

On October 2, 1983, the evening before her 79th birthday, our Lord suddenly took home our dear mother and grandmother,

NENNETJE VANDEN BORN

predeceased by her husband Johannes in 1980 and a son George in 1976.

She is survived by her children:

Bill & Bertha Groot — Edmonton

Bill & Dixie Vanden Born —
Edmonton

John & Audrey VandenBorn — Ed-
monton

John & Sophie Vanden Born —
Busby

Jack & Avlyn Vanden Born — Cal-
gary

Wilco & Audrey Vanden Born —
Edmonton

and 23 grandchildren.

R.R.#6, Site #4, Edmonton, Alta.

VANDEN BORN, Nennetje

On October 2, 1983, Mrs. Nennetje Vanden Born of the Emmanuel Home went to be with her Lord at the age of 78 years.

She is survived by five sons, William and his wife, Dixie, John and his wife, Audrey of Edmonton, John and his wife, Sophie of Busby, Alberta, Jack and his wife, Avlyn of Calgary, Wil and his wife, Audrey of Edmonton; one daughter, Bertha and her husband, Bill Groot of Edmnton; 23 grandchildren; two brothers and two sisters in the Netherlands. She was predeceased by her husband John in November, 1980.

Funeral services will be held on Thursday at 10:00 a.m. at the Trinity Christian Reformed Church, 13505 57 Street, Reverend Mel Pool will officiate and interment will take place in the Westlock Cemetery at 12:30 p.m. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to The King's College, 10766 97 Street or to the Muscular Dystrophy Association of Canada, 133, 6325 103 Street. Foster and McGarvey Limited Funeral Directors and Licensed Crematorium. 428-6666.

FUNERAL SERVICE OF MRS. N. VANDEN BORN, OCTOBER 6, 1983; TRINITY

CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH, EDMONTON, ALBERTA

Mrs. Vanden Born was born on October 3, 1904. She passed away on Sunday, October 2, one day before her seventy-ninth birthday. Until 1949, she lived in Barneveld, the Netherlands, whereupon she emigrated to Busby, Alberta. Since 1981 she has been living in Edmonton. She was pre-deceased by her husband, Jehannes, in 1980 and her son, George, in 1976.

Opening statement and salutation

Hymn 175: "Lord, Through All The Generations"

Scripture Readings: Isaiah 40 (selections) and Philippians 3

Hymn 200: 6,7,9: "O Bless The Lord"

Reading by Mr. Jack Vanden Born

Prayer for a Blessing upon the Meditation

Text: Philippians 3: 20 and 21

Meditation: WAITING FOR THE RESURRECTION

Hymn 360: "Alleluia ! Alleluia ! "

Closing Prayer

Internment will take place at 12:30 at the Westlock Cemetery. Location: going west through Westlock, turn left at the first street before the Railway tracks, go south one-quarter of a mile. The cemetery is on the East side of the street.

Between the closing of the Service and our departure for the cemetery, there will be about a half-an-hour during which you may meet the family in the lobby of the church building or outside.

The Service at the Cemetery:

The Committal

Scripture: 1 Cor. 15: 50-58

Prayer (concluded with the Lord's prayer in unison)

The Apostle's Creed

The Benediction

Nennetje van den Born (3 October 1904 to 2 October 1983)

Dear people:

We thank you for being here with us to say or final earthly good-bye to Nennetje van den Born. She was the grandmother of twenty-three of our children. But to seven of us, now six, she was that most important Godly figure – our mother. She gave us life in our first stages and she presented us with life in our maturer days. It was that presentation I remember with great joy, with humble thankfulness, with holy praises.

Our mother filled four homes with her presence during the course of her life. The first was on a farm near Barneveld in the Netherlands. What her character or personality was like in her early years is not known to me. She was the second youngest of a rather large family and presumably her voice was lost in the din of activities.

Marriage took her to the second house near Rhenen in 1930. Nineteen years there and seven children tugging at her skirts drew out an inner resourcefulness and molded the personality traits into something we now understand as the love of Jesus. But in those days it was a mother that took care of us, fed us, kept us clean, sat by us in church. We depended on her as little children rightly depend on their mother. She was a Godly agent though, a person that helped unfold holy plans, as all mothers do.

Her third home came in 1949 with the immigration to Westlock, to a farm with animals and chickens by the thousands. Those were the years I grew to adulthood, the years where motherly direction was charged with its most urgent, its most trying tasks. When I look back now, it was a leavening, Christ-like spirit that my mother presented in those farm days.

She had a burning concern for the deprived people of the world – the blacks of South Africa or of the United States, the Indians of or nearby reservations, prisoners caught by political turmoil in Russia or Argentina, those people of Asia, Nigeria or the Middle East that had not heard the Gospel.

Hers was an unremitting interest in world affairs. She had always to listen to the CBC news. With that came a remarkable interest in politics and politicians. She was well versed in Canadian issues. That interest stayed to her last days. Most of the Saturday that saw Brian Mulroney come to his leader's job had Mother in front of the television set.

But during the fifties and sixties, such information came by radio. So supper was at 6:30 in order that the 6:00 pm news could be taken in without the noise of supertime. Mother heard the news, talked about it with us. Yet she was never judgmental, never railing at the stupidity of world leaders. She wanted to know what was happening and not to sit in judgment. She wanted to understand, to understand deeply.

There was in Mother a deep love of the Westlock congregation, for its well-being. It was always important to help make things proceed without rancor. She had a great appreciation for the people there. She never spoke ill of anyone in order to belittle them. She laughed, oh, she laughed about the folly of this or that event, but it was never a malicious laughter. The church members were enlarged by it, not degraded. She loved that church and would not think of missing any of its events.

She looked beyond its wall too though, to Synod, to the place our denomination filled in the mission of Christianity. The Back to God Hour and the CRWRC warmed her heart particularly. The Edmonton congregations, their Reformation Day services became

a subject of interest as well, partly because her children were there, but also more than that. She loved her Lord by loving his church.

The farming neighbourhood was more directly on her path. The Edwards family, the Knagas, the Platzners, The Ericsons, all in a one-mile radius, were people that drew her visiting and her care. The earthly garden in which she was to be busy was that one nearby. It meant that the interest she had for other people was urgent, and it could result in potential activities for our own affairs having to be by-passed.

Mother often sought the quiet of the nearby bushland. Late summers would find her trekking a mile or two with berry pail in hand. These are my fondest memories. We took a tractor or sometimes walked to the berry patches. Mosquitoes never bothered her. And she never harried me for failing to pick enough blueberries. I shall not forget those trips into the leafy silences, into the hushed shelter of the bushes. I loved to be with her at those times.

To be with my mother was always a joy for me, and not only for me, but for all of us. She cared for us without a cloying motherly affection, but rather with a penetrating solicitude that would have us be contented Christ-followers making better the neighbourhoods in which we lived. Her talk was always rich, upbuilding, never negative and defeatist. There was a wisdom that softened the hard lines of law and decision into the gentle paths of understanding and appreciation. Her conversations simply were beautifully Christian. One departed with calm and a deepened trust in God's faithfulness.

The Christ-like spirit I have tried to describe, fed me as I took up more studies a few years ago. Mother's eyes sparkled with my talk of Abraham Kuyper and Herman Bavinck. They had been childhood heroes of the faith to her. I sent her copies of important essays I wrote. I cherished her blessing with my inmost being, a blessing I counted as of God.

Our father died in 1980 and shortly after that passing, Mother moved into her fourth home – Emmanuel Home. She lived there with a burgeoning spirit, always active, gardening a little, knitting for her family, happy in visiting others less vigorous, talking well, as always, of the church, of the home and I suppose, her children.

The past half-year was one of completion, as I look back. In May she visited her childhood home and remaining four brothers and sisters. In August there was the wedding of her first grand-daughter. The celebration was delightful, contented, tasting of heavenly bliss.

My family and I moved to Calgary and we looked forward to her visit over Thanksgiving Day. It was not to be though.

Instead, Mother now lives in her fifth home, a heavenly home where there is no sorrow, no pain, no discontent at all. Every day has, in degrees beyond our comprehension, the best things I have mentioned.

There is no real sorrow amongst us. Oh, we miss our Mother, her gladsome presence, but we do not grieve as if a precious person had been ripped from us. There is no sting in her death, only victory.

Jack VandenBorn
October 6, 1983