

LIFE STORIES

OF

CHARLOTTE MULLER
born August 19, 1900

daughter of

Richard Sisco and Maggie Lyman-Luime

wife of

William V. Muller
born February 25, 1902
died 1982

written in 1995

HOMES WE LIVED IN AFTER MARRIAGE

WHILE BILL WAS IN SEMINARY:

September 1933.....Madison Ave., Grand Rapids
Two rooms, shared bath with family

1932 and 1933.....Blaine Ave., Grand Rapids

1935 - January 1952..Carambei, Brazil

Colony house of Opa Los, 8 months

Carambei parsonage, 17 years

House of Asibido Marques, rented between living in Carambei (first church) and in Castrolanda (second church).

1952.....Castro, Brazil (A town near Dutch colony of Castrolanda about 1/2 hour ride with jeep.)

First Colyn's lived in it. Colyn, a grandson of Prime Minister of Netherlands came for a short time. Belonged to CRC; bought for us to live in. Cost less to buy house colonists built than rent a house in town and drive back and forth. House was sold to Albert Bouwman when Rev. Van Lonkhyzen became pastor in Castrolanda.

House of Japanese, rented

One year.....Rio de Janeiro

Parsonage of Union Church

1964 - 1967.....Castro at Instituo Cristao

Geuze's house - Geuze sent by Netherlands Mission as Administrator

1967 - 1969.....Boys' dormitory at Instituo Cristao

HOMES AFTER RETIREMENT IN 1970:

1969 (4 months).....Mission house on Prince St., Grand Rapids, MI

1970.....Grand Rapids, MI

- Briar Lane
- Country Club Green
- Burton Ridge (2 bedrooms)
- Burton Ridge (1 bedroom, Bill died soon after moving)

(8 months).....Arapoti, Brazil, parsonage / 973

(4 months).....Lynden, WA

(2 months).....Pinellas Park, FL, parsonage

(2 months).....Bradenton, FL, motel

(4 months).....Whitinsville, MA

(3 months).....Vanastra, ON, Canada

1984 - 1992.....Eastgate, Grand Rapids, MI

1992.....Holland Home, Fulton Manor, Grand Rapids, MI

MULLER STORIES

Bill's 33rd birthday. 1935, house built on stilts. Chicken lice coming through floorboards. Also sand fleas. Bird lice from rafters under roof. Wooden shingles. Roof leaks. Trying to keep bed dry in first house. On birthday stood naked all night holding kerosene lantern, picking lice off of each other.

Gasoline stove gets on fire twice - wooden stove - smoking - Bill put rain coat over his head and took out burning gasoline stove. Second time put rain coat over head and threw gasoline stove - it exploded.

A trip from Rio with a war jeep in rain and dust.

A trip to Presidente Prudente when I had food poisoning. Bill carried me into hospital in his rain coat.

From the Netherlands to Brazil in December in a terrible storm. Had to throw cargo overboard. Things breaking. Saw a trunk sliding toward Bill's legs. He jumped. Landed on top of it. Cargo was sacks of Napthalene on deck.

Plane trip in 1946. Just in air when one motor stopped. Put up in hotel until 4 a.m. Called to depart. Just up when again motor stops. Family waits three days for our arrival in States.

Plane trip over Lake Titicaca. Air lift. Hans sick. Trying to get oxygen from one to another.

I put little kerosene stove on wooden stove. Hans was still in bed. Flames shot up. I yelled. Hans jumped out of bed. Gets pail of sand. Throws it on fire. Fire out.

Thankful I kept a record
of
SHIPS WE TRAVELED ON

- December 1934.....Southern Cross; New York, NY to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
- November 1936.....Western World; Santos, Brazil to Buenos Aires, Argentina
Pan America; Buenos Aires to Santos
- December 1939.....Zaanland; Santos, Brazil to Buenos Aires, Argentina
...where Classis met; I believe this was the
meeting when Dr. & Mrs. Beets went with us.
Westland; Buenos Aires to Santos
- August 1940.....Pan American; Rio de Janeiro, Brazil to New York, NY
- 1942.....Took little planes back to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
- 1950.....Venezuela; Rio de Janeiro, Brazil to Buenos Aires, Argentina
...where Classis met
Venezuela; Buenos Aires to Rio de Janeiro
- 1951 *1951*.....*SS AMERICA La Havre France*
Provence; Marselli, France to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
- 1955.....Brazil; Santos, Brazil to New York, NY
Argentina; New York to Santos
- 1959.....Buenos Aires: Paranaqua, Brazil to New York, NY
Noordam; New York to Rotterdam, Netherlands
- 1959.....Vera Cruz; Lisboa, Spain to Santos, Brazil
- 1960.....Frederico C.; Santos, Brazil to Buenos Aires, Argentina
...where Classis met
Julius Caesar; Buenos Aires to Santos
- 1963.....Del Sud; Paranaqua, Brazil to ~~New York, NY~~ *New Orleans* *met by*
Westerdam; New York to Rotterdam, Netherlands *Hans & wife*
- 1964.....Aludra; Rotterdam to Santos *Sert Rosema*
Arrived January 1, 1964 *met by Hans & Bert*
- 1967.....Del Sud; Santos, Brazil to New ~~York~~ *Orleans*, NY
- 1968.....Plane; New York, NY to Santos, Brazil
2 years Instituto Cristao School
- 1973.....*NYC* ~~Orleans~~; Rio de Janeiro
...for 8 months in Arapoti. Called by Brazilian
Churches when no minister in Brazil due to death and
leaving. Met Dr. Roger Greenway who visited with us
in Arnaqua, Brazil.
- 1977.....Plane; Grand Rapids, MI to Castrolanda, Brazil
...for 25th anniversary of colony; colony invited us and paid

trip

1979.....Plane; Grand Rapids, Mi to Ponta Grossa, Brazil
...for Co-operativa Central de Lacticios do Parana
(C.C.L.P.). Our last trip. The Co-operative is the combined
business for milk products of three Dutch colonies, Carambei,
Castrolanda and Arapoti. All dairy farmers. Later also
agricultural farmers. Later Brazilians joined. Parana is a
State in Brazil. We could travel on Dutch freight ships for
just paying tax of passenger on board.

Bill took two plane trips more, back and forth, than I.

SUMMARY

- 1930 - Colonists in Carambei, Brazil build church. Rev. Wyngaarden, father of Prof. Wyngaarden has written a letter to Hollanders in Brazil. Letter finally arrives in Carambei.
- 1933 - Rev. Bruxvoort sent from Argentina to Carambei Parana, Brazil by Christian Reformed Mission. September 14, 1933 Rev. Bruxvoort organizes a church with 24 people making confession of faith. Thirty-one confessing members with one elder and one deacon.
- 1934 - Rev. Muller sent to Brazil in December on \$500.00 per year. Midland Park CRC calling church.
- 1935 - January Rev. Muller arrives and is there until 1952. Indonesian families come that are Dutch although two have Indonesian wives. All have spent many years in Indonesia. Other families from Netherlands keep trickling in.

I start a clinic to help Brazilians. Also Girls Society. We start choir, catechism classes, Bible classes for older ones who have already been there 15 years and no contact with Netherlands churches. Also catechism started with small group in Ponta Grossa. Also services started with group in Sao Paulo. Scattered groups visited in Santa Catarina and Rio Grande do Sul, a Brazilian state. I gave girls in Carambei course in "Home Hygiene and Care of Sick" and gave organ lessons. Also services at Railroad Station Boquerão. Mostly singing with our youth group. This was a service with only Brazilians held once a week in Portuguese language.

- 1936 - First trip to Buenos Aires where Jerry Pott is minister.
- 1940 - Our first furlough. There is war in Europe, Second World War. Travel to over 30 states showing slides in Christian Reformed churches. Unable to return to Brazil. No visas being given. United States has entered war.
- 1942 - Receive visa. Plan to go to Argentina but request from Brazilian government and Dutch embassy requesting Rev. Muller return to Carambei.

Great upheaval in Carambei. Dutch citizens are being drafted for Dutch army. There are deserters. Some are married to Germans. Some Germans always lived among Dutch. School teacher and bookkeeper of Cooperative are drafted.

Bokhouts have moved to Sao Paulo. Jo Bokhout is dying with cancer. Dick Bokhout called to service in Dutch army. I stayed with Jo, mother of Hans who is four years old. Bill goes to meeting in Argentina but returns for funeral. Dick goes to Surinam in service of army there. Hans goes with us to Carambei.

- 1943 - First telephone in Carambei but not ours. Rev. Muller becomes Consul and also takes on bookkeeping of Cooperative when bookkeeper goes to war.
- 1946 - Second furlough with Hans with us.

- 1949 - Netherlands Christian Immigration Society sends committee of five persons to seek land in Brazil near successful colony of Carambei for large Protestant group of farmers. Bill is interpreter and middle man between Brazilian and Dutch governments.
- 1951 - Third furlough. Castrolanda started. Farmers arriving for this colony mostly from Gereformeerde Kerk. Many men have had experience as elders and deacons in Netherlands. At first two morning services and one in afternoon because little building used as church will not hold all people. About forty families come. Some go into chicken coops. One house already there. Some in city of Castro. A couple large barns built and one family in each corner so would accommodate four families. Could be used later for cattle.
- 1955 - Fourth Furlough.
- 1957 - Rev. Van Lonkhyzen comes for Castrolanda from Netherlands. Rev. Muller then for scattered groups. Also one year in Union Church in Rio De Janeiro.
- 1959 - Fifth furlough.
- 1960 - Arapoti started. Carambei church now has 113 families. Castrolanda 54 families. Goal now is sixty families wanting to immigrate from Netherlands.
- 1962 - Rev. Muller leaves Arapoti and Rev. Moesker comes from Carambei to Arapoti. Rev. Muller at Instituto Cristao (I.C.). This is school where our children went after four years of primary school. It had been a school started by Presbyterian missionaries. When missionaries in interior saw a bright child wanting to learn but no school available, they sent them to I.C. They turned it over to Brazilians. When we took it over it had become more of a school for problem children. Rev. Evenhouse visited and decided impossible for Christian Reformed Missions to take over. Colonies needed more Christian education. Netherlands mission sends some help, money as well as people. With international help, Rev. Muller starts Agricultural College. Now Liberal Arts College registered in Brazil. Rev. Muller called from furlough to be administrator at I.C.
- 1967 - Short furlough intending to retire but called back for two more years at Insituto Cristao.
- 1970 - Retired (Bill 69, Charlotte 70) to Grand Rapids where son Hans Bokhout lives. Bill goes back five times at cost of colonies. I three times. Had churches short terms: Whitinsville MA, Pinellas Park and Bradenton, FL, Vanastra, ON, Canada and Lynden, WA. Once spent about one year in Arapoti (approximately 1973).

BOKHOUT STORIES

Johannes Cornelius Bokhout, our adopted son.

Born January 18, 1938 in Carambei Parqna', Brazil.

Zus de Geus, the midwife

FATHER - DIRK BOKHOUT

MOTHER - JOHANNA MARIA VANDER BEEK

BAPTIZED by REV. WILLIAM V. MULLER who became Johannes' (Hans') Dad

~~Aunt Katie never had children. Was married to Harry Heltema who divorced her.~~

Hans' mother, Jo was a confessing member of Carambei Church. She was a school teacher. Hans' paternal grandfather was principal of Christian School in Tilbergen, Netherlands. Dick, Hans' father, was "Meester in de ^{Richten} Richten" so lawyer. In Brazil, they lived at first with Johann and Rose Harms. Later built house and barn. Bought cows and tried dairy farming. Later when farming was not successful, tried having grocery store. That's what they were doing when we left for furlough in 1940, although they were having trouble meeting their bills because some people were not paying them. After we left, Bokhouts went to the interior to be administrator of a ranch belonging to a Swiss or Swedish owner who did not live in Brazil. Jo noticed a lump in breast and was pregnant again. When they were able to get to a doctor, ~~went to~~ Dr. Lane, American doctor of Samaritan Hospital (Hospital Samaritano) a hospital of Presbyterian's Mission in Sao Paulo, Brazil--an excellent hospital where I also spent some time with gall bladder trouble. Jo tried being a governess but was no longer able to work when we arrived in 1942. Dr. Lane had done a therapeutic abortion to stop metastasis, but cancer had spread and her abdomen was distended.

When Hans was about 1 or 2 years old and his father and mother were busy in the store he managed to crawl between a team of horses and there he sat when his mother saw him. She knew if he saw her and started to crawl to her the horses would become excited. They were hitched to a wagon. As quick as a flash she grabbed him and pulled him between the front and back legs of one of the horses to safety.

When Hans was about 1 or 2 years old he had a safety pin stuck in his throat. His mother grabbed him by his feet, turned him upside down, gave a wallop on his back and out came the safety pin.

When Hans was a year or two old he had been bitten by bicho burna. I only remember the Brazilians told his mother to cover his legs (that is where he had been bitten) with wagon grease. His mother did that. The worms which developed from the eggs under the skin have little openings to crawl out. They do not tolerate grease. I still remember Hans' little legs covered with wagon grease and feed sacks waiting for worms to come out. Some used lard or fat. The secret was to know just when the worm was ripe to pinch out. If the worm was broken under the skin infection followed. I once got ten worms (?) out of Hans' head and neck. Then he was older, of course.

We had a lot of dogs with rabies. Also remember a cow with rabies. One night a dog with rabies got in our home. I was already in bed. As the dog entered the bedroom, I lay still and prayed. However, the dog bit our little dog. Our dog bit Hans. So Hans and I went to get rabies shots for Hans in the nearest town, Ponta Grossa. We stayed with a Catholic widow, Mrs. Bonn. Hans had to have the injections around his umbilicus. We were there a couple weeks. Every day all patients for shots had to be present before they began. Very, very painful. He was still five years old and abdomen was red and swollen.

Ponta Grossa was about three hours ride with horse and wagon. There was a good grocery store where we could even get some canned goods, a hospital, several dry goods stores. Even a Japanese fish store, some Arabs with fruit stores and the Co-operative store sold milk products.

I remember riding in Carambei in our charete (two wheel wagon). The right wheel struck the high bank along the road and whipped me out of the charete. There was Hans, alone with no reins to grab. He grabbed the horses tail, hollering "HO!" He got the horse to stand still until I caught up and climbed in, not hurt.

I can not remember when we got our first car. We brought it with us on a ship from the States after a furlough. 1947

In case Hans does not remember, he had whooping cough, chicken pox, measles.

When we first arrived at the parsonage in Carambei with Hans in 1942, he would stand in our bedroom door and ask in the middle of the night, "You are not going to die too, are you?" Bill would say, "No, we are right here in the next room. Now go to sleep. Good night". Then it would go on and on. "Good night." "Good night." Bill would say, "This is the last time. GOOD NIGHT!" (said in Dutch, of course).

Hans did not like us to talk Dutch or English when we rode on the bus with him in Sao Paulo. He would only talk Portuguese. Of course, when Hans was brought with us to Carambei after his mother died, he only spoke Portuguese and Dutch. Bill and I only spoke English together. Hans had never heard English.

In 1942 we went back to Brazil after our first furlough. The reason we did not go back earlier, although we arrived for our first furlough on my 40th birthday, August 19, 1940, was we could not leave the United States because war came and were not permitted to leave the country. Then we suddenly got word if we wanted to go we should leave within two weeks. When we left in July 1940, Bokhouts were still in Crambei. Then they went to the interior where they were on a large ranch belonging to a Swiss. They suffered here and did not receive money. Dick came to the city of Sal Paulo and got a job with "Bols" a Dutch

firm. This is where they were when we returned from furlough in 1942. As soon as possible, Jo got help and was operated on for breast cancer. Her abdomen was now distended. The cancer had spread. We rented a room in a house one-half hour walking distance from them. They had rented ^{a house} ~~two rooms and a kitchen~~ from a German family. Zus Borger boarded with them. Bill had to go to Argentina. I stayed with Bokhouts and got Coba Vriesman to come to help from Carambei. Dr. Lane came and removed fluid from Jo's abdomen. She said to me, "My condition is poor. I am going to die." She did not want Hans to see her dead. Consul General Berkhout offered to take Hans until after the funeral. While Dr. Lane was there Hans climbed up to see what the doctor did. No one noticed Hans. I do not remember how long before Jo died. Bill came back from Argentina and was there when she died. Dick, Bill and I were at the bedside. I remember her saying, "The music is so beautiful!" The three of us put her in the coffin. In Brazil we had to bury within twenty-four hours. She was buried in Cemeterio Redentor, Sao Paulo. Dick, Bill, Coba and I went with the coffin to bury her before it got dark. (Dick had already been called for service in the Dutch army.) There were about four other people from Dutch consulate there. Bill and I had a stone put on the grave with "Zalig Zijn degenen die in den Heere sterven", Revelation 14:13. Dick was still working for "Bols. Hans wanted to stay in the ^{house} ~~couple rooms~~ they were renting from a German family. Hans said, "I can wait here until my father comes home from work". Very soon after Dick was called into service in the Dutch army and received uniforms, etc. Because he was a lawyer, he was sent to Surinam, Dutch West Indies. Around Surinam Germans had sunk Dutch boats in the Surinam River. He was made District Commissioner in Surinam. We left in September or October 1942 and took Hans with us. He was four years and eight months old. We traveled 24 hours on the train with Hans who had only known us a very short time. He had diarrhea. He sat on my lap with tears running down

his cheeks most of the way but never sobbed out loud or spoke.

When Hans' mother was dying she asked me if I was willing to take him. I promised to do all I could for him. She wanted to make sure he was brought up in the church. Dick, about one year after, met and married Marie Da Costa. She was family of the well known Dutch poet Da Costa, and was Jewish. They visited us once while we were living in Castro. Dick had erysipelas while there. Hans was with them a great part of the day. He slept outside in the servant quarters (most Brazilian homes had such a room). Dick and Marie had Hans' room. Hans would come to our room before he went to bed. I thought it was so wise, so diplomatic for such a child. Marie Da Costa was the secretary of the Governor of Surinam.

The first Christmas, 1942, I shall never forget. It was the first tree we had--no ornaments but real candles. Also had a paper manger with angels flying over it. The heat from a candle made the angels move around. We also had a tree in the church with real candles. I brought a pail of sand and a pail of water in the church just in case of fire. Christmas it is hot weather. School vacation starts in November until February.

Now I am just amazed how God protected us and never had a serious fire. Gasoline lamps, wooden houses, little wooden church packed with Brazilians on Christmas because they got some candy. Twice Bill carried the gasoline stove out with rain coat over his head while the stove was burning. The second time it exploded after he had thrown it out.

In 1942, after death of Jo Bokhout, we left for Carambei from Sao Paulo.

Dick Bokhout was getting ready to leave for Surinam. Bill, Hans and I took the train 24 hours to Carambei. Hans sat on my lap with tears streaming down his cheeks. Never sobbed out loud, never talked. The people of Carambei brought bars of chocolate for him. We did not send him to school, as I remember, that first year. All children wore white coats and white hats to school. The school was a one room school house. The Brazilian government only required four years of school for rural communities. Oom Jacob was our school teacher. He farmed at the same a time he taught school. Later Grada Harms also taught. Hans' mother taught for a short time until she went to Sao Paulo to live. They had come to Brazil in 1936. Hans was born in 1938. They went to {an} interior ranch in 1941.

When Hans was eleven or so, in March 1949, I believe, I took him to Instituto Cristao Castro. I went with Paul Van Santen as Bill was away. Bill also had the scattered Hollanders, a group in Sao Paulo and a group of Indonesians in Rio, a group in Rio do Janeiro, and a group in Santa Catarina. For a time he was the go-between for the government and Carambei. He was also the Dutch Consul of Parana. There was also a group in the city of Ponta Grossa where he had catechism.

On the way home from Instituto Cristao, after taking Hans to Boarding School, the ^{car}jeep broke down. I said to Paul Van Santen, "This is a message for me to go back to Instituto Cristao to get Hans." I had left him standing there all alone with tears running down his cheeks after registering him in Boarding School. He was to live in the home of Vande Berg, a Dutchman who had married Clara Rickli, a Brazilian teacher (German Presbyterian background). They had a boy Hans' age who would share his room with Hans. Van Santen wouldn't take me

back.

The first weekend Hans came home he had been sick with diarrhea. Hans lived in Instituto Cristao for four years and William Vriesman was his friend. William was named after Bill and later became an executive (bookkeeper) of the Cooperative.

Hans' schooling had been interrupted by furloughs to the United States and trips to Buenos Aires. In 1946, to the United States for six months. I believe it was 1950 when twelve years old his birthday was spent in Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina. In 1951 we went to States and Netherlands. Bill and I had arguments about this. Bill had had a very interrupted life during his school years-- Netherlands, United States, Belgium. He argued, you learn so much by traveling, and we would teach Hans English, etc. He did gain general knowledge. Our teaching was too irregular. Hans lost out a lot by not having a regular school course.

MULLER SISCO

WILLIAM VLIKEN MULLER, b. February 25, 1902 in Amsterdam, Netherlands

FATHER: BEREND MULLER

MOTHER: SOFIA CHARLOTTE VLIKEN

Both parents had been married before. Children of father, in the Netherlands. I only met grand children with name Vermeulen. One was a doctor-- ear, nose and throat specialist. One a girl, a physical therapist. Their mother had been married to a minister. Ans Muller visited in States once--a daughter of first marriage.

Elizabeth and William, only children of Berend and Sofia Muller's second marriage. First wife of Muller had died. Mother of Bill and Elizabeth did not have children with first husband. She was much younger than their father. I was told some of the children of the first marriage were slightly younger than second wife. I do not know her first marriage husband's name. Elizabeth was two years older than Bill.

Elizabeth and William came to the United States with Dirk Van Eyk as their step father in 1916, during World War I. I know very little about the first time Elizabeth, Bill and their mother were in the States. They were here a short time and both children had some schooling in elementary classes in Boston, Massachusetts. If any one else was with them?

Elizabeth and Bill's parents were separated or divorced while they were children. Bill, Elizabeth and their mother went to live in Belgium and had their schooling in the French language. They lived with their Grandfather and Grandmother Vlieken whom they loved and admired. Their mother opened a store where butter and cheese were sold, I believe. They attended the Hervormde Kerk.

The family came to U.S.A. in 1916 with a step father, Dirk Van Eyk. He was also divorced and had grown children, one of whom wrote a book. Mr. Van Eyk had been a banker in the Netherlands. He was selling insurance when I met him in 1916.

This family came to Hope Avenue Christian Reformed Church in Passaic, New Jersey where Rev. Karl Fortuin was pastor. They had been acquainted in the Netherlands.

WILLIAM V. MULLER

When I met Bill in 1916 in Hope Avenue Church he was over six feet tall although ¹⁴15 years old. The father of Rev. K Fortuin was minister in Whitinsville, Massachusetts and had been helped by Van Eyk, Bill's stepfather, in the Netherlands. Van Eyk lived in Hoboken, New Jersey with his wife and two children who had the name Muller.

Elizabeth went to business school and got a job in New York City with Southern Pacific Steamship Company as a stenographer. Bill refused to go to school. He had been teased when a child in school in Boston and wanted to work. When sixteen, he got a job with Holland American Line. He decided he did not want to work for a Holland Firm. He then went to work in Wall Street as a call boy. When I got to know him he was promoted. He was with a well known firm with two names but I hesitate to write it because I am not certain. He became cashier with this firm. All through school, every Christmas holiday and vacation he went right to work in Wall Street and earned a good salary.

CHARLOTTE SISCO MULLER

MOTHER: MAGGIE LYMAN-LUIME

Immigrated from Oudorp, Netherlands to U.S.A. by sail ship in 1962. The trip took three months. One child born on ship. One child died at sea.

Maggie was two years old when she came to the United States. I don't think she ever went to school. Father died eight or ten years after arriving here. Maggie was twelve and oldest of seven children. Went to work for English family as servant girl at twelve and stayed with Hughes family until married at nineteen in 1880. I have one card where she signed "Mother"--very shaky. Amazed how she kept orders of our trucking business in her head as calls came in. Never saw her write one order down, although we had four or five trucks--first drawn by horses. We had about, as I remember the stalls, eight, nine or ten horses. They took freight from Botany Worsted Mills, Forstman and Hoffman and other Mills in Passaic, New Jersey to the ferry and so to New York to boats, etc. Also local trucking around the city. The telephone was in the kitchen. We lived on Van Winkle Avenue, across the street and about five houses up from Grandma Lyman in Passaic, New Jersey. I was the youngest of five girls. When I was born, Madge the oldest was eighteen and had a baby ten months after my birth.

Our house had three bedrooms upstairs, kitchen, dining room and parlor downstairs. Outhouse in backyard. It was a narrow deep lot. Just room for driveway alongside house.

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

MADGE, my oldest sister married Alex MacMurray; died when 78 in New Jersey.
Child: Margaret.

PAULINE, three years younger ^{da Madge} married John Vander Plaat; died when 98 in New Jersey. Children: Richard, Wilhelmina and John Calvin.

CLARA (Toots), four years younger ^{da Pauline} married Marinus Hoogstrate; 89 when she died in Wheaton, IL. Children: John Philip and Charlotte.

MARIE (Myra), five years younger ^{da Clara} married John Bakelaar; born 1894, died in 1986 when 92 in Virginia. Children: Marie, Margaret, Ellen and Jean.

CHARLOTTE, ^{dat be ile, gebore 1900}

JERRY PONTIER, who always lived with us; married Edna Tanis.
Children: Richard and one daughter.

MY MOTHER'S SISTERS AND BROTHERS

LIZZIE VANDER VLIET; one daughter and three boys

JENNIE VAN SPLENTER; three girls

MAMIE PONTIER; died giving birth to twins. One [twin] died and one ^(Jerry) brought to our house by doctor. Lived with us until marriage.

CLARA VANDER PLAAT; one daughter, one son Henry

PETER LYMAN; had grocery store. Three daughters, one son.

PAUL LYMAN; policeman

KITTY TROAST; four boys, one little girl when she died

FATHER: RICHARD SISCO

Dirk Zylstra, Dutch name

from Dokkum near Leeuwarden, Friesland the Netherlands.

*I don't understand
who Dirk Zylstra is
in relationship to
my father.
They are the
same person
my father
with name of name*

My father was eleven years old when he came to U.S.A., oldest of five children. I never heard about his family history. He went to work when he came to U.S.A. He was a big boy. I remember Aunt Lottie. I am named after her. Aunt Lottie's husband, Henry Bruining had a coal yard. Aunt Katie never had children. Was married to Harry Heltema who divorced her. Uncle Oker worked for us on a truck. Uncle Lambert had a milk business. Uncle John had a big diary business in Clifton, New Jersey and was wealthy.

My father worked for Kehoe who had a lot of horses. Then worked for U.S. Express Company. Then started his own business. Money from the bank was left in sack at railroad station to be picked up by train going to New York. It was never stolen.

My father never sat with us in church. He was always an elder. Elders sat up front in seats so they could see congregation.

My father always read the Dutch Bible at the table right through from Genesis to Revelation and prayed in Dutch. He said, "You can learn it. That's how I learned English, just listening. I never had a lesson." His bookcase with five shelves had only Dutch theological books and "Wreck of the Titanic".

VAN WINKLE AVENUE LIVING

Were both
coal burning
stoves in
the kitchen?
No! in dining
room

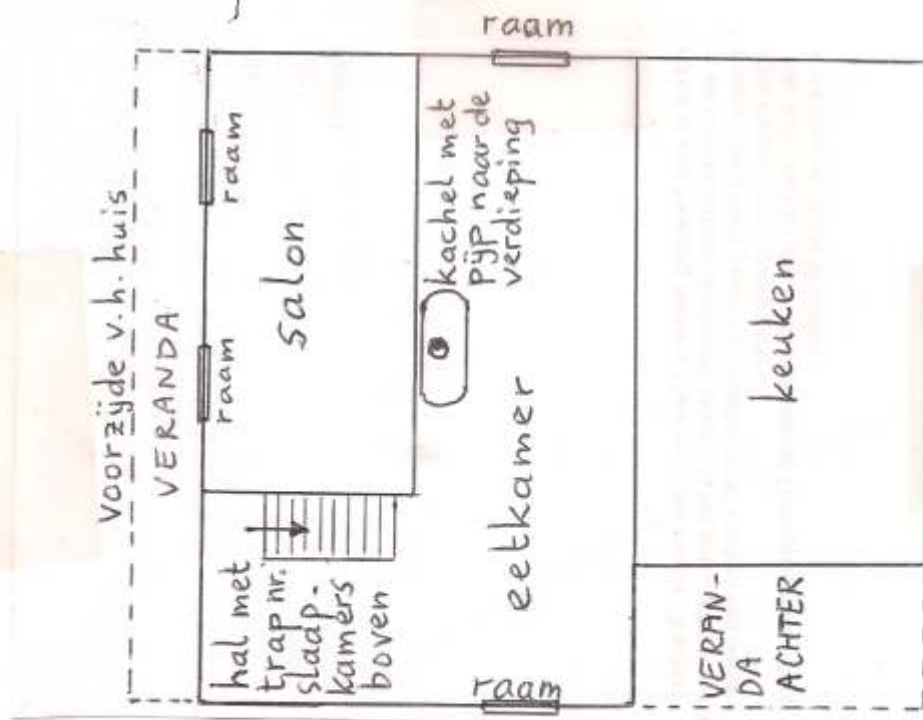
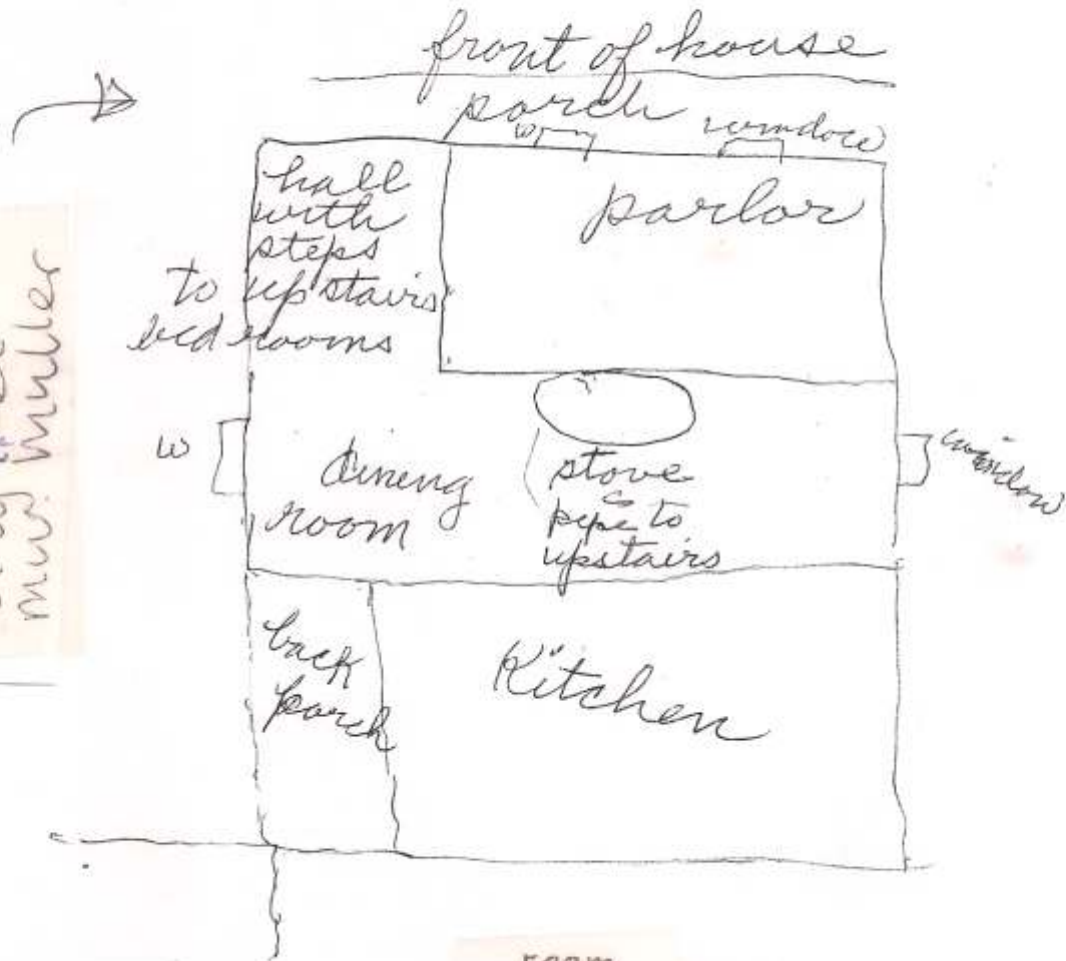
The Van Winkle house had three bedrooms upstairs. Later a fourth bedroom was built on. It was cold because it was not built over the first floor. We slept two of us together in a double bed. Jerry, when old enough to leave the crib in my parents' bedroom, got the middle bedroom where Clara had slept alone. By that time my oldest sister was married and moved out.

In Jerry's bedroom there were two sewing machines where my sisters sewed clothes every night after work. Downstairs was a large kitchen, a dining room and a small parlor. We used first kerosene lamps--all cleaned and trimmed every Friday. Then we got gas light and later when I was about sixteen years old, electricity and a bathroom with inside toilet and bathtub. Before that the children were washed in a tin tub in the kitchen. But after we were about seven or eight, we went to our bedroom with a pitcher of water to wash twice a week--and had a basin there. We cleaned our teeth and washed face and hands at kitchen sink.

There was a pot stove that burned coal in the kitchen with a pipe that came out in the middle bedroom. There was a stove that burned coal in the ^{dining room} kitchen also with a pipe that went to the back bedroom. There were registers or grates over the pipes on the floor. This was all the bedroom heat there was.

We had spring house cleaning and fall house cleaning. We washed all painted walls, all woodwork twice a year. All carpets, even wall to wall, were taken up every six months, taken outside and beaten with a carpet beater. That meant

Origineel
m.w. Muller



Vertaling

taking all the nails out. To put it back I would push the carpet with a table leaf and my mother would nail it. Ceilings were washed, as well as curtains. Shades were wiped clean, all pictures washed every six months. The outside outhouse was scrubbed every week. The front and back porch was scrubbed every week and the linoleum kitchen floor scrubbed twice a week. All furniture was polished every week. Wash day was every Monday. All white clothes, sheets pillow cases and underwear all boiled in the boiler which was put to cook on a wood stove. Clothes were taken out of the hot water with a stick. My father wore white stiff bosom shirts under his overalls on the truck to protect his chest from colds. These were raw starched every week. Petticoats were starched. There were no tissues or sanitary napkins to throw away. There were both of these items for each individual to be washed and ironed. These items were also made and we had five females using them.

CHURCH

In Hope Avenue Christian Reformed Church I remember as a child my mother had a black seal skin cape. When it was cold the fur was warm if I could get my hands or cheek into it beyond the cold surface. We walked to church twenty minutes to one-half hour. Services lasted two hours. There was a Psalm in the middle of the sermon that was sung. It always seemed to me one sermon, then sing a Psalm, then the second sermon. In my head I made up stories about the people or families that I could see sitting around me. In the summer people fanned themselves with palm leaf fans. The services were in Dutch. It was Dr. Clarence Bouma after I was twenty who started an English service. Nothing else was Dutch except the Dutch Bible was read three times a day--the whole Bible from Genesis through Revelation. My father prayed in Dutch too at the table. We never talked Dutch at home, only English.

I went to catechism, always taught by the minister, on Saturday mornings until I was about ten or twelve, then on Wednesday evening. There was Sunday School after church and Singing School on Friday nights. Girls' Society and Boys' Society was on Tuesday nights. We started when sixteen years old. Practically everyone was working at sixteen years of age.

CONVERSION

From the time I can remember I went to church. As a child I sat on my mother's right. The services were in the Dutch language. The church was Hope Avenue Christian Reformed Church, Passaic, New Jersey. We never spoke Dutch at home. The first minister I remember was Rev. Vander Ploeg, although Rev. Manni baptized me. Rev. Vander Ploeg left Hope Avenue when I was eight, I believe. Then the minister was Rev. Westenberg. He had four children. One boy, James was my age. I liked him very much. After Rev. Westenberg left, whom I liked, we had Rev. Karl Fortuin. I never listened. I just thought I can't understand any way. I shall never forget the first English sermon I heard. It was about Lazarus and the rich man. I couldn't believe preaching was like that.

When I was eighteen I suddenly was gripped by a Dutch sermon by Rev. Fortuin about Jesus suffering and dying for me. I remember coming home, going right to my room and thinking why isn't there more excitement about this? Why aren't they talking about it? I later called the minister and said, "I have to make profession of faith." He asked if I was doing it because my two sisters Myra and Clara were also making profession. I was quite shocked because I knew that had nothing to do with me. I do not remember if I knew they wanted to become full members. On April 20, 1920 I made profession of faith. My two sisters as well as Elizabeth and Bill were in the same class. The text given me was, "Take my yoke upon you." I am writing this July 22, 1995. I can not remember now if it was "because my burden is light, my yoke is easy" or for "I am meek and lowly of heart and you shall find rest unto your soul. Both texts have gone with me through the years.

My mother, walking to church with me when I was about thirteen, said almost trembling, "You are big enough to pray now that 'The Word of God may take root in

your heart'."

MY CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YEARS

When I was a child one of my sisters fell down stairs with me. I was unconscious for a while. I do remember them bringing a chicken in the kitchen trying to keep me awake.

When six years old started school in Public School No. 10 on Harrison Street, Passaic, New Jersey. Do remember a teacher. I loved Miss Love-Joy. It was very near our home. Graduated from eighth grade at fourteen years old. Went to Passaic High School. It was far. I walked home for dinner, but had to almost run. Went under railroad through trestle in down town Passaic. There was no Christian School yet but my parents were collecting for it, and were in a group trying to get it started. A Psalm was read and prayer by the teacher, as I remember. We had Jews, Catholics, all different nationality children. Remember two Italians, Emma De Luca and Ida De Ghetto who were my friends. Also Erwin Goldman was my boy friend. That only means he ran his hand along the back of my seat when he passed and turned and looked at me when anything was said that needed a little more attention. He walked home with me once when it was raining. I had my father's umbrella, so I let him borrow it. I know I spent a night of agony afraid my parents would ask for it. I would have to tell them I lent it to a Jewish boy. Fortunately they didn't ask and I got it back the next day.

Going to school was considered a privilege. All my sisters had to give up school at thirteen or fourteen years of age. Pauline told me she had to give up school at thirteen because I was going to be born. Clara (Toots) had to give up when Gerard Pontier (Jerry) came into our home.

One time a boy came home with me carrying my books when I was in high school. My mother didn't see it but someone told her. She called me for a talk and said if I was seen with a boy and he was not from our church, I would have to give up school.

In high school I had chicken pox. In my sophomore year I got diphtheria. I was quarantined. All my dishes had to be boiled and clothes kept apart. I was quarantined eight weeks alone in the bedroom. All bedding had to be washed apart. They were unable to get a negative culture. Then my mother got sick taking care of me, the trucking business and a family of six. She already had a mass in her intestines and started bleeding rectally. So I went back to high school to empty my desk when the quarantine was lifted and the diphtheria sign taken off the house. I cried and cried and cried some more. My father and mother decided to buy a piano and have me take lessons. They even got a person who they could trust to help buy a good piano, and wanted a good teacher. I stayed home doing housework, taking care of the trucking business calls, and helping with the books of the business. I studied piano, practicing two hours a day. I took lessons from a pupil of Paderewski and started teaching piano four years later at twenty years of age. I could then play Beethoven Sonata Pathetique from memory, and played in an orchestra. Then I started going with Bill regularly. Broke off and went with John Beebe, a seminary student from Sayville, Long Island for a short period. When he went to school after vacation, I learned he had a girl in Grand Rapids. I went back to Bill who sent me bouquets of roses, took me to eat in the revolving Rainbow Restaurant Radio City Opera in New York, etc. Different than all other boy friends, he asked if he might have the privilege of taking me out in order that we might

become better acquainted. This was new to me. He was a gentleman. We also went to church together to Stam's Mission in Paterson to hear Johanna Veenstra who had studied with my cousin Will Pontier in Union Seminary, New York, had gone to Africa and returned to tell about it.

Rev. Clarence Bouma, father of Thea Van Halsema was our pastor in Hope Avenue. Dr. Clarence Bouma had just returned from the Netherlands where he received his doctorate. The parsonage was in a very Jewish neighborhood with the synagogue right across the street. The consistory decided to look for another home for Dr. and Mrs. Bouma and they lived in my parents' home for a while until a home was found to rent.

In the meantime the family of Bill, the Van Eyk family, had moved from Hoboken to Clifton, New Jersey. They rented a house. They never bought their house.

My parents were not happy about my going with Bill. His father was an insurance agent. My father never carried insurance. That was considered "not trusting the Lord". I remember losing three horses one weekend with colic. A hired man had fed the horses the wrong food immediately after bringing them in perspiring from working hard. When they told my father as one horse after the other died, I expected him to rave or be very excited. He bowed his head and prayed, all three times they told him a horse had died. It made an impression on me.

Also Bill worked in Wall Street. In those days Christians did not deal in stocks and bonds. It was considered sort of gambling. Bill had lots of money

which they weren't accustomed to people living that way and spending that way. BUT--Bill went to church regularly. Also to all the societies of the church. He always knew his catechism and a little more. Dr. Bouma was impressed with him. So they never verbally forbade me to go with him. My mother ^{had ever} ~~never~~ said, "I'm worried." Of course being of divorced parents was very, very unusual and carried a stigma. My father, although he knew the history of the family, never, never mentioned it to me. It was much, much later I heard it from Bill. Although the parents before being members of our church had to publicly (in church) confess adultery. I remember that. My father and mother never said one word about that to me.

Then one night Bill told me he had talked to Dr. Bouma and he was quitting his job in Wall Street and was going to study for the ministry (to be a missionary). It would be one year of prep, four year of college and three years of seminary--so eight years. I remember not sleeping, getting up, looking at myself in the mirror and asking, "Is it me?" I had been struggling with a calling myself, but had never said anything to Bill. We became engaged. I decided to go in training as a nurse and went to Passaic General Hospital School of Nursing to enroll. It was in 1923 that I entered. 3

Bill had no schooling after coming to U.S.A. at fourteen years old. Dr. Bouma taught him in his study nights until he went to Calvin Prep, the same time I entered training. I remember Bill now with suit coats with elbows worn through after having worn the most expensive New York clothes while in Wall Street. He was in Grand Rapids and I in New Jersey. We were together summers and Christmas vacations. I graduated in May 1927 and became Assistant Supervisor of Nurses. I stayed living in the nurses home until 1929 when I had an intestinal obstruction

and was in the hospital from March 1 to May 31. Part of this time I was in a coma. Bill was called home from school when the doctors thought there was no hope. I had two special nurses all this time. They each worked twelve hours, \$7.00 a shift, seven days a week without a break. Bill missed one semester of school. I lost all my hair. I had peritonitis. My abdomen opened up and pus flowed out. I remember Dr. Carlisle then coming telling me he had to take me to the operating room again. I remember my father praying by my bed with tears running down his cheeks. I weighed 85 pounds when I went home.

I went to Bill's graduation from College in 1930 with the family of Bill. Mr. Van Eyk had a heart attack in Toledo, Ohio and returned to New Jersey. Elizabeth drove the rest of the way, but it was a sad graduation and anxious to get to New Jersey. Bill had worked in Wall Street again one year about this time. We had been engaged seven years already. Bill had started a Drama Club while in college. I believe it was the Knickerbokker Club. He was suspended for six months. Drama was prohibited. He worked in Wall Street during that time.

We married September 8, 1931. Bill still had two years of Seminary. I had saved up \$2000. My parents decided I should not give them anything of what I earned but should save because Bill was studying to be a missionary. I worked about a year and a half doing private duty nursing. I was given easy cases after surgery. Mr. Dennis, owner of Irish Linen Handkerchief Factory had prostate cancer. I worked for him six months from 7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. seven days a week in the hospital. He also left me something when he died. I believe a couple hundred dollars. I also had a whooping cough patient, a little girl of a very wealthy family.

Grand Rapids,
Mi

After we were married we had a two room upstairs apartment on Madison Avenue, sharing a bathroom with the family. I worked some--I had a tuberculosis patient. I was not permitted to work in the hospital in Michigan as a married woman.

Then the great depression came and banks closed and our money was gone. I went back to New Jersey and got a job in my hospital in Passaic. I was there about two months when Bill got a \$2000 loan from Mr. Eerdmans and I came back to Michigan.

Bill graduated in 1933 but no missionaries were to be sent out--still depression. Bill went to Kennedy School of Missions in Connecticut (?) for one year. I lived with my parents and worked in Passaic General Hospital. In December of 1934 we were sent out on \$500 yearly salary to Brazil. Midland Park Christian Reformed Church was the calling church.

NURSING - PASSAIC GENERAL HOSPITAL

I entered nursing training in September 1923. Margaret Wallace was Hospital Administrator, Sarah Longcor was Supervisor of Nurses. Our uniforms for nurses training were blue and white stripe. We wore a collar like a priest with gold collar button in back of neck, white stiff starched aprons and bibs. We lived in the Nurses Home, a path of about 100 feet from the hospital. We had private rooms. Daytime duty was ten hours, nighttime duty, twelve hours. It was a 200-bed hospital. It had male ward, female ward, semi-private, private, pediatrics and obstetrics, operating room emergency room, and pharmacy. It was shortened to a two and one half year course because of the awful 1918 flu epidemic when so many nurses had died. Later it again became a three year course. I graduated in May 1927.

We lived in the Nursing Home and were only allowed one afternoon a week off starting at 1:00 p.m. That night we were allowed out until 10:00 p.m. All other nights were spent studying and all lights out at 10:00 p.m. Sundays we were off four hours from 9:00 to 1:00, 1:00 to 5:00 or every third Sunday from 3:00 to 7:00. Then we could stay out until 10:00 p.m. Except if we were on a six week period of night duty. Then we worked seven nights a week and were not allowed out until we finished. Then we had two full days off. I am quite sure I am right on this.

Classes were Wednesday all day even though we worked nights. There were some evening classes and a Tuesday and Thursday one hour lecture at 4:00 p.m. The studies, as I remember, were History of Nursing, Medical Nursing, Surgical

Nursing, Pediatrics, Obstetrics, Chemistry of Nurses, Materia Medica, Anatomy and Physiology. We started working after a couple days of lectures, right with the nurses in the hospital. After six weeks, I was put on male ward night duty with twenty-four patients and one orderly to help me. I was told my uniform commanded respect. I had nothing to fear. We could call the resident physician if we needed help. He slept upstairs.

MULLER BOKHOUT

Went to Brazil in December of 1934. Arrived in Rio de Janeiro just before Christmas. On Christmas eve went to a Catholic Church. Steps to Cathedral full of beggars. They were permitted to beg on Christmas Eve. We stayed in Hotel Centraal. There were only two hotel in Copacabana and only two tall buildings. Many lovely homes. One had a pond with flamingo.

Had a letter of introduction to Mac Kensie College also to a Presbyterian Church. Went to the church on Christmas Day and Bill brought greetings in Portuguese language which he had studied in School of Missions (Kennedy School of Missions in Connecticut ?) where Dr. John De Korne, was studying at same time. After Bill finished seminary in 1933, which was a Depression year, there was no possibility of being sent out by the Christian Reformed Church. Although we had first planned to go to Africa, after my Intestinal Resection operation in 1929 doctors said I should not be in a tropical climate.

Now we see God's plan and how He works out everything in conformity with the purpose of His will. Old Rev. Wyngaarden, father of Professor Wyngaarden of Calvin Seminary, had once sent a letter to Brazil addressed to Hollanders in Brazil. This letter finally arrived in Carambei where four families had settled. In 1911 there had been an advertisement in European papers offering free land to people who would settle along a railroad which was being built into the interior.

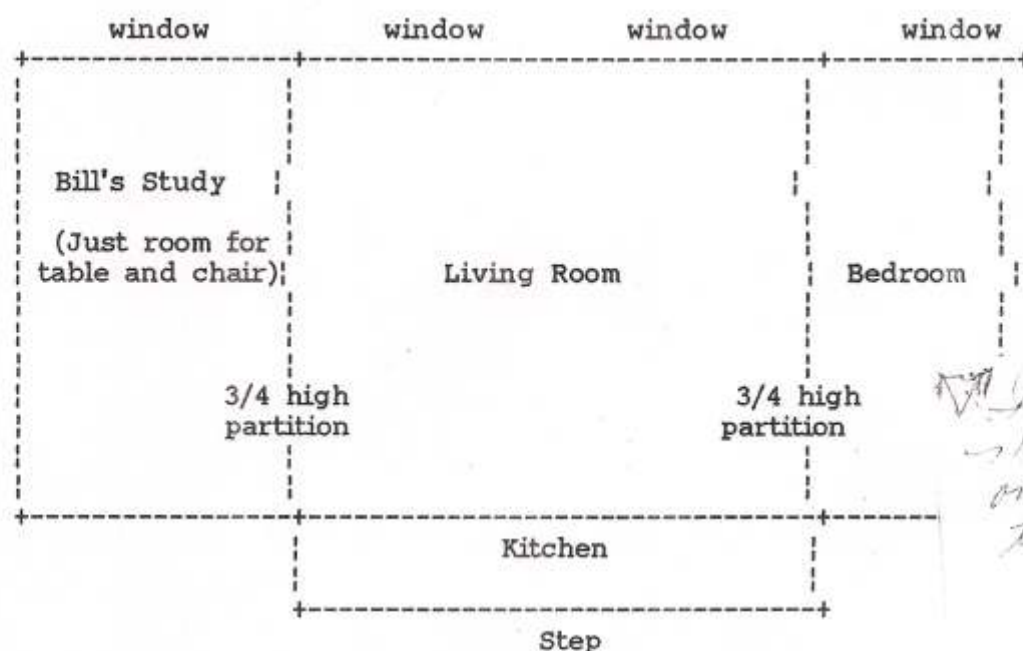
The families De Geus, Vriesman, Los and Verschoor went and were still there when we arrived. They told stories of other families who had been there and some

died. Really awful stories--snake bites, one woman became prostitute after husband died to get food for children, etc., etc., etc. There were also some German families, a few of which were still there. The four Dutch families were eleven in January 1935 when we arrived because of intermarriage. They were all large families, two of which, the Jan De Geus family and the Leen De Geus family each had sixteen children. These families came together every Sunday and read a Dutch sermon. They had a couple books of sermons and read them over and over. They never had communion. They were from the Gereformeerde Kerk and the Christelyke Gereformeerde Kerk. Some had half and half become Seventh Day Adventists. A Lutheran minister would travel through that region and baptize babies and marry those who requested it--in the German language, of course.

These people were all dairy farmers. They made butter and cheese and traveled in their carcoas (farm wagons) three hours to Ponta Grossa, the nearest town, to sell the butter and cheese made in their homes. they had tried a little factory and cooperative but it had broken up. The papers were gone--blew out of the window in a terrific storm and couldn't be found, they said. Oom Jacob ^{U.S.} Voorslij's, who was also a school teacher and a farmer, had headed the ~~cooperative~~ cooperative. Bill had worked ten years in Wall Street after his family (step-father Dirk Van Eyk, mother and sister) came to U.S.A. in 1916. He worked first as a call boy, later as cashier.

We were told in Rio de Janeiro, both by College Administrator and Church Council to go quickly to Interior as a revolution was expected. Went by train from Rio de Janeiro to Sao Paulo. Supposed to be superior class. Sat in wicker chairs which slid. Twenty-four hours from Rio de Janeiro to Carambei. At Carambei there was a Model T Ford and it was at the station to take us to the

home of Hendrik Harms, married to Tante Tui who was a De Geus. Seven children. Jo the oldest became my best friend. Still corresponding with Marie Harms Dykstra and Leentje Harms Vander Meer. Remember the flies. Harms family a wonderful family. Soup delicious but impossible to keep flies out. Stayed two weeks with an old couple, Verschoor. I knew very little Dutch although my father read Dutch Bible at the table. I had flea bites and sand fleas got in our toes. We took them out with a needle. After two weeks went into house of Opa Los. He was still living but wife had died. House was one room but partitions had been put up 3/4 of height. Bill could not unpack his books. There were no glass windows, just little doors--closed openings that were without glass. Sometimes animal--Zebu cow would stick his head in bedroom. The house made of vertical boards with slat between. Floor boards so far apart, grass grew between. Roof wooden shingles leaked. Scared of snakes when going and in outhouse.



Will do so more work on straightening these lines

When living in house of Opa Los, I remember Bill being away one day when I heard a terrible cackling of a hen by our back door. A hen had several little chickens. Down swooped a vulture and flew away with a chick. This was repeated

again and again until all chicks were gone.

I got water from a well a distance away, rolling a pail down and then filling my pails. One time I rolled the pail up with a snake in it.

One time I watched a rattle snake keep its eyes on a frog and frog couldn't move. The frog was a^s if frozen. Then gradually moved toward the snake to be gobbled up. It was awful. For me at that time it exemplified Satan's method and power.

One time went to put food on the table when I saw a snake with a white head and black body under the table. I got it to slide out of house under the door.

One time I saw a snake near where a group of children were playing on the ground. I grabbed a hoe and started pounding its head. Found out they are not so easy to kill.

I was called to a Brazilian house where a young girl had been bitten by a rattle snake. We always had snake serum in our home. ~~Bill had boxes to put a snake in from Butantao where snake serum is made. The people would bring the snake, put it in the box. Bill would ship it to Butantão and we would receive a free dose of serum for every snake received.~~ Although I was able to give a couple doses the girl died in the hospital. It was awful to see her lose function of one muscle after the other.

In Butantao there is the Instituto for making snake serums. We had boxes to put snakes in at the parsonage. When a poisonous snake was caught we would put

it in the box. Bill would ship it to Butantao and we would receive the serum free for that snake bite. We always had snake serum at the parsonage--rattle snake, ^Uiratu. Some cause bleeding, some clotting of blood, and some loss of muscle function. I am writing this in 1995 and do not remember the different symptoms. But it was very important to know what snake bit the patient.

The church people built a parsonage. It was also of vertical boards with slats between but had ceilings, good floors and a foundation. Bill requested a fire place in the living room. They had never built one so he instructed them how he thought it should be . How very happy we were when the smoke went up the chimney. I believe we moved in the parsonage in 1935. We had our horse, Tomy, hitched to the charete in front of the new house. The table just in front of him piled with everything that we had brought from the house of Opa Los. Tomy managed to take things one by one from the table and put them on the ground. Tomy's contribution to moving!

Our house had a living room. We bought a linoleum rug. We had a dining room, a kitchen, two bedrooms, a little study and a bathroom. We had a well, an attic, but no floor in the attic. We did have a water tank up there and we could pump the tank full with a pump on the back porch and a pipe that emptied into the tank. We pumped by hand.

One time while we were having Women's Society Meeting in the parsonage and had just got connected to a motor to fill the tank in the attic. The pipe that emptied into the tank was not in the tank. Suddenly the water started coming down the steps from the attic into the living room. Then it is a big help to have meetings in the parsonage. The ladies helped me clean up.

BRAZIL STORIES

Starting with
p. 40 will
make copies
for Heritage
Hall.

We came home from a furlough by ship and landed in Rio de Janeiro. There were war jeeps on sale. This was in about ¹⁹⁵¹1947. We bought one with just a roof-no side curtains and no back curtain. We started out from Rio to Carambei. We put our baggage in the back. (1000 kilometers) I can't remember too much except terrible rain, dust and mud. I looked at Hans' and Bill's faces and hair caked with mud. I still remember thinking this is so bad I must not complain, or be a nuisance now. After all, I'm between them and have the best place. I better be as courageous as I know how to be. When we finally arrived I remember how shocked the people were to see us return in such a condition. X

I had been to visit a patient, Rika Verschoor, mother of several small children. To get there I went around the little church next to our home, then crossed the road and walked through a field. I wore my Passaic General Hospital Nurse's Cape. It was slate blue with a bright red lining. Coming home crossing the field I notice a herd of cattle being driven along the road I had to cross. I decided to walk very slow, hoping by the time I got to the road the herd would have passed. I had often been told this kind of cattle had never seen a person walking. Suddenly one of the herd gets over or through the fence and is alone with me in the big field. The animal comes right for me. I quickly close my cape. The animal stands still with head down, pawing with one foot. A cowboy jumps the fence on his horse and comes between me and the animal. Great excitement among cowboys. They fly to and fro and get the herd to head back in

the opposite direction so there is parting between those already gone and those coming. They shout at me. I don't understand but decide I must cross the road as they have made an opening. I run and get safely behind the church fence on the other side of the road. They get the thundering herd back in the right direction, but my knees are shaking long after I am home. Again the Lord has protected me. Was some one praying? Someone in the U.S.A.?

Bill's thirty-third birthday in the house of Opa Los. Because the roof leaked a couple men came to take off the wooden shingles and put tiles on. This was February 25, 1935. About noon I told the men working on the roof it was my husband's birthday. They stopped work immediately and went around the colony informing people it was the dominie's (minister's) birthday. Of course, I didn't know birthday custom. Soon everyone started coming with their Sunday clothes on to congratulate. Every family was represented. I soon ran out of tea, coffee and any cake or anything I had. At night the young people came. Then after they were gone, we were itching terribly. With a stable lantern we discovered chicken lice and bird lice on each other's body. All night we stood naked picking lice off of each other under a stable lantern. I said, "In the hospital we burned all clothes of people with body lice." As I was getting the clothes to burn, Bill said, "Don't burn clothes yet. I'll look up in a book." He managed to get some book out that said chicken and bird lice do not multiply on human bodies. So he kept me from burning clothes.

I am riding along the road in our charete (two wheeled wagon). A woman is standing by the road with a bag. She waves I should stop. Thanks me for helping her child with medication or some treatment and has a present for me. I thank her and deposit the bag in the wagon. It starts moving. It is a live chicken. What to do with it? Bill never killed a chicken. So--first experience. He got the hatchet and wham!--the head off. He is more knocked out than the chicken because before it lays down and dies it runs around without a head. Now my job. Get the feathers off and clean it out. I do get it pretty clean before we have to leave for a meeting, so I leave it on the table. When we come home from the meeting the chicken is black--with ants. I manage to get it out of the house without too many ants escaping. I dug a hole and buried it with the ants. This was in our first house. We had no refrigeration, of course. I should have put it in the fly protection closet Bill made. ✓

In the house of Opa Los we, of course, had no refrigeration. Bill made a fly protection cabinet like this.

We were able to get a piece of screen.

Also I put mosquito netting cloth on the openings of the windows which had no glass, only shutters or blinds

Handwritten notes:
This house should
be on the bottom
of previous
page

Fly Protection Cabinet like a door, no slats.

We had a little wooden stove--no oven. The stove smoked so, I one day threw the pan I was cooking in against the wall and said, "I can't live like this!" I am ashamed to tell it now. It scared my husband.

We had taken a gasoline two burner stove along. Twice it started flames coming out. The first time Bill put a rain coat over his head and carried it out. The second time he threw it out the door and it exploded. No more stove. Our kitchen floor had no boards, just a dirt floor. The slanting roof was badly scorched and black. The boards of the living room floor were so far apart grass grew between. I suggested bringing the horse in to eat the grass so we didn't have to trim it.

We lived in a house we rented from Asibido Marques. It was probably 1952, before we went to live in house on the hill in Castrolanda. Next to us lived a Brazilian who drove a truck for the Cooperative in Castrolanda. The windows of my bedroom were right on the side walk. I was alone. Women did not stay alone in Brazil. Someone is knocking on my window and yelling, "Dona Carlota, mao pode fecar so zinha." (You can't stay alone.) Of course by that time the whole town knows I am alone. He brings his twelve year old son who goes right to Hans' bed with all his clothes on and just goes right to sleep on top of the bed. The boy just gets up as soon as it is light and leaves to go home.

June 9, 1995 at 7:15 p.m. I just saw someone win a diamond bracelet on Wheel of Fortune. I remember an immigrant coming to Brazil with his wife and a diamond bracelet to buy land to farm. He gave us the bracelet to sell for him. I wore it when we went to Sao Paulo. I sold it and gave the money to the man and he bought land. He was a carpenter. They lived on the road to Castro.

Once ^{of} her ear ^s was bleeding profusely. He stood on the road and said, "Dominie, my wife won't be here long." We were on our way home Sunday morning. Bill pushed him out of the way. Put her unconscious in back seat. Drove with ^{her + me} ~~me~~ ^{to the hospital} to Curitiba. She lived.

*Even this day
what a good
went it to say
"I love me and
should be with her
to Curitiba"
I did ~~not~~ go along.*

I had a girl to help me who lived in the woods. She was from German grandparents, but only spoke Portuguese. She usually went home at noon. Then when I was alone she would come and stay at night. This was when we lived in the house of the Japanese. I was awakened at about midnight by this girl standing by my bed in a long yellow evening gown. She said "Dona Carlota, my boy friend came and knocked on my window and I'm going to a dance". I tried arguing, "Does your mother know? When you are here I'm responsible", etc.

The next morning I went to the woods to inform her mother. (My jeep got stuck and I had to walk part of the way.) I heard the mother asking, "Is Dona Carlota mad?" Her mother said to me, "I hoped you would understand. You see, if she hadn't gone he would have gone with someone else. This may even mean

marriage, you know. He is a very nice man. Oh, I approve."

When we lived in the parsonage, there was a possum in the attic. When the animal urinated it would come through the ceiling. We had a Catholic priest who had left the church living with us. He lived in Sao Paulo. His work was to preach fear of hell to several dioceses. He felt the church was wrong. He lived on Rua Direta, Sao Paulo when he hung up his clerical robe and was advised by some one to come to us. We had to get him to our home. He helped Hans to get the possum out of the attic. First Hans was up there alone but the possum came to attack him. Hans called and Bill rushed up stairs. There was no floor, so Rev. Hegger and Hans lay on the beams with a pole to chase the possum out. Bill went up on the roof with a ladder to lift the tiles so the possum could get out. He had a hatchet to strike the possum as he emerged. I came with the flit spray and finished the job.

BRAZIL NURSING STORIES

Two Patients I Can Never Forget

I was called to a Brazilian hut. There were no beds, tables or chairs. The mother lay on the floor. A new born baby was at her breast. I went to her. She was cold--pulseless. She was DEAD! The father sat on the floor around a pot of beans which was on a fire built on the dirt floor. Four little ones sat with him. They would each get a spoon of beans in turn. I had to tell him his wife was dead. He started crying, "Nao vorta, Nao Vorta" (Nao Volta meaning *she won't return*). When Bill and I went the next morning they were all gone. The family moved out because an evil spirit that caused death was in that house.

It happened very near Instituto Cristao when we worked there and Bill was administrator. Lena and Pete Barkema, who also worked at Instituto Cristao, went with me. There was nothing to eat in the house but a little bit of coffee in a bag. In a pine box was a naked woman. There was a piece of black cloth over her. There were several children crying. There was a drunken father. Rev. Antonio had been there and had a short funeral service and then called us. He had evidently sang "La no ceu" ("There in heaven"). The drunken father was singing "La no ceu". The children were clinging together, crying. We put the casket in our truck as it was getting dark and we had to try to bury before dark. It gets dark suddenly. We got a couple neighbor women to come to be with the children. We said we would be back early the next morning. Early the next

morning we went to get the children to bring them to Instituto Cristao. The neighbors said that the father left with the children to get away from the evil spirit that caused the death of their mother.

One woman whose husband died after I had given him injections prescribed by the doctor always went in the opposite direction if she saw me, thinking I had the evil spirit that caused her husband's death.

How it pains me to write this. Once I was called but did not go. It was the medicine man's child in the woods. I had company and was cooking. They offered me money. When I went the next morning the child was dead. I pray for forgiveness but I can't forget.

One I was called to a Brazilian house in the woods where a woman had been in labor three days, they said. I prayed and gave pituitrin and the baby was born. This was the home of Alfredo, I believe. (I am writing this maybe 40 years later.) A large child was born. Alfredo took a spool of thread, took several lengths and then ran it through saliva in his mouth. This was to tie the cord, he said. That was how he had taken care of former his wife (one of them, or most of them) when former children were born. Fortunately I had taken with me material to tie the cord. When I went the next morning to see the patient, she was standing in the brook, washing the clothes.

After DDT was discovered we used it freely for flies, mosquitoes, fleas, sand flies, fleas and sand fleas. Even doused ourselves before going to bed if they were biting. Also after sulfa drugs were discovered, I used sulfadiazine freely for my patients. You did not need a prescription. I saw Dr. Libanio or Dr. Yucsh almost every day. There was no telephone. Each doctor had a hospital and a pharmacy. Also used penicillin freely after that was discovered. You could buy it without a prescription.

Once Bill had typhoid. (We had a lot of typhoid and hepatitis.) But most of our contagious diseases were not as severe as the States. Also had a few cases of small pox and two cases of tetanus that I remember. Bill, one night I shall never forget, came and sat on my bed and started quoting Ecclesiastes. "The grinders cease, those looking through the windows grow dim, the doors to the street are closed, etc., etc. It made me shiver and cry. Bill got typhoid going to a luncheon. At home we never had any water not boiled and never ate any raw vegetables or fruits with skins, cooked all meats thoroughly because several had trichinosis and tape worms.

I went to the doctor with all patients. A female never went alone to a doctor. In Brazil a patient was not operated on without someone being in operating room representing the patient when he was under anesthetic.

I also taught a class in home hygiene and care of the sick, and a class in first aid. I taught the girls how to give subcutaneous and muscular injections as many medications were given that way. We had a wonderful group of young people, especially young girls. Very eager to learn. I had a clinic where Brazilians could come. Painted throats with mercurochrome. Parke Davis gave me bottles of 1000 Intestinal Antiseptics and, of course, aspirin. Dr. Webb also prescribed Paregoric (big bottle) for me to take along. Took baby scale, stethoscope, etc. and some instruments. Did some suturing in emergency. When in Carambei, in beginning, to get doctor from Ponta Grossa, the nearest town, had to send a telegram from railroad station. Doctor would have to get a car able to get over the dirt road. We would collect from colonists to pay the cost sometimes.

One time two girls came to our house bleeding. Bill had been called because a man had hit them on the head with a hammer and robbed them. This man worked at the Station near us. Bill and a young man went to help. I had to stay alone so Bill brought me a gun. He took the girls to the doctor in Ponta Grossa. I was sitting, looking at the gun all night. I was scared if I went to sleep the man would enter, grab the gun and shoot me to rob me. Dr. Schwanze, a German doctor not only did not charge the girls for treating them, but paid for the medications he prescribed.

Bill became better getting in veins for intravenous than I was. Lots of medications doctors prescribed were for intravenous injections.

WATER

After 25 years in the U.S.A., 1970 - 1995, I am writing this as near as I remember. As long as we lived in Carambei, 1934 - 1951, I do not remember having to go far for water. There was a well quite near the house of Opa Los in Carambei, also a well quite near the parsonage. Every drop of water we drank I boiled. We never, never ate anything not cooked thoroughly or meat not thoroughly done.

Beginning in Castrolanda, we did have shortage of water. Hans was the person who seemed to have the ability to find water even as a child. They gave him a pointed branch and when there was water the stick forced his hands so that the bottom of the "V" would point to the ground. He complained of headache afterwards and I thought they were using him too often. Water was so essential for them to know where to build a house or barn.

In Arapoté, water became a big problem. Later, much later, artesian wells were built. I remember going there on Saturdays when we lived in Castrolanda. The first thing would be to walk a long distance with two pails to get a supply that could last until we left on Tuesday. For large families who had to bring water in tanks (not tank trucks), it was an enormous problem which consumed too much time and energy.

I remember reusing water three or four times. First wash vegetables, etc., then dishes, then ourselves, then for cleaning floors, etc.

I was always a mystery to me how especially Arapoti had so much trouble when we had had, I believe, five engineers who were considered top people in the Netherlands seek out the best place to settle fifty to seventy-five families. I wondered because Holland fights too much water and never knows what it is to be without.

It teaches thankfulness as you use water without ever thinking. Remember Israel's being without water (Exodus 17:1-7, Numbers 20:1-12).

A sow would never stay in a stall of a barn with her piglets if a water vein was underneath.

HORSE STORIES

We once went with a covered wagon to Te^Xveira Soares, either to Oom Fritz and Tante Jans Nolte's 25th wedding anniversary or the wedding of their daughter. It was a two day journey. Dick and Jo Bokhout, with Hans, Bill and I were in the wagon. We went into the fields at night to rest the horses and sleep. Some animal sniffed around the wagon. We were too scared to look. In the morning our horses were where we left them securely tied.

We once had a horse refuse to go away from stable, although hitched to wagon. The only way to get him to go was light a fire under him.

Tomy was at the gate with his head sticking over every week day morning. He was left to be in the fenced in field at night. Sunday mornings--no Tomy at the gate. Sundays he was in harness all day.

One Sunday it was time for afternoon service. Bill was hitching Tomy to the wagon. He would leave the harness on but unhitch Tomy from the wagon. Tomy gave one jump as Bill went to hitch the traces to the wagon. Away Tomy went to the corn fields. Bill preached in tails or cut away coat in those days. Bill went after Tomy with tails flying. Every time he almost had him, Tomy hinnicked and deeper in the corn field. Bill got back to the road disheveled and perspiring just in time to catch the last wagon going to church. He was on time to preach.

Bill's own horse on which he rode was Veado, meaning deer. When ^{he was DEER} ~~died~~ of old age he lay in the field, ^{he} would lift his head, hinnick weakly and look at us. The last hinnick I ran over the fields crying.

Bill, after a long, two and one-half hour ride to Ponta Grossa, never came in the house without first washing, brushing and feeding his horse before taking care of himself.

We once had a nasty little colt who kicked anyone passing behind him with both hind legs, except Bill. The first time he tried it with Bill he took a stick and walloped his hind legs. He never kicked Bill. This same colt bit me in the breast as I went to pet his neck. Bill wanted to kill him. I prevented him. We went to the doctor in Ponta Grossa and stayed over night.

The very first horse and wagon we bought was put in a field for us to go home with the next day. Someone saw it and let it out of the field thinking the horse was in the wrong place. When we finally found it, it was late the next day. We never thought that the horse had not been fed. It started to rain. The horse couldn't get up the hills. Bill and I, soaking wet pushed the wagon up every hill. When it got dark, we got lost. When we got off the road and into a field, I said, "We will die here and no one will find us." We somehow got to the farm house of Leen Los whose home was on our road. Oom Leen said "Dominie, the worst is over. Just keep on going straight and you will get home." We were soaking wet and our clothes were red because we had a red sheepskin to sit on in the wagon.

Once I was called to a house where a baby was to be born. I remember I burned the scrubbed wooden table when I sterilized the syringes and needle I used. I saw it every time I visited there afterwards. Coming home it became pitch dark because I had been delayed. I knew I had to leave the road and go right. I left too soon. I got on a bank with barbed wire fence on my right. At

first the barbed wire fence was far from the edge of the bank and the bank was not high from the road. As I went on, the bank got higher and the drop to the road became deeper. The barbed wire fence got nearer and nearer to the edge of the bank. Suddenly my horse stood still. It was pitched dark. I could see nothing. I urged my horse on. I even used the whip. Veador, my horse refused to move. I started to get out the left side of the wagon. There was no road. I slid down the dirt bank until I felt the road under my feet. Then I heard in the distance, cowboys shouting. That could only mean they were driving a herd of cattle along the road. I started running as hard as I could. I was just home when the cattle passed. Bill took the stable lantern to go find the horse and wagon. Had the horse taken one more step, horse, wagon and me would have crashed down the steep bank. Once more God had protected us.

One time I had to feed the horse because Bill was away. I put him in the stable and went to the manger to put the food in. The horse went crosswise in the stall, blocking me in the corner. Then he managed to still block me in the corner, although turning his head to eat from the manger. No matter how I slapped his flank or what language I used, he kept me wedged there for a couple hours until he finished eating.

THE CHURCH WE CAME TO IN BRAZIL

Rev. Wyngaarden, father of Professor Wyngaarden, sent a letter to Hollanders in Brazil. It finally arrives in Carambei. In 1920 four families, De Geus, Vriesman, Los, and Verschoor had read an advertisement offering free land to people who would go to Brazil and settle along a railroad that was being built. When we arrived in Carambei in 1935 these four families had become eleven through marriage of their children. Only one of the original settlers was still living, Opa Los, when we arrived there. Their children had married and were older than we were. Bill also married several of their children. Both Jan De Geus and Leen De Geus each had sixteen children. I do not remember one family with less than nine children.

Rev. Bruxvoort, sent from Argentina to look up these families in 1933, organized a church with one elder and one deacon. Twenty-four people made confession of faith. The church had thirty-one confessing members. They had already built a little church. After we arrived, Indonesian families, that is Dutch families from Indonesia, came. There was a constant trickle of Dutch families from the Netherlands, too.

In the fifties, after the war, trees were planted to start a paper mill by a wealthy family with the name Klabin. People started going to this new settlement, and little houses were built to encourage people to settle there. It was in the State of Parana and the name of the town was ~~Londrina~~ *Monte Alegre*. They requested Dutch immigration to start agriculture and produce food. A group of people all from the Gereformeerde Kerk came. We did not know that people were leaving the Gereformeerde Kerk because they were convinced they were leaving the teachings of

Scripture. They were the "Bezwaarden" or "Concerned". Bill went to this place and preached. Later, when they found out our churches already organized in the State of Parana had relations with the Gereformeerde Kerk, they were divided about having Bill come. When a farmer was burned to death while filling a tractor with gasoline, they immediately called him to come. Shortly after someone refused to have him conduct a marriage. After a visit of Dr. Schilder from the Netherlands, they told Bill not to come to preach. I think before this happened he took care of this group as pastor, going every month for about a few years. Then I remember them saying, "We appreciate what you do as interpreter and consul but cannot have you as pastor." I do remember taking some one to Caritiba to the hospital and also having someone live with us a few weeks to be able to get to a certain doctor.

Bill started Catechism Classes and Bible Study. He also went to Ponta Grossa, the nearest city, for services and catechism. A few Dutch families lived there. He also visited families in States of Santa Catarina and Rio Grande do Sul. He had services in the city of Sao Paulo using the Swiss church building. We started having meetings among Brazilians in a house near Station Boquerao.

I started a Girls' Society, gave organ lessons, started a clinic and taught a course in "Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick".

We also had contagious disease patients stay in our home so families could keep delivering milk. I remember one scarlet fever, one measles, one tuberculosis, one amebic dysentery who died. Also a new born baby for a few months when mother was very sick. And two English girls after the war who were morphine addicts because they had worked in airports that were constantly being

bombarded. They took morphine to get some sleep. Bill got the English government to get their passage back to England. They really climbed our walls. I had to get rid of morphine in the house.

In 1936 we made first trip to Classis Buenos Aires by ship. We could travel on Dutch freighter only paying tax of passenger on board.

In 1940 we return to the States for furlough. We travel to thirty States showing slides. War breaks out in U.S.A. and we cannot get a visa to return to Brazil until 1942. We then were planning to go to Argentina, but a letter from Brazilian Government and Dutch Embassy requesting the Christian Reformed Church allow Rev. Muller to return to Parana because of upheaval due to Dutch citizens being drafted. Some were deserters. Germans were also living among our Dutch people and some were married to Germans. Bill becomes Consul and also heads Cooperative for a time (1942).

We are in the harbor on Montevideo on a Dutch ship coming from Classis in Buenos Aires (1940 ?) when Graf Spee, badly damaged by English bombardment and with dead on board, limps into harbor. Our sailors talk to Germans, we are so close to them. English ships all around ready to attack. Holland had not yet been invaded. We have big signs all over the ship, HOLLAND. We are afraid the Graf Spee will use our ship as shield to get out of harbor. Before we leave they sink the ship. The caskets are taken off for burial but the bodies are not in the caskets. The captain went down with the ship. Later discover caskets contain weapons.

*How about
this head? all who
were pro
Hitler
said Hello like this
Hi. Hitler
raising right arm*

In 1949 the Netherlands Christian Immigration Committee sent five persons to investigate and seek land for large Protestant group of farmers. Bill becomes interpreter and middleman between the Brazilian and Dutch Governments.

Brazil had large gymnastic clubs--very pro-Hitler. They planned to come to Brazil after capturing Europe and establish a world of "Uber Mensch people". The State of Santa Catarina had many German immigrants and had government in German language. Greeted *(HEIL) raising right arm* ~~the~~ Hitler. They had all German schools also. *using German language*

In 1942 when we returned to Brazil, the Germans were sinking Dutch boats. We went on plane and flew for first time. Planes were small. They did not fly at night. If soldiers needed planes, passengers were delayed. We were in Surinam, West Indies and Curacao, another island in West Indies, for two weeks. These places had blackouts at night. We stayed in a room above a grocery store in Paramaribo. I remember riding in car without lights and bumping into bridge. Everything was dark. A policeman came to our car. The driver said in Dutch, "I thought..." Policeman said, "In blackouts you have to know, not just think you know."

We went to an Indian village with a black preacher for service. I sat next to the Indian chief who had a loin cloth on. We entered the village singing

hymns. The preacher's name was Pelano. He preached on "The Good Samaritan". He jumped up and down as he preached and was perspiring profusely. The Indian Chief responded with continually saying, "Ee-ja, Ee-ja." The Chief turned to me and said in a sort of pigeon English, "If Hitler is the strongest and most powerful, why don't they stop fighting and make him Chief?"

While visiting these Dutch West Indies Islands, we also went to a leper colony. Bill preached in their church on Sunday. Two men made confession of faith. They were completely dressed in white, wore masks over their faces which were partly deformed, and white gloves. They were close to the pulpit but the audience or congregation was separated about twenty feet from them. They lived in houses and we visited a few of these. Everywhere, including at the entrance of church, there was a basin of water to wash your hands.

On the trip to the Indian village we went with a two decker boat up the Surinam River. On the way back the motor of the boat stopped. We were to take a plane to Brazil the next morning. They said they had no spare parts to repair the motor because of the war. They decided if we rowed all night we could probably make our plane. We got in canoe with four rowers. Every two hours we would stop. The rowers would shout. Other rowers would appear. It became pitched dark. Then mosquitoes came. Terrible swarms. Then a thunder shower. We heard a motor. We threw out lighted matches so we wouldn't be hit. We all shouted. Finally a little motor boat came with its lights and stopped within what seemed inches. I had a plastic rain cape I had wrapped myself in. They helped us into the boat. We had been told the river is full of piranhas, man eating fish. We made the plane on the last minute. Again God protected us in a miraculous way.