



*Paulina's Epilogue:*

As you will probably have recognized my mother to be the author of this letter, you might have noticed that she didn't really write about herself. I always find it interesting (and sometimes slightly embarrassing) to read what my mother writes about my siblings and myself (it shows what she really thinks of us); however, she doesn't like writing about herself.

And so, after all the impressions you got about us, I would like to tell you about her life. Without her behind the scenes nothing of the above would have come about. She is always busy making meals, teaching the little ones school, doing the laundry, and all the other household duties. Some of her favourite times are feeding times for Marnix. She then disappears into her room and doesn't come out for awhile. What she does? Who knows. For the first time in a long time she has been able to read several books in record time making her 'to read' list (compiled by her children) a little shorter. As much as we love Marnix, she loves him even more. And as much as we might like to show off "our" baby, she makes the point clear: "It's Mommy's baby!" But none of us would even think of denying her the pleasure. It has almost stunned us that after so many babies she just can't get enough of sitting in a chair with Marnix on her lap.

Another thing for which to give her credit is for our music lessons. No matter how busy she is, she is always willing to listen to our piece once we have practised it even though it sometimes throws her schedule upside down. Once we are through the piece she gives advice and encouragement.

Katriena and Hinne have both started singing lessons in Edmonton (two hours away from here) and my mother drives them every Thursday. This means that she gets to sit in with the lessons and learn more singing skills. She has decided not to have children's choir this year (to our, and others, greatest disappointment), but hopes to start it off next year again.

However, this does leave me at home with five children: Juliana down (except Marnix). And I can honestly say that I have never appreciated my mother so much as on those days. How she manages everything, I don't know. Thursday evening we have adult choir practice and by then I can't wait to get out of the home and leave things up to her again. It's quite the job (an exasperating one) replacing a busy mother!

So I hope I have somewhat filled you in with her life, which is probably the busiest of all.



# The New Ter Aard News

Redaktie:  
Roelof & Theresa Janssen  
Box 154, Neerlandia, AB  
Canada T0G 1R0  
e-mail: inhpubl@telusplanet.net

**No. 17 Winter 2010**

**English Edition**

It's a beautiful sunny Remembrance Day. This morning Roelof and the children participated in the events surrounding this day. We also remember our Beppe who for many years celebrated her birthday on this day. She has gone to be with her Lord and Saviour as so many have in days gone by. They carried the torch and have passed it on to us to teach our children to be faithful citizens of God's kingdom.



*Hannah and Marnix*

This past July the Lord God added to our number a beautiful baby boy. Marnix was instantly loved by all and welcomed with open arms. He is such a happy content little fellow, so quick to smile and rarely complaining. It is our prayer that Marnix, along with our other beloved children, will continue to grow in grace and truth to serve their Saviour and one day stand around God's throne with all God's children to praise Him forever.

And so our life has been filled with work and play, joy and sorrow. A life changing event occurred on Thanksgiving Day evening when our boys with their boy cousins heard and witnessed a horrible car crash on our lonely country

highway. We spent some tense hours helping the rescue crew, and comforting the stricken. That was a Monday evening. Saturday we attended the funeral for the deceased. It was a strange week of much discussion and nightmares. Some of the

children still have sleepless nights. But we learned much: the frailty of life, it can be snuffed out in a moment, God's providence, God's provision, our responsibility, the comfort of family and friends. It was an event seared into our memory yet overshadowed with

God's comfort.

And so we have continued with our daily work. Once again Roelof (and the rest of us taking turns) attended many conferences to sell books well worth reading. We are encouraged that there are still many committed people searching out the truth and desiring to serve God totally. We pray that our books may continue to encourage and teach many people. Roelof also spent his time



*Roelof fighting a fire*