

# Family Chronicles and the Kopp Family Tree

## Kopp Family Tree

<p><b>I. Vernon Albert Kopp (d)</b>            Sp: Audry Philips (d)            A. Ruth Taylor            Sp: Vernon Taylor (d)                1. Noel Taylor                  Sp: Barbara Arnholt                    a. David Taylor                    b. Michael Taylor</p> <p><b>II. Arthur Raymond Kopp (d)</b>            Sp1: Sylvia Whitman (d)            Sp2: Anna Linclon (d)            A. Whitman Kopp (d)            B. Sylvanium Arthur Kopp            Sp: Marie Morgan                1. Sylvia Kerr (d)                  Sp: Keith Kerr                    a. Christopher Kerr                    b. Noelle Kerr            C. John N Kopp (d)            Sp: Mary Deikman (d)                1. David Kopp                  a. Drew Kopp            D. Lodema Hale            Sp: Frank Hale (d)                1. Naomi Greenlee                  Sp: John Greenlee                    a. Rachel McDerment                    Sp: Denton McDerment                        1) Denton Jr. McDerment                        2) Susanna McDerment                    b. Rebecca Greenlee</p>	<p>c. Heather Stockton            Sp: Stephen Stockton                1) Elizabeth Stockton            d. Johathan Greenlee            e. Seth Greenlee</p> <p>2. James Hale            Sp: Cindy Massey                a. Candace Jacob                  Sp: Matthew Jacob                b. Ashley Hale                c. Reagan Hale</p> <p>3. Rachel Harkins            Sp: Jim Harkins                a. Courtney Harkins                b. Stephen Harkins                c. Joshua Harkins                d. Caleb Harkins                e. Bethany Harkins                f. Anna Harkins</p> <p>E. Merrill Kopp            Sp: Dolly            F. Byron Kopp            Sp: Shirley Haines                1. Deborah Kopp                2. David Kopp                3. Rebekah Kopp                4. Elizabeth Kopp                5. Sarah Kopp</p>	<p><b>III. Myrtle Estella Sweetland (d)</b>            Sp: Glen Sweetland (d)            A. Esther Wells (d)            Sp: John Wells                1. Mary-Anna Hill            Sp: Hans Hill            B. James Sweetland            Sp: Elaine McAlpine                1. Michael Sweetland                  Sp: Margaret Davis                    a. Shannon Sweetland                    b. Scott Sweetland            C. Wilma Nicola            Sp: Wm. Nicola (d)                1. William James Nicola II                  Sp2: Joy                    a. William Nicola III                    b. Jeffrey Nicola            D. Joan Wattson            Sp: Harry Wattson                1. Laurel Stoffers                  Sp: William Stoffers II                    a. William Stoffers III                    b. Jesslyn Stoffers            E. Samuel Sweetland (d)</p> <p><b>IV. Leroy Melvin Kopp I(d)</b>            Sp: Eula Mills (d)            A. Faith Evangeline Cass            Sp: Herbert Charles Cass</p>
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<p>1. Charles "Wayne" Cass</p> <p>Sp: Kay Stanton</p> <p>a. Wayne Lee Cass</p> <p>Sp: Dori Albright</p> <p>1) Joshua Cass</p> <p>2) Rachel Cass</p> <p>b. Stephanie Holiman</p> <p>Sp: Jonathon Holiman</p> <p>1) Jordan Holiman</p> <p>2) Cameron Holiman</p> <p>3) Dakota Holiman</p> <p>c. Stanton Shane Cass</p> <p>2. Connie Haus</p> <p>Sp: Ronn Haus</p> <p>a. Vonda Kay Montgomery</p> <p>Sp: Nathan Montgomery</p> <p>1) Gabriel Montgomery</p> <p>2) Joshua Montgomery</p> <p>3) Alexis Montgomery</p> <p>b. Ronald Clark Haus II</p> <p>XSp: Kim Adams</p> <p>1) Ronald Haus III</p> <p>2) Shara Haus</p> <p>3) Malachi Haus</p> <p>4) Jesse Haus</p> <p>5) Emily-Grace Haus</p> <p>c. Timothy "Scott" Haus</p> <p>Sp: Jeni Wright</p> <p>1) Christian Haus</p> <p>2) Savanah Haus</p> <p>3) Raegan Haus</p> <p>d. Sharon Haus</p> <p>sp. Jeffrey White</p> <p>1.</p>	<p>B. Evangel Paul Kopp</p> <p>Sp: Betty Carter (d)</p> <p>1. Paul Ronald Kopp</p> <p>Sp: Nancy Parrot</p> <p>a. Kathleen Kopp-Martinez</p> <p>b. Deborah Daub</p> <p>Sp: Jim Daub</p> <p>1) Morgan Daub</p> <p>2. Janet Keene (d)</p> <p>Sp3: John Keene (d)</p> <p>3. Charles Martin Kopp</p> <p>Sp: Elizabeth Ozdenik</p> <p>a. Dalia Gerrish</p> <p>SP: Jon Gerrish</p> <p>1) Evan Gerrish</p> <p>2) Elliot Gerrish</p> <p>3) Milana Gerrish</p> <p>4) Taline Gerrish</p> <p>b. Sharona Doll</p> <p>Sp: Matthew Doll</p> <p>1) Silas Doll</p> <p>2) Rohnan Doll</p> <p>3) Chaira Doll</p> <p>c. Daniel Kopp</p> <p>Sp: Eva Nim-Bajjali</p> <p>1) Raphael Kopp</p> <p>d. Julia Kopp</p> <p>e. David Kopp</p> <p>f. Jesse Kopp</p> <p>g. Annika Kopp</p> <p>4. Joy Hathaway</p> <p>a. Jonathon Hathaway</p> <p>b. Daniel Hathaway</p> <p>c. Timothy Hathaway</p>	<p>C. Wesley LaVern Kopp (d)</p> <p>D. Loran Kopp (d)</p> <p>1. Camille Driver</p> <p>Sp2: Gregory Driver</p> <p>a. Ryan Kirton</p> <p>1) Story Kirton</p> <p>2) Josephine Kirton</p> <p>3) Cole Kirton</p> <p>b. Courtney Rimerez</p> <p>1) Timothy Mendez</p> <p>2) Maya Rimerez</p> <p>E. Naomi Farrel</p> <p>Sp: Edmund Farrel</p> <p>1. Shirley Craver</p> <p>Sp: Norman Craver</p> <p>a. Norman Craver II</p> <p>b. Vanessa Craver</p> <p>2. Sharon Ries</p> <p>Sp: Raul Ries</p> <p>a. Raul Ries II</p> <p>b. Shane Ries</p> <p>Sp: Melynda Makos</p> <p>1) Monet Ries</p> <p>2) Skylar Ries</p> <p>c. Ryan Ries</p> <p>F. Leroy Melvin Kopp II</p> <p>Sp: Charlotte Anderson</p> <p>1. Leroy Melvin Kopp III</p> <p>Sp: Eileen Finn</p> <p>a. Leroy Melvin Kopp IV</p> <p>2. Cynthia Roseland</p> <p>Sp: Tony Roseland</p> <p>a. Kelsey Roseland</p> <p>b. Michael Roseland</p>
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<p>3. Stacy McNeill  Sp: Joe McNeill  a. Joseph McNeill</p> <p><b>V. Helena Christina Scorza (d)</b>  Sp: Joseph Scorza (d)  A. Vera Lich  1. Jackie Greene  Sp: Joe Greene  a. Hank Greene  b. Dexter Greene  Sp: Kathy Baker  1) Joseph Greene  c. Ben Greene  d. Andy Greene (d)  Sp: Nancy  1) "Drew" Greene  e. Luke Greene  Sp: Erin Flannagin  1) Madelyn Greene  2) Katherine Greene  f. Joy Greene  2. Judith Bruinius  Sp: Harold Bruinius Sr  a. Harold Bruinius Jr.  b. Joshua Bruinius  Sp: Caraline Lovell  1) Noah Bruinius  2) Danny Bruinius  3) Luke Bruinius  4) Ella Bruinius  c. Vera Capotrio  Sp: Michael Capotrio  1) Michael "Ryan" Capotrio  d. Berniece Bruinius</p>	<p>e. "Ronnie" Bruinius  Sp: Shuman Li  1) Ocean Bruinius  2) Sean Bruinius  3. Joan Jennings  a. Dylan Douma  Sp: Damira  b. Jennifer Jennings  4. Jan "Steele" (d)  a. Mark Hoch  5. June Terpstra  Sp: Husayn Al-Kurdi  a. Juliet Bond  Sp: Kevin Bond  1) Jacob  2) Lilly  3) Casey  b. Leah Kintner  Sp: Chris Kintner  1) Jude  2) Sadie  6. Joyce Terpstra  a. Augustina "Tina" Terpstra  b. Luke Terpstra  B. Sylvio Scorza  Sp: Phyllis VanSetters  1. Christine Salzman  Sp: Michael Salzman  a. Jericho Salzman  2. Philip Scorza  Sp: Kim Vrieze  a. Kassie Scorza  1) Chelsea  b. Daimon Scorza</p>	<p>3. John Scorza  Sp: Lisa Moran  a. Joseph Scorza  b. Tyler Scorza  C. Ann Plas  Sp2: Lee Plas  1. Robert Brouwers  Sp: Andrea Lynn Bradley  a. Bradley Brouwers  2. "Libby" Butler  a. Shane Butler  b. Joel Butler  c. Cody Butler  d. Micah Butler  3. Lynn Brouwers  a. Emily Brouwers  4. Leah Burwell  Sp: Chris Burwell  a. Zachery Burwell  b. Sydney Burwell  c. Woody Burwell  5. Luann Cayedito  a. Eron Cayedito  b. Simon Cayedito  c. Louis Cayedito  D. Edna Hope Brooks  1. Wayne Virgil Hardcastle  a. Cherie Yost  Sp: Doug Yost  1) Ryan Yost  2) Kimberly Yost  2. Cheryl Novisedlak  Sp: Todd Novisedlak  a. Eden Novisedlak</p>
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<b>VI. Merrill Wright Kopp (d)</b> <b>VII. Clarence Adam Kopp Sr. (d)</b> A. Clarence Adam Kopp Jr. Sp: Virginia Willis 1. Debra Lefton Sp: Ron Lefton a. Alicia Lefton b. Rebecca Lefton c. Amanda Lefton 2. Dee Walters Sp: Gary Walters a. Heather Poston Sp: Tom Poston 1) Tyler Poston b. Lindsay Walters	3. Daniel Kopp Sp: Jane Ruggles a. Jeremy Kopp b. Brannyn Kopp 4. Dale Kopp Sp: Kim DeVault a. Jessica Kopp b. Jennifer Kopp c. Taylor Kopp d. Julia Kopp B..Pat Flick (d) Sp: Lauren Flick 1. Cindy James Sp: Bruce James a. Holly Lewis Sp: Chris Lewis b. Nikki Mundie Sp: Greg Mundie	2. Jack Elser Sp: Rose a. Brent Elser <b>VIII. Larence Edward Kopp (d)</b> SP: Pauline Troncoso <b>IX. Wilbur Loral Kopp (d)</b>
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# Family Chronicles 1

## A Brief Account of the Lives of Joseph and Helena Scorza

By Sylvio Scorza



Joseph Scorza came to the United States in 1907 at age 17 to join his brothers Anton and Nick in Chicago. They introduced him to Moody Church and encouraged him in learning English so that he could enroll in Moody Bible Institute in 1908. In the summers of 1909 and 1910 he worked on a track-laying crew for the railroads, I believe, at ten cents a day. The next summer he joined Wallace Carpenter as the singer in a preacher-singer evangelistic team, holding revivals in a number of Midwest towns. Wallace was the preacher. One of the towns was Sabetha, Kansas, where Joseph fell in love with 15-year-old Helena Kopp and Wallace with a girl named Norma. When they returned to school in Chicago, both young men carried on a correspondence with the girls in Kansas.

Joseph graduated in 1912, and with the approval of his brothers, went back to Italy to make an attempt like theirs (see the story in the first issue of Family Chronicles) to convert the rest of the family and however many others he could in San Pietro Magisano. This time, neither the priest nor the head of the Scorza family burned Bibles. The mission was a success for Joseph.

Before he could schedule a return voyage to marry Helena, who had accepted his proposal by mail, World War broke out. Joseph was called to serve in the Italian army, but he was too short for the requirements at that time. (Later, after he had left for America again, the army lowered the acceptable height for soldiers.)

Although German submarines were attempting to sink ships from Allied countries, such as the U.S. and Italy, Joseph in 1917 took passage on an Italian ship sailing to New York. As they had feared, a submarine came in their wake, so they ducked into port at Oran, Algeria. When the coast was clear, they completed the voyage without sighting any more enemy ships.

Helena's parents were somewhat skeptical about her engagement to Joseph, who was so short and also olive-skinned, but they agreed to let them marry in the local United Brethren church. The date was set for November 21, 1918. In addition to trips to Kansas during that year, he agreed to carry on a ministry for a few months to Italian-Americans of the near west side of Chicago under the auspices of Trinity Reformed Church and its pastor, Jacob Heemstra. (Heemstra later became president and Bible professor at Northwestern College, Orange City, Iowa, and Joseph's son Sylvio followed him as Bible Prof in 1959 after his death.)

We have a wedding picture of Joseph and Helena, and we assume that her sister Myrtle and some of her brothers were in the wedding party, while Wallace Carpenter performed the ceremony. They went to the Philadelphia Bible Institute for lodging and Christian service while they applied for permission to sail to Italy. June Scorza discovered the document in which the application (in Helena's handwriting) was granted for a non-citizen to leave the United States in a time of high patriotism right after the armistice.

They sailed in January, 1919, from New York City and during the voyage Joseph gave Helena a crash course in speaking Italian. She was very nervous about meeting the family in San Pietro. The couple had come, however, as Protestant missionaries to Roman Catholic Italy, so Joseph applied to the Methodists for a pastorate and ordination. They suggested that he take a few courses in their seminary in Rome first. After that they assigned him to their church in the Vomero at Naples. It may have been during the enrollment at the seminary at Rome that Helena miscarried a baby girl, but the second pregnancy went well and on September 6, 1920, they had a healthy baby, whom they named Vera Lillian Helene.

In 1923 the Methodist bishop assigned Joseph Scorza to an immigrant Italian congregation in Zurich, Switzerland, a German-speaking city, where a boy was added to the family on March 21, 1923. They named him Sylvio Ivan Joseph.

Two years later, the bishop reassigned the Scorzas to the Vomero church in Naples. They lived in a forth-floor apartment across the hall from another Methodist family. A third child, named Anna Maria Clara, was born April 21, 1926. The children loved to watch the funicular cars that went up and down the mountain. Their parents also allowed them to see the street performances of Punch and Judy shows. Vera started school.

When Benito Mussolini signed a concordat with the Pope in 1929, Protestant churches became illegal. Some went underground, but the Scorza family applied to return to the United States. They sailed on the ship Roma, which arrived at Ellis Island, New York, in May. The growing families of Anton and Nick met their train in Chicago, and all the cousins got acquainted.



Joseph joined the staff of a Presbyterian church in Springfield, where Vera and Sylvio went to school. The Scorzas also became owners of their first car, a 1929 Model A Ford. The fourth child, no two successively born in the same country, was born September 20, 1931, and received the name, Edna Hope Pauline.

With the baby only two months old, the family moved to the south end of Chicago, where Joseph took on the pastorate of the Italian Reformed Church. It had been started as a mission ten years before by the Dutch-Americans of First Reformed, Roseland. The parsonage was attached to the church which stood at the corner of 116th and State. Joseph preached morning services in English and evening and midweek in

Italian. The radio was often tuned to WMBI, the Moody Bible Institute station, except when the Chicago Cubs ballgames were broadcast.

Nick Scorza rode the streetcars an hour and a half each way to visit regularly, providing piano and violin lessons to his nieces and nephew. Much less frequently the south siders went in their car to see the two families on the north side. Longer summer trips to Fairview and Sabetha, Kansas, and to Ft. Wayne, Indiana, made contact with Helena's family there.

Frank Scorza came from Italy in 1936 and made his home with Joseph and Helena until he married Rosalie Tedesho.

The children all attended Scanlan School in the neighborhood, and the three oldest graduated from Chicago Christian High School in Englewood. So, most of their school friends were Dutch-Americans. Vera and Ann married such, Vera to Henry Terpstra (6 daughters) and Ann to Lou Brouwers (1 son and 4 daughters).

The accident in 1944 which paralyzed Sylvio led to Joseph's resignation from the church. Four of the family moved to Rosemead, California, where they bought a house with many fruit trees in the yard. Joseph supplied vacant pulpits, and oversaw the building and management of a set of six rental apartments. Domenic, son of Pietro Scorza, lived with them and attended school a few years.

Edna married Dewey Hardcastle (1 son and 1 daughter). Sylvio returned to graduate school, marrying Phyllis Van Setters (1 adopted daughter, 2 adopted sons). Vera lost her first husband in a fire, and later married John Lich. Ann and Edna divorced their husbands. Ann remarried with Lee Plas, and Edna with Dwight Brooks. Edna's marriage did not last.

Joseph died suddenly in 1962, after a day as an election poll watcher. Helena died in 1975, having contracted Uterine cancer. They had achieved much in their ministry and through their family.



## Grandma's Prayers

By Connie Haus



As a child I never learned to swim. I had a couple of scary experiences with water but my dad was there both times to "rescue" me. Consequently I made sure all four of my children had swimming lessons as I did not want them to grow up with the fear of water that I had even as adult.

When my youngest was two, I signed her up for her beginner's class as well as advanced classes for the older children. The children found out there was an adult beginner class to and they challenged me to sign up! God had already been working in my heart regarding my "spirit of fear" so I signed up, at age 34 -- scared silly!

But after the three weeks of class I was swimming! I was incredibly proud of my accomplishment. Proud of what God had enabled me to do and in His taking the fear from me. However, I am not terribly coordinated . . . swinging my arms, turning my head, opening my mouth to get air is still a bit much for me! But in my lessons that didn't seem to be a problem because I would simply stand up (Olympic pool), get air and keep swimming.

The problem came later in the summer when I went to a friend's condo for a few days with the children. Ron was gone to a convention. The friends were also gone and had given me the key to their condo in case I wanted to take the children on a "mini-vacation".

The children wanted to swim right away but I said we needed to wait until after lunch. Signs were posted "no lifeguard on duty". However, just that summer the condo association had decided to hire a lifeguard, afternoons only, and so there was a young man on duty (his second day) that afternoon.

We were all having fun and I thought I would swim across the pool as I had done in the classes. My problem was that I didn't think about swimming over the deep end so instead of starting at the deep end and swimming toward the shallow end I started at the shallow end toward the d end.

When it came time for air -- I found I could not touch bottom, I could not turn my face without getting water in my mouth and rather than panic -- I prayed. I knew immediately I was in trouble and I prayed, "Jesus, I'm in trouble. Help someone to see me quick." Without further thinking I took water in through my nose because I do remember the burning sensation. With that I apparently passed out and sank to the bottom.

It must have been within seconds the lifeguard, who was seated about 25 feet away and dressed, thought (he later told me), "I see that ladies children but where is she? I did not see her walk off!" Had he stayed seated he would not have seen me but he stood up and saw me flat on the bottom of the pool.

With that he jumped in, pulled me out, tried to breath into my mouth but apparently I had clamped it shut so tightly (I remember the swimming instructor had repeatedly told us NOT to swallow water!) he could not open my mouth. He had never rescued an unconscious adult and forgot he could breathe thru my nose so he and another man who had run over to help stood me up and within seconds I gulped air, and they knew I was alive! I was told later that I reached over and patted the young man's cheek and said, "Thank you"! Ha. Don't remember that at all!

Back to what I remember -- I do remember having a thought but thought I was still in the pool. I took a huge gulp of air (which was what I took outside the pool) and thinking, "God is so good because He knows I'm in trouble and has created a big air bubble inside the water!"

I did not come to until the lifeguard sat me down with my head between my legs and I came to with "someone" repeatedly asking me, "Do you feel like you are going to throw up?" and hearing sirens (not even having a clue they were coming for me!) I emphatically said I was NOT going to the hospital as the lifeguard told me the ambulance was coming for me! That is until as I tried to get my head up I saw two black shoes and a voice saying, "Young lady, you ARE going to the hospital" and I saw a policeman in the shoes. I didn't argue!

But here is the exciting part of this whole story . . .

My grandmother, Bertha Eula Kopp (married to LeRoy Kopp) was awakened by the Lord early that same morning. Very distinctly she heard the Lord say, "Pray for your grandchildren". Grandma asked, "Which one?" but the Lord told her "grandchildren"! So grandma went into earnest prayer. She told me later that early in the afternoon a heavy darkness or blackness settled upon her and she knew it was a spirit of death that she was coming against in the Spirit. She began to pray even more fervently and suddenly that heaviness or blackness lifted and she knew that she had "prayed through". Then she arose and began to rejoice for whatever had transpired but she knew she had gained the victory.

My parents, of course, had been notified as well as my husband at the convention who immediately made plans and flew home. I was in the hospital for over 24 hours and when my parents called my grandma the next day they learned of grandma's prayers. My husband chose not to tell me until I was well enough to visit grandma a couple of weeks later.

Do I feel I owe my life to grandma's prayers? You bet! But who else was grandma interceding for that day? My cousin Sharon's husband, Raul Ries, Pastor of Calvary Chapel, was also that day experiencing chest pains and pain down his left arm. He felt he might be having a heart attack but the pains immediately left.

Grandma and I had always been close but I was happy to know that she was also close enough to Jesus to recognize His voice and to obey His command to pray!

HE IS AN AWESOME GOD!

## Family Chronicles 2



### A Short Biography of Leroy M. Kopp

By: Naomi Farrel

“Oh Kansas land, sweet Kansas land, upon the highest hill I stand, and look away across the plain, and wonder if it will ever rain...” So went a song I learned when a small child on the plains of Western Kansas. My father, LeRoy Melvin Kopp, born on a large Kansas farm near Fairview, on January 16, 1894, had brought mother and six children to this rolling prairie, and I loved it. He was a young minister who felt called by God to work with these hardy people of the plains. This particular parish was situated north of a wide place in the road called Gem. The unpainted parsonage was behind the white church with an old-fashioned steeple. A vegetable garden and an old pump separated the decaying house from the church.

Daddy went to Gem because he felt a definite spiritual desire to help the people there. He never made a move until he “prayed through.” He was a man who longed to do God’s will, even when his mind and flesh opposed it. He studied and prayed until he recognized God’s plan.

Dad's father, Adam Kopp, was a German farmer and his mother, Anna Mechau, was part French. Adam, a prosperous farmer from Fairview, provided well for his family but he ruled with a "rod of iron." Anna was quiet and small. Her husband demanded that she be frugal so that her tall, strapping red-haired sons could go to college. My father and his siblings were taught to work hard. The brothers and two sisters studied diligently to please their father, however, my father dreamed of the day that he would be free to travel and minister to others. He loved school and won many debating competitions while attending Fairview High school. I always felt he should have been a lawyer.

During dad's senior year in high school, a spiritual restlessness seized him although he attended church regularly. When a young evangelist, Walter Carpenter, accompanied by an Italian Gospel singer, Joeseoph Scorza, came to town preaching salvation, dad was ready. Joseph Scorza later married dad's sister Helena and a relationship between the evangelists and the Kopp family lasted through many years. While riding home on a bobsled that night, dad exclaimed that he had been reborn. Afterwards, he thought about the many people he would like to tell the message of salvation that he now understood clearly. He began to study the scriptures and pray in the thickets and timbers near the farm. He felt the call of God to preach at the age of eighteen.

He was called the "boy preacher" when he started preaching in his home church and many came to hear him from the nearby towns of Sabetha, Fairview and Robinson. Families harnessed their teams and drove miles to hear him preach. He preached from bandstands and city halls as well as in churches and many loved his teachings about salvation, grace and holy living.

My mother, Eula, came to Sabetha with her family in a covered wagon when she was six years old. She was born in a log cabin in Virgil City, Missouri, February 13, 1895. My Mother's parents, Tommy and Martha Mills, brought her and her friends to hear my father preach one Sunday. Mom says she was proud and haughty before her conversion at age

seventeen and a leader among her friends. My father became interested in mother when he saw her play the organ at the church services. One Sunday, dad asked my mother to wait until Monday so that he could give her something. The next day, dad handed her a thick letter with a picture of himself before she left for home. Mother's brother teased her on the way home so she guarded the letter by placing it in her bible and went immediately to her room to read it when she got home. The fourteen page letter was a marriage proposal from my dad, the "boy preacher." Because mother was engaged to another boy named, Oscar, she went to her father for advice. Her father told her to earnestly pray for an answer; and, at 4:00 in the morning mother felt peace about marrying this young preacher. Mother has told us many times about her love for dad that has lasted through 64 years of marriage despite many sorrows.

Mother and dad struggled through their first year of marriage with a power struggle as they were both strong-willed. After five months of marriage, however, dad entered into a spiritual darkness while mother was pregnant with their first child. Dad attributes this depression to reading literature about hell that he found on his doorstep. He and mother began to wage a battle in prayer and use the Word of God to overcome his doubts. During this time, their first child, Faith Evangeline was born. Dad began to preach again in Sabetha when Evangel Paul and Wesley Lavern were born. Dad accepted a pastorate in Auburn, Nebraska and Loran Olin and I were both born there. My sister Faith was glad to have a sister to help her with the chores surrounding the many red-haired brothers. I was their fifth child, Rachel Naomi, a blond haired little girl.

We had moved back to Sabetha when Leroy junior was born and our family received help from both sets of grandparents because we had such a large family. Besides evangelistic work, dad painted houses and barns, worked on a dairy farm, worked in the fields and helped make new roads to support his growing family. Mother earned money

as a seamstress as well. "Kansas land" was home to us until home missionary work opened up for dad.

Dad contributed to our education by playing games that made us think and taking us to the circus and to parks. Besides church, Sunday school and revival meetings, dad read us stories from "Hurlbut's Story of the Bible." My brothers were rambunctious and would roll on the floor and do somersaults while dad was reading the Old Testament stories. Dad and Mom always talked about faith and dad spent many hours praying about meeting his financial obligations. As a result, we had enough food, the rent was always paid and mother made sure that we were neatly dressed.

When we were small, dad pitched in with the house work when mother was ill and even bathed and tended to us. He was not good at discipline because he was soft hearted and left mother with that task. Dad was humorous despite the rigors of life at the time. He taught us games and tricks to make us laugh. Once when frustrated because the Model T Ford had stalled, he heard my brother say, "I wish Samson were here!" This made him laugh and broke the anger that was boiling inside him.

We moved a lot during those days and dad ministered all over Eastern and Western Kansas. Once, dad heard that a female evangelist, Aimee Semple McPherson, was holding special healing services in Wichita; so he brought his blind friend, Mr. Kirkpatrick, with him to the meeting. When the evangelist prayed for Mr. Kirkpatrick in the name of Jesus, he was healed of blindness. From there, dad applied the healing teachings into his own ministry.

Because a pastorate opened for dad to go to Los Angeles, California, we prepared to move across the prairie and wastelands in the middle of a bitterly cold winter. Dad sent mom and baby Leroy to California on the train while the rest of us piled into our Model-A Ford. Besides all of us, dad had made cupboards filled with bedding, canned foods, water and clothing that fit into the car as well. We began the adventure and crossed the "wash-board" roads of the

Southeastern desert. We had lunches of ginger snaps and cheese and stayed in little rented cabins at night. We saw real Indians along the way and stopped to play and hike while dad fixed flat tires.

We arrived in California and thought we had moved into paradise. Dad said it was the land of no winter as we made the final turns on the old highway outside of San Bernardino. There were palm trees and orange groves. We stopped for a big 100-lb. bag of lemons for just \$1.00. Soon we arrived at the beautiful English bungalow on 109<sup>th</sup> Street in South Los Angeles and were greeted by mother and baby Leroy. Dad had scored a major victory.

We were busy with life in California and the Green Meadows Foursquare Gospel church and did not miss Kansas very much except for not seeing our family. My brothers were busy with guinea pigs, pigeons and making rafts for ponds filled with pollywogs while my sister was serious with her studies and had recently experienced salvation. I was happy listening to records while I stood on a chair changing needles. I began my musical pursuits with my tambourine in the band at Sunday school.

Dad worked very diligently in California; always hurrying and worrying about people's souls. He spent long hours ministering and studying and filled hundreds of pages of sermon notes. He was last to bed and up before dawn. Occasionally, we took trips to the mountains and the seashore.

For one year, we went back to Wichita, Kansas but dad soon decided that California was a better place to raise his family. We had a house car (precursor to a travel trailer) and traveled back to California again and took a church in Taft, California on the border of the desert. Mother and dad invigorated a dwindling congregation there and we had a good education in the local schools. However, my sister, Evangeline, was going to school in Los Angeles; therefore, dad wanted to move closer to her. We took a church in Monrovia and loved it there very much. Mom put on dinners for the poor and we were glad to be able to be the care



givers instead of the other way around as we had been in Abilene, Kansas.

Evangeline graduated from Bible College and we moved to South El Monte to be near the Holiness school where we attended. The boys had occasional jobs while in high school and I began to study the piano. Dad had a facial stroke after a tour of preaching throughout the United States for six months. After my graduation from the Holiness school, we again moved to Los Angeles where dad pastored the South Park Foursquare Church. He also started a radio broadcast called "Radio Revival."

Dad continued his travels and evangelistic work while Evangeline and Paul married and also entered into ministry. The other boys found secular work but Wesley Lavern suffered from a sun stroke and never recovered. I married a missionary and ministered in South America. Dad changed churches again and went to Calvary Tabernacle on Hoover Street. He had many popular evangelistic conferences there; but, most of all, I remember a time when my husband and I returned from Columbia. Dad embarrassed my husband with a huge sign that read "Welcome home, Eddie and Naomi" and we had quite a celebration in the church.

On the move again, dad and mother went to Calvary Temple in the heart of Los Angeles. Over the door a sign read, "Behold I set before you an open door." There he spent three years and formed a Christian day school. He also began a ministry to the Jewish people in Boyle Heights. His love for the Jewish people encouraged him to go to the Holy Land, Israel where he studied Hebrew and preached on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Next he went further into Los Angeles and pastored Calvary Temple II until it was condemned because the building was over 100 years old.

Dad had an automobile accident when a drunk totaled his car and knocked him into another car in 1972. Thirty hours later, he suffered from a heart attack. When he recovered he sold the home in El Monte where he and mother had lived for 19 years and decided to move to Baldwin Park. Finally, at the age of 78, dad suffered a stroke

while trying to paint the new home in the hottest part of the summer. I was on leave and drove to the Baldwin Park house where he was working at this project. He was never able to preach again.

We learned many things from my father's and mother's examples. We learned love and respect for people no matter who they were or what their background was. We learned compassion and to rise above circumstances no matter where or what country we were in. These years of "light affliction" will seem as nothing compared to the Glory which shall be revealed in Jesus Christ. So, it may rain southwest of "Kansas land" but it takes "showers to bring forth flowers," says an old hymn I love.

# **Family Chronicles 3**

## **News Central**



**Edna Brooks, her daughter and son-in-law, Cherrie and Doug Novisedlak; have built a new home in the State of Washington**



**Greetings from Jim Sweetland in California**



## UNDER GOD'S LOVE AND BLESSING

By Charles Herbert Cass



**Charles Herbert & Faith Evangeline Cass**

I first saw the light of day on March 8, 1913 at a farm south of Bozeman, Montana. I was the first of ten children of Charles and Julia Cass.

In the summer of 1920, my family moved from Montana to Oregon. My parents, grandparents with several aunts and uncles had several cars and one truck as they caravanned their way westward. We settled in Westport, Oregon.

I left home after graduating from grammar school, with my parent's permission and blessing, to attend Benson Polytechnic School in Portland. In 1932, my sophomore year, I received a phone call from my aunt inviting me to dinner because my grandfather was in town visiting. It was a Sunday evening and granddad asked me to go to the evening church service with him.

Jesus said, "Go out...and compel them to come in." (John 14:23) If anyone was ever compelled to be saved, I was. However, I have never been sorry for that night in Portland, Oregon.

Granddad Cass and I walked several blocks and saw a neon sign that read, "Foursquare Church." We went in and I noticed a few empty seats near the back where I wanted to sit. However, because my granddad was a former circuit-riding Methodist preacher from Iowa, we sat four rows from the front. As pastor Harold Jeffries finished his sermon, he asked everyone to bow their heads and those who wanted to become Christians to raise their hands. I did not raise my hand because I felt that I was already a Christian. After all, I was born in America; I had a bible, even though I didn't read it very much; and I didn't smoke, drink or swear. My grandfather nudged me and whispered the command to raise my hand. Of course, I complied and raised my hand along with others. When the pastor came from the platform and stretched out his hand to greet me, I felt important that he was interested in me, just a youth. Little did I know what was coming next when the pastor gently tugged on my hand and my grandfather pushed from behind. Soon I was at the altar and with my grandfather on one side and the pastor on the other and an altar worker who was praying for me, I was led through the scriptures regarding being "Born-again." There was no lightning, thunder or anything else but something happened in my life that night that has lasted to this present day and I am still singing "Sweeter as the Years Go By."

Two years later, Ray Birkland and I hitchhiked to Los Angeles to attend Life (Lighthouse of International Foursquare Evangelism) Bible College. It was there that I met Faith Evangeline Kopp and it was love at first sight for me. Faith Evangeline was called Vangie. She and I were in the same classes because I had attended branch classes in Portland that were equivalent to one year and Vangie had already completed her first year. Because Evangeline was editor of the school paper called, "Carry On," I was appointed business manager. Our relationship grew from true friendship to courtship, when we graduated together in the class of 1935 called, Builder's Class. Evangeline was one of the speakers at graduation and she spoke about the Holy Spirit.

We were married June, 21, 1936, by Evangeline's father, Leroy M. Kopp. Two weeks later we arrived by train in New York City to begin our ministry. For three years we lived in the back of the mission where we ministered on Surf Avenue in Coney Island.

We moved back to California where I taught in a small Bible school and preached in several churches. Evangeline developed monthly youth rallies. On July 26, 1940, our son Charles Wayne was born and two years later Constance Naomi was born on July 28, 1942. Our children gave us such joy.

In 1945, I experienced a great change in the direction of my ministry, when I was challenged to visit Evangeline's sister Naomi and her husband Eddie Farrel as they served as missionaries in Columbia, South America. I sailed from New Orleans on the Rio Jachel and ministered for three weeks in Bogota, Columbia. Then, I rode on a mule for two days to reach my sister and brother-in-law's mission station located in the interior of Columbia at El Secreto.

When I returned, I had a renewed zeal for evangelism and our family of four traveled throughout the United States; most of the time living in and pulling a small trailer. However, In 1952, I accepted the pastorate of Calvary Temple in downtown Los Angeles.

We were ministering at the church when an opportunity opened for us to go to Chile and deliver some equipment to Naomi and Eddie, where they had been transferred. My daughter, twelve year old Connie, had saved \$12 because she wanted to go to Chile and visit her Aunt Naomi and her cousins, Shirley and Sharon. I was surprised and overjoyed when a man from our church called and offered to give us \$2500.00, he received as part of an inheritance. He said I should go to Chile and preach and personally bring the equipment and barrels that we had collected for Naomi and Eddie's mission. Connie and all of us were overjoyed and considered Connie's \$12 as seed faith for the trip.

We boarded a freighter called the Santa Leonor on October 30, 1955 that took 28 days to get to Chile because the ship made many stops along the way. We arrived and were greeted by Naomi, her daughters and others at Valparaiso, Chile on November 28. We spent six months in Chile and I had opportunities to preach while Naomi interpreted. Evangeline, Connie and Wayne presented music to many churches, schools and stadiums. Vangie and Wayne played the trumpet while little Connie played the clarinet. On the way home, we ministered in Bolivia, Cuba and Puerto Rico.

In 1958, Connie went to Bible College in Springfield, Missouri where she met Ronn Haus. They were married September 23, 1961 in San Bernardino, California where Leroy Kopp and my father, Charles H. Cass, performed the ceremony. Connie and Ronn became youth pastors at the Carlsbad Full gospel Assembly, which is now known as the Carlsbad Christian Assembly.

With both of our children out of the nest, Vangie and I went to eleven republics; ministering for fifteen months. When we returned, we went to Oregon to officiate at son, Charles Wayne's wedding to Kathleen Stanton on April 8, 1966. (If you haven't noticed, our family often uses their second names.)

Since then, we have been evangelists and ministered in 27 nations. We have conducted revival campaigns in nearly half of the States plus visits to Israel, South Africa and Botswana. We were in Israel in 1974,

1980 and 1990. We stayed several months ministering in churches, private homes and schools.

We had a television program on KFCB-TV in Concord, California for a while. Now, we are retired and living in Oceanside, California and attending the Carlsbad Christian Assembly. In 2003, my daughter Connie and son Wayne and their spouses, children and grandchildren; gave me a 90<sup>th</sup> birthday party at the Carlsbad church. This testimony was written for that occasion.



## Family Chronicles 4



**Ella Louise born to Joshua and Cara Bruinius in IL, November 21, 04**

### UF welcomes first baby born in 2005



**Ocean Li born to Ronnie and Shuman Bruinius in Florida, January 1, 05**



**Greetings from Ann and Lee Plas from Michigan and Florida**



**Greetings from Luke and Erin Greene from Maryland**



**Greetings from Dylan and Damira Douma from Illinois**



**Greetings from the Harkins Family in West Virginia**

## The Evangelistic Legacy of the Kopp Family Lives On



Meet the family of Charles and Elizabeth Kopp, ministers of the Jerusalem Cornerstone Foundation. This story is best told in their own words and with pictures from their website: [jerusalemcornerstone.org](http://jerusalemcornerstone.org).



**Dalia** (Chuck & Liz's first born) was born and raised in Israel. She holds a degree in English literature and has taught in Israeli and International schools in Jerusalem. She and Yoni have three children, Evan, Eliot and new baby sister, Milana Elizabeth.

**Jon (Yoni)** has lived in Israel much of the time since 1982. He is a licensed Israeli tour guide with a special affinity for wilderness camping trips. He holds an MA from Jerusalem University College in New Testament Backgrounds.



**Sharona** (Chuck and Liz's second child) was born and raised in Israel. She holds an MA in Art Education and has taught in Israeli and International schools in Jerusalem as well as in schools in California, Massachusetts, and Michigan. They have two sons, Silas Eames and Ronen Lucas.

**Matt** first lived in Israel 1996-1997. He holds an MFA in painting from Cranbrook Academy of Art. He currently teaches drawing in the Architecture department at Bezalel and design at the Bethlehem Bible College.



**Danny** (Chuck and Liz's third child) was born and raised in Israel. He studied Arabic in Amman, Jordan and is a reporter, translator and researcher for the Jerusalem bureau of the Financial Times. He is finishing a BA in Middle Eastern Studies. **Eva** was born in Jerusalem but grew up in the United Arab Emirates. She returned to Israel to complete a double major in sociology and statistics at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. She works with the Narkis Street Congregation and Musalaha reconciliation ministry).



(Chuck's Father) has ministered in over 70 countries since the 1940's, praying for healing for the sick and salvation for the lost. He has visited Israel many times, his first trip being in 1954. He currently serves on the pastoral staff of the Hispanic congregation of Angelus Temple in Los Angeles, California.

Charles (Chuck) first came to Israel in 1959, but has permanently lived in the Land since 1966. He is the Senior Pastor of Narkis Street Congregation in Jerusalem and the Chairman of the United Christian Council in Israel, an alliance of 29 Protestant evangelical bodies in Israel.

Elizabeth (Liz) has lived in Israel since 1967. She is the head worship-leader of Narkis Street Congregation. Liz has worked with several orphanages in Bethlehem over the last three decades. She and Chuck have seven children: Dalia, Sharona, Danny, Julie, David, Jesse and Annika.

History: Jerusalem Cornerstone Foundation traces its roots back to 1936 when William L. Hull, a Canadian Pentecostal pastor, formed the Zion Apostolic Mission in the British Mandate of Palestine in order to share the gospel throughout the Land. Hull had a desire to reach both Arab and Jew. Zion Apostolic Mission was later changed to Zion Christian Mission.

In 1961 Hull bequeathed his ministry to Le Roy and E. Paul Kopp, father and son ministers of Los Angeles's Calvary Temple. In 1966 E. Paul's son, Charles Kopp came to live and serve in Jerusalem at the Zion Messianic House on 33 Prophets Street. Charles has directed Cornerstone's work in Israel ever since.



From 1966, Charles (Son of Evangel Paul Kopp) and Elizabeth Kopp ministered from the Prophets Street Bookstore (till its closure in 1989) and continue to do the same today from their home on 48 Bethlehem Road in Jerusalem. They have formed connections and nurtured relationships between Israeli Messianic and Arab Congregations. Charles has built many bridges within the Israeli government for religious liberties and awareness about evangelicals and the gospel. He serves as Chairman of the United Christian Council, a body of nearly 30 protestant, evangelical organizations ministering in the land of Israel. Elizabeth has created a network of respect between her Jewish and Arab friends. She ministers at orphanages in Bethlehem and has undertaken various related projects, engendering reconciliation for all the peoples of the Land.

In 2002 with much prayer and discussion, Charles and Elizabeth - along with Cornerstone's core Israeli leadership - approached Larry and Mary Ehrlich about opening a United States branch of Cornerstone. Today, the non-profit Jerusalem Cornerstone Foundation has headquarters in Tulsa, Oklahoma, U.S.A., and in Jerusalem, Israel.

**Excerpts from: The Roots of Jerusalem Cornerstone by Gary Alley  
(1983-2003)**

Since the establishment of the mission and till now, Jerusalem Cornerstone, has tried to walk that political tightrope by loving all peoples, Jews and Arabs, and adhering to changing governmental protocols, all the while faithfully sharing the Gospel through biblical teaching and acts of loving kindness....Following Israel's summer invasion of Lebanon in 1982, the Narkis Street Baptist chapel in Jerusalem was destroyed during Sukkot – the biblical Feast of Tabernacles. This holiday is commemorated by Jewish families by building make-shift wooden structures on their porches, yards, or balconies with palm branch roofs. These observant families for the next seven days eat all their meals outside under this "tabernacle" to commemorate the homeless children of Israel and their vagabond forty-year wandering in the wilderness...Similarly, for the following nine years, the chapel-less congregation at Narkas Street met under the awning of a giant tent in the church parking lot, whether rain or shine, frigid or hot. Only after many long and tenuous years of political, bureaucratic, and prayerful struggles did the doors open on 4 Narkis Street to a new reconstructed facility in 1991...In 1987, Bob Lindsey, the longtime pastor of the Narkis Street Baptist Congregation, retired and returned to his native Oklahoma...Once again the difficulties of the land had a way of extracting and sifting out the true sentiments of a person or ministry, sometimes producing disappointing results...One example of this happened in 1989 when Charles and Elizabeth Kopp were forced to vacate the Zion Bookshop on 33 Prophets Street by city rezoning. This shop had been in the custody of Charles and his father, E. Paul since 1962 and before that, under William Hull. From 1936 to 1962, Hull's ministry was called Zion Apostolic Mission and E. Paul Kopp changed the name of the work to Zion Christian Mission in 1962...Charles instinctively had already begun to redirect the fifty year-old ministry of Hull and his father E. Paul, renaming it Cornerstone in 1985 and starting to engage the Israeli political bureaucracy on behalf of Christians in the Land. In 1974, Charles and...Cornerstone joined the United Christian Council in Israel (UCCI), a large alliance of Jewish and Arab evangelical ministries working in Israel...Charles became the General Secretary of the UCCI and eventually chairman in 1996...While Charles was honing his skills on the

diplomatic level, Elizabeth found an open door into the West Bank orphanages of Bethlehem...She first started visiting with the Holyland Christian Mission, a ministry to crippled children. She also frequented Bet Jamina, a home where the Dutch Christian couple, Peter and Helen Volbehrs cared for extremely handicapped orphans – the children that the local orphanages would not touch. In 1992, Elizabeth began a relationship with the SOS Children's Village that continues today...

While erratic stints of terrorism continued after the Oslo accords, for the most part, 1993-2000 was seen as an optimistic era for the peace process between Israelis and Palestinians. This same hope and expectation also played out in the birth of new visions among Christian work in the Land. It was at the beginning of this era of hope that Charles Kopp became senior pastor of the Narkis Street Congregation in 1994, following the steps of Bob Lindsey. With Charles serving as both UCCI chairman and Narkis Street's pastor, the times were right and the pieces almost in place for a renaissance of study and action...On May, 31<sup>st</sup>, 1995 Bob Lindsey passed away in Oklahoma, but that summer at Narkis Street Congregation, a bible study began on Shabbat mornings, which echoed what Lindsey had begun decades earlier. Joseph Frankovic, a doctoral student at Jewish Theological Seminary in New York who had also learned from Lindsey during his last years in Oklahoma, began teaching the bible focusing on its early Jewish sources with roots in the Second Temple Period thinking...At least two important methodological roots grew out from Frankovic's Shabbat Bible study. The first is the assumed oxymoronic idea of examining and testing the Scriptures with scientifically critical eyes of faith...The second methodology is to uncompromisingly live out these age-old tenets of the Bible by the power of the Spirit. Especially emphasized was God's heart for the poor and broken.

Another awakening occurred in 1996 with the return of Randall and Margaret Buth to Israel. Having served nearly twenty years with Wycliff Bible Translators and United Bible societies in eastern Africa, Randy moved to Israel in order to develop innovative programs for teaching biblical languages. Due to Randy's past experiences with the dismal results of biblical language acquisition among Bible translators, he believed there needed to be a revolution in how the global Church's institutions were disseminating the biblical languages. He sought to

transform the manner in which Bible translators, teachers, pastors, and students were learning the source languages of the Bible – Hebrew, Greek, and Aramaic. Randy's idea was so teach and administer these biblical languages through modern language acquisition methods, essentially, within a vibrant classroom setting of active participation...

In the late 90's, Charles Kopp and Joseph Frankovic first met Jonathan Miles, an American who was living with his family in the refugee camp of Rafah in the Gaza Strip. Jonathan, his wife Michelle, and their six children moved into Rafah in 1997 and were helping to bring local Arab Muslim babies to Israeli hospitals for life saving operations...The Miles moved to Jerusalem in 2001 to establish a central base for Light to the Nations. In 2002, Light to the Nations was renamed Shevet Achim...(brother's dwelling together)...The same year brought upheaval as Jonathan's family was forced to leave Israel because of a governmental bureaucratic decision which was laced with anti-Christian sentiment. To continue the Miles work, Philip and Martha Berg and family moved into the Shevet Achim house in Jerusalem's Prophet Street (next door to where the Zion Bookshop had formerly ministered). By 2003, two additional families joined the Bergs at Prophet Street, Elia and Gerdi Zweverink and Brian and Shoshi Kvasnica to bolster Shevet Achim's sacrificial labor.

From 1999-2001, two Good News for the Poor Conferences were conducted in Jerusalem with three main speakers, Father Rick Thomas, a Jesuit priest of El Paso, Texas, Rev. Jeyanesan, a clergyman from Batticaloa, Sri Lanka, and Jonathan Miles of Rafah...Father Thomas was well known for his association with the Charismatic Renewal within the Catholic Church and his work among the downtrodden who lived at the Juarez, Mexico dump...Rev. Jeyanesan, a parish priest in the Jaffna Diocese of the Church of South India had directed programs focused on aiding the Tamil refugees, orphans and widows that had resulted from the civil war shredding Sri Lanka...Father Thomas closed his February 10<sup>th</sup>, 2001 Shabbat sermon in a powerful way by reading Luke 14:12-14 in which Jesus commands his followers when they host a dinner, not to invite their friends, family, or rich neighbors, but instead to invite the outcast of society.

...May 2000...all Israeli troops officially pulled out of southern Lebanon. As the Israeli army returned across the border, thousands of Lebanese Christians ...also fled into Israel to escape reprisal attacks by the Islamic extremist power, Hizbollah. With over 6,000 Lebanese refugees on her northern border, Israel was...seeking help from the local indigenous churches but found little help...When Narkis Street was contacted, church member Christine Sakakibara, began organizing trips to visit and minister to the refugees...With Israel's surprising withdrawal from southern Lebanon in the summer of 2000, Yassir Arafat's rejection of the Camp David accords, and Ariel Sharon's later visit to the Temple Mount in September, Palestinian unrest and political designs were primed to usher in a new wave of violence. The al-Aksa Intifada, a much more bloody affair than its 80's predecessor, has ravaged the Land the last three years with hordes of suicide bombers and multitudes of terrorist attacks and severe Israeli retaliatory measures endangering civilians on both sides.

Also near the turn of this millennium, Cornerstone Ministries was reevaluating and sharpening its purposes and goals to the ever-changing Israeli landscape...Today the vision of Jerusalem Cornerstone is about promoting acts of charity and educational opportunities with an eye towards restoration and reconciliation...

Please contact Jerusalem Cornerstone Foundation for a complete copy of this article.



## Family Chronicles 5



My 80th BIRTHDAY PARTY, PICTURED WITH MANY OF MY GRANDCHILDREN AND GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

### Greetings from Lodema Hale and families in West Virginia

### A Testimony of God's Grace in the Life of Lodema

I am Lodema Kopp Hale, daughter of Arthur and Sylvia Kopp. I was born in Fairview, Kansas, 1923, and had five brothers. The oldest of my brothers, Whitman, drowned at the age 15 and brother, Johnny, went to be with the Lord last year. One pleasant memory I have is when we were young we all gathered together each day for Bible reading and prayer. After my mother's death and my graduation from Leavenworth High School, we moved to Kansas City.

I worked at the Forum Cafeteria in Kansas City. Although I attended Youth for Christ on Saturday nights, during the week I was going to worldly amusements. When the news was full of stories about Russia and the Atom bomb, I was concerned. I thought, "If I was bombed, I would go to hell." I had Godly sorrow!

Youth for Christ had a city-wide revival with Charles Fuller and Merv Rosell. One night a lady invited me to go forward and I did. I accepted Christ as my Savior that night. At first, it was hard for me to understand, but the fact the Jesus was God and that He died for me was a reality. God did not lie. I could only trust Him. I wanted everyone to know my desires had changed, and now His Word and songs were real in my life.

For a vacation, I wrote to several Bible Conferences and decided to go to Winona Lake Bible Conference because it was the most reasonably priced. Besides, I could also visit my Uncle Clarence and Aunt Laverne who lived close to Winona Lake. Uncle Clarence and his family brought a picnic lunch there. On the last day of the Conference, while walking by the lake, I saw Frank Hale, a handsome man, who had a big smile as he walked by. Later, I was playing the piano in the lobby of the Inn where we were staying and Frank and his friends were also there. I asked Frank, his friends and his two daughters, Patti and Frankie Sue, to sing "Heavenly Sunshine." We all sang and shook hands and thoroughly enjoyed the fellowship. It was time for me to go back to Kansas City the next day, so, I went upstairs to pack my suitcases. Frank was disappointed but I gave him my address and then caught the bus home.

After getting back to Kansas City, I received a card from Frank Hale. I answered the card but did not hear from him again. It was near Christmas and I began addressing Christmas cards when I came across Frank's address and decided to send a card to his daughters. Frank wrote back and said "how glad he was to hear from me." So, we started writing regularly. Sometime later he told me that he had never received my first letter because his housekeeper had destroyed it, but now she was gone.

Frank Hale was a widower with two young girls and he loved the Lord. He liked Dr. Walter Wilson as he taught the Word of God and I had attended Wilson's school. We had beliefs in common. Frank worked at Carbide and at noontime taught a Bible class. February, I invited Frank to visit me in Kansas City. He said he would be on the next plane out. On our first date, he read the Word and then asked me to marry him. I said, "Don't rush me," but the next morning, I said, "Yes!" We decided that I would fly to West Virginia on March 25, 1954. The Forum girls gave me a quick shower and my brother Johnny, his wife Mary and my friend Virginia saw me off. I got airsick on the plane and I was ready for coffee when Frank picked me up. After we got to Frank's brother Rex and his wife Jeanette's house, my beads broke and Frankie Sue, Frank's daughter, scooped them all up for me. Then my piano arrived and Patti decided to take lessons.

Our wedding took place April 3<sup>rd</sup> in the Highlawn Community Chapel where the Hale family attended, which was full of friends and relatives.

Frank's brother Clint was the best man and his wife, Alice, was my matron of honor. The reception was at the home that was to be my new home. It was a home that was not without problems but I learned to get on my knees for answers. Besides Patti and Frankie Sue, Frank and I had three more children—Naomi, Jimmy and Rachel. Over the years I have learned that, "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord," and that He is a very "present help."

The Lord took my husband, Frank, to his Heavenly home in 1987. Although we miss him, the children have all married and God has blessed us with 20 grandchildren, 7 great grandchildren and many friends. Most of the families are serving the Lord and four have served on short term mission services overseas. I appreciate your prayers because there are still problems, but, "nothing can separate us from the love of God." Romans 8: 35-39.

### **Prayer Is**



Rachael Harkins and Lodema Hale

Talking to God, my Heavenly Father; about anything, anytime, anywhere  
And knowing that He will listen; for me He promised to care  
No prayer that He will not answer; no burden too big or too small  
No time that He will not hear me; no place that I cannot call  
Thanking God for His love and mercy; that's what prayer is to me  
For His goodness and abundant blessings; to me and my family  
Lying in bed in the quietness of night; bringing loved ones before the Lord  
That's what prayer is to me; 'tis a blessing I could never afford  
When receiving an urgent phone call; what is prayer to me?

Gathering the children together; to pray on bended knee  
Sharing each other's burdens; just knowing that others care  
At church in the ladies' prayer room; to me that is prayer  
To me, prayer is a privilege; often neglected, I'm afraid  
"When all else fails, just pray;" a motto many Christians have made  
Lord, daily may I first remember; in prayer to go to You  
Thanking You for what You've done; and what You're about to do

## Family Chronicles 6



**Naomi and Eddie Farrel**

### **The Secret Place**

Naomi was born to Leroy and Eula Kopp in Auburn, Nebraska on December 21, 1922. Six weeks later Naomi was extremely ill and near death when her mother put her finger in Naomi's throat and pulled out a mucous plug. Naomi's mother was a prayer warrior and dedicated Naomi as a foreign missionary in thankfulness to God for little Naomi's recovery.

The Kopp Family moved to Kansas shortly after Naomi's birth and began their ministry in several country churches. Naomi remembers many happy times in Kansas, although the large family of four boys and two girls struggled to survive on a country pastor's earnings. When Naomi's father received an opportunity to minister in a church in Los Angeles, the family experienced a change. Coming from the cold climate in Kansas to warm sunny California, seemed like "Beulah Land" to them. Here, the children grew up and were educated. Naomi especially remembers her music lessons on the piano, guitar, and trumpet that were provided for her free of charge during the depression. In high school, Naomi became a proficient typist. All of her experiences in school and in church prepared her for her life ministry that was about to begin on the mission field.

Naomi was 18, but she had accomplished a year at Bible College when the school ran out of funds. Naomi wanted to minister to young people; so, her father, Leroy Kopp, suggested she begin an interdenominational youth group.

Naomi was also secretary for the church and radio broadcast where her father ministered.

One day, Naomi received a call from Edmund Farrel, who inquired about a speaking engagement with her youth group. Eddie was trying to raise funds because he wanted to go to Argentina to do missionary work among the Toba Indians. After the call, Naomi says she was flushed and a co-worker asked why she was so red. Naomi wasn't sure until, at the morning of the youth breakfast, she met Eddie for the first time. Although she was sitting with a young man with whom she was engaged, Naomi knew that she wanted to marry Eddie.

Eddie had expected Naomi to be an old maid type but when he met the beautiful young woman who was dedicated to doing the Lord's work, he was impressed with her. Besides, she wanted to be a foreign missionary as well. Soon the romance blossomed into marriage on July 6, 1941. Naomi had already made her wedding dress but Eddie owned only one suit.

The first year of Naomi and Eddie's marriage they traveled to many states. They did evangelistic work; raising money for their dream of missionary work in Argentina. Finally, they decided to go to Bogota, Columbia because Eddie had some contacts there and it would cost less. However, WW II started and they could not get passage on a ship. They decided to go to Brownsville, Texas and try to get a plane to Bogota.

After three exciting plane adventures, a Mr. Holden met Eddie and Naomi at the plane in Bogota. He took them to a disgustingly dirty hotel that was full of flees to prepare them for their next stay. The following day they boarded an old rickety bus full of native people carrying pigs, chickens and whatever else the indigenous people needed to transport. Eddie and Naomi arrived at what Eddie describes as the flea-infested mountain village of Garagoa, a place called the Mission of the Andes. There, Eddie and Naomi spent five months learning Spanish. They related to the Holdens they would like to minister to people who have never been evangelized. The Holdens advised them that they must start a school in order to begin the work of an evangelist in these mountains.

In Garagoa, Eddie and Naomi met Don Antonio Morales. Don Antonio was a wealthy man who had hidden his herd of cattle in a place he called El Secreto.

Because Don Antonio was affiliated with the liberal political party, his home had been burned during a time of political unrest. This event caused Don Antonio to hide his cattle in a mountain pasture that had access only by a difficult road and a basket that was suspended over a gorge. He took Eddie and Naomi to his secret place and offered to give them a beautiful piece of land if they would build a school for the people who lived in the area.

Although Eddie and Naomi began their dream of ministering to the people in this remote place, they suffered much distrust and danger. The Catholic priest convinced the natives that Eddie and Naomi came from the devil and they had cloven hooves and tails. The people were forbidden to sell Eddie and Naomi supplies and several times the natives tried to intimidate them with guns and knives as they traveled the mountain roads. Naomi says, "We sang, 'Power in the Blood,' every time we traveled."

Naomi started her school with six children from the neighboring area of their mission station. Eddie immediately started building and he also cleared some land for an airstrip. People in the US sent them barrels of supplies and in one of those barrels were dental forceps. The natives began to come to Eddie for tooth extractions which led to a crash course in medical missionary work.

One day, one of the natives who brought them bananas was bitten by a snake. When this native arrived at the mission, his arm was already gangrene. Eddie sent for a doctor in one of the villages who was blind. This doctor gave Eddie instructions for amputating the native friend's arm with the help of dental anesthesia and a hack saw. From there, Eddie and Naomi had success with many of the indigenous people who began to trust their school and their medical care. Naomi had 40-80 students.

Political unrest brought much trouble to the mission in 1949. The Catholic conservative party took control and began a wave of terror in the villages. They burned homes and killed many of the people. A cruel colonel was in charge of the insurgency and he was determined to get rid of the mission station. The colonel flew onto the airstrip that Eddie had constructed to receive supplies. Opposing revolutionaries were in the bushes and fired on the plane. The colonel was angry and determined that Eddie had alerted these men. Soon the colonel returned, pointed a machine gun and demanded that Eddie get into the plane.

Naomi refused to get into the plane without her daughters who were small children. Somehow, the colonel allowed Naomi to go to the house and get her daughters. Again, Naomi says, "I was praying for the covering of the Blood of Jesus."

Eddie was held in a detention center for five days. Naomi and her daughters were in a hotel nearby praying fervently. Finally, Eddie was released and Naomi, Eddie and the girls went back to Bogota. There, they began teaching school at the Presbyterian mission school. Suddenly, the police came for Eddie again and he was taken to a concentration camp near Bogota. The police insisted Eddie was a revolutionary. Naomi went to the American consulate but they were not sympathetic to her. While Eddie spent many weeks in the camp, he ministered to the other men held there. Naomi found a way to get letters, underwear, copies of the Gospel of John, and a camera to Eddie in the camp. The American consulate finally went to the jail on Naomi and Eddie's behalf. Eddie was paraded through the street in his dirty clothes but he held his head high. Eddie noticed that the people would drop their heads to show they supported him.

Finally, a miracle happened and Eddie was released and the Farrel family went back to the United States. The mission station at El Secreto was bombed and destroyed.

After a time of rest, Eddie, Naomi and the girls went to Chile with Maranatha Missions. They spent 10 years of peaceful evangelism in that country.

In 1961, Naomi and Eddie decided to return to Los Angeles so their daughters, Shirley and Sharon, could be educated in the US. About that time the property in Columbia, El Secreto, which lay in ruins was donated to the Church of God Missions. Naomi and Eddie also began an organization called Transworld Vision to co-ordinate efforts among many denominations to continue the work in South America.

Naomi was able to return to El Secreto in 1965 with a group of young people and they were able to minister to the people in the area with much success. They were able to build a small building with wooden benches. Again in 1968, a team was organized to go back to El Secreto and try to begin rebuilding the mission station. This time, they had many achievements in building and restoring



the mission; and they had much success doing evangelistic work everywhere they went in Columbia. They did evangelistic campaigns in Chile, Argentina, Peru, Jamaica and other places in South America as well.

Although Eddie passed away November 6, 2001 after a prolonged illness, Naomi, Shirley, Sharon and their families continue to serve the Lord in and around Los Angeles, California. Sharon's husband, Raul Ries, is pastor of the Calvary Chapel Golden Springs in Diamond Bar, California. The family also continues to reach the people of South America through the many lives they've touched in their ministry and those who continue to build on the work of the Farrels. Naomi's loving spirit blesses everyone around her. She is a prayer warrior and a testimony to the legacy passed to her from her godly parents.

## Family Chronicles 7



**Welcome Katherine  
Bridget, daughter of  
Luke and Erin Greene,  
March 7**



**Welcome Michael  
Ryan, son of Michael  
and Vera Capotrio,  
March 28**



**Welcome Andrew Ellis,  
son of Andy and Nancy  
Greene, April 16**

## The Overcoming Life



**Vera, Edna, Ann, and Sylvio Scorza  
By J. Bruinius**

Joseph Scorza was the third son of Dominic Scorza, who came to this country to provide for his family in Italy. Joseph and his two brothers, Anton and Nicola, learned about salvation from evangelical Christians in Chicago who had a passion for blessing immigrants with help and hope. Life during the turn of the twentieth century was difficult for almost everyone. Joseph married a Kansas farm girl of German decent, Helen

Kopp, who was also taught from childhood to love God and pass the message of hope to as many as would listen. She did not hesitate to marry a man who was another nationality than her family and follow him to a strange country where she did not understand the language. She was willing to overcome many obstacles to present faith and hope to others.

Joseph and Helen Scorza passed a legacy of overcoming perseverance to their four children: Vera, Sylvio, Ann and Edna. The four siblings may have lived a microcosm of life typical in America during the middle of the twentieth century. It was a seemingly better life than the sufferings of the families in Europe, who had so much less in material things. Nevertheless, the four siblings suffered and overcame a multitude of difficulties.

Vera, Sylvio and Ann were born in Europe when Joseph and Helen were ministering in churches in Italy and Switzerland. Edna was born in the United States when Joseph and Helen returned to the U.S.A. because Mussolini expelled all evangelicals from Italy before World War II.

The family settled into the American way of life as a typical family in suburban Chicago. Joseph and Helen had a small congregation of Italian descendents in a mission church on the far south side of Chicago in a town called Roseland. There, the Reformed Church subsidized the little congregation in an Italian neighborhood. Right next to the Italian neighborhood was the more affluent Dutch neighborhood that contained several Reformed and Christian Reformed Churches. The two denominations collaborated in establishing a Christian School on the south side of Chicago as well. Joseph and Helen sent their children to the local public school initially; however, later they decided to send Vera to the new Christian high school that the Reformed and Christian Reformed Churches provided. Vera, Sylvio and Ann attended Chicago Christian High School.

## **Vera Scorza Lich**

After high school, Vera Lillian Helene went to work down town Chicago. Because she had friends and acquaintances in the Dutch community, she dated some of the young men, who were from her high school. On one such occasion, Vera double dated with another couple and met the young man, who was to be her husband. Although he was not her date that evening, they soon became a couple.

Vera Scorza married Henry Terpstra in 1941. Hank, as he was called, was a truck driver who came from a family of twelve children. He never graduated from high school because he was required to help support his parents and siblings until he married. Soon Hank and Vera had two baby girls, who were the beginning of a family of six siblings – all girls. Hank joined the Air force because he was patriotic and wanted to join the war effort during World War II. He wanted to fly airplanes. When he returned, he qualified for a Veteran's home loan; so, the couple with their two little daughters moved into a two flat that they shared with Hank's parents, who lived upstairs.

After four years, two more baby girls were added. Now there were four little daughters but Hank was still hoping for a son. Again, another four years passed and two more baby girls came along. Hank and Vera named all of their daughters with names that started with J: Jackie, Judy, Joan, Janice, June and Joyce. Hank was an over-the-road truck driver and seldom home. So, it was an all-girl household, most of the time, with one bathroom and only two bedrooms. Three sets of bunk beds were in the largest bedroom.

When Hank was home, he was active in their church and he led the youth group as the girls became teenagers. After the Christmas of 1959, Hank was getting ready to leave for the road when he had an accident in the basement of the house. He started a fire by pouring gasoline down the drain that may have ignited with sparks from the furnace. He ran from the house in flames and a neighbor helped put the fire out. Burn units were not available in those days and Hank died several days later.

So it was that Vera Scorza Terpstra was left to fend for herself with six children. The next ten years were filled with much sorrow and pain. Then, Vera and her mother-in-law sold the house in Roseland and Vera moved with her youngest two daughters to California. There, Vera's mother, Helen Kopp Scorza was widowed and living in an apartment alone. Vera began a new start in California. Life did not seem very optimistic at that time without any real security but Vera kept her faith and hope.

God saw her affliction and prepared to bless Vera with 30 years of abundance. How would a Dutch farmer in Michigan, who had just lost his wife to several years of suffering with brain tumors, find Vera, a widow, living in California? One day, John Lich told his nephew, Harry, that he was looking for a wife now that his beloved Nell had died. Harry's wife,

Judy, gave him a picture of her mother and John took a plane to California to meet Vera Scorza Terpstra. From there, it is history and Vera had many happy days married to John Lich. For almost thirty years, the couple knew happiness and companionship. They traveled from Michigan to Florida every year (real “snow-birds”). They went on several trips to Mexico to help the indigenous people in the mountains learn modern farming methods and brought them the Gospel as well. They were also blessed with a trip to Europe that included Italy and the Netherlands to look up family they had never met. After John died, Vera remains in the home that he built for her in Florida. She feels blessed with many good memories and especially the goodness that God has given her.

## **Sylvio Scorza**

Sylvio Ivan Scorza attended Chicago Christian High School and graduated in 1940. He then went on to Hope College in Holland, Michigan to study for the seminary. He planned to follow in his father’s footsteps and become a minister of the Gospel. However, in 1944, Sylvio had an accident as he hitch-hiked home from school in Michigan. He was hit by a truck on the highway. His injuries were severe and he became paraplegic.

Joseph and Helen took Sylvio and moved to California to help rehabilitate him. Ann and Vera were both married and having children but Edna was still a young girl and went with her parents and Sylvio to California as well.

In California, Joseph and Helen bought a small home and had rails built in the yard to help Sylvio strengthen his body. The warmer climate was more conducive to the physical therapy that Sylvio needed to recuperate.

Soon, Sylvio regained his hope and went back to Michigan to resume his studies. He went to Western Theological Seminary. There, he met and married Phyllis Van Setters, a student at Hope College. Phyllis loved Sylvio despite his disabilities. She committed her life to his care and she has been there for him all of these many years. She wheeled him everywhere but he soon learned to do many things on his own, even drive a car with special hand driven features.

Next, Sylvio and Phyllis went to New Jersey. Sylvio received a degree from Princeton. Finally, it was time to settle down and find a position as a professor. Sylvio’s father Joseph Scorza had made many friends among the Reformed Church leaders. One of those friends was a

man named Jacob Heemstra who was president of Northwestern College in Orange City, Iowa. Jacob Heemstra had given Joseph Scorza an Italian congregation in Chicago before he married Helen Kopp. Now, Jacob Heemstra retired from his presidency and classes at Northwestern and Sylvio was hired to teach theology in his stead. Jim Bultman was president of the college and willing to hire Sylvio despite his handicap in 1959.

From there, Sylvio and Phyllis lived in the cold climate of northern Iowa. They adopted three children and lived a relatively happy normal life, raising children, teaching and involvement in the church. Sylvio has had many awards for his work and his character as a man willing to overcome a severe handicap and live a productive exemplary life. God has graciously blessed Sylvio with a wonderful family with children and grandchildren. Even his many health problems have never stopped Sylvio from becoming a man of great faith.

## **Ann Scorza Plas**

Ann Marie Clara Scorza graduated from Chicago Christian High School in 1943. Although her parents moved to California, Ann stayed in the Chicago area working for the Navy as a civil servant while attending evening classes at Moody Bible Institute. Then, she married her high school sweetheart and her flower girl was Vera's second daughter, Judy. The newlyweds went off for the remaining six of her husband's seven years of pre-seminary and seminary in Pella, Iowa. Because her husband was a student, they lived an austere but happy life. Ann says they were poor with a purpose not tenement poor. Soon, the young couple had a son and twin girls within 18 months, keeping them very busy indeed. Ann taught school at Pella High School during this time as well.

The couple took their first church in rural Illinois where Ann describes the people as "the salt of the earth." They had another daughter born during this time. Next, Ann and her husband went to California to plant a church under the Reformed auspices. There, Ann's fifth child was born, another daughter. Their next church was in Ohio; so, the family that included four little girls and one boy moved back to the Midwest. There, Ann faced the toughest time in her life when she became a single parent with five children to care for; but, she did not lose her faith and hope. Through all of her trials, Ann continued to minister in the church.

Ann was given an opportunity to become the women's minister at Dr. Robert Schuler's famous Crystal Cathedral in Garden Grove, California. Ann completed more under graduate studies at Biola College in Los Angeles at this time, but her greatest lessons were learned ministering to women. Ann led the ministry with prayer and hope for other women who had been wounded. She spent many years helping women heal and, in the process, found healing for herself. Ann learned the power of prayer and forgiveness. She put into practice the messages taught at the Crystal Cathedral – possibility living and the power of a positive attitude in the midst of great trouble. Ann learned the secret of prayer and a close relationship with the Lord, all the while raising her five children alone. Later, she received a certificate of graduate studies at Fuller Seminary, giving her credentials for work as a conference speaker. However, university studies could not compare with the practical application that Ann learned through God's care for her through many difficult years.

While ministering at a women's conference, Ann met a man named Lee Plas, who was presenting the work of the World Home Bible League at the same conference. Ann and Lee married and have had more than 30 years of happiness traveling from Michigan to all parts of the country where their combined children have produced 18 grandchildren. The couple enjoys wintering in Florida and they stop to see sister, Vera, on their way to and from their condo in Fort Lauderdale.

Three of Ann's children live in Holland, Michigan within blocks of each other. Ann and Lee see their children and grandchildren often. They enjoy traveling. God has been good to them and blessed them for their faithfulness to Him. Ann continues to do consulting work for women's groups and other ministries. The couple are blessed and pleased to have God's Grace continue to cover their lives. Although health problems exist, they know that God's care for them will see them through all circumstances.

## **Edna Scorza Brooks**

Edna Hope Pauline Scorza was born in Illinios during the Depression. Her childhood centered around her father's church and her mother and older siblings. When Joseph and Helen moved to California in 1944, Edna was just a young girl. She was so sad to leave her sister Vera

and Vera's two baby daughters, Jackie and Judy, that she took the train back to Roseland for a visit the summer after the Scorza's settled in Rosemead, California. Eventually, Edna married and had two wonderful children in California.

Later, Eddie (as she is known), received her teaching certificate and spent many years teaching kindergarten students at a Christian school called Diamond Bar, "Friends." This is what Eddie says about her life: Instead of beginning at the beginning, I'll begin at the present...I'm retired now and I am praising God for a life filled with the love of family and friends. I feel I served on the "mission field" some because as kindergarten teacher for 23 years in a Christian school in Southern California, I had an opportunity to be a witness to God's love and Grace to children of many ethnic backgrounds. Before receiving my teaching certificate, I was blessed to be a mom to Wayne Hardcastle and Cherie Hardcastle Novisedlak. Life has not always been a "bed of roses" but I testify to this: that no matter what, God is faithful to those who trust Him!

I currently live in the great northwest -- Gig Harbor, Washington. I'm involved in our church and enjoy being close to my daughter and family. God has blessed me by being able to have extended vacations yearly with Vera in Florida. The past few years, Eddie has blessed her sister Vera by, not only coming to visit, but, really coming to minister to her aging sister. Eddie stayed for most of the winter this year and cooked and cleaned and served many delicious meals to Vera and those who came to visit. They hosted a Bible study group all winter as well. The congregation at the Methodist church loved Eddie's happy spirit. Vera and Eddie sang in the choir every week. Because Vera's asthma evolved into more severe breathing problems, Eddie's help was much appreciated.

The cutest time, was watching the four siblings get together this year; laugh and sing and fellowship. My son, Ronnie, was deeply impressed seeing their friendship and family interactions. Despite illnesses and aging, the four Scorza siblings reflect the Glory of God in their interactions.



# Family Chronicles 8

## Faith Evangeline (Kopp) Cass



by **Connie Haus and Wayne Cass**

Evangeline entered this world as a chubby little baby bringing happiness and joy to her parents, Rev. and Mrs. LeRoy M. Kopp, as their first born. The city was Sabetha Kansas. The date was May 1, 1915. Her daddy was known as the eighteen year old red-headed preacher evangelist of the United Brethren Church. Her mother, Eula, was a youth leader and organist in the church. In time, four brothers and a sister were born into the family.

Growing up as the oldest of the children, Evangeline shared many responsibilities helping her mother. The family moved a number of times as her dad was assigned to various churches as pastor.

Evangeline's first job with pay was shared with Paul, her younger brother. They were appointed as "custodians" of one of the churches. Their pay was 50 cents a week, split in half with each receiving 25 cents. She remembers in the summer sitting on the steps of the church looking for cars as they drove by, hoping and praying that they would turn into the church parking lot.

One day, her dad left for meetings in California. He sent word to the family that he had been appointed Pastor of a church in Los Angeles, and that they were to pack up and head west. She was nearly sixteen and her

brother a year younger. They drove the family Buick from Kansas to California. Their mother dipped towels in water to pin over the car windows so that the hot air of the desert would be cooler. It was their own system of "air conditioning."

In Los Angeles, Evangeline enrolled in Washington High School where she graduated in 1933. It was the fulfillment of a God-given dream when she enrolled in LIFE (Lighthouse of the International Foursquare Evangelism) Bible College. Her time at college was outstanding.

At the beginning of her second year, she met a young handsome incoming student, Charles Cass from the Foursquare Church in Portland, Oregon. They met at one of the favorite student gathering places on Sunset Blvd., called "Betty's Malt shop." She was there after class one evening in the fall of 1934, sitting in a booth with two other girl students when in walked Charles with two of his friends who were also students.

As the three young men entered the malt shop, one of the young men knew the girls and asked one of them to move over with the other girls so that the three boys could make use of the other side of the booth. Charles was quite taken with the brown-eyed Evangeline. As the girls left, Charles asked his friend about Evangeline. The answer was, "Don't get your hopes up; she is one of the most popular girls in school." In time, the malt shop became their own "hang-out" as they would share one ten-cent malt.

Charles was able to earn part of his tuition by working in the school office. Sitting just a few feet away was Evangeline, who was in charge of the Correspondence Department of the school's extension program. She recognized the name of Charles H. Cass as one who had earned credit by attending the branch school in Portland. She had graded several of his examination papers. This "coincidence" gave them the opportunity to become better acquainted. God does know how to arrange circumstances.

Evangeline was very active in several capacities and activities in the school. She was a member of the Angeles Temple Band, playing the trumpet. Charles pursued Evangeline by waiting until the end of band

practice and noticing which door she would use to leave. He would then hurry around the Temple building and “just happen” to be walking past the door when Evangeline would walk out carrying her trumpet case. Then, being the gentleman that he was, he would offer to carry the trumpet case for her. Evidently it worked quite well.

A little incident happened in their “Homiletics” class. The instructor had assigned Evangeline as one of several to give a short sermon in class for that day. She did; and then the instructor called on Charles to do the critical analysis of her message. As Charles did the analysis, there was a chuckle among the students. The instructor was totally unaware of what the students already knew...that Charles and Evangeline were fond of each other. Apparently, Charles gave Evangeline a rather good report.

In her junior year, Evangeline was appointed editor-in-chief of the school year book: “Carry On.” As Editor, she appointed Charles as business manager. I guess she was keeping a close eye on the handsome student from Portland. Both of them were also members of the 1935 Builder’s Class. They became engaged shortly before graduation day. Evangeline was chosen out of approximately 150 students as one of four speakers at her graduation. Her topic was entitled “The Holy Spirit.”

Charles went back to Portland for the summer after graduation. He and his friend, who had gone to school in California with him, pastored the fledgling Oregon City Foursquare Church for the summer of 1935. Evangeline went to work at the Sears headquarters in Los Angeles for a year.

June 21, 1936, Charles and Evangeline were married by her father. They left for their first ministry together just a few days later. On their way to New York City, they went to Portland to spend a few days. Charles introduced his bride to his many friends at his home church. Then on to Westport, Oregon, for a week with his parents and siblings, who were eagerly waiting to become acquainted with the new Mrs. Charles Cass. She won all their hearts quickly and then the couple took the train to New York.

Their first pastorate was a mission on Surf Avenue in Coney Island, just a block from the Atlantic Ocean. The name of the mission was "God's Power House." On their right was a "skeet-ball" amusement place, on their left was a fortune teller, and across the street was a noisy merry-go-round. In spite of it all, they enjoyed nearly three years of ministry which was very fruitful.

After returning to California, their first child, Charles Wayne was born. Two years later, Constance (Connie) Naomi joined the family. Charles and Evangeline were busy in youth work and rallies in Southern California. Evangeline took her father's radio broadcast activities for several months while he was in Israel. The broadcast was a daily half hour program over KGER.

Charles and Evangeline have pastored a number of churches and have traveled much in missionary evangelism in South America, Europe and Africa. Her trumpet playing has been greatly appreciated by many as well as her preaching in various places. While they were helping Connie and her husband, Ronn Haus, in their television ministry in northern California, Charles and Evangeline both ministered on television and had their own program entitled, "A Look in the Book". They have two children, seven grandchildren and sixteen great grandchildren.

Charles and Evangeline were both ordained in 1936 in the Foursquare Organization. Later, they transferred to the Assemblies of God. They have faithfully ministered unto the Lord and to people for 70 years. Recently, Evangeline celebrated her 90th birthday with many of her family and friends.



## **To My Mom With Heartfelt Thankfulness**



**Rachel Harkins and Lodema Hale**

When I think about my mother, certain thoughts come to my mind  
 Thoughts like, “always concerned about others” and “never speaking a word  
 unkind”

Childhood memories flood my heart of a Mom who was always there  
 Serving God faithfully in her home, while lifting up each child in prayer

Christ – honoring music has always been to our family an important part  
 For Mom has always loved to sing of the Saviour so dear to her heart

If asked to name some important truths Mom has taught me through the years  
 I would have to name the following, with prayer that each of MY children will hear

“Redeem the time”, I can hear her say as she pulls out a postcard and pen

"While I'm waiting here at the doctor, I think I'll write a friend."

"All things work together for good to them that love the Lord"  
That's a promise Mom has claimed for years, and I'm seeing it more and more.

But the thing that means the most to me as the pressures of life increase  
Is having a praying Mother, one whose prayers never cease

"The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much", I read  
I'll never know the hours Mom has spent in earnest prayer for her family's needs

We all have troubles and trials as we walk along life's way  
But when with a crisis I am faced, I call on my Mom to pray

Now God has richly blessed my life with a family of my own  
No greater responsibility has a mother ever known

"Pray without ceasing" I'm understanding, as God stirs my heart night and day  
And brings to my mind a certain child for which I need to pray

I often find myself praying for my children to early learn  
The power and importance of knowing that in prayer to God they can turn

I pray that they will see in me as in my Mom I've seen  
A steadfast, unmovable faith in God; the One on Whom we can lean

A Mom that they can come to with problems whether big or small  
Never concerned about worrying me; but knowing upon God I will call

For you see, I've heard so many claim in their life Mom's prayers were the key  
But it's my own life that has convinced my heart of the power of Mom's bended knee.

## Family Chronicles 9



Ronen Lucas Doll 9-16-05 born  
to Matt & Sharona Doll from  
Jerusalem, Israel



New baby for the Gerrish Family  
in Isreal: 9-22-06

### HOME GOING FOR FAITH EVANGELINE CASS



BY CHARLES CASS

### 1915 – The Dash Between the Dates – 2006

Faith Evangeline Cass arrived in her heavenly home on August 11, 2006 at about 12:30 P.M. I had talked with her about fifteen minutes earlier.

Her homeward trail started in May 2000 when she fainted and hit her head on the cement floor. She was three days in the hospital. She suffered

some head injuries, which resulted in the loss of her driver's license. Then she lost interest in her trumpet playing and all social activities.

In January 2006, she was diagnosed with Congestive Heart Failure. She was put on medications and with much prayer, she was slowly recovering. On April 19, she had a small stroke during the night. The paramedics were called but she insisted on walking to the ambulance, with one of the attendants holding her arm. She spent two and a half days in the hospital, then, was transferred to a nursing home for twenty days. Several relatives and friends visited her on Sunday, April 30<sup>th</sup> for a small celebration of her 91<sup>st</sup> birthday, which was the next day, May 1.

June 21<sup>st</sup> was our 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary. We were surprised by the arrival of our granddaughter, Stephanie and her husband Jonathan Holiman and their three boys. They brought apple pie and ice cream; so, we did have a celebration and a good time of fellowship.

August 11 was a low day for me but a high day for Evangeline. Two days earlier the hospice lady asked her, "Do you want anything special?" Her immediate response was, "I just want to be with Jesus." She did just that on August 11. She was at home and lying on her own bed at the time. I talked with her a few minutes before noon. She smiled at me as I left the room. The hospice girl arrived shortly after and as I led her into Evangeline's bedroom, I knew her soul and spirit were in heaven. "To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord." Her desire had been granted.

The coronation service was held at the Eternal Hills Memorial Park in Oceanside on Friday, August 18. The eulogy was given by grandson, Scott Haus. Ronn Haus gave the main message on, "The Dash Between the Dates." Most tombstones give the dates of birth and death separated by a dash, important dates; yes, but most important are the events of a person's life which make up the "dash." Her dash was her love for the Lord, the Bible, evangelism, and her family. Many times walking into the bedroom to chat with her, she would be sleeping, but the open Bible would always be within reach. She enjoyed the time she spent traveling to



many foreign countries with me in missionary evangelism, playing her trumpet and singing.

## REMEMBERING ANDY GREENE



Andy Green's mother, Jackie Terpstra Greene, was Vera Scorza's first daughter born with Hank Terpstra, Vera's first husband. Vera, as you remember, is the first child born to Helen Kopp and Joseph Scorza. In 1963, Jackie graduated from nursing school and married Joe Greene. Because Joe was in the military, Jackie and Joe moved many times. The Greene's had six children; five lively boys and then Jackie was blessed with a baby girl. However, boy number four was a vivacious youngster named Andrew Everts Greene, who was born January 3, 1972, in Fort Belvoir, Virginia, one of the many places the Greene's lived.

Finally, the Greene's settled down in Annapolis, Maryland. The children all attended Christian schools wherever they went, but, in Annapolis, the children spent their teen years. The Christian school they attended, Annapolis Area Christian School, occupied buildings that were part of the Presbyterian Church they attended. The children all walked up the street and up a steep hill from where the Greene family lived to attend this school.

The five boys and sister Joy did well in school. They all worked at their academics, were involved in sports and they played musical instruments. Andy struggled with academics but excelled in the band, playing the drums. He made friends easily. Andy, number four, and Luke, number five, were a little over a year apart. They were pals and they were popular in their circle of friends.

After high school, Andy wanted to join the Marines and he became part of the United States Marine Corp. Reserve. Andy went to the University of Maryland and graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in History. However, he found his real niche when he started fishing and boating with

Grandpa Lich, Grandma Vera's second husband. Andy sold yachts for the North Atlantic Marine Group located on the Bay Bridge Marina in Maryland. He did very well as he was a natural salesman. Andy met and married a lovely young woman named Nancy. They bought a home on Kent Island and had three large dogs they loved like children. Nancy is a lawyer, so they were both busy professionals and were not yet planning to have children.

Two years ago, Andy was not feeling well and a diagnosis of kidney cancer was a shock to the family. Andy and Nancy fought hard and long these two years to beat this terrible disease. They decided to have a baby and little "Drew," Andrew Ellis, was born last spring. Everyone was praying and the doctors were trying all the most advanced techniques to help Andy beat kidney cancer. Andy's oldest brother, Hank, donated stem cells; but, July 22 on a Friday, Andy went to be with the Lord. Andy acknowledged his faith in Jesus as his Savior and came to have peace in his soul during his last few weeks. Nancy said, "All of his anger was gone."

Andy was only 33 years old and the memorial service was difficult. All of Andy's brothers spoke and Joy sang. The family had been wrestling with many issues but the illness and death of Andy Greene rallied them together. Andy's father, Joe Greene, talked about their struggle to care for Andy during his last days. Andy lost so much weight that he could no longer walk; so, his brothers and his parents took turns staying at Andy's home, caring for him and carrying him to the bathroom. Joe said, "While caring for Andy, he put his head on my shoulder as I helped him to the bathroom and he said, 'I love you, dad.'" Then we all had a picture of what life is really all about.

The death of Andy Greene has had a great impact on all of us who traveled to Maryland to attend his memorial service. Our hearts were broken to see the physical changes that occurred to him in just two years. We all realized our mortality and how fragile life really is. We were aware that we need to treasure our time with our loved ones and make the most of every moment. We realized how much we need to prepare our hearts for the day God calls us home.

**Athletes in Action and the 2006 Winter Olympics in  
Turin, Italy**

**by Berniece Bruinius (great granddaughter of Joseph)**



To all the family and friends that received my letter or heard about my trip to the Olympics in February, thank you so much for your prayers and support. The trip was indeed a success. I am so grateful for the opportunity and wonderful experience to participate in the project organized by Athletes in Action (AIA) at the 2006 Winter Olympics. I traveled to Turin, Italy with my friend Darla Cupery who is another professor at California Baptist University. She and I traveled non-stop to Paris on February 10 and then onto Turin. Both flights were comfortable, and we enjoyed reading articles about the Olympic athletes competing at the games during our “short” ten hour flight.

When we arrived in Turin, we still had to travel another two and a half hours by train and bus to meet with the rest of our group in the small, quaint Italian city Torre Pellice. We stayed in missionary housing that seemed much like a typical college dormitory. Our room had three beds because we were expecting another member of the group to join us, but she was not able to attend. Darla and I took advantage of the extra space and often draped our many layers of clothing on the extra bed. Our first night was very cold because the radiators were not working properly. We survived with a few extra blankets, and I also slept with my socks and sweatshirt on. Thank goodness the heating in our room was fixed the following nights. We were able to sleep comfortably the rest of the week.

Our room looked over the courtyard of the grounds of the mission complex. Across the way from our dorm was a cafeteria that served granola and yogurt, fruit, coffee, tea and croissants, a typical Italian breakfast. The grounds included two other dormitories and another building where our team met every morning for prayer and worship. Outside the mission grounds, Torre Pellice proved to be very hospitable to the many people including several other mission groups visiting for the games. The streets in Torre Pellice were all made of brick and very narrow. We walked ten minutes each day through the town to catch the bus to get to the train that took us to the Olympic venues! When we were not leaving at the crack of dawn or returning after midnight, the town shops were open. In fact, on the last day, the town opened a flea market that attracted several more shoppers besides those of us visiting.

At the bus stop, we took a 30 minute bus ride to Pinnerolo. At Pinnerolo, some members of our group attended the curling venue. However, the half-hour bus ride to Pinnerolo was only the beginning of each day's travels for those of us who went on to Turin. The train ride into Turin was another hour and 45 minutes. The bus and train ride into Turin and back to Torre Pellice usually made our travel time a minimum of 4-5 hours a day. It was a bit cumbersome, but the time spent traveling offered opportunities to get to know the other members of our team. I spent a lot of time with Skiers for Christ. They are a newly formed group and joined AIA to learn more about mission trip development and organization.

On the first day in Turin, I went to the women's speed skating, 3000 meter event with Darla. It was very exciting to my surprise. I did not anticipate enjoying the sport as much as I did. Many of the spectators in the crowd were from Holland, but they cheered for skaters from several countries. The Dutch love speed skating. Some of the spectators equated their love for speed skating to America's appreciation for football. I suppose if you are a football fan, you can understand their passion for this sport. They were very enthusiastic! I also went to the medal ceremony on the first day. After the women of Holland won both the gold and silver, Darla and I went on to the ceremony where we saw two Americans receive their gold medals. Chad Hedrick won the men's 5000 meter speed skating event, and Shaun White won for the men's snowboarding event. It was very inspiring to hear the American Anthem played twice.

The following day, I returned for the men's 500 meter speed skating event. The Dutch fans returned as well. There, I saw Joey Cheek win his gold medal. After winning his medal, he donated his award money to charity. All the American athletes were so impressed by his generosity; they elected him to carry the American flag to the closing ceremonies.

I was also inspired by the camaraderie among the spectators we met on buses and trains and walking through Turin. Many seemed to be pleased to meet people from another country, other than their own. The games offer such an enjoyable way to bring the world together and have fun! The Olympics provide a way to bring the world together in a new part of world every two years and also provide unique opportunities to share God's love and compassion.

Several members of our group had opportunities to meet with athletes and share DVDs that presented testimonies of faith from former Olympic athletes. Darla, the Skiers, and I all had the opportunity to encourage and pray with one of the speed skaters. Then, we met his parents on the way to a café and helped them find the entrance to the Olympic Village to meet up with their son. Both the skater and his parents were Christians and seemed very encouraged by our prayers. Other members of the team met with several other athletes, including Bode Miller, and shared the encouraging DVDs with them. Some of our leaders had chaplain passes into the Olympic Village and spent two days praying and encouraging several more athletes.

After I returned from the trip, I truly began to realize the need Olympic athletes have for Christian love and outreach. I read many more news reports highlighting athletes and the pressures they endure. The athletes undergo many pressures the world places on them. Because of their talents, they have the world on their shoulders. AIA's focus on these athletes is so important because I believe many of them desire to know that their success or lack of success has meaning beyond record books. Additionally, they are people who have family, health, and spiritual needs like the rest of us. Hearing that they are truly loved no matter what the outcome of their event is indeed good news to many of them.

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# Family Chronicles 10

## We Speak Christian

by Danny Kopp



It may be cliché to say so, but Santa Maria and her mother are heroes. There are too many details to recount here: bureaucratic steps that for a westerner would be merely mundane, or at most irksome, but for these Iraqi passport holders are a matter of life and death.

I can't imagine the trauma a mother and father must experience knowing their child will have to undergo open heart surgery. It becomes nearly impossible to relate to the vast distances they've traveled, the constant fear they could be turned back on a whim, or that a simple ink stamp indicating their travel to Israel could be a death sentence.

Despite the stress of travel and an apprehensive wait for what seemed like an eternity at the Israeli border crossing, both Santa Maria and her mother were in high spirits. They speak their mother tongue, Assyrian, a dialect of Aramaic (or as Santa's grandmother says, "We Speak Christian"), Kurdish as a second language and Arabic as a third. In all the questioning back and forth with the officials in Hebrew, Santa's mother was excited to discover, with all her languages, she had correctly understood whole phrases!

Perhaps it is owing to the precarious existence the Assyrians have etched out of a war-torn region that has inculcated in them such profound perceptiveness of their environment. Santa's mother compiled a mental list of all the stories taken by friends and relatives to neighboring



countries in attempts to find healthcare unavailable in their region, only to be disappointed, maimed or even lose lives. She counted the risks, knowing a visit to Israel for many is an unforgivable sin. There is not naiveté or foolhardiness here – but real discernment, hope and gratitude.

Santa and her mother had supernaturally held their composure until our very last stop, the house near the hospital where they will stay while undergoing treatment. Perhaps it was the sight of other children crying as they bid farewell to new friends they'd made at the home, or maybe it was just exhaustion from 14 hours in transit, but Santa finally broke down in tears. Having just heard an explanation of tomorrow's ordeal of first day check ups at the hospital, Santa's mother couldn't hold back either.

"God can heal; I've seen it many times! Does your type of Christians believe in that?" I remember Santa's grandmother prodding me yesterday. "He also sends people like your group to help, whatever it takes. We had family who left for the West years ago and promised to help but never did. But God knows how to take care of His family."



## **Kopp Family News**

I HAVE LEARNED SO MUCH IN THE LAST FEW YEARS FROM THE KOPP FAMILIES. IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO GET TO KNOW SO MANY OF YOU. LET ME GO THROUGH A RUNDOWN OF THE MANY PEOPLE WHO SO GRACIOUSLY CONTACTED ME AND GAVE ME INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR FAMILIES. I EVEN RECEIVED EMAIL FROM RUTH KOPP, WHO IS MARRIED TO A DESCENDENT OF ADAM KOPP'S BROTHER. RUTH IS IN SEARCH OF THE KOPP FAMILY ROOTS.

VERNON WAS ADAM'S OLDEST SON AND I HOPE THAT MY NEWSLETTERS HAVE BEEN GETTING THROUGH TO RUTH TAYLOR AND HER SON NOEL AND HIS WIFE BARBARA. PLEASE CONTACT ME AND LET ME KNOW HOW YOU ARE, INCLUDING DAVID AND MICHAEL. I BELIEVE NAOMI FARREL IS ALSO SEEKING CONTACT FROM RUTH TAYLOR.

WE WERE SADDENED BY THE DEATH OF SYLVANUS RECENTLY AND HIS DAUGHTER SYLVIA SEVERAL YEARS EARLIER. WE PRAY THAT MARIE AND THE KERR FAMILY ARE DOING WELL. WE ALSO REMEMBER JOHN AND MARY KOPP DIED SEVERAL YEARS AGO, LEAVING ONLY DAVID AND DREW TO CARRY ON THE FAMILY TRADITIONS. LET US HEAR FROM YOU, DAVID.

WE ESPECIALLY APPRECIATE LODEMA HALE. YOU HAVE BEEN SO GOOD TO RESPOND TO ALL OF MY ENQUIRIES AND ADD TO THE FAMILY NEWS. YOUR CHILDREN ALWAYS RISE TO CALL YOU 'BLESSED,' BECAUSE YOU ARE A WONDERFUL MOTHER. I ESPECIALLY APPRECIATE THE CONTRIBUTIONS BY THE HALE FAMILY. WHAT A PRECIOUS GROUP YOU ARE. PLEASE SEND MORE NEWS AND UPDATE US ON YOUR ACCOMPLISHMENTS, AS I KNOW THERE ARE MANY. TELL US ABOUT ANY NEW WEDDINGS OR BABIES!

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW MERRILL AND DOLLY ARE DOING IN WEST VIRGINIA AND I WAS GLAD TO GET CORRESPONDENCE FROM YOU. BYRON AND SHIRLEY IN KENTUCKY, PLEASE TELL US ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN, DEBORAH, DAVID, REBEKAH, ELIZABETH AND SARAH. DO THEY HAVE CHILDREN?

I HAVE BEEN IN SEARCH OF THE DESCENDENTS OF MYRTLE KOPP SWEETLAND. I WAS SO GLAD TO FIND JAMES SWEETLAND AND HIS SON, MICHAEL AND MICHAEL'S WIFE MARGARET SWEETLAND. WE HAD SOME GREAT EMAIL CONVERSATIONS AND I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO MORE NEWS FROM YOU. I WAS ALSO HOPING TO HEAR FROM WILMA NICOLA AND JOAN WATSON FOR NEWS ABOUT YOUR FAMILIES. I CONTINUE TO WANT TO FIND MARY ANNA, THE DAUGHTER OF ESTHER WELLS – MYRTLE'S OLDEST DAUGHTER. IF ANYONE CAN HELP ME PLEASE DO.

NOW, WE COME TO THE FAMILY OF LEROY KOPP, ONE OF MY GRANDFATHER'S FIRST CONVERTS AND MY GRANDMOTHER'S CLOSEST SIBLING. WHAT A WONDERFUL LEGACY LEROY LEFT IN HIS MANY CHILDREN WHO BECAME ZEALOUS FOR THE GOSPEL.

- HOW SAD THAT WE LOST BOTH EVANGELINE AND CHARLES CASS RECENTLY. OUR HEARTS GO OUT TO CONNIE, WAYNE AND WAYNELEE. I WAS BLESSED TO HAVE BREAKFAST WITH CONNIE WHEN WE VISITED CALIFORNIA THIS YEAR. WE SEND CONDOLENCES TO ALL THE HAUS FAMILIES FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR GRANDPARENTS.
- WE WERE SO BLESSED TO MEET PAUL KOPP (90) WITH HIS DAUGHTER JOY HATHAWAY, WHEN WE VISITED THE CALVARY CHAPEL IN GOLDEN SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA. JOY'S SON DANIEL WAS MARRIED THIS SUMMER. PLEASE, JOY, SEND ME DETAILS AND PICTURES. WE MET NAOMI FARREL AND HER DAUGHTERS, SHIRELY

AND SHARON. SHIRLEY'S HUSBAND NORMAN WAS THERE AND SHARON'S HUSBAND RAUL RIES IS THE PASTOR OF THE GOLDEN SPRINGS CHURCH. HERE ARE PICTURES OF OUR GATHERING:



- I'M LOOKING FOR AN ADDRESS OR AT LEAST AN EMAIL ADDRESS FOR KATHY KOPP-MARTINEZ AND NANCY KOPP. CAN ANYONE SEND IT TO ME. WE'D ALSO LIKE TO HEAR FROM JIM, DEBBIE AND MORGAN DAUB.
- THEN THERE IS OUR BELOVED FAMILY IN ISRAEL, THE CHARLES AND ELIZABETH KOPP CLAN. THEY BLESS ME WITH EMAIL CONTAINING FAMILY PICTURES AND HERE IS A LETTER ABOUT DAVID'S GRADUATION:

*April 27th, Chuck, Danny and I had the delightful pleasure of attending David's "winging" in Pensacola, Florida at the Naval Air Station.*

*As 2nd Lt. Kopp drove us onto his base, it was an entirely new experience for us to observe various people saluting David. (There were a few he saluted.) Evidently, the Air Force has the reputation of first laying down an 18 hole golf course and then building the rest of the base. Stunning white beaches and water surround the base.*

*David gave us a tour of the facilities including the "pool" where during training they are submerged upside down in a simulator and given x time to get out through specific windows. We then went to the hangers where he was able to take us up into the planes giving us a visual hands on tour. The computers where he did his simulated flying are unbelievable. One of the simulator planes has a screen from the floor to the ceiling of*

*the area it was in and surrounding the simulated plane from one side to the other. We were warned not to touch the screen as it would destroy the precision affect and have to be replaced costing hundreds of thousands of dollars.*

*We had lunch in the restaurant overlooking the golf course enjoying the heavy rainfall that burst out of the skies without warning. We then picked up t-shirts and ceramic mugs David ordered with each graduates info and call sign. Because David had finished before the others, he was the one in charge of all the events.*

*quot;Winging Day" Friday morning began with a "Blessing of the Wings" service in Catholic church on the base. A Baptist chaplain conducted the service together with a Catholic chaplain. David read the scripture and all the guys came forward and laid their wings on the table which will later be placed in a framed glass case on the wall at the entrance to the church.*

*We toured the incredible museum where planes from every era are hanging from the ceiling. We could have spent days there as there is so much to see including walk in exhibits ranging from WWI through to the capture of Saddam Hussein. The most poignant was the Vietnamese hut exhibiting letters, poetry and clips of POWs We had just enough time to take in the IMAX film "Fighter Pilots"; a spectacular insight into what David will be doing next.*

*The ceremony took place on the ground floor of the museum. It was a very proud moment to say the least especially after catching just a glimpse of what David went through to get to this point in his career.*

*A beautiful reception was waiting at the Officers Club on the beach (newly rebuilt after hurricane damage) - all planned by David! There were delicious sandwiches, spread of cut fruit, and drinks. We then went outside by the fountain for the traditional smashing of the glasses trying to hit the target - some made it - some didn't. Truly Top Gun - all the way! We felt as if we were in the movie.*

*From the reception, we went back to dinner on the beach via David's speedboat that he bought together with his roommate.*

*Saturday morning, on our way to the airport, we stopped at IHOP for our traditional "celebrating David's graduation" breakfast. David has been assigned to F15s.*

## A KOPP FAMILY BIRTHDAY PARTY IN ISRAEL AND NEW BORN TALINE GERRISH



I'M HOPING THESE NEWS LETTERS REACH CAMILLE KIRTON IN ARIZONA. PLEASE SEND US UPDATES ABOUT YOUR FAMILY. WE ALSO HOPE LEROY II AND CHARLOTTE AND LEROY III AND EILEEN ARE RECEIVING THIS NEWS LETTER AS WELL. WE'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU.

I RECEIVE EMAIL FROM CLARENCE KOPP OCCASIONALLY AND ENJOY THEIR CONTENTS VERY MUCH, ESPECIALLY POLITICAL STUFF. I HOPE THE FAMILIES OF DEBRA, DAN AND DALE ARE WELL AND I AM STILL TRYING TO FIND AN EMAIL OR REGULAR ADDRESSES FOR DEE WALTERS AND TOM AND HEATHER POSTON AND LINDSEY. PLEASE SEND UPDATES ABOUT ALL OF YOUR FAMILIES AND ABOUT YOUR HEALTH, CLARENCE.

LAUREN FLICK LOST PAT SEVERAL YEARS AGO, BUT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN ARE DOING. PLEASE SEND UPDATES WITH NEWS AND PICTURES IF POSSIBLE.

# Family Chronicles 11

WEDDING CELEBRATION FOR TIM & HEATHER HATHAWAY  
(GRANDSON OF E PAUL KOPP)



**Jim and Rachel Harkins**

**The Harkins family Children**

**25th wedding anniversary**

**have a CD**





## **The Hale Family Reunion 2007 (Lodema Kopp-Hale's family)**



Lodema Kopp married Frank Hale in 1954. Frank had two daughters, Patti & Frankie Sue. Frank's first wife died and Frankie Sue's twin sister died as well. Lodema and Frank had three children together: Naomi, Jimmy and Rachel. They are an exceptional family with a strong Christian faith.



Chuck and Liz Kopp & Families in Israel

**Be sure to read this book: *From Fury to Freedom***

RAUL RIES WAS AN ABUSED YOUNG HISPANIC MAN WHEN HE MARRIED SHARON FARREL (NAOMI KOPP-FARREL'S DAUGHTER). HE HAS A DRAMATIC TESTIMONY OF GOD'S POWER TO TRANSFORM HIS LIFE AND A DVD AND BOOK AVAILABLE WITH HIS STORY. FIND IT AT [WWW.CALVARYGS.ORG](http://WWW.CALVARYGS.ORG)



RAUL RIES IS PASTOR OF CALVARY CHAPEL GOLDEN SPRINGS  
CALIFORNIA



Sean Li Bruinius, born  
Oct 19, 2007



Mother's Day Celebration 2007  
Ann, Eddie, Vera, Syl



Eden Novesedlac Eddie's Granddaughter	RYAN AND KIMBERLY YOST EDDIE'S GREAT GRAND CHILDREN
--	--

CLARENCE KOPP WENT TO BE WITH THE LORD  
Sept. 17, 2007



CLARENCE KOPP WAS A BISHOP IN THE UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH. HIS WIFE, VIRGINIA, DAUGHTERS, DEBRA AND DEE, AND SONS, DALE AND DAN, WILL MISS THEIR FATHER VERY MUCH. THEY ARE A CLOSE FAMILY WITH GREAT FAITH. CLARENCE WAS 80 YEARS OLD AND DIED IN HUNTINGTON, INDIANA.

### ***Bernice Bruinius***



***Wow! It has certainly been a busy summer. I returned from Southeast Asia at the end of June and then two weeks later started teaching very short and intense summer sessions at two different colleges. To say the least, I have had fun but distracting months with many college students.***

***But, who cares about the classroom news. I'm sure you would like to know about Southeast Asia. I traveled with eight teammates and one co-leader to a small international college where we spent three weeks teaching English to students from all***

*over the world. I really mean all over the world. We had students in our classroom from Kazakhstan, Yemen, China, Vietnam, Tanzania, Libya, Mongolia, Indonesia, Laos.*

*Our classroom was set up into four different stations, and my teams were paired into four teaching teams. The teams rotated teaching grammar concepts and American culture six hours a day! They spent 10-20 minutes giving lessons and then had student activities at the four stations to play games and practice the lesson. We certainly made a lot of noise playing games! The students loved it and so did my team. I was impressed with how my team took the few teaching tips I gave them in our training and developed some active and engaging lessons. They did such a tremendous job, and many of the students appreciated the opportunities to practice English and listen to the American accent. Also, my teams did such a good job learning from their students and affirming the many nations represented. My teammates reflected Christ's love for the nations in all of their activities.*

*Because my teams worked so hard at being good teachers, it allowed them to develop important relationships with the students. The students appeared to respect and enjoy our classroom activities. I firmly believe this commitment to the classroom allowed my teams to carry these relationships onto the rest of the college campus. In the evenings, we often spent time in the cafeteria area and the student lounges where my teammates were able to discuss their personal faith with their students.*

*My teammates, in fact, taught me so much about being intentional in sharing our faith in Jesus. There we were in a predominantly Muslim country sharing our faith. It was amazing! One particular night early in our trip, a campus student organization invited us to a welcome celebration. We were asked to perform and sing for the party, and three of my teammates sang praise and worship songs. My team took the opportunity at the party to share with the college campus that*

*Jesus was what they were, and are, all about. It was truly an amazing site to see.*

*Of course, we were careful most of the trip to be respectful to the students and campus administration. But again, because my team was well respected as teachers, we began to have morning devotions openly in the student lounge area. Our team developed strong bonds with students from Kenya, Nigeria, and Uganda. Most of the African students already shared our faith, and my teammates were significantly encouraged by all of them. The African students often joined us in the evenings too!*

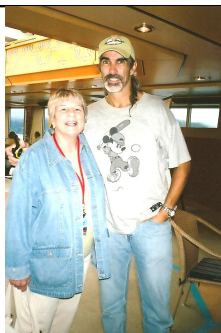
*One afternoon, I walked into the student lounge area with another teammate. We noticed two of our male teammates surrounded by several Yemen students, who were intently listening. He was sharing the good news. Not just any good news! But THE GOOD NEWS! That is one of my favorite memories from the trip. The Yemen students were listening intently and continued to seek out our team's company throughout the trip. So many students on the campus were open to hearing and learning about Jesus. It was certainly a place open to hearing more and more the good news of Jesus!*

*Obviously, we were blessed with much safety and success. I am so grateful to my team, for working so diligently. They taught me so much about the greatest of commissions. However, a few of us did get sick, including me! Some of us caught the flu. Nothing like having a fever in 90 degree heat and 90% humidity! But, I am grateful for the grace, for the opportunities, for the success, and for the healing that God brought to us.*

*Thank you for your prayers and support as well. We could not have succeeded without you and especially without your prayers. This trip was an awakening for me and my team. We all returned with a new vigor and boldness to share our faith here in America. And sure enough, God gave me unique opportunities in my summer sessions. God placed a Muslim student from*

***Albania in my classroom this summer who is suffering with Multiple Sclerosis. Please pray for him. Please pray for the Muslim world. So many Muslims are open to hearing about the truth of Jesus.***

***I also had the opportunity to encourage two home-grown American students heavily involved in drugs and alcohol to try a different approach to life! Please pray for them as well! They seemed open to hearing about faith in Jesus.***



Edna Brooks cruised to Alaska with the Gaithers – here she is with Guy Penrod



Vera Scorza Lich passed away in Feb. 09



CAMILLE & GREG DRIVER'S WEDDING



SHARON AND JEFFREY WHITE'S WEDDING

## Family Chronicles 12

**Here is a reprint of an article written by my grandmother, Helena Kopp-Scorza. Printed in "The Salvation Messenger," in Sabetha, Kansas, 1916**



### **My Two Birthdays**

January 3<sup>rd</sup>, being my birthday, I was thinking how I had only been here in this world for a very little while compared with eternity. The Word of God says, 'But beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day' 2 Peter 3:8. It also says in another place that a thousand years is as yesterday when it is past with the Lord. We also read in other places in the Bible that our lives are just as a shadow or vapor. I was thinking of how each of us are eternally bound creatures. When we are born, God gives us the breath of life and in Him we live and move and have our being. We only live in this world a few short years. For some people it is not that long. Some lives only last a few days or less. We do not know at what day or hour we will be called from this life into eternity, the never ending eternity. We are all traveling upward to heaven to the everlasting peace and happiness which awaits us, or else we are going downward to an eternity of ruin and despair.

From day to day, dear souls, readers of *The Salvation Messenger*, let us realize that God in His wonderful love and mercy spares our lives. Praise the Lord – it is wonderful when we know we have a home in heaven. When we are saved, we are just as humble pilgrims here and our home is in heaven. As we sing that precious song: *We'll work till Jesus Comes and then we'll be Gathered Home.*

I was born twenty years ago. David says in Psalms 51:5 and 58:3, we are born to sin and go astray, speaking lies as soon as we are born. We know, of course, by that we are born with evil spirits in us and that we do wrong things as soon as we know to do anything. I remember when I was only a small child and would give way to the devil in many different things. I would fear Momma or Papa would punish me if I would tell them the truth about some little things I had done, or which had happened, and I would tell lies. They are all black sinful lies. I remember once I stole a black penny pencil. It was when I first started school. The devil had me planning I would steal another the next day or so. But, Praise the Lord, I didn't carry out my plans. The next morning when we children started to school, I was trying to hold the pencil in my sleeve. It was either my brother or my sister who noticed I was trying to hide something and my sin was found out. So, I had to take the pencil back and I was so ashamed and convicted about it. It is just as the dear old Bible says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." God knows everything we do or say. If you have ever done anything dishonest or wrong in any way, you must make them right with God's help or they will stand against you at the judgment day. Without the help of God, we do not have the power to live right. The Bible says, "Love thinketh no evil" I Corinthians 13. I remember the many evil thoughts I had as a child. I wanted to be a good little girl but the evil spirit within would often get control. I would kneel and pray or say my prayers and would try to do good things for those around me. The sweet Spirit of God was talking and working with me.



It was when I was eleven years old; I went to the altar in a revival meeting. I was convicted and realized I was a sinner and wanted to be saved. I knelt at the altar a while but I didn't understand the way very well and I arose, not having the real witness that my sins were forgiven. I was still in darkness but thought I was alright and professed to be a Christian. I would go to church, Sunday school, Christian Endeavor, prayer meetings and try to do the best I could do in my own strength. Jesus was not my power, strength and deliverer from Satan as He, Jesus, is now. He abides in my soul and helps me in every way to defeat the devil. I went to school and would do things wrong as other children did. When a revival would come to our town, I would be ashamed to testify as I did at the church in Sabetha. I knew there would be those who would know I did not do as I ought as a real Christian. I professed but I did not possess the Spirit of God. Each week and month and especially at New Years, I would make resolutions about trying to do better. But, the very next thing, I would be doing something wrong again. It was discouraging. So, I quit trying that way and let Jesus live through me.

We, as Jesus told Nicodemus in John 3, 'must be born again.' Praise the Lord, I know it is true. Jesus takes the evil spirit, the devil, out of us and forgives our sins, and fills us with His sweet Spirit from above. Glory! We are made new creatures in Christ Jesus through and through. Glory to His name! It is wonderful. We know the Spirit bears witness that we are the children of God.

I know the very day and hour I was born again of the Spirit. It was on February 18, 1912. I was sixteen years old then. We have a spiritual birthday just as much as a natural birthday, if we are saved. As soon as I realized I wasn't really saved, I sought Jesus and found Him so dear to my soul.

A precious brother in Christ came preaching and it just seemed like God opened my ears to understand the Gospel as never before. He opened my eyes that I could see the beauties of the Gospel. Satan has the Gospel hid to the lost. The Bible says, 'If the Gospel be hid, it is hid to them which are lost.'

Leroy, Myrtle and I realized we had only been professing and not possessing. We turned to the Lord with all our hearts and were saved. It has been just about four years now since I was saved. Salvation gives me wonderful love, joy and peace. It gets sweeter to me every day. Dear young people, and all who are not fully saved, 'Let Jesus come into your heart and have His way.'

Many young people seem to think religion is more for old people but it is not true. If you are without Jesus you don't know the wonderful joy we have in the service of God. Each year is a happier New Year to me now as I go on my way to heaven. If you are not on the Holy Way, 'come' while there is yet opportunity. When we get the joys of salvation, the passing joys and pleasures of the world are forgotten and we don't want them anymore. We have joys we can express from heaven. Oh, precious souls, it's wonderful, wonderful, more than tongue or pen can tell what Jesus is to us.

Jesus has led me on from victory to victory these four years and I am saying in all things 'amen' to His will. He is more than life to me. Jesus is my all in all. He is my savior, sanctifier, keeper and healer. I know He heals both soul and body. Dear souls, if you are trying to serve God in your own strength and don't know for certain you are saved, don't do that any longer. Let Jesus come into your heart and help you, and let Him have His way in everything. Now is the time and here is the place to get prepared. We must be clothed in the white robe of purity, ready to meet Jesus face to face at any moment.

As our Sunday school lesson was about Jesus ascending into Heaven, we know the Word says, 'In like manner He will come again.' Will you be ready when He comes with all His angels and ten thousand of His saints and go with Him, to be in Heaven forever and ever. Brothers and sisters in Christ and unsaved souls, you have my prayers.

Yours for Jesus, Helena Kopp, Fairview, Kansas

***'Charlie' Charlotte Kopp has passed away***



**Charlotte Emma Kopp**

Charlotte Kopp was born in San Jose Hospital on May 2, 1927, the eldest daughter of Anna Nystrom and William Victor Anderson. The Family moved to Crosby North Dakota where they lived until Charlotte was in the seventh grade. They returned to the San Jose area following her father's death from injuries suffered in an auto accident.

Charlotte (or "Charlie" as she liked to be called) graduated from Santa Clara High School and attended San Jose Teacher's college for a time where she studied as English major and Music minor.

During the 1940s, "Charlie" served as the choir and music director at the Four Square Church and attended the First Baptist Church in downtown San Jose. She would visit local radio station KQW (later to become KCBS) on Sundays to sing Christian songs for live broadcasts. There she met future husband LeRoy Kopp Jr., an engineer and on-air radio personality. The two married Sept. 4, 1947 and had their first child, LeRoy III, in July 1948, and second child, Cynthia Jane, in February of 1950.

While husband, Lee, worked various radio jobs, and including the morning drive show at KLIV AM Charlie began to pursue her singing career in earnest. She cut several records for the Christy label under the

stage name, Cory Lind, that received local and regional air play including: “Billie Loves Me”, “Where Come the Rabbit From”, and “Hey Maria, Bringa da Pizza”. The couple spent a good deal of time during the late 50s and early 60s doing live broadcast radio shows in the Los Angeles area. Their Last child, Stacy Ann (McNeill) was born February, 1962.

Charlie’s attention then turned to the San Jose arts and theater scene where she worked on the Board of Director of the Theatre Guild. She participated in local theater groups such as San Jose Children’s Musical Theatre, and helped produce events and arts festivals such as Tapestry ‘n’ Talent. For a number of years she was partner in a printing and design business called “Aristo Graphics” in South San Jose.

In the last two decades of her life, Charlotte battled many health problems. She passed peacefully, November 21, 2007 at Kaiser Hospital, Santa Teresa, in San Jose, surrounded by her children: LeRoy Kopp III and his wife Eileen, Cynthia and Tony Roseland, and Stacey and Jose McNeill. She had four grandchildren: Kelsey and Michael Roseland, as well as Joseph and Connor McNeill.

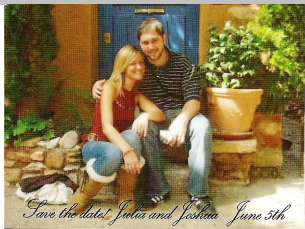
**News from Israel: Two babies and a wedding**



Danny and Eva  
Kopp had baby  
Boy Raphael  
Evangel 3-17-2008



Matt & Sharona Doll had baby  
girl Chiara Lior 3-22-2008



Julia Kopp and Joshua  
Korn were married  
6-5-2008

It has been a busy year for the Kopp Clan in Israel. Here are four generations: Baby Raphael Evangel Kopp, Danny Kopp, Charles Kopp and Evangel Paul Kopp



**Jim Sweetland passed away in January 08**



**Margie sweetland**