

VAN'T LAND FAMILY HISTORY.
(Our mother and Dad, also Opa & Oma to many of you.)

Cornelis Van't Land , our Dad (Opa), was born on October 24, 1903 in Zwartebroek . He grew up in a family with 4 sisters and 1 brother.

Dad's mother died when she was only 56. She had been unwell, but was recovering when she had a stroke. From that she never recovered and without regaining consciousness, she quietly slept in and went to her eternal home.

Her name was Jannetje van't Hof and Janny was named after her.

Dad's father Jan never remarried and when Dad's brother Evert took over the farm, our Opa van't Land moved in with Dad's brother, Oom Evert, into the home place and lived there until his passing in May 1957. He was 87.

Dad went to school in Zwartebroek. The church their family attended was there as well.

After school (grade 6) he worked for a business delivering livestock feed.

He loved music and would have loved to buy a mouth organ which cost \$0.25 but money was scarce and he could not afford it. He loved to sing and promised himself that if he ever got married and had children he would buy a pump organ and have his children take music lessons.

When he was in Vancouver, BC, he took violin lessons for a while. Not long enough to be very good at it but I sure remember that when we came out of church he wanted us to play the organ and he would play the violin.

Even so he must have been a careful spender or a good money manager to save his money for a dream adventure.

At the age of 23 Dad went to Canada with 2 friends. One was Fred Schuld , the other Kees Dening. They left in 1926 and only he returned early 1930. They worked their way West from Manitoba, to B.C. and final stop in California for a total of 4 years.

At home, life went on as usual. Fred Schuld's sister, Geertruida, was mom's close friend. (Fred Schuld was one of two friends who went to Canada with Dad). She wrote her brother if both he and Dad would consider a donation for the expansion of their library, toward the purchase of some study books. Aaltje van den Born sent them a thank-you note. She was the secretary of the Young Mens/Ladies Society. Correspondence continued for some time and upon dad's request, she sent him a picture of herself with 2 other friends on it.

Aaltje van den Born, our Mother, was born on July 16, 1904 to Gysje Doppenberg and Willem Hendrik Hendrikus van den Born.

She grew up in a home together with 4 brothers and 1 sister who was 10 years her junior. Another sister died in infancy. As mom was one of the elder children, she had to come home from school at an early age to help her sickly mother take care of the family. She worked very hard. When the men came in they sat down to wait for their meal without so much as lifting a finger to help. This really bothered her and sometimes felt she was being used by them. They also put their shoes out for her to polish. That was the way it was done in those days. The men did the outside work, and the women catered to them when they came in. Mom would have loved to continue her education but according to her younger sister, she did not complain.

She also attended school and church in Zwartebroek, but their family lived in Terschuur, a small

hamlet close to Zwartebroek. Her Dad, (Opa van den Born) had a business dealing in grain.

After having been away for 4 years Dad came back to Holland via an extended Caribbean cruise through the Panama Canal to Cuba. He spent a few days in Havana, then on to New York, where he boarded a ship to Holland. When he was back in Holland he became better acquainted with Mom and it gradually became more than just friendship. Their love for each other grew and they were engaged within a year. Now he had to become serious about trying to find some employment. Opa van den Borne offered him a job as traveling salesman for his business. He did this for a while, but working for himself was more his ideal. He looked around at some other options and when a business in Epe became available, he felt that this was something he would like to try. He needed more money though than he had at his disposal. In the mean time, he took some courses learning the intricacies of how to run a business. His hopes to go back to Canada were thwarted. He had written to his friend Fred (who had stayed behind in Canada), about work opportunities, but Fred advised him strongly against returning to Canada as the depression had set in and there just was no work available or farmers did not have the cash to pay for help. Besides all this, Opa van den Born had objections for his daughter to go so far away. He made Dad promise that as long as they lived, he would not talk about emigrating. This he promised because the reward was worth it.

With the financial help and advice of his future Father-in-law, he was able to take over a business in Epe from a man who had no successors to take the business over from him. This business consisted of a grocery store, flour mill, coal and firewood used for heating homes and baker's ovens. The grocery part of the business started out as an independent business enterprise and for the first year Dad worked there alone with some hired help. After closing up Saturday nights at 10.00 PM, he still had energy left to bike to Terschuur, which took about 2 hrs so he could spend the Sunday with his love. After doing that for one year he spoke again with his future Father-in-law, indicating his desire to get married. By that time he was 27 years old and Mom was 26. He now had both the approval and their blessing. So on May 20, 1932 they were married and Mom moved to Epe where they were now going to work in the business together. It meant moving away from from their family which was not a problem for Dad but for Mom it would be quite a change, even more so for her Mother who had depended on her for so many years.

Fertilizer, feed supplement for livestock and fertilizer were added later on as Dad saw this as an enhancement to his business. This became quite an undertaking, because more staff had to be hired. A big truck was purchased, because now Dad was also going to make deliveries. This was to keep up with the competition.

Fairly large living quarters were situated right above the store. Part of that was rented out to another family and part of it was used for storing supplies for the store. We lived upstairs for a number of years until we needed the space ourselves as the family had grown from two to eight. The kitchen was on the main level.

On March 17, 1934 Betty was born, the beginning of the family. Janny followed on June 14, 1935 and on May 18, 1939, Wilma was born.

Mom had to take extra help in the house keeping things clean, cooking the meals, washing clothes and someone to look after us kids. This proved to be a solution as Mom was now more in the store to oversee things there. She had taken a course in business during the evenings and she became very

proficient with numbers. No calculators or adding machines to help her. She could add up columns of numbers without mistakes and very fast as well. Each customer had a small notebook in which they marked down their needed groceries for that week and by Thursday night all the notebooks were collected by Oom Henk, (he was married to Dad's sister) with the orders in it. Mom would add the price of each article behind the order and the total on the bottom so that when Oom Henk delivered the groceries he also had to collect the money owing. On Thursday and Friday the groceries would be delivered to each home, again by Oom Henk.

When it was busy, we (Janny and myself, (Betty) had to help fill the orders. Weighing out pounds of flour, sugar, salt, beans, oats, lentils etc. etc, which were all sold in bulk. All that had to be put in paper bags and there was a proper way to fold the bags so that they would not spill anything out of it.

Boxes and bags were then filled and packed away in the delivery van that Dad acquired when the business began to grow.

Then the war broke out. Holland was crawling with German soldiers. A difficult time lay ahead of us. It was August 1939. We had to tape black paper on the windows, so no light could shine through. Radios had to be handed in. Curfews were put in place. Dad would bring strangers home. We were never to talk to anybody about that.

On January 15, 1942, Hennie joined the family. On June 7, 1943 John was born. After 4 girls, finally a son. Many flowers attested to the fact that this was a special event to be celebrated.

A week later, on June 14, 1943, mom's father died.

Dad gradually became involved with the underground and it was no longer safe to live at home. Raids were often held during the night. His life was in danger so that he had to find a place to hide. He stayed with a sister, (Tante Heintje, one of Dad's sisters) for a short time, then with other people who were hiding Jews and resistance workers on their farm. Often he would pose as a farm laborer, doing his secret missions late at night. During this time when Dad was gone, Mom was responsible to keep the business going. This was a difficult time for her. Mom's brother, Oom Jaap came and took over the book keeping until another suitable book keeper could be found. That is when Jan van de Berg came. It was harder all the time to get coffee and tea, syrup and sugar, just to name a few items. Ration cards were handed out according to the number of members in one's family. And one could only get at the store items that one had a ration ticket for. Saturday nights we were all seated around the kitchen table to paste the ration tickets on the designated sheets. There were pink ones, and green, yellow and blue ones. When these sheets were filled, they had to dry. Then we had to hand them in. We then received the groceries equal to the amount of ration tickets that were handed in. Several times German soldiers would come looking for Dad. One time the soldiers took Lien, (one of Mom's household helps) with them, because she would not tell them where Dad was. She, (along with others) was placed into some sort of prison camp. Thankfully she was released unharmed after a short while. Lien knew a lot but never talked. She also functioned as a courier, and delivered messages to those who had gone underground. besides she needed to warn those who had gone in hiding of possible raids. She knew the country like the back of her hand and traveled on small roads that were not known to others. This of course all had to be done under the cover of darkness.

After the war, she was recognized by the Government for bravery. She received a beautiful watch as a token of their appreciation.

On April 17, 1945 the Canadian Liberation Army drove into our town. The soldiers gave us bread,

chocolate, cigarettes and candy. What a treat that was. The bread tasted to us like cake, since we had been used to a very dark and dry kind of tasteless bread.

Just the day before the Canadians came, the Germans had buried explosives in a hole they dug on Main Street and people were evacuated from the town centre. They gave us fair warning that this would happen overnight. The German soldiers put as many obstacles on the main roads as possible to prevent the liberators from traveling freely. Neighbors came to help remove store windows and board up what could not be removed. Our family stayed that night on the farm of Lien's parents, a safe distance from town. When we returned the next day, there was a huge crater from one side of the street to the other, where the explosives had been buried. Several stores along Main street as well as the post office were completely destroyed.

Finally in May '45 the war came to an end officially in all of the Netherlands. When the Germans retreated and it was safe, dad came back into town on the back of a motor cycle in blue coveralls and an orange armband. The orange armband was an indication to which segment of the underground he was connected.

Everyone was elated, crying, dancing, singing, all at the same time. They donned their orange sashes and waved the red-white and blue flags, wearing orange pins. Dad was home again. A number of the men involved with the underground, did not make it home, so there was sadness as well. A good friend of Mom and Dad was killed during a botched attempt to free him from a prison camp where he had been incarcerated because of illegally providing ration cards for Jews.

A few years after the war, another addition to our family happened with the birth of Hans, another son, on July 5, 1947. Birth announcements were printed up and dad decided to call him Jo, for short, his full name being Johannes Jacobus This was without consulting the rest of the family and we all objected to that name, so it was changed to Hans. We hope he approved .

Dad had a favorite pass time. He joined a riding club. They met every Saturday at 5.30 pm. He learned to ride horse, jump hurdles, race and whatever there was to learn about riding horses. They also trained for competitions. For both riders and their horses it was a fun time.

I do not know how soon after the liberation Dad started to think about going to Canada. Mom's Mother died on Dec. 21, 1944, so Dad was no longer bound by his promise to them never to take mom out of the country. With Mom's consent they started the process of advertising the business. Different people came to check it out and Mr. Bot agreed to rent it for 3 years with an option to buy.

It took a while before permission to emigrate was granted.

Mom had had pleurisy when she was a young girl and that left a scar on her lungs. The Canadian emigration doctor at the Embassy in The Hague refused to clear her. They were afraid that they might have a case of Tuberculosis on their hands. Mom was tested over and over again until they were finally convinced that there was nothing to worry about. Hennie too was a doubtful case. She also had had pneumonia and there was still some evidence of that in her lungs as they had not completely cleared up.

One more reason to refuse us entry into Canada. Of course, if our family had consisted of 4 working age boys, things might have proceeded a lot quicker. If we were refused permission to emigrate enough times, Dad might just give up on the whole idea of emigrating. Dad however was not so

easily dissuaded.

In the meantime he had to re-apply, as requests for permission to emigrate had run out. These permits were granted only for a 3 month period. A sponsor had to be found.

Mom had a cousin living in Iron Springs. That family was A. van Zeggelaar. They had left Holland 2 years earlier. Contact was made with them and they found a farmer who was willing to give us a 3 year contract to work for him thinning, hoeing and weeding sugar beets. This was one of the necessary requirements fulfilled, without it we would not be able to emigrate.

During the war he had met and befriended an English pilot whose plane was shot down in our area. Because of Dad having been in Canada and the US for 4 years, his English was quite good, and his services as translator were often called upon. His task in the underground among others was to rescue English pilots from being captured, after their plane was shot down and they had baled out. Also weapon drops were made during the night and certain fields had to be marked with flash lights for the pilots to be able to identify the specific location where that should happen. Communication in English was of prime importance. We had a radio hidden where the mill was. This is where the messages came through. It sounded something like this; "Tante Marie is coming on the bus tonight", meaning there would be a weapon drop tonight. After the war, Dad kept contact with one of these pilots. His mother was English and married to a Dutch man. His name was Dick Kraft. He had made a promise to Dad, if he ever needed help in whatever way, he should give him a call. Dick had moved to Norway or Sweden after the war. So, Dad called on him and it did not take long or the permission to emigrate was granted. I am sure that Dick had a hand in it.

The tentative transfer of the business was written up and finalized .

I remember that we had a huge auction sale of all the things we could not bring with us. We were not allowed to take much money along as Holland was recovering financially and they needed to keep the money in Holland. Dad was able to hide some money in between books which would be packed in crates along with our other belongings. Those crates were packed by professionals and not a square inch was left unused.

The town gave us a huge farewell party. Words of encouragement were spoken. Many words of gratitude for Dad's involvement in the underground during the war were expressed. Right after the war he was even made an interim mayor of Epe. In the next few days we said goodbye to family and friends. Finally we embarked on this great adventure.

The timing of our emigration was not exactly the best time. Permission to leave for Canada came in early November of 1950. Everything had to be made ready with the greatest of speed before the end of the year because our emigration permits would expire at the end of 1950.

We would arrive in the middle of winter. Extra warm clothes were bought, food in tin cans, sausages, canned butter and other necessities purchased and packed.

On November 29, 1950 we left Holland by ship from Hoek-van Holland, to Harwich, England, by train to London, staying there overnight. From London by train to Liverpool, where we boarded a ship from the Cunard line called Ascania. Because of our late booking there was only room for us in first class. Most of us suffered severely from sea sickness. The food usually was fabulous in first class but with us suffering from sea sickness, we did not eat much. It was quite stormy and as far as I understand that was before stabilizers were installed on the boats, preventing the rocking of the ships

sideways, causing people to become seasick. We arrived on Pier 21 in Halifax, Nova Scotia on December 8, 1950. in the early afternoon. It was bitterly cold. After due processing of our passports and immigration papers we boarded a train and traveled Westward from Halifax, Nova Scotia to Lethbridge, Alberta. We stopped several times and had to transfer in Montreal, Winnipeg and Med. Hat. Remember that we were on the train for 4 days and 4 nights, living on bread and sausage and/or cheese. The engines were fired by coal leaving a trail of black smoke. When the train stopped and the doors opened, all that black sooty smoke and dust came inside. No opportunity to bathe. We were told that we had to prepare for our last transfer in Med. Hat at 4 am onto a train going to Lethbridge. We arrived there mid-morning where field man Bernhard Nieboer, Rev. Hoekstra, Fred Schuld among others welcomed us to Canada. We were taken to a restaurant first where we were treated to coffee/hot chocolate and pastries. Then all our suitcases were loaded into the cars of acquaintances of Dad and Mom, who had emigrated a few years earlier. Fred Schuld took Dad and John along to his home for a short visit. The rest of us were brought to the van Zeggelaar home. After Fred brought Dad and John back, we had a wonderful hot meal.

When the meal was over, Janny and I helped with washing the dishes. After visiting for a while, we wanted to go to our new "home". First we stopped at the grocery store to pick up some bread, milk, oatmeal, tea and may be some other things, which I can't remember. Then we were taken to the place where we were to stay for a few months. We met our sponsor, Martin & Helen Wieland.

There was a wooden shack, like a bunkhouse. It had previously been used to store grain. There were 3 rooms and a space to be used as a kitchen where they had put a big cook stove. The van Zeggelaars had cleaned this place up a bit so at least we did not have to do that upon arrival. The stove was lit and there was some warmth. Mom put some kind of cloth over the table after she had cleaned it to make it look homier. But every morning the stove had to be re-started. The water that was on there overnight was often covered with ice in the morning. No wonder. We could look to the outside through the cracks in the wall. There we spent the first few months until our containers arrived.

We had no vehicle so whenever we needed groceries from town, Helen Wieland, (the farmers wife), would bring them back for us. Someone would pick us up for church services on Sundays. Janny and I were going to Young Peoples on Sunday evenings and to catechism on Wednesday evenings. We were also picked up for that by different families. Wilma, and Hennie went to catechism on Saturday afternoons and all four including John and Hans to Sunday School on Sundays after church., while the parents had a chance to visit with other immigrants in their vehicles.

There was another house on a neighboring farm that Martin Wieland had bought previously. He offered us to move in there. At least it looked a bit more like a house than did the granary. There also was a small barn on the yard. In the spring we moved into that house. Still no running water or electricity.

There was an outhouse and a well. When our furniture arrived after a few weeks and a place was found for some of the things, it looked a little more like home. But, would only 2 bedrooms for 8 persons suffice?

Betty and Janny shared 1 small room with a double bed taking up most of the space. Wilma and Hennie shared another double bed in the same room as John and Hans, also in one bed. Mom and Dad slept on the couch in the living room. It had to be made up every night and taken down each morning. Since there was not much work on the farm yet,(it being winter time), dad milked Wielands cow and we got to keep some of the milk for ourselves. Helen was quite a baker and brought us lots of bread with poppy seed mixed in. They were Hungarians and poppy seed was used by them liberally. We had never heard of this and were cautiously taking our first bites of the freshly baked bread. It

actually was quite delicious.

When we had settled in on the other place, dad bought a cow, a few pigs and that was the beginning of farming on his own. When spring came, Martin let us use a piece of land where we could grow a garden. Soon chickens were added, so we had eggs, and Mom made butter from the extra milk. Thanks to all the hard work Mom did as a young girl, she had acquired a number of skills which came in very handy. She knew how to make butter, bake bread and delicious apple tarts and cookies as well as cook wholesome meals for the family. We also raised turkeys and our little place started to look like a real farm. From the wood of the crates that were used to transport our belongings to Canada by boat, Dad built a bedroom for themselves. We had a gas powered washing machine which caused mom an awful lot of grief. It was difficult to get it started, but once it did it was better than washing clothes by hand. Mom was always able to get her whites very white. In winter, clothes lines were strung in the living room from one end to the other and the laundry would be dry by morning. Soon Betty was working in Iron Springs, helping out in a family. Janny did some housekeeping for a family in Carmangay, but when it was time to work in the sugar beets, we both headed for home. We did this for 3 summers, working in Lethbridge, Champion, Vulcan and Calgary during the winter months. Betty met Len Vogelaar in the winter of 1951. They were married on November 18, 1955. Their first place to live was Iron Springs. They moved to Pincher Creek in October, 1959. Janny met Dick (Durk) De Jong and they were married on August 15, 1956. They have lived in Calgary since then. Both of us had met our future spouses at catechism on Wednesday evenings. We needed rides home and these guys were willing and able.

In 1953, Dad's contract with Martin Wieland had come to an end and now he began looking out for a place to get started on his own. He found a small 80 acre farm in Coalhurst, close to Lethbridge. An elderly couple, whose boys were not interested in taking over the farm, was looking for a buyer. Now that we had been in Canada for 3 years, Dad was finally able to bring some money over from Holland since the sale of the business had been finalized and the money paid. With that money he was able to pay for the farm. They farmed there for about 20 years.

This is the same place where Hans & Rita are now living.

Dad was able to buy some cows and with mom's help started a small dairy. Also more chickens were bought and eggs gathered for sale. Later dad had a contract to sell hatching eggs, which would bring in more money. Pigs were another source of income. He sold chickens too and even had a contract delivering potatoes. Janny and I also made \$60-\$70 a month. We were allowed to keep \$10.00 for ourselves and the rest had to be given to Dad to help pay the bills. Making a living was possible but still the dollars were scarce. Gradually with hard work they became more established. Soon they were applying for permanent residency status and this was granted them on November 15, 1956.

They joined First Christian Reformed Church in Lethbridge. This church started out with services being held in Martin Brothers funeral home before the building of their own church could begin. Rev. Peter Hoekstra was their minister.

Wilma, Hennie, John and Hans first went to school in Iron Springs and later in Coalhurst. Their future spouses were also from Dutch origin. Wilma and Mike Sandstra were married on July 8, 1960, and settled in Innisfail. Hennie was the first one to graduate from high school and enrolled in the Municipal Hospital School of Medical Technology from which she graduated as a Lab. Tech. She had already met Cor Korver during that time. At work she contracted T.B. and was forced to rest in a

sanatorium in Calgary for a few months. After she was declared cured, they married on September 24, 1965. They made their home in Lethbridge.

John also graduated from high school. He worked here and there but ended up in Red Deer where he met Teena Kits. He was delivering bread there. They were married on July 15, 1966 and they too made their home in Lethbridge.

It was a big day for mom when they were finally able to build a new home. How grateful they were for inside plumbing and a furnace instead of a coal stove and an outside biffy. This made it a lot more convenient for both.

Hans wanted to spread his wings for a while and worked in BC, but came back to Alberta and helped out at Vogelaar Brothers for a few weeks, returning to the home place later in the fall.

He met Hilda Oving, a registered nurse whose parents lived in Basanno. She worked in St. Michaels in Lethbridge. They were married on October 20, 1972. Hans and Hilda took over the farm and at first lived in a tiny old house on a neighboring farm that they had bought, then moved into Dad & Mom's house. In 1976 Dad and Mom built a new house in the town of Coalhurst.

Was his retirement going to be boring? Not if he could help it. Living across from the Coalhurst High School, he took it upon himself to keep an eye on the school grounds at night. They were building on to the school and more than once he caught people trying to steal supplies there. He notified the superintendent. They offered him a job there as Caretaker/Supervisor. Mom quite often helped him, but it certainly was not her idea of what retirement should be. They did this for several years. Dad made many friends with the staff as well as the students there.

Both mom & dad were members of the Golden Age club. They met on a regular basis and there they were able to speak Dutch, shared poetry, wrote essays or read articles that interested them and had great discussions on anything from religion to politics, the past and the present and probably boasted about their grandchildren. They also played games, and for that age group it was an opportunity for social interaction. As a group they made several outings. One was to Fort McMurray. Hawaii was another trip they enjoyed very much. They had plans to go to Israel, but for some reason that did not materialize.

Frequently visitors from Holland came to see them and they themselves traveled to Holland fairly often since their siblings were all living there.

Then Mom decided that she would like to learn how to drive herself. She enrolled for lessons with Mr. John Taal. After having failed her tests a few times, she finally made it and in 1977 she managed to get her drivers license. What a day of victory and what an accomplishment. This was her declaration of independence. We always feared when she took to the roads. I am sure God had his guardian angels all around her when she turned the key in the ignition. She even came to Pincher Creek once, all by herself. She even went to town by herself and bought a beautiful dress for their 45th wedding anniversary.

This proved to be very timely. Dad died very suddenly in Oct. 1981 after they had just returned from a few weeks vacation in Holland.

His health had already started to deteriorate. He had become diabetic but sticking to a diet did not seem to be a big problem for him. He never did have a sweet tooth anyway. He became somewhat

withdrawn. That was not normal for him. He used to have strong opinions on a variety of subjects. Politics and religion were his favorite ones. He wrote many letters to politicians either to object, condemn or try to change their decisions.

After Dad died on Oct. 5th, 1981, Mom stayed in their home in the town of Coalhurst for a few years. Gradually her eyesight became more of a problem for her. Twice she had cataract surgery, hoping that this would improve her vision. This did not seem to bring any improvement however. Her problem was macular degeneration, due to an ignored case of hypertension which was irreversible. When her eyesight became so bad, she made one of the most difficult decisions in her life and much against her wishes, but realizing that it was the right thing to do, she moved into Green Acres, a home for Seniors. By nature she was fiercely independent and to give that up was unnatural for her. But necessity forced her to. She was not quite ready to sell her house yet and we did not force her to either. When she considered herself ready, she would let us know. We took her to the house once more but she realized then that it made no sense hanging on to it any longer. She was able to sell it for a decent price and all her belongings were divided amongst her offspring. After she moved into Green Acres a small room was assigned to her but she soon felt very cramped. She needed a bigger place. She applied for a larger size room and moved into it which made her a little happier. She was not able to enjoy that for long however.

Due to an accidental puncture of her intestines in 1986 (during surgery for the removal of her uterus), of which she almost died, she needed some kind of colostomy bag attached to her outer stomach wall. This needed changing often. For the following years this was one of her biggest problems. She could not do this herself and the homecare nurses did help her for a while but it never gave her the freedom she wanted so badly. We give much credit at this point to Hilda and Hennie who looked after her physical needs faithfully. This was a real burden for her.

With all her troubles aside, she did make some good friends there.

I, (Betty) went to see her once-a-week and the rest of the family whenever they could. When I came to see her a week after her 89th birthday, on July 23rd which we celebrated with a BBQ at John & Teena's, I could see that she was not well. She was not even dressed by mid-afternoon and seemingly short of breath. That same evening she was admitted to the hospital and she never left again until she died on October 5, 1993. She finally was released from this body and her suffering had come to an end.

They were not perfect parents, neither did they have perfect children, but they did the best they could and taught by example the importance to love the Lord and follow in His ways. For that we are thankful to God.

Mom and Dad were predeceased by two grand children: Baby Calvin Vogelaar, born September 6, died Sept. 7, 1956 and Paul Korver, who was killed in an accident at the age of 8 in August 1981. There are 19 grand children and there are now many great grand children.

On September 21, 2001 Hilda died suddenly of an aneurism in her head at age 50. She was the youngest of the van't Land clan and the first to go. This was a terrible shock to all of us. Now our youngest brother was suddenly left without a spouse. But God looks after us all and we were convinced that when Rita came into his life, this was God's way of looking after him as well as after Rita who had lost her spouse some years earlier. They were married March 22, 2002. Rita has 2 children, Tyler and Marla-Ann. Now our dozen is complete again. There are of course a lot more things we could relate here but we thought to leave it at this.

Put together jointly by Janny de Jong and Betty Vogelaar.

July 2005.