtis? Never heard of him!” Bless her, she treated all of us like stars but was not impressed with celebrities.

I’ve shared too long—and actually wrote even more memories. Memories are one more of her precious gifts to us, sharpening not only our relationship with her, but with each other and those who have gone before us. Until recently, when I called, she would ask not only about each of our girls, she knew our grandkids by name. Then came that time when she’d ask every few minutes, “Where are you living again?” And then “Who are you again?” and finally, “I don’t know you” and she would hang up. Thanks, dear Auntie Fran, for this chance to remember again. We love you. We miss you.

In Loving Memory

Frances Ver Heul



April 15, 1915 – December 14, 2017

Alice Zylstra



April 21, 1929 – December 15, 2017

Thanks to JAARS for permission of aircraft picture use.

Pella II Newsletter invites your contribution. Drop a note in the mailbox of any one of our editors.

*Joel Vander Molen
joelvan@vmtweb.com
628-1303*

*Ryan Hoekstra
hoekstrateam@iowatelecom.net
628-3964*

*Ruth Van Hal
secretary@pella2crc.org
628-2966*