

Family Chronicles and the Scorza Family Tree

Family Tree of Domenico & Giuseppina Scorza

I. Antonio Scorza (d)

Sp: Emilia Gardella

A. Philip Donald Scorza (d)

Sp: Anette Coscino (d)

Sp2: Carmella Amelio

1. Priscilla Ferguson

Sp2: David Ferguson

a. Pam Doan

Sp3: Tom Doan

1) John Ponsiglione

2) Joe Ponsiglione

3) Steve Ponsiglione

b. Julie Campbell

Sp: Mark Campbell

1) Bradley Campbell

2) Matthew Campbell

3) Caitlyn Campbell

c. David Ferguson

Sp: Ruth

1) Reyah Ferguson

2) Malachi Ferguson

2. Phyllis Hanson-Taylor

Sp2: Ron Taylor

a. Diana Boatwright

Sp: Steve Boatwright

1) Benjamin Boatwright

2) Stewart Boatwright

3) Julia Boatwright

b. Beth Anderson

Sp: Mark Anderson

1) Ethan Anderson

2) Reagan Anderson

3) Evan Anderson

4) Ryan Anderson

3. Philip Scorza

SP: Denice Rue

a. Casey Scorza

B. Robert Scorza (d)

Sp: Thelma Nordin

1. Robert Allen Scorza

Sp: Kathryn Skoglund

a. Jonathon Scorza

b. Todd Scorza

Sp: Ann Bounds

1) Kaitlyn Scorza

c. Debra Scorza

2. Janice Lynn Scorza

C. Arnold David

Sp: Lorraine Finger

1. Miriam Meyer

Sp: Alfred Meyer

a. Barbara Caskey

Sp: Pat Caskey

1) Johanna Caskey

2) Sanois Caskey

b. Karen Schaefer

sp. Rick

1) Maxwell Dembrowski

2) Alexander Dembrowski

3) Greta Dembroski

2. David Paul Scorza

Sp: Jacqueline Mours

a. Kurt David Scorza

Sp: Melinda Reeher

1) Nadia Scorza

b. Kristi Sobieski

Sp: Michael Sobieski

1) Reegan Sobieski

3. Kenneth John Scorza

Sp: Judy Rymarczyk

a. Brett Allen Scorza

Sp: Jennifer Damitz

1) Sydney Elizabeth Scorza

2) Kaylie Lynn Scorza

b. Keith Allen Scorza

Sp: Melissa

c. Kevin Jay Scorza

4. Richard Arnold Scorza

Sp: Judith Feist

a. Katie Scorza

b. Keri Holbrook

D. Erving Paul Scorza

Sp: Sally Dirienzo

1. Carolyn Woldman

Sp2: Henry Woldman

a. Andrea Tymm

Sp: Jeffrey Tymm

1) Jeremy Tymm

2) Ashley Tymm

3) Christne Tymm

<p>2. Bonnie Curatolo Sp2: Paul Curatolo</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Kim Erfort b. Nicholas Curatolo <p>3. James Anthony Scorza (d)</p> <p>E. Elaine Florence (d)</p> <p>F. Janet Gleason</p> <p>Sp: Clare Gleason (d)</p> <p>1. Patricia Bitakis</p> <p>Sp: Nick Bitakis</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. James Bitakis <p>Sp: Faye Belga</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Amber Bitakis 2) Calvin Bitakis 3) Kayla Bitakis <ul style="list-style-type: none"> b. John Bitakis <p>Sp2: Lisa</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Reeve Bitakis <p>2. Richard Gleason</p> <p>Sp: Pat Montgomery</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Jenifer Stogdill <p>Sp: Jay Stogdill</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Amber Stogdill 2) Bethany Stogdill 3) Christine Stogdill <ul style="list-style-type: none"> b. Julianne Gleason c. Gregory Gleason d. Richard Gleason II <p>3. "Bill" Gleason (Clare Wilson Jr.)</p> <p>Sp: Carole Morse</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Douglas Gleason <p>Sp: Julie</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1) 2) 3) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> b. Heather Braun <p>sp: Justin Braun</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Tristan Braun 2) Logan Braun 3) 4) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> c. Alicia Gleason <p>4. Kathryn McGee</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Rameena Balderrama <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Monty Balderrama 2) Latasha Balderrama 3) Joshua Balderrama 4) Hanah Balderrama 5) Anthony Balderrama 6) Jered Balderrama <ul style="list-style-type: none"> b. Tammy Steffan <p>sp: Oliver Steffan</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> c. Raman Mooshabad <p>d. Sargon "Bobby" Mooshabad</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> e. Michael McGee f. Joseph McGee g. David McGee h. Stephen McGee i. Daniel McGee j. Christian McGee <p>5. Paul Gleason</p> <p>Sp: Cathy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Jonathan Gleason <p>6. Victor Gleason</p> <p>Sp: Karen Skidmore</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Michelle Lamay <p>Sp: Todd Lamay</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Amanda Lamay 2) ? 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> b. Matthew Gleason <p>Sp: Crystal</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Michael Gleason <ul style="list-style-type: none"> c. Michael Gleason <p>sp. Chrissy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Chrisitan Gleason <ul style="list-style-type: none"> d. Mark Gleason e. Morgan Gleason <p>sp. Kristi</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1) 2) 3) <p>7. Daniel Gleason</p> <p>Sp: Laurel Murphy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Jeremiah Gleason b. Joshua Gleason <p>8. Carole Somers</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Jason Somers <p>Sp: Dana</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> b. Justin Somers c. Shelly Johnson <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1) Gabrielle 2) name unknown Johnson <p>9. Ruth Gleason</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Jessica Oullis b. Vicky Smith c. Mandie Smith d. Ryan Johnson e. Cody Johnson f. Ashley Johnson <p>10. David Gleason</p> <p>Sp: Edith Davidson</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Justin Gleason b. Sarah Gleason c. Anna Gleason d. Angel Gleason
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11. John Gleason

Sp: Laura Kimball

- a. Courtney Gleason
- b. Ashley Gleason
- c. Anton Gleason
- d. Chelsea Gleason

12. Philip Gleason

Sp: Renee Babcock

- a. Krista Gleason
- b. Brandon Gleason

13. Lydia Stone

Sp: Lewis Stone

- a. Philip Stone
- b. Daniel Stone
- c. Valerie Stone
- d. Robert Stone
- e. Benjamin Stone

14. Matthew Gleason (d)

G. Lois Scorza (d)

H. Ruth Petersen

Sp2: Victor Petersen

1. Thomas Prenta

Sp: Mary Fogerty

- a. Isabelle Prenta

2. Jeffrey Prenta

Sp: Pam Johnson

- a. Brian Prenta

3. Timothy Prenta

Sp: Donna Hampton

- a. Scott Prenta
- b. Jeff Prenta
- c. Alex Prenta
- d. Laura Prenta

4. George Prenta II

- a. Jenna Prenta

- b. Justin Prenta

5. Roger Prenta

I. Bernice Bieber

Sp2: Alvin Bieber

- 1. Mark Bieber

Sp2: Kay

- a. Jason Bieber

- b. Allison Bieber

2. Kathleen Stobbe

Sp: Daniel Stobbe

- a. Dallas Stobbe
- b. Kenton Stobbe
- c. Keith Stobbe (d)
- d. Darcy Stobbe
- e. Kevin Stobbe
- f. Derek Stobbe (d)

3. Memorie Ramquist

Sp: Kent Ramquist

- a. Aaron Ramquist
- b. Nathan Ramquist
- c. Jeffrey Ramquist
- d. Sara Ramquist
- e. David Ramquist

4. Karen Heidebrink

Sp: Ken Heidebrink

- a. Jonathon Heidebrink

- b. Ben Heidebrink

5. Ruthie Woodbeck

Sp: Jamie Woodbeck

- a. Riley Woodbeck
- b. Jamie Woodbeck

Nicola & Teresa

II. Nicola Pasquale Scorza (d)

Sp: Teresa Zicaro (d)

A. Pheobe Scorza (d)

B. Samuel Dominic Scorza (d)

- 1. Pat Schafer

Sp: James Schafer

- a. Sally Mandes

Sp: David Mandes

- 1) Kyle Mandes
- 2) Adriene Mandes

- b. James Schafer

Sp: Christine Young

c. Laurie Murphy

Sp: John Murphy

- 1) Allison Murphy

d. Candice Urch

Sp: Brian Urch

- 1) Kathleen Urch

- 2) Ryan Urch

- 3) Melissa Urch

e. John Schafer

Sp: Mary McDivitt

- 1) Natalie Schafer

- 2) Jessica Schafer

- 3) Anabell Schafer

2. Barry Scorza

Sp3: Linda West

- a. Gregory Scorza

Sp: Christy

b. Carley Mitchell

Sp2: Chris Mitchell

- 1) Alisa McAninch

3. Terry Scorza (d)

Sp: Linda LaBelle

a. David Scorza

Sp: Katherine Miller

b. Jennifer Borden

Sp: Chris Borden

4. Darrin Scorza

Sp: Kim Harwell

a. Haley Scorza

C. Gertrude Manning

Sp: Fred Manning

1. Fred manning Jr.

2. Judy Ann Manning

D. David Peter Scorza (d)

Sp: Claudine Bakker

1. Nancy Dice

Sp: Larry Dice

a. Laurie Koogler

Sp: Richard Koogler

1) David Koogler

2) Daniel Koogler

3) Rebecca Koogler

b. Brian Dice

Sp: Margie Williams

2. Kenneth Scorza

Sp: Joanne Ziegler

a. Andrea Scorza

b. Scott Scorza

3. Larry David Scorza

XSp: Tandra Gribble

a. Michelle Crane

Sp. Andrew Crane

1) Grace

b. Mitchell Scorza

E. Paul Roy Scorza

Sp: Talma Norris

1. Pat Wendt

Sp: George Wendt

a. Chris Wendt

Sp: Veronica Denton

1) Maria Wendt

2) Rosemary Wendt

3) John Paul Wendt

4) Gregory Wendt

5) Theodore Wendt

b. Jennifer Wolf

Sp: Joseph Wolf

1) Joseph Wolf

2) Lucy Wolf

c. Steve Wendt

d. "Kay" Wendt

2. James Scorza

Sp: Lorraine Snider

a. Justin Scorza

b. Nathan Scorza

c. Whitney Scorza

F. Violet Collins

Sp: John Collins

1. Jonathan Collins

Sp: Sandra Rether

a. Benjanen Collins

b. Joshua Collins

c. David Collins

d. Christopher Collins

2. David Collins

Sp: Elizabeth Kroll

a. Matthew Collins

b. Jordan Collins

3. Rebecca McShea

a. Brandon McShea

b. Meghan McShea

c. Kilauren McShea

4. Mark Collins

Sp: Kathleen Couglin

a. Bryan Collins

b. Daniel Collins

c. William Collins

5. Paul Collins

Sp: Jill Ehmen

a. Violet Collins

b. Laura Collins

c. Charlotte Collins

6. Peter Collins

Sp: Melinda Carlson

a. John Collins

b. Kristin Collins

c. Andrew Collins

d. Spencer Collins

Joseph & Helena

III. Joseph Peter Scorza (d)

Sp: Helena Kopp (d)

A. Vera Lich

1. Jackie Greene

Sp: Joe Greene

a. Hank Greene

b. Dexter Greene

Sp: Cathy Baker

1) Joseph Greene

c. Ben Greene

d. Andy Greene (d)

Sp: Nancy

1) "Drew" Greene

e. Luke Greene

sp: Erin Flannigan

1) Madelyn Greene

2) Katherine Greene

f. Joy Greene

2. Judith Bruinius

Sp: Harold Bruinius

a. "Harry" Bruinius Jr.

b. Joshua Bruinius

Sp: Caraline Lovell

1) Noah Bruinius

2) Danny Bruinius

3) Luke Bruinius

4) Ella Bruinius

c. Vera Capotrio

Sp2: Michael Capotrio

1) Ryan Capotrio

d. Berniece Bruinius

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

Sp3: Husayn Al-Kurdi

a. Juliet Bond

Sp: Kevin Bond

1) Jacob Bond

2) Lilly Bond

3) Casey Bond

b. Leah Kintner

Sp: Chris Kintner

1) Jude Kintner

2) Sadie Kintner

6. Joyce Terpstra

a. Augustina 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) Chelsae

b. Daimon Scorza

3. John Scorza

Sp: Lisa Moran

a. Joseph

b. Tyler

C. Ann Plas

Sp2: Lee Plas

1. Robert Brouwers

Sp2: Andrea Lynn

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

Sp: Ralph Cayedito

a. Eron Cayedito

b. Simon Cayedito

c. Louis Cayedito

D. Edna Brooks

1. Wayne Hardcastle

a. Cherrie Yost

Sp: Douglas Yost

1) Ryan Yost

2) Kimberly Yost

2. Cheri Novisedlak

Sp: Todd Novisedlak

a. Eden Novisedlak

Families in Italy

IV. Maria Giuseppina Scorza (d)

V. Pietro Rosario Scorza (d)

Sp: Carmela Levato (d)

A. Guiseppina (d)

B. Elana Aberto

Sp: Nicola Alberto (d)

1. Carmine Alberto

Sp: Tina Bugnano

a. Cristina Alberto

2. Davide Alberto

Sp: Rosalba Ventura

a. Elana Polillo

Sp: Roberto Polillo

1) Jolanda

b. Francesca Alberto

3. Giulia Danizio

Sp: Rosario Danizio

a. Teresa Danizio

b. Srefania Danizio

4. Sergio Alberto

Sp: Lucia Taverna

a. Marilena Alberto

b. Nicola Alberto

C. Domenico Scorza (d)

Sp: "Margie" VanZande

1. Carol Panzi

a. Manuella Panzi

2. Valdo Scorza

Sp: Guiliana

a. Edoardo Scorza

D. Violetta Scorza

1. SimonPietro Marchese

E. Guiseppina "Ninnette" Fusalo

Sp: Alphonse Fusalo

1. Luca Fusalo

2. Flavio Fusalo

VI. Maria Giuseppina Parrotta (d)

Sp: Stefano Parrotta (d)

A. Caterina Lia

Sp: Gaetano Lia

1. Salvatore Lia

Sp2: Anna

a. Gaetano Lia

b. Michele Lia

c. Davide Lia

2. Maria Gentile

Sp: Paolo Gentile

a. Anna Gentile

b. Sebastian Gentile

3. Ormello

Sp: Lorenzo

B. Alba Alberto

Sp: Luciano Alberto

1. Nicola Alberto

Sp: Francesca

2. Pietro Alberto

3. Carmela Alberto

C. Dominic Parrotta

Sp: Maria Veraldi

1. Stephano Parrotta

2. Marco Parrotta

VII. Carmela Levato (d)

Sp: Pasquale Levato (d)

A. Dominic Levato (d)

B. Gueseppe Levato (d)

Sp: Carmelina Prosdociano

1. Guiseppina Dardano

Sp: Carmine Dardano

a. Emanuela Dardano

b. Tiziana Elia

Sp: Gianluca Elia

1) Ivan Elia

2. Pasquale Levato

Sp: Vittoria Mascarò

a. Sabria Levato

b. Guiseppina Levato

c. Catia Levato

3. Lidia Zicchinella

Sp: Domenico Zicchinella

a. Anna Teti

Sp: Agostino Teti

1) Gabriel

b. Josefatta Zicchinella

c. Davide Zicchinella

C. Arnaldo Levato (d)

Sp: Rosina Olivo

1. Samuele Levato

Sp: Anna Centola

a. Arnaldo Levato

b. Federica Arnaldo

Sp: Samuele Arnaldo

2. Domenico Levato

Sp: Maria Battaglia

a. Arnaldo Levato

b. Solongue Levato

3. Lucia Bianchi

Sp: Vincenzo Bianchi

- a. Ernesta Bianchi
- b. Lorenzo Bianchi

4. Carmella Critelli

Sp: Maurizio Critelli

- a.
- b.

VIII. Ernesto Tomasso Scorza (d)

Sp: Angelina Canino (d)

A. Dominico Scorza (d)

B. Dario Scorza

Sp: Anna Maria Citriniti

1. Patrizia Galati

Sp: Giovani Galati

- a. Emanuele "Manuel" Galati
- b. Davide Galati
- c. Aurora Galati

IX. Frank Scorza (d)

Sp: Rosalie Tedeschi

Family Chronicles 1

La Famiglia cara, ho scritto quest'articolo per Violetta Scorza Marchese e l'edizione nuova delle Cronache di Famiglia nella memoria di SimonPietro Marchese. Richiedo che Teresa o Domenico o Margie traducono questo nell'italiano per Violetta e le cronache. Il mio cuore è con voi tutti che ha saputo e mancherà nostro vero fratello.

L'amore e le preghiere,

5-8-04

The Death of A True Brother: In Memory of SimonPietro Marchese

For Violetta Scorza

By June Terpstra



The apostle SimonPeter was known to have healed a man over 40 years of age who had been crippled from birth with but the words, "Silver and Gold I do not have, but what I have I give to you."

As I write this article the funeral of my dear cousin, SimonPietro Marchese, son of Violetta Scorza Marchese is occurring in Milano, Italy, where he served as pastor for Waldensian churches. I first met SimonPietro in the summer of 2001 on a research journey I took to Italy. I was seeking my Italian roots in as many ways possible: by visiting the land where my mother was born, by participating in a research project in Rome about so called Italian school "reform" efforts, by participating in the

counter-summit and protests in Genoa with over 200,000 people who were taking a stand against the policies of injustice and greed of the G-8, and most important of all, by meeting my family in Italy (the descendents of Dominico and Josepina Scorza).

It was through Dario Scorza that I learned that I had family in Rome. A Waldensian seminary student from the same seminary my grandfather had attended, named Christina, phoned me in my first week in Rome and invited me to a dinner at SimonPietro Marchese's pastoral home with his mother, Violetta Scorza Marchese, and partner Miriam Englese. Christine, a dear friend was agreeing to accompany us throughout the evening as interpreter because my Italian was elementary and the family in Rome does not speak English. I was very excited to be in Rome meeting family. It was a dream comes true.

SimonPietro, Miriam and Christina picked me up outside of the University where I was housed for the Rome research project. We were all in a pitched state of energy and enthusiasm to meet each other. Immediately, SimonPietro asked me what I was doing in Rome and I explained my quests for family history and social justice. Everyone in the car got very excited when we realized we all attending the protests the following week in Genoa because it meant we had some strongly shared values about oppression and exploitation of the world's people and the planet. From that point on we discussed family and politics throughout the evening.

I fell in love with my family that first night in Rome. I was provided the first of many Scorza gourmets home cooked meals. This one was a four course meal cooked by Violetta. That night we shared family photos and stories, took a trip to a debate between Waldentians and academics in the Castle D'angelo park, and of course, engaged in our own vibrant theological and political discussions that are so passionately required in Italy in the same way they are dispassionately disavowed in the USA. I noticed immediately that SimonPietro, as busy pastor to 2 churches in Rome, was on his cellular phone a lot during the course of the evening with calls from parishoners in need. My first impressions of him were that he was a thoughtful, well educated, life-loving man who was much respected and needed in his Christian based community. After that evening, SimonPietro and Miriam and I agreed to meet up at the protests in Genoa the following week.

During that evening with family in Rome I had laid out my itinerary for my summer in Italy. Unbeknownst to me, SimonPietro joined Dario

and Dominico and began working behind the scenes to ensure that I would meet with and stay with family everywhere I went throughout Italy. He became my true, loving and protective brother.



Dominico Scorza met me at the train station in Genoa. Later in the day he showed me the bus system and walked me to the organizational and media headquarters for the Anti-G-8 summit. I was welcomed lovingly during my week in Genoa by cousins Dominico and Margie Scorza who housed, fed me wonderful meals cooked by chef Dominico, and discussed family, politics and religion with me while I attended the organizational meetings, protests and worked with the Italian Independent Media in Genoa. I believe this was also the last time Dominico, Margie and Waldo saw SimonPietro when he came to visit them at their home during the protests.

SimonPietro and Miriam and I met up for a meal before the Friday night protests which were for increased justice and human rights for migrants across the world. Slowly, my knowledge of Italian was increasing enough that we could debate the issues of pacifism and direct action as methods for social justice and social change. We were on the same side of the battles for justice, only we disagreed on tactics. But arguing with SimonPietro was all good as they say in the USA or *Va bene* in Italian!

As most Italians know and most Americans do not know because the corporate news in the USA censors news about world protests both here and abroad, the protests in Genoa were very violent for many reasons which I will not review here. It was a war zone and for a time, I was stuck in the Diaz School with other journalists and had no information about SimonPietro and Miriam's safety until later when I was able to reach Dominico and Margie for news. However, by the time I took the train out of Genoa, there was SimonPietro, waiting to escort me back for a stay at his house. The next day he accompanied me to pick up my rental car to

make sure I did not get overcharged or lost. On the train ride to pick up the rental car he informed me that he just happened to have business to attend to in San Pietro, Calabria and would like to drive me there in my rental car and then take the train back to Rome.

Please understand that this very busy pastor of two churches dropped everything for several days to accompany me from Rome to Calabria and show me the country of my great grandparents and cousins. I was so overwhelmed with love for his generosity, not to mention that we were kindred spirits with a love for politics, the oppressed peoples of the world, good food and fun which would mean a very wonderful trip indeed! We took 2 dictionaries and favorite music tapes on that trip and sang, talked and laughed all the way from Rome to Calabria. Sharing music in the car, I came to love the Italian folk singer, Fabrizio D'Andre and I was able to give a gift of music to SimonPietro of the musical group from Naples, Spaconapoli. We both knew the words to Va Pensiero and sang that together!

While in San Pietro, SimonPietro drove me up and down the mountain so that I would know how to get around and how to get to the train station later in the week when I would meet Dario Scorza and follow him to their summer home for a visit. SimonPietro thought of everything and so did his mother, Violetta. In a matter of 2 hours, she made me a summer dress and him a pair of pants to wear for visiting family in San Pietro! Brava! He took me to relative's homes to visit with many but one great matriarch whom I came to love immediately I was able to visit two times in my stay there. He showed me the family cemetery and gave me more of my ancestral history for which I am eternally grateful. He was the embodiment of good sharing, walking, talking, driving, singing, eating, love for life and I am a better person to have known him.

Later, I returned to Rome (this time driving alone) from a blessed stay with Violetta in San Pietro, and Dario and family on the Sea in Calabria, where I was scheduled to stay with SimonPietro and Miriam for the end of my journey that summer in Italy. Needless to say, I got lost trying to find the apartment house where they live with other Waldentians. Never the less, when I called SimonPietro, told him where I was (near the Coliseum), he met me and led me back to his house. It was during this part of my stay in Rome that I got to see SimonPietro in action as a pastor. By this time my Italian had improved quite a bit so I could actually understand most of his Sunday sermon which was one of love and

liberation. What a gift to sit in that church and sing hymns in Italian with Miriam and see SimonPietro in his own unique version of the pastoring role that he inherited from so many Scorza ancestors. He reminded me of my grandpa Joseph Scorza; the epitome of goodness and mercy, love and service on his own terms.

That August Sunday in Rome was a very hot day and like so many Italians, SimonPietro and Miriam had no fans or air conditioners, so I talked SimonPietro into commandeering a fan from the church. He did this with hesitation, maybe he thought I was being a baby about the heat, but later that day with that big fan blowing over the kitchen, he remarked laughingly, that borrowing the fan had been a great idea! For the rest of that hot week, SimonPietro and Miriam and I began to talk on another more personal and in-depth level about our lives. I came to know and love them both even more. I adored SimonPietro and called him brother, fratello. They also showed me more of Rome and we had such fun sightseeing together. It was not until our last night together that SimonPietro finally, after much protest, allowed me to pay for a meal. Throughout my whole trip the generosity of the Scorza relatives was overwhelmingly gracious and a great gift to me, as someone on a very strict budget at the time. Any Italian Scorza wishing to visit the USA while I live here is welcome in my home and to my soild Italo-Americano cooking.



My last morning in Rome I sat at SimonPietro's kitchen table and wept to be leaving Italy and him, with whom I felt so deeply connected. At the time, we made plans for my return the next summer to complete the writing of my dissertation in Italy. I never for a moment believed that I would never see him again. For many good reasons I have been unable to return to Italy as expected. I deeply regret that I was not able to return the summer of 2002 to spend more time with my brother cousin,

SimonPietro Marchese. We had many talks about liberation theology which we both hold dear and to which he attributed as the main foundational base for which he could be a Christian and a pastor.

My own faith has deepened knowing him and with our talks over the past two years both in person and on the internet. His example of goodness and his fight for justice will always be a light to guide me in my life. The world was a better place for me knowing that SimonPietro was in it. He will always be loved.

RESCUE AT SEA

By Erving Scorza



NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN OFF THE BAY OF FUNDY
OFFICIAL REPORT FILED.Saturday 1 AM April, 1945

Debriefing report of crew:

The mission to intercept two destroyers attacking a submarine was assigned to Crew # 10. The ready state of plane and crew had been established by the priorities of the squadron commander. It was their turn to respond to the call for assistance. Preparations began at once, and included, topping off tanks, weather report, munitions readied, and crew alerted and prepared Crew #10 was the READY CREW on DUTY that day.

The aircraft: Vega Ventura, (PV-1) A twin engine landbased patrol plane, with two naval officers (Patrol Plane Commander and CoPilot/Navigator) and 3 enlisted men: radioman, gunner (Turret Machine guns), and plane mechanic/ gunner (Machine guns in tail) The Pilot fired the machine guns mounted in the nose of the place. He also fired the rockets (armour piercing) mounted under the wings.

The bomb bay carried two 500 pound torpex depth charges set to explode at depth 300 feet and blow everything up and out. The plane could inflict a fatal blow to a submarine under the right conditions. Fuel for (theoretically) 8 hours was carried, but fully loaded for battle the fuel supply was never tested. The PILOT was the key man. He was in charge. He flew the plane, bombed the sub, brought the plane back.

The call came in to the base at 8 PM on that Saturday night. Contact two destroyers engaging a part of a German Submarine Pack and give assistance, their location is -- and so on. The crew assembled and the plane took off to rendezvous with the destroyers. The radioman tried to contact the ships without success. Darkness set in and it began to rain. Lightning flashed all about. Radio signals beamed from shore were difficult to hear. Radio direction navigation was impossible because of the storm. Frantic efforts were made to steady as she goes, but it only got worse. The wind direction could not be determined by reading the ocean surface in the storm. The radio went dead. There was no visibility. The navigator was lost -- no stars to help determine direction, no radio signals on which to home in, no answers from base or ships -- all the while the plane flew further and further from shore on an uncertain heading. It became obvious that the lightning had disabled the radio, and could not transmit or receive. The inability to contact anyone, or detect signals from known stations, made the situation immanently perilous. The plane had been flying for about four hours --the midway point in fuel with the need to return home. Roughly estimating distance flown was useless. The best thing to do was to immediately return to the coast. To extend time in the air, all extra weights were thrown out. Out went the ammunition, down went the depth charges (not armed), and off went the rockets. The men stood behind the pilot's seat for easy communication. The course was due west toward the Maine coast, we hoped. The war-time blackout was in effect and it was not possible to see ground lights. Nevertheless, the plane sighted land for the storm had passed and turbulence was reduced.

As we approached the coast, the big question was "Were we north of our base or South? If we guessed wrong, it would be doubtful that our fuel would hold out to search in the opposite direction.

Do we turn North or South?

The reports of Navigator and Radioman:

Navigator/copilot, "I am unable to get any bearings on our position. I cannot tell which way the winds are blowing us. The further out we fly the more we are being blown off course. Our Dead-Reckoning positions are unreliable."

Radioman: "The radio is affected by the lightning, what noise heard is unintelligible. Our transmissions are not answered."

The Pilot's Testimony:

"A series of unfortunate happenings engulfed our plane. The preflight weather sheet did not report any severe rain storm. The weather deteriorated the further out we flew. A bolt of lightning flashed nearby. The radio went dead. Contact with the surface was not possible. We could not determine wind direction. Within a few minutes, we were lost. The mission is scrubbed. Get home safely, our first priority. Lighten the plane to conserve fuel by throwing everything heavy overboard. Reverse course and return to the coast. Finally, we sighted the coast. Which way was our field? Turn to the right or to the left? I kept saying, "O God, help us. Father, be our guide. Lord, bless your servant.' As we crossed onto the land, I felt confident that we should make a left turn and head south. As soon as the thought came in my head, I felt the control wheel moving beneath my hands. The plane turned south and in ten minutes we saw the small beacon of our field. I credit our safe return to God. We thanked him, and kissed the ground."

Family Chronicles 2

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.

Family Chronicles 3

LIFE BY FAITH



By Phyllis Scorza Hansen-Taylor

Chicago, desiring a warmer climate, I wanted to move to a warm climate; especially after being stuck in a blizzard on the way home from work which was only a ten-minute drive from home. And, after nine hours, during which I trudged to a farmhouse for refuge and then a friend rescued me, we arrived at my home on his snow mobile. As I was the only family member to arrive home at all that night, I arrived at 1:00 AM to find the front storm door locked. Then, I had to dig in a mountain of snow to open the back yard gate and attempt to locate the hidden key for the back door to let me in to our house. It was my decision to move to a warmer climate even if I had to go alone! After all, I was an Italian and my ancestors lived in a warm climate. Thus, it was inherent for me to live in a warm climate! So, we prayed to see if God wanted us to sell and move. The first person who looked at our house bought it.

At the time I was working for Continental airlines and I put in for a transfer. Most employees could not get a transfer to a warm climate location, but I immediately got a transfer to DFW (Dallas Ft. Worth, TX airport). Maybe that was because the airline was going to close that operation eventually, and the job was for 6 hours instead of 8 hours a day. At any rate, I was thrilled with the idea of not shoveling snow anymore. In the last six months I had just been stuck in a

blizzard (in April 1979), and driven thru a flash flood (in May of '79) to get home at the end of my workday. (We had a moving/garage sale and sold our snow shovel. (Oh Happy Day!))

Now it was June, and I had to start my job at DFW. My husband and I were staying in a motel while I worked and we looked around for a house. He found us a house and the price and location seemed good, but for some unknown reason, I was not crazy about it. To this day I remember telling the Lord that I was willing to live there, and if it was not His will, I asked him to put his hand in and stop the deal. As I sat there praying, it was as if I were watching a movie or TV show. The whole deal fell apart before my eyes. God spoke! Thrilling, but now it was back to the drawing board.

Since my husband had talked to someone about a business venture, and it was going to be in Denton, TX he drove me out there. Now I was raised in Chicago, and I considered myself a city slicker. The big city and all it has to offer, is exciting to me. Dallas would be fine, but a small town! Basically I was not willing to live out there. So, God had to do an attitude adjustment on me.

My husband drove us to the nearest real estate office and the Realtor drove us through a lovely neighborhood and showed us houses. We drove up in front of what I called a one story (with dormers) southern mansion, set in the woods in a lovely neighborhood with small hills and winding streets. Since I had always wanted to be a Southern Belle, this was my dream house. When we walked out of the house my husband said, "What do you think about this one?" "I love it! And, I want it!" was my reply! He was shocked, thought it was a mess, and needed a lot of work inside and out, plus he did not like the asking price. We decided to pray, think more about the house, and keep looking. The Realtor was in the car when we had this discussion. When we left the Realtor at the end of our tour, she in passing asked us our phone number. We did not know the motel number so I gave her the unpublished number for the ticket counter. The public

never used that phone; employees within the company only used it!

That night the situation was hanging heavy on us. We had to have a place to live and get out of our house in Illinois in two weeks. We prayed about it. That night I had a dream. In the dream I got a phone call at work and the voice told me "the house is yours!" That morning I told my husband about the strange dream. We chuckled (neither of us believed in dreams) plus we could not even agree on a house. We had not made an offer on any house. But, maybe God was giving us the assurance that He would take care of us.

My husband went out to look around, and I went off to work. Sometime during the course of the day the phone rang on the ticket counter. Since I was the only one there, I answered it. The lady on the phone said, "Phyllis, the house is yours." That sentence was a shock to me. But, when I got my senses back, I asked, "Who is this?" It was the Realtor from the day before, who showed us the house I liked. Then I reminded her that we had not made an offer on any house. Plus, my husband really did not like the only house I liked. She explained that the owner saw us talking as we stood on his sidewalk. He told her he wanted to sell the house to us. He would be agreeable to our best offer.

Now, remember the dream? We had not even made an offer! My husband did not even want that house! Being in a state of surprise I told the Realtor we would call her back. Then, almost immediately after that phone call, my husband phoned me. My question to him was why he phoned me. He had been out driving around trying to figure out what to do. When I told him what had just happened he was silent. We agreed God was giving us that house.

So, we bought the house, phoned a moving company and had them pack up our household and move us down south. My husband flew home to get our children and drive another car to our new home. Next we had to trust God for a job for my husband. We had to trust God for a good adjustment, including friends for our children. When all was in order, I asked God for a friend. About a day or two later a neighbor

rang my doorbell, introduced herself, invited me to a Bible study at her house, which was two doors down from us. She became, and still is, a dear friend. God had given me my hearts desires! We now lived in a warm climate, and after some redecorating and landscaping, had a house we loved. God is good, and it is good for us to look back at our lives and remember how God has taken care of us.

Family Chronicles 4

A Synopsis of: A Miracle New Testament; Story of the Italian Gospel Association

by: Anton Scorza



During the latter part of the nineteenth century around 1890, the Kingdom of Italy was beginning to form. Before this time the peninsula that we now call Italy was just a loose federation of regions under the strong influence of the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman church was angry because they had just lost control of Rome and much of their land and they did not want to recognize an Italian republic.

The northern regions of Italy were becoming industrialized and wealthier than the agricultural southern regions. Nevertheless, all of Italy was suffering from high taxes and poverty. It was during this period, that Dominico Vincenzo Scorza and his brother-in-law, Tomaso Levato; decided to sail to America to find enough work to provide for their growing families who lived in the most southern part of Italy – Calabria.

While her husband was in the United States, Dominico's wife, Giuseppina, was left to care for their three sons; Antonio, Nicola and Giuseppe for six long years. She was becoming exasperated with the long wait when she went to the local priest for comfort. She sent her oldest son, Anton, to the priest to become an altar boy. Anton was only eleven years old and he was impressed with a Latin chant that stated, "Lord, I thank thee for the light of the Gospel." When he asked the priest where the gospel was, the priest told Anton that it was in the New Testament; but, he was not allowed to read it.

Some years later after the turn of the century around 1902, Anton's father Dominico took him to the United States on a subsequent journey. He set out again to find enough work to provide for his family who had grown by four; although their first daughter, Maria, died within one year. It was Dominico's dream to bring all of his family to the United States and he gave this vision to his three oldest sons. Although Anton worked alongside his father in the United States wherever they could find employment, when Dominico returned to Italy, he left Anton in Chicago with his uncle Tomaso Levato.

One day Anton met a man named Rosario Procopio on State and Madison Streets in Chicago. Rosario gave Anton a ten cent copy of a New Testament and invited him to a Bible study at his home where Anton was taught to memorize the Scriptures. Here Anton remembered his desire to know the "Light of the Gospel" and he remembered the priest in his village chanting the song in Latin. Anton became overwhelmed with this new knowledge and he wanted everyone in his village in San Pietro to have the New Testament Scriptures and to know the "Light of the Gospel." He began to save his money from the candy factory where he worked, to return to Italy and bring copies of the New Testament to everyone in his village.

The local priest in San Pietro burned all but three of the New Testament Bibles that Anton brought back with him. However, the message had been delivered and many were eager to know about salvation through faith in Jesus Christ instead of the rituals that did not satisfy their souls.

When Anton returned to Chicago, he began studying at Moody Bible Institute and soon became able to minister and evangelize. His heart was to reach Italian immigrants in the Chicago area. He established a church in Chicago Heights, Illinois and there he met his wife, Emilia Gardella. Under the direction of the Moody group, an Italian mission effort was also established in downtown Chicago with evangelistic meetings, written pamphlets and radio broadcasts; all in the Italian language. Although the mission suffered much vandalism and hatred from some of the violent people in the neighborhood, the chief of police commended them. He said they were responsible for reducing crime that had been so prevalent in that area through the preaching of the Gospel.

Although Anton, Nicola and Joseph (Giuseppe) were able to immigrate to the United States, Dominico was not able to bring his wife

and his other five children to the United States because of the First and Second World Wars. However, the brothers were able to establish a small mission group in San Pietro through the work of Anton's brother Joseph. Joseph returned to Italy after the First World War with his new bride, Helena Kopp Scorza, a farm girl from Kansas of German decent. Joseph was able to pastor in a Methodist church in Naples, Italy and do other evangelistic work for ten years between the First and Second World Wars. Joseph had to leave Italy when Mussolini came into power. The Scorza family members who remained in Italy suffered great privations during both World Wars. The three brothers helped the family survive during those difficult times.

Later, Anton widened his ministry to evangelize in many European countries; but, his heart was for the Italian people. In 1941, he established the Italian Gospel Association and from there he ministered to many Italian POW's who were in the United States after World War II.

When the Second World War ended, the side of the Scorza family who had remained in Italy and others in their village were extremely grateful when the Allies came into Catanzaro and liberated them. However, when the Allies demanded that the mission groups point out their enemies; they stated that they could not because they were commanded to love their enemies. This act of faith led to many more conversions to the little mission groups.

Finally in 1947, Anton's desire to return to Italy was realized and he was able to evangelize in his home town in San Pietro and many other places in Italy. In the province of Catanzaro, near his families' village, many came to hear his message. At that time there was an insurgence of communists in Italy who were trying to change the government. However, many communists who heard the gospel of Jesus Christ stated that they preferred the pure Gospel to the communist doctrine. A revival occurred with the establishment of new evangelical congregations all over Italy. The Italian government accused the evangelicals of collaborating with the communists and tried to confiscate their property. Although the Catholic Church in Italy was bitterly opposed to the evangelicals, some priests converted to the evangelical faith and helped with the establishment of many congregations.

The work was now flourishing in Italy and several of Anton's brothers, the ones who had remained in Italy with their father, Ernest, Peter, Frank and brother-in-law Stefano Parrotta, continued to minister

and evangelize. They brought the New Testament, the whole Bible and other literature in the Italian language to the common people which was forbidden by the Catholic Church. They endured persecution from many and were imprisoned and threatened unless they recanted their faith. The Scorza brothers and others have been successful bringing the Gospel to the Italian people. The brothers' desire was to bring salvation to their family and in doing so they were sowing seeds in many places. This effort has proved fruitful through several generations.

God's Protection

By Phyllis Scorza Hansen-Taylor

While the move to Texas was miraculous and proved interesting, the climate in the Dallas/Ft. Worth, Texas area turned out to be very hot. The year 1979 was a year that I will not forget, because I made the change from the worst winter in recorded history in Chicago to the longest heat wave in recorded history in Texas. That summer we were experiencing unprecedented heat. It was 113 degrees for about 20 days. Soon, tee-shirt vendors were selling shirts with this saying: I survived the summer of 79.

Every morning I got out of bed at 3:30 AM to go to my job at Continental Airlines. I would open the ticket counter for the arrival of the 5:30 AM flight. Part of my route home was on a major interstate highway, which went from the south Dallas, Texas area to the north Denton, Texas area where our new home was located. To the west of the highway was the airport including the tower.

One beautiful morning in early fall, I was happily driving home, listening to music on the radio while heading north on Highway I-35. It dawned on me that I had the highway all to myself and the landscape looked like open space for miles. Suddenly, I saw what looked like a dust cloud over to the left of the highway. As I got nearer, it looked like a pillar swirling around from the earth to the sky. It occurred to me that the pillar was traveling east and would eventually cross the highway near me. I asked myself if this was a tornado. I had never seen a tornado but if this were in

fact a tornado why hadn't the airport seen it and reported it on the radio. As I was processing all of these things in my mind, I wondered what I should do. I remembered hearing somewhere that you should go to the right of the tornado to avoid it. I began to think I could not get off the road and or turn around and go back. The exits were spaced far apart and by the time I got to an exit the storm would have hit me. There were no other cars on the road in either direction; it was so quiet and eerie. The sky soon turned from sunny to green; so, I began to pray for wisdom and safety.

I began to think reasonably that I could not beat the tornado and it was not possible for me to go to its right; so, I should slow my speed and let it pass in front of me. As I slowed down to a crawl, I thought about turning around and going south in the northbound lane. After all, I appeared to be the only one on the highway.

Finally, I heard an emergency notice on the radio warning that the airport tower had spotted a tornado heading east, crossing I-35. They confirmed what I already knew. Take cover they advised.

Next, the day became like dusk, very dark, most likely from the dust. I had almost stopped on the highway when the tornado passed in front of me about the distance of a block. I was amazed at the quiet because I had expected the sound of a loud train. Then, a terrible rain storm came down upon my car. I continued to move slowly at a crawl because I was still not sure of what to do. All I could think was that I wanted to go home where I could feel safe. I kept moving and passed through the storm and into a normal rain. Then the rain stopped. When I reached my town and my neighborhood; it was completely dry.

I drove into my garage but my hands were still glued to the steering wheel. I slumped my head, cried and began to thank God! He had seen me through it all. I began to think about the word of God and how He promises to "never us or forsake us." I knew He was with me throughout this experience.

When I was through crying and thanking God for his protection, I went into the kitchen. My family could tell that I was shaken and I told them that I had just driven through a tornado. They were surprised because it had not rained there at all. Later, the tornado was reported on the television news and my family rejoiced with me for God's gracious protection during the storms of 1979.

Family Chronicles 5

pictures and news

new babies

 <p>Aurora born to Giovani Galati family in Catanzaro, Italy, June 16, 03</p>	 <p>Ella Louise born to Joshua and Cara Bruinius in IL, November 21, 04</p>	<p>UF welcomes first baby born in</p>  <p>Ocean Li born to Ronnie and Shuman Bruinius in Florida, January 1, 05</p>
 <p>Welcome Katherine Bridget, daughter of Luke and Erin Greene, March 7, 05</p>	 <p>Welcome Michael Ryan, son of Michael and Vera Capotrio, March 28, 05</p>	 <p>Welcome Andrew Ellis, son of Andy and Nancy Greene, April 16, 05</p>



Beth and Mark Anderson have twins, Reagan Elizabeth and Evan Mark, May 10, 05



Greetings from Ruth and Vic Petersen and the Prenta families in Illinois



Congratulations June Terpstra, Doctor of Philosophy - Educational Research Methodology, Loyola University

At Rome in Paul's Footsteps



A summary of Frank Scorza's Book

Frank Scorza was the ninth child born to Domenico and Giuseppina Scorza. He became a tireless evangelist in Italy and later in the United States, ministering to Italian POWs and as many of his countrymen that he could reach for the Gospel.

The year Anton Scorza came home after his conversion to Christ in the USA, his parents, Domenico and Giuseppina Scorza, had their ninth baby, a boy named Ferdinand. He was born on Friday the 13th of March but the family put March 12 on his birth certificate, because they were superstitious about Friday the 13th. During this time, Anton brought a suitcase full of Bibles written in the Italian language, which were provided to him by his Bible study class in Chicago.

Anton stopped and bought meat for the family and brought it into the house on that Friday. He no longer believed in the rule that the Catholic Church imposed on its membership of not eating meat on Friday. He gave the meat to Maria who was making soup. Little Ernesto, who was three years old, wanted to eat the meat and ran into the kitchen and burned himself trying to get at the meat in the soup. Giuseppina attributed the accident of the burns on Ernesto's hand to the sacrilege Anton committed by bringing the meat into the house on Friday.

Soon, Anton and his parents were at odds. Anton began quoting scriptures that argued against the Catholic traditions that the family held so dear. Domenico took the Bibles to the priest and burned them in front of the village church. Nicolas and Giuseppe, Anton's brothers, believed in his doctrine and asked Anton to send for them and bring them to the USA. Nicolas was 17 and Anton could get early immigration for him because of his family ties in the USA.

Three months later, after Anton had returned to the USA, baby Ferdinand became deathly ill. Giuseppina prayed to the statue of Saint Francis and credited Ferdinand's recovery to the prayers said to the Saint. She then renamed Ferdinand, Francis Ferdinand and dedicated him to Saint Francis of Assisi.

Anton sent for Nicola and he too became converted to Protestantism in the USA. Because Nicola was not yet accustomed to the English language, he learned Christian teachings at an Italian Pentecostal Church on the near north side of Chicago where the preaching was in the Italian language. Soon, Nicolas was also burdened to bring the Bible back to his family in Italy as Anton had. So, Nicola took a suitcase full of Bibles to the family in San Pietro.

Nicola was ill when he returned home in Italy; he caught a lung disease on the ship. He presented the family with some of his new ideas but father, Domenico, was angry and hit Nicolas in the face. Domenico was concerned that the family would be ostracized if they had Bibles again.

One day, while everyone was busy, Nicolas was reading about how God despised idolatry; so, Nicolas took the statue of Saint Francis that his parents had prominently displayed and threw it out the window. When Domenico came home the younger children told their father about the statue. Domenico again began to hit Nicolas but Giuseppina intervened. All but three of the Bibles were again burned; but, Giuseppina hid a copy and secretly began to read it. Nicolas returned to the USA and agreed to send for Giuseppe (Joseph) who was now 17. Francis (Frank) Ferdinand was 3 years old.

Anton and Nicola promptly sent for Giuseppe; and Joseph (his American name) went to Moody Bible Institute and became a singing evangelist. After several years, Joseph was also burdened for the salvation of his family in Italy and decided to return. This time, however, he did not bring a suitcase full of Bibles. Instead, Joseph was full of the Gospel music that he had learned on his evangelistic campaigns and came home with joyful choruses. The family was intrigued with his music and Joseph led his mother, Giuseppina to the new Faith. Giuseppina became changed and began to witness to everyone about her conversion. She prayed earnestly that her husband and all of her children would accept Jesus as Savior. Because the Scorza home in Italy drastically changed their religious concepts and practices, the village people and the priest despised them.

After five years in Italy, Giuseppe (Joseph) returned to the USA to marry a farm girl from Kansas, who he met on one of his evangelistic campaigns in the USA. They had been corresponding for many years. Then, WW I caused much upheaval and suffering in Italy and the Scorza family depended on help from the three sons in the USA to survive. Joseph returned to Italy after the war and ministered in a Methodist Church in Naples, Italy with his new bride, Helena. The couple also started a small congregation in San Pietro which consisted of the Domenico Scorza family and a few other converts from the village. This time, Giuseppina's prayers were answered and even Domenico accepted the Lord Jesus as Savior. Domenico's heart had softened greatly since the war occurred and he no longer feared the retribution of the village priest. Francis Ferdinand (Frank) was 18 and Giuseppina's youngest son when she pleaded with him to accept the Lord. Frank had a vision of the Savior, who came down

from the cross to touch him. From then on, all things changed in Frank's life.

Frank went to Rome to enter a military school, because the public schools were controlled by the Catholic Church. The military schools did not have priests and nuns as teachers. Frank began to witness to his teachers and fellow students. After one of Frank's officer-teacher was converted and secretly baptized, Frank began his ministry in and around Rome. Frank went to remote places in the mountains and villages, and even was threatened by men of the "Black Hand," the outlaws in the area. Miraculously, even the leader of the Black Hand and a priest was converted and many others were won to believe in Faith in Jesus. Many small evangelical groups were established despite danger and persecution. Adult baptism was conducted in secret places.

In 1929, Mussolini came to power and joined forces with the Catholic Church or Popery as Frank describes it; a despotism that confuses Christianity with religious control. Together, Mussolini and Popery outlawed all Protestant Churches and evangelical activity. Giuseppe (Joseph), who had been ministering in Naples, took his family who had grown by three children back to the USA because of the new regime. Frank continued his evangelical efforts but was summoned to the Chief of Police and ordered to sign a decree that said he was a fascist. Frank refused to sign the decree and gave his arguments to the police. He said he just wanted to preach the Gospel.

Frank's mother, Giuseppina, was living with him in Rome in a home that the family bought for Frank. His father had died in 1920. When the police came for Frank in 1935, Frank's mother began to earnestly pray for his safety. Frank went to a farm near Naples to conduct evangelistic services and then to a town called San Martino. The police came into his church service and arrested him and some of the church members with him. They were brought to a prison where Frank ministered to the inmates and his companions. For eight days, Frank preached and prayed with the men in the prison and even the chief guard was converted through the prayers and meetings that were held in the prison. Frank taught the prison guard the story in the Bible about the Apostle Paul, who was singing and praying in a prison and he led the jailor to the Lord after an earth quake opened

the prison doors. Then, the man who had taken Frank in a wagon to the meeting in San Martino brought them food. Everyone was rejoicing after they were released from the prison. Not only were they happy to be free but they were happy to have had such sweet communion with the many who were touched by the Spirit of the Lord through this imprisonment. They truly felt blessed to have suffered for the Lord as the Apostle Paul suffered.

Frank went with a man, who was chauffer to a Russian princess, to his home town of Trivento. Although Frank had been ordered by the police not to leave Rome, the chauffer urged Frank to help win his family and friends for the Lord. After a few weeks of soul-winning services in Trivento, the police again came to the home where Frank was staying and took him and his companions to prison. This time Frank was put in solitary confinement and told he was not allowed to speak or they would cut out his tongue. Frank was again presented with a document and ordered to sign it. When Frank refused, he was sent to solitary confinement for several more weeks. He and his companions were brought before a local judge, fined and sentenced. An evangelical lawyer took their case and appealed to a higher court. This lawyer won their case by quoting scripture to the judge and they were released.

Next, the police came to Frank one Wednesday and told him the church was not allowed to hold their mid-week services anymore. So, the elders of the church went to the bus stop to catch the people who were coming to the church and diverted the meetings to four different homes. In order to have youth meetings and baptisms, the groups were meeting in caves to evade the police. At one such meeting in a cave, where the worshippers were tied together so they wouldn't get lost in the dark cave, the police followed and again arrested Frank and some of his companions. They were released after three days because the police saw that the evangelicals were adding more converts to their group by preaching to the inmates. Finally, the court decided to confiscate Frank's home. He was fined an amount of money that he could not pay and accused of being an English spy. Frank worked for weeks trying to reverse this decision by demanding proof for their accusations. When Frank realized the authorities would not relent, he found he was about to be sent to a concentration camp. Several of Frank's relatives had already been sent to

the camps for holding Sunday services. One by one, people everywhere were being rounded up and sent to the camps. Frank's mother, Giuseppina, was again fervently praying. Frank fell on his knees and prayed to God to be sent out of Italy. Then he went to the Foreign Minister and gave his testimony and his desire to preach the Gospel. The Foreign Minister called the American Consulate and Frank obtained a visa to go to the United States. Frank returned home and gave the news to his mother and sisters. Everyone pledged to remain faithful to the Gospel and mother, Giuseppina, gave Frank a final farewell. Giuseppina died in 1939, just before WW II began. again.

Frank sailed on a ship called the Rex in 1937. When he reached New York, he was met by Christian brethren and preached in their churches; relating the problems that Christians in Italy were facing. Then, on to Chicago for a reunion with Frank's three American brothers and their families was next. Frank met brothers, Anton and Nicolas, for the first time; since he was too young to remember their trips home when he was a baby. However, Joseph had been in Italy and knew Frank well. Frank was happy to enroll at Moody Bible Institute and after a year he went to St. Paul/Minneapolis and began a ministry among the Italian people in that area. Frank went to Northwestern Theological Seminary for his Bachelor degree and was ordained at the First Baptist Church in Minneapolis. During the summers while attending seminary, Frank went to Niagara Falls to preach in an Italian Evangelical Church and met his sweetheart and wife, Rosalie Tedeschi. They were married in 1943, the end of WW II. Rosalie and Frank had a ministry to Italian POW's; who were in the USA and Canada. Frank went on to get a Master of Theology degree at Pikes Peak Bible Seminary and a ThD at Burton College and Seminary in Colorado.

Frank and Rosalie went back to Italy after WW II and found that they were received with great joy among many people. Rosalie had several operations that left her childless but the couples focus was for evangelism. The war left Italy in even poorer conditions than WW I, but the people were more open to the Gospel. Both Anton and Frank went back to Italy to help their families and countrymen. Frank and Rosalie lived and did their evangelism work from their home base in Niagara Falls. Although they did

not have physical children, they had many spiritual children in the USA, Italy and all through Europe.

A Tribute to Arnold and Lorraine Scorza



Taken from various writings

At the turn of the 20th Century, thousands of immigrants came to the United States from Calabria, Italy. Among these people, Domenico Scorza came to work on the railroad. Subsequently, three of his sons, Anton, Nicolas, and Joseph Scorza, immigrated to the United States and have produced over 300 offspring, who include their children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and so on. Of this legacy, Arnold Scorza, third son of Anton, has four children, 9 or 10 grand children (I don't have an accurate count) and a number of great grandchildren.

The Scorza's in the United States have provided a history of godliness and evangelical fervor that has been displayed throughout one hundred years since Anton, Nicolas and Joseph and later their brother Frank, came to the US. They were determined to promote their faith to their own families here, and also the families who remained in Italy.

Arnold Scorza grew up on the north side of Chicago in a predominantly Italian neighborhood. Although the neighborhood was also predominantly Catholic, the Scorza family had an evangelical mission where Arnold's father preached and taught about faith and Salvation in Jesus, without the

need for the mediation of the priests. They taught that praying to the statues of the Madonna and Saints was idolatry.

The Anton Scorza family had nine children. When Arnold was 10 years old, he lost sight in one eye due to an accident and his sister, Elaine died as well. It was a difficult year for the family. According to Arnold, his mother, Emilia, was finally comforted with the births of Janet, Ruth and Bernice.

After graduating from Waller high school, Arnold put himself through two years of junior college by selling newspapers. Then, the famous preacher, Dr. Harry Ironside, helped Arnold become accepted at Wheaton College to finish his degree. Dr. Ironside encouraged three families to help pay Arnold's tuition.

In 1938, Arnold graduated from Wheaton College with a Bachelor of Science Degree and he also met the love of his life, Lorraine Finger. The couple worked diligently and married two years later in January of 1940. They both worked in Chicago and began to have their family of one daughter, Miriam, and three sons: David, Kenneth and Richard. In the midst of all this, Arnold went to De Paul University and received a Masters in Biological Science Degree in 1945.

Living by faith was not a new concept for the Arnold Scorza family. Arnold watched his parents trust God for provision all of his life. So, when the Ben Lippen School in North Carolina presented a need for teachers, who would have to accept the position without a sure income; the Arnold Scorza family was willing to trust God for provision and they moved to North Carolina. There in the mountains they learned many lessons. They also met Billy Graham when he started his evangelistic work.

In 1955, the family moved back to the Chicago Area. Arnold taught Biology and Science in high school while Lorraine worked at Illinois Bell. The four children were growing up and entering high school themselves. Arn and Lorraine moved to Villa Park, a western suburb of Chicago. There, they joined a local church and were active in the children's activities, especially sports. All of Arn's sons were excellent gymnasts.

It was a busy time, but Arn and Lorraine always had time to care for anyone in need. I know this personally, because Arn and Lorraine took my sister, Janice into their home to live with them when our family was struggling after my father's death.

Lorraine's daughter, Miriam met and married Al Meyer, a young man from the church they attended. David went to Bible College, Ken went to Indiana University and Rich went to the University of Iowa. Meanwhile, Lorraine found property in Arizona to prepare for the time when they would retire.

David met Jackie Mours and the couple decided to become missionaries with Wycliff Bible Translators and go to Papua New Guinea. Ken married his high school sweetheart Judy Rymarczuk and they became high school teachers. Richard married Judy Feist and they moved to Oregon.

David met Jackie Mours and the couple decided to become missionaries with Wycliff Bible Translators and go to Papua New Guinea. Ken married his high school sweetheart Judy Rymarczuk and they became high school teachers. Richard married Judy Feist and they moved to Oregon.

After three years, Arn and Lorraine retired for real. They had a home built at Rio Rico, Arizona and spent seven years experiencing the goodness and grace of God. Lorraine received healing from arthritis and the couple was able to give hospitality to many missionaries who were coming and going from Mexico.

Moving again to Dreamland Villa in Mesa, Arizona, Arn and Lorraine found a good retirement community. There they have been serving the Lord in their church, Grace Community Church for the past twenty years. They are active in an Early Christian's Sunday School Class and XYZ (extra years of zest) Senior's group. Although Arn was 88 years old in February, He and Lorraine, age 83, have not finished ministering to their family and acquaintances with their love and prayers. They radiate Godliness.

Family Chronicles 6

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 Chrisitan 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 7

JOHN AND VIOLET COLLIN'S TRIP TO ITALY – 2005



We began our trip to Italy at 1 p.m. Monday, August 29, 2005, leaving from O'Hare, with a stopover in Cincinnati, then Rome, and finally to Lamezia Airport in Catanzaro. The trip from Cincinnati to Rome was first class, and we really enjoyed that. We arrived at Lamezia on Tuesday afternoon. My artificial knees set off the alarms at all security points at each airport.

At Lamezia, Cousin Dario Scorza waited for us. He said "Scortza" when he saw me and then drew his hands across his eyes, to show that my face had the Scorza look. He had never seen me before, but he said I have Scorza eyes. Dario is a handsome man. He drove us to his home in Catanzaro, and he did quite well with some English words. I was surprised that I could understand some of the Italian words, as I do not speak Italian. Language was no barrier. We felt like long lost cousins, and we enjoyed each other's company. Of course, the Italian/English dictionary that I carried helped a lot. Around Dario and Anna's building there is a fence and gate. He uses a remote to open the gate so that only the cars that belong to his building can park in the area around it. They live on the fourth floor of an elevator building. The city has mostly condominium buildings.

After breakfast Dario took us for a walk in Catanzaro, viewing parts of the city. I was surprised that it is built on so many hills. The

second largest bridge span in Italy is in the city of Cantanzaro, so you know there are valleys for the bridges to span. Dario pointed to an area of the city where he said my dad was born. However, that area is now much different than when my father was born, so we did not go there. Then Dario drove us to his seaside home where Anna was awaiting us. The seaside home is a duplex, and Dario and Anna's daughter Patrizia and her family occupy the other part of the duplex. A lovely veranda spans both homes. Patrizia and her husband have two sons and a baby daughter, Emmanuel 17, Davida 14, and Aurora 14 months. Anna and I got along wonderfully, even though she only speaks Italian. Thankfully, Emmanuel (Manuel) speaks English. We also used the dictionary a lot. The seaside home is about 100 meters from the Ionian Sea. Manuel says this is some of the best beach in all of Calabria. Davide is shy and does not communicate in English. Manuel wanted to talk and talk. He wants to come to America after seeing a picture of Kilauren (my grand daughter). Later in the day, Dario's pastor, Lorenzo Scornaienchi, came to visit. He is a really nice young 38 year old man. He spent one year in school in Pennsylvania and also studied in Germany. We were able to communicate better with Dario and Anna when Lorenzo was present. We went to the Resort city of Soverato, which is less than a ten minute car ride from Dario and Anna's place. Dinner in Italy is usually very late (for us). We ate at 9 pm or later each night at the sea. Anna really outdid herself, in giving us splendid meals.



The next day, we again went to Soverato. We enjoyed walking along the sea and sitting in a park looking at the beautiful view. We understand this is a very expensive area for tourists. We talked and

talked. Dario knows some English, but Lorenzo translated for us. Our conversation was about the Lord and it is so good to know that when my dad and his two brothers came back to Italy and brought the Gospel to this family, these people grew in the knowledge of the Lord. Dario was not born when the grandparents and my father's siblings came to know the Lord, but his faith was real because we could feel the depth of his Christian knowledge. Dario is Uncle Ernest's son. Uncle Ernest had another son who died in 1949 at age 19.

I learned from Dario that my dad, Nicola, came back to Italy to serve a term in the Italian army. He was still an Italian citizen and in 1912. According to Dario, he came home to perform his duty to his country. While in Italy, he contracted "Spagnola fever." There was an epidemic at that time. Millions died. My Pa thought he would die, but he prayed that God would heal him so he could go back to the United States. God did heal him. I remember hearing about my father being sick, near death, in Italy, but I don't remember hearing him tell of being in the Italian army. I do know this. The relatives that are in Italy now, revere my father and hold him in high esteem. Obviously, Uncle Ernest, Uncle Peter, Aunts Maria Giuseppa and Carmela were the ones who told their children about my father, Nicola. Also, Uncle Frank spoke highly of him when he was in Italy with them. I was happy to hear this.

Dario also told me that Uncle Joseph came in 1911 and began to preach. He said that the church was Methodist then. Joseph went from Cantanzaro to Naples to preach. He brought pastors from England to preach in San Pietro where the family now lives. Grandma Giuseppina Scorza fed the pastors. Dario says she fed them birds "meat" and homemade pasta. Stefano Parrotta came to know the Lord at this time and he then courted Pa's Sister, Maria-Giuseppa, and married her.

Grandma Giuseppina Scorza went to Naples to assist Helena in childbirth. Obviously, this was the birth of Vera. While in Naples, grandma was told that she must wear a hat to church in Naples. She said she would, but, if she saw any "Italians," she would take it off. By "Italians" she meant – anyone from San Pietro. I guess she felt that the people in Naples were not Italians. I hoped Dario would tell us more about my grandmother and grandfather. He did mention that Grandpa died of a

prostrate problem. I hope I understood his Italian. (Lorenzo was swimming in the Ionian Sea, so, he wasn't there to translate.) We looked over the "Family Tree" and spoke of the various family members. Dario asked about Carmela, Phillip's second wife. Dario said that Phillip brought Annette to visit once, and then he brought Carmella to visit once.

Anna made a wonderful meal of pasta and beans. So delicious! Second course was a roast with a wonderful tasting sauce. She enjoyed cooking for us, and everything was very good. She even went out of her way to make latte coffee for us each day. We also had espresso. I am getting used to strong coffee. We had a very nice supper and the cake that Anna made earlier in the day. Lorenzo left us at the seaside on Thursday, as he had to go to Vincolese, near San Pietro to hold a mid-week service there for both villages.

On Friday, Dario took us back to Soverato, trying to buy an English newspaper. The Italian TV said that the hurricane that hit New Orleans left 10,000 dead. I had hoped to read about what happened, but no English newspapers were available. We learned that Manuel had a transatlantic cell phone, so, we asked if we could call our grandson, Brandon, who lives in Mobile, Alabama, to see if the hurricane affected him. We reached Brandon and he said he was all right, but without electrical power. We were relieved. That night Dario, Anna, John & I went back to Soverato. It was such a nice walk in the little town, and also by the sea. We went into one of the shops to meet a descendent of Pa's sister Carmela. Her name is Federica and her husband is Samuele Arnaldo. They own an emporium, which is like an American dime store. Federica is a beautiful 30 year old woman.

When we got back to Dario's home, we sang songs without a piano until the pizza that Patrizia was making was ready. They sang in Italian, we in English. Terrific! That night we ate at 10:15 pm. I was worried that John and I would have a problem with pizza just before bed, but we slept well. On Saturday Dario drove us from the seaside back to Catanzaro. This is a city on hills. Dario and I went out to find an English language newspaper again. No luck, but the walk up and down the hilly sidewalks sure helped use up the many calories I had consumed. Then, Dario, John and I got our luggage and traveled to San Pietro Magisano.

We could not believe the hills that we went through. We really were in the mountains. I don't remember Pa talking about mountains, only the mountains where Bethel Village is (the mountain retreat established by Uncle Frank and the Italian Gospel Association). San Pietro is less than ½ hour from Catanzaro.

We met cousin Violetta who lives on the upper level of the house that Grandpa built. I tried to find out which part of the house he built. There have been several additions. I believe it was the top floor that is the newer addition. Housing here is usually built up on existing houses. These homes are built with concrete. Little wood is used in the construction. Grandpa's house has five units, or apartments. The ground floor houses the chapel that Uncle Frank built. From the west you can enter straight into the chapel through two large wooden doors. From the east, you enter by one wooden door, and go down about 5 steps. The house is built on hilly terrain. On the first floor of grandpa's house, one unit is occupied by our Cousin Elena's daughter Giulia, her husband Rosario, and daughters Teresa (25) and Stefania (20). Across the hall was the unit occupied by SimonPietro Marchese, Violetta's son who died in 2004. On the next floor, Violetta has one unit and her sister Giuseppina Anna (Nicknamed Ninette) has the other. The top floor was their brother Domenico's flat. He died two days after SimonPietro last year. Uncle Peter had four children; Domenico, Elena, Violetta and Ninette. They each have a summer home here in this house in San Pietro, while Elena now lives one block away, and her daughter Giulia occupies her space. Violetta and Ninette's primary residences are in Bergamo, about 300 miles north near Milan. Domenico's primary residence was Genoa. Domenico's widow, Margie, and her children come down to this house in San Pietro at any time, as do Violetta and Ninette. Much like people in America have a summer or winter home elsewhere in the country with flats fully furnished, the family members can come back to San Pietro. Ninette was in San Pietro in August, but had to go back to Bergamo before we got there. She called Violetta every day to find out what we were doing.



Teresa was the only one who spoke English. She graduated from college, and is looking for a job via the internet. She tutors several students in English. When she finds work she will have to leave this little village. There are no jobs here for her. San Pietro has perhaps, 300 to 500 residents. Giulia made all of us a wonderful lunch. The big meal of the day is at lunch time. The first course is always pasta. The second course is meat and vegetables, then, cheese and bread, and finally fruit.; usually great big grapes, and wonderful peaches. At Violetta's apartment, we had fresh figs that she and Elena picked from the trees that grew in back of grandpa's house.

Later in the afternoon Violetta, John and I went for a walk. We stopped at Elena's and she came with us. We met many people on the way. We met Leonardo Alberti who has a home in Morristown, New Jersey, and one here in San Pietro. He travels to his home in Italy every year for the Festival of Lights. Every town has a patron saint, and once a year they hold a festival in honor of the saint. Leonardo knew Ken Thompson, our daughter, Becky's brother-in-law. What a small world! We never expected that Leonardo would know someone we know in the U.S. Leonardo invited us over for the next day as he was going to roast a pig for the festival. However, we were not able to go. We then went on further to the house of Alba Alberto and her husband, Luciano. She was very happy to see her cousin from America. This couple have a small home with kitchen and living room/bedroom combined. After we visited for awhile, Alba accompanied us about one block further north to the house of her granddaughter, who was a very beautiful young woman, around 30 years of age. She invited us in, but, we knew she was about to go to work. We just stood outside and talked a little. This young woman either drives an ambulance or is an EMS worker. The only word I understood was ambulance. We had a great walk, I didn't understand Violetta or Elena

very well but we had a wonderful time. Violetta gave up her large bedroom for us and she slept on a single bed in a smaller room.



On Sunday, Giulia, Rosario and Teresa accompanied us to the church back in Catanzaro. Rosario's car only holds five people. I would have liked Violetta to come, but she didn't mind staying home. Elena was the one who would be preparing dinner for all of us when we would return. It was such a privilege to be in the church in Catanzaro. The church is in the center of the city. On the wall in the foyer is a very large plaque with the names of Anton, Nicola, Joseph and Franco. This was the church the four brothers sent money to so that services could be held here. The plaque says "In memory of dei fratelli Antonio, Nicola, Guiseppe, e Franco Scorza – Ambassadors for Christ. Jesus said 'Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature', Mark 16:15." Illuminated above the platform were two signs. "A light to light the darkness" and "Ecumenical"



The congregation was so friendly! John and I sang two duets, and John preached a sermon entitled "Where are you looking to find God," which Leonardo translated. What a good service as the people responded to the message. One man told me, because our faith shone through, he hoped it would raise the level of the commitment of the people to be more

dedicated to Christ. Hugs and kisses came from everyone. Domenico Parrotta hugged and kissed me over and over. He pointed to the tears in his eyes and said “joy.” Dario and Anna were so glad to see us again, and have us minister in their church.

We had a wonderful meal at Elena’s when we returned to San Pietro. She had pasta, peas and cheese in a very light cream sauce. Then, beef rolled around ham and cheese. After lunch, we went back to Violetta’s apartment and her friend Lena came over for the afternoon. When Lena left, we went for a walk again and stopped at Elena’s where we looked at pictures of relatives. Violetta had gnocchi for supper with all the trimmings. As we sat on the balcony of Violetta’s place, we looked to the west and all we could see were mountains. Houses built into the hillside were very far off. There are miles and miles of just hills to the west and north. We’re more or less on the western edge of town. Other houses and the huge Catholic church are on the east side of the house. The Catholic Church was the one where the priests burned the bibles that my dad brought to Italy. It is just one block away. Also, when our grandmother was converted, that was the church where the priest led the parishioners to throw stones at my grandmother, for they believed she was a heretic.



On Monday, I watched and helped a little while Violetta made stuffed eggplants. These were small eggplants, and very delicious. Teresa came up and asked if we wanted to see our relatives in Traverna. Giulia drove us up and up and up winding mountain roads to one of the little villages we saw at a distance from Grandfather’s house. My Cousin, Caterina Lia (Tittina), had a house on a steep incline. There were many steps and then a steep sloop before we were at her doorway. She was

very gracious and has a nice apartment. We looked at pictures of her family and I showed ours. She said I look like a Scorza. She made us espresso with biscotti. Then we went down the steep incline again. Don't know which was harder, going up or coming down. Guilia and Caterina took us to Caterina's daughter's house. Her daughter, Maria Gentile, also lives in Traverna. Her house was a large Villa. Very beautiful! They had a lovely winding staircase in the front hallway. Spacious with many rooms and wonderful portico's around the house, also, a lovely veranda. There were wonderful balconies in each room on the second floor. What a marvelous view of the valley and mountains. Maria's husband is Paolo Gentile. Caterina is the daughter of Stefano Parrotta, and Maria-Giussippina. I was told that Stefano Parrotta had been imprisoned for the Gospel. It was so good for me to meet these family members. From the portico of this house we looked down on a village road, and along came a goat herder with a large herd of goats. It looked like a scene from *Heide*. Caterina said she had a heart valve operation and credits God with bringing her through. She is the sister of Domenico Parrotta who hugged and kissed me with tears yesterday in church. Caterina and Maria look alike.

We spent the rest of the afternoon enjoying the view from Violetta's balcony. John said that he could spend hours and days on that balcony, just looking at the scenery and meditating. He loved it! At 5:30, Teresa was finished tutoring a student in English and the four of us walked to the Zicchinella Villa. The Zicchinellas have a large house with acreage and a stone arch over the entry gate. A fence curls around the whole place. My father's sister, Carmela Levato, is the forebear of the family we visited. Carmela's daughter-in-law is the matriarch of this house. Her name is also Carmela. In this villa are four generations. Each has their own apartment on a separate floor. We met Carmela and her daughter Lidia Zicchinella. Lidia and Domenico Zicchinella have three children. They have a girl, Anna, and twin sons, Josefatta and Davide. Anna and her husband, Augustino Teti, occupy the large first floor. Anna is a medical doctor. We met Anna and her husband and a 3 year old son, Gabriel. Josefatta Zicchinella is an artist. He has a studio in their home. Josefatta's twin brother Davide is a lawyer. We did not meet the twins that day, but did meet Josefatta and Davide the next day. Lidia served us cake and juice. We left at 7 pm and had dinner at 7:30.

Violetta made a good fish dinner, and, of course, pasta. Because of the festival here, loud firework rockets sounded as church bells rang. Tomorrow the whole village, with exception of the evangelicals, will parade around and pay homage to the patron saint at various stations around the town. John took a picture of one station that was across the street from the Zicchinella Villa. The children of Carmela Levato, in Italy, are Catholic, while the Levato relatives in the U.S. are Protestant.

The next day Violetta gave me a black sweater and a white sheath she made. Violetta is a wonderful seamstress. After breakfast, Giulia drove her mother, Elena, with Teresa, John and me to the cemetery where Uncle Frank is buried. All of the dead are buried above ground in crypts. These tiered crypts are not in a building but out in the open. There were several blank spaces for more coffins. Covering the opening of Uncle Frank's crypt was a bronze plaque that gave his name and the dates of his birth and death. Also written out in Italian was John 3:16. Everyone who goes there will be able to read this scripture, a good testimony to all who will see it. There is a ledge in front of his crypt and a metal vase. Elena brought flowers. To get to the cemetery, we had to go up a winding mountain road. From the cemetery we could look down onto the town of San Pietro. As we were leaving the cemetery, there was an old hut that had an opening in the floor where in ages past they opened the cement cover and dropped in the bodies of the supposed dead. I remember my father mentioning how someone in a coma could have been placed in there alive. My father said when the villagers came to put another body in the hole some time later, they noticed a person tried to lift the heavy lid in order to get out but finally died in the crypt.

After we came back to San Pietro from the cemetery we walked to a small house my grandfather had constructed. He built this house before the one we are now staying in. This little house is the house where Anton, Nicola and Joseph lived. As more children came along Grandfather constructed the bigger house. The original house looked different now because it has had other walls put around it, but, we were able to see where it was located in the town. Now, the area has many houses; but then, grandfather had gardens, chickens, goats, and sheep. Giuseppina Dardano walked with us, also explaining more history. Giuseppina is Carmela Lavato's granddaughter; Carmela was my father's sister. She is

the daughter of Carmela's second son, Giuseppe. On the way back, we stopped at her house and had a glass of peach juice. She gave us a bag of dried black olives to take back home to America.

We went to visit Vittoria Levato and her daughter, Catia. Her husband, Pasquale, is a builder and was working in another village. We climbed three flights of cement steps and although I thought we had come to an older home, we stepped into a modern home. It had large rooms, beautiful wood cabinets and woodwork, marble floors, and granite counters. Wow, what a beautiful home. They refurbished everything as they went along. Now, the house is done and they will cover the cement steps with tile or marble and tile the side walls. We were intrigued at how these aged houses are refurbished so beautifully. Most of the homes have marble or tile floors. We were able to visit many of the family members in the little village of San Pietro within walking distance of each other. We again stopped at Elena's house and played her electronic piano. We sang a few songs then took the piano to Violetta's where we sang more songs before lunch. Lunch was piccolo penne pasta with just enough pomodora sauce to moisten it. Then we ate veal scaloppini. Violetta cooked the veal in wine. I shall try that at home.

After lunch, Rosario came home early and offered to drive us to Bethel Village (the evangelical retreat in the mountains). Rosario, Giulia, Teresa, John and I were glad to go. It was a beautiful drive up with hairpin curves; about a 45 minute drive. Just before we got to Bethel Village, there are several ritzy resorts. However, the resort season is July and August and we were there in September. There were not many tourists now. The buildings at Bethel were closed, but we were able to see the grounds and outside of the buildings. On the way back down, we stopped at a National Park. The flowers were beautiful. There were row upon row of hydrangea and other flowers. We took pictures of deer. There was a nice amphitheater at this park for concerts and a restaurant in the park. Rosario and Giulia had their wedding reception in that particular restaurant.

Back to San Pietro again and Stefania made a birthday cake for her boyfriend, so, we all had a piece of cake. Stefania's boyfriend is a race car driver but when he isn't racing he drives a truck. Giulia made dinner

that night. One of the items was polpette melanzane. John and I were especially crazy over this recipe. Teresa told us how her mother made it. I tried it when I got home, but it wasn't quite the same; so, I emailed Teresa and asked for a written recipe.

We woke up Wednesday, Sept. 7, to church bells and loud rocket fireworks at 6 am. Obviously, they are telling everyone in the village that this day they are to honor the patron saint. They had a large platform in front of the church for dancing later in the evening. Elena's house is right at the first step to the church. The houses are built right to the roadway and this particular roadway ends at the steps to the church. There were about 50 steps up to the church which sits high above the whole town. Elena has a brick ledge outside her house where we could sit and watch people go by. We sat there as a funeral procession came to the church. First, the marching band from the high school came. Then, the casket followed by the family and the whole town. We watched them go in, and we waited until the service was over and watched them come out. It was a very solemn event. Later tonight, there will be singing and dancing.

Violetta showed us pictures of my grandmother Guiseppina "nonna" and grandfather, Dominico "nonno." John took photos of the pictures. I played Elena's piano and Teresa will translate *Jesus Your Name* so we can sing it at the church service tonight. We went over to Elena's house and watched a video of SimonPietro Marchese preaching. The video was taken a week before he died. I know it was hard for Violetta to watch. John, Teresa and I went up the steps to the Catholic Church, "Madonna of Santa Luce." The priest is SimonPietro Marchese's cousin. SimonPietro's father and the priests' father were brothers. We met the priest and Domenico Levato, another relative. We met the Zicchinella twins, Josefatta and Davide, who we missed at their villa, yesterday. Then, back to Elena's home. She made cannoli and we loved it. When we came back to the house, there was Violetta whitewashing a portion of the wall in the chapel. She had her good dress on, but she wanted the chapel to look nice. One portion of the wall did not look good to her. John went back to the square to watch the marching band practice. I sat on the balcony and looked at the "Sila" mountains to the west.

Usually, Lorenzo holds a Thursday service in Vincolese because there are more evangelicals there. Also, those in San Pietro are able to drive to Vincolese quite easily. However, tonight they will hold the service in the chapel that Uncle Frank dedicated in our grandfather's house. The small chapel was packed for the service. They sang *Amazing Grace* and another song. John and I sang our two songs of testimony. John preached a wonderful message about blind Bartimaeus. Lorenzo interpreted. Lorenzo remarked several times that "this is what we need to hear," as John was preaching. John really did a marvelous job. You could tell that everyone was touched. Lorenzo said that he hoped the zeal we displayed and preached would energize the people to read their bibles more and to pray more earnestly. To close the service we sang *Jesus Your Name*. Teresa translated the song into Italian and gave everyone copies, but the people wanted to try to sing in English. The last song we sang was *God be with You till We Meet Again*. Everyone had tears in their eyes. They all wanted us to come back.

We met a woman who was a great granddaughter of Rosario Procopio. He was the one who came to America in 1898 and was saved. He went to Moody Church and began a witness to Italians. My father, Nicola, then came to know the Lord in that Italian fellowship at Moody. The woman showed us a letter that Rosario Procopio wrote. She treasured that letter written so long ago and she wanted us to hear it. Now this distant relative of his was worshipping with us in this little chapel. We promised to pray for Domenico Parrotta's sons. Marco was there. He is a handsome young man who goes to University. Stefano, his brother, is in Rome. One of the ladies said we should pray and try to do something for those boys as their lives here have a dead end. The woman was from Toronto and she gave me her business card. I don't know what we could do for them except pray that God will help them to find jobs. Domenico Parrotta's wife, Maria, made a wonderful cake. Giulia provided drinks of juice and tea and also served some cookies.

We got our luggage into Dario's car and headed back Catanzaro. Anna greeted us with open arms. She had supper waiting for us. Wonderful baked "pie style" eggplant, zucchini, red & green peppers, cheese. Think calzone. Then we had cheese, bread, wine, and fruit. Thursday, September 8, we had a wonderful breakfast and Anna made

cappuccino. Lorenzo came about 9 am. After a little conversation we went out to Dario's bank so we could use an ATM to get Euros. If we buy something for 10 euros the dollar amount is \$12.30. We needed euros for our travels. The traffic in Catanzaro is unbelievable. I don't think I could drive here. It is a big city compared to San Pietro. We walked back to Dario's lovely home. Dario is an artist and has many of his own colorful abstract paintings at his home in Catanzaro and one of the rooms in his home is an artist's studio. I watched as Anna washed the fruit. She first used a powder that she soaked the grapes, then, washed them three more times in a colander.

Patrizia and family came to Dario and Anna's for lunch with us. Dario had gone to a shop and brought back fresh made pasta. Anna made a wonderful ragu with neck bones. We also had bread, melanzana, cheese, fruit and another cake. Thankfully, the cakes in Italy are not as sweet as the cakes in America. They have the texture of pound cake.



Giulia, Teresa and Stefania came to Catanzaro in the afternoon as they wanted to take a picture of John and me. It was good to see them again. Giulia gave me a lace doily that she received as a wedding present 25 years ago. Anna gave me a pendant to wear on a chain. Before I left San Pietro, Elena had given me a pearl necklace. We reciprocated with things that we brought with us as well.

On Friday, Sept. 9th, we got up early and had breakfast before we headed for Lamezia Airport. The train station is also at Lamezia. John had to carry both suitcases up two flights of stairs. Wow, he did it! We waited on the platform for one hour. It went fast as we were with Dario and Anna. Anna sat next to John on the bench. She put her arm around him,

and hugged him to let him know how much she cared for him and me. Many hugs and kisses before we left really made us feel loved.

REMEMBERING BERNICE BIEBER



Bernice was born to Domenico Scorza's first son Anton and his wife Amelia. She was their ninth child. She was born into a family of mission minded people who were passionate about bringing the Gospel to their countrymen in the United States and in Italy. Anton and his brother Frank started the Italian Gospel Association with the help of the Moody Bible Institute.

Bernice was born March 23, 1933 in Chicago. Bernice grew up in the Epiphany Baptist Church and continued her friendship with peers from that church for 50 years. They recently had a reunion.

On September 11, 1954, Bernice married Richard Fisk and they had two children, Mark and Kathleen. Nine years after their marriage, Richard died of cancer. Bernice was a single mother for three years. She decided to go to Judson College to improve her skills. There, she met Alvin Bieber, who was a widower with three little girls to care for by himself. He also had lost his wife to cancer and he was a pastor. Soon, the couple married and they adopted each others children. Bernice's children took Alvin Bieber's last name and they became a blended family.

Al and Bernice ministered at the Village Bible Church in Hampshire, Illinois. They moved into an apartment that was supposed to be temporary housing but ended being their home for over 30 years.

Bernice was a small woman but she had large accomplishments. She and Al contributed articles to the local newspaper, the Hampshire Register News, later named the Hampshire Journal. Soon, Bernice became an employee of the newspaper in several capacities. She was meticulous in her duties to her family, the church and the newspaper.

As you remember, we were praying for Bernice last year because she had a severe brain hemorrhage. She fully recovered by summer, but then, the hemorrhage reoccurred in August and she died August 28, 2005. Bernice is remembered with a life filled with family, friends and business acquaintances, who all admired her. She was diligent in all she did and her faith was expressed to anyone who would listen.

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.

Family Chronicles 8

Europe – Summer 2005

by Sara Ramquist (great great grandchildren of Antonio)



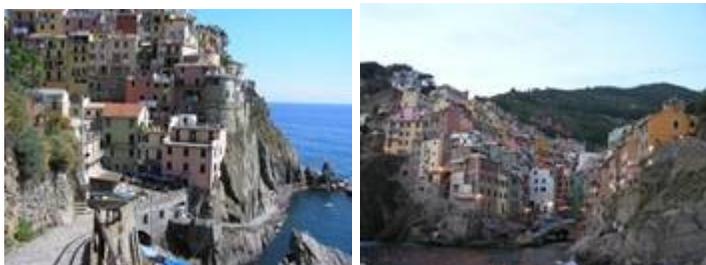
Teresa Danizio with Jeff Ramquist & Stafania Danizio

Many of you most likely don't know us, or at least have not met us. Our names are Jeff and Sara Ramquist and we are the grandchildren of Al and Bernice Bieber. Only a month before she passed away, our grandma asked if we could share some stories of our travel to Europe during summer 2005. It was Jeff and I who went to Europe, not our parents, Kent and Memorie. First of all, a little bit about us; I (Sara) am a sophomore at Seattle Pacific University in Seattle, Washington. I am pursuing pre-medicine and the sciences in order to one day become a pediatrician. Jeff is also a student and pursuing the arts of photography, painting, drawing, and his most recent art, wood carving (FYI, his carvings are amazing and if you are interested in having a wood carving done, he can be reached at 651-206-7943 ☺). How did we end up in Europe? Jeff had decided to study abroad for the month of June at an art school in Ireland with an emphasis on photography. Because he was going to Europe, he decided to take four extra weeks after his term ended to travel some other countries. I thought maybe I should go with him for the last two weeks of his leisurely travels, just to make sure he didn't get lonely. I knew this particular opportunity to travel Europe with Jeff would never present itself again or at least with the same dynamics. So, I jumped on the idea and bought my airline ticket from Chicago to London.

It was finally July and I was off to meet up with Jeff on the other side of the world, or so it seemed. Because I hadn't really spent much time with Jeff since Christmas (seeing as I was away at school), I was so excited to see him! After being warmly welcomed by a bleary-eyed brother (it was rather early in the morning when he had to meet me), we hopped on the tube (the London underground subway) and headed for our hostel in Russell Square. As we were scheduled to leave for Milan, Italy the following evening, we walked around London for the rest of the day and saw the buildings that I had only seen in pictures. We got back to the hostel late that night and headed straight for bed. The next morning we went down for breakfast and noticed everyone was crowded around the televisions. When we got closer we could see, to our horror, that London had been the target for terrorism. As we continued to watch the live coverage, they listed the towns which were hit. To our surprise, one of the tube stations that had the greatest damage was at Russell Square, just a few blocks away from us! Then it occurred to Jeff that he had awakened that morning just shortly before 8am and had heard an enormous "BANG." It had been too loud to be a gunshot, so he thought maybe something had dropped in the construction zones. I think I woke up when it went off, but didn't process the noise. It was July 7th and we were in the midst of the anger and uncertainty of the London Bombings. By that time, we were unsure if we were going to be able to make our flight, because the airport was quite a ways and the tube and bus companies were down. It was a crazy day! Once we were finally able to leave the hostel, it took us the rest of the afternoon to walk to the above ground train and make it to the airport. But, we made it right on time for our flight and headed off to Italy for another adventure. As I look back, I am so proud of the majority of the Britains on that day of terror. After the shock of the incident, England's citizens did not allow the terror to put an end to their normal lives. We heard several people say something similar to, "We are going to keep living our lives, by going to work, and doing our daily tasks. We are showing these terrorists that they will not make us hide or cower in fear." That was a profound statement to me.

Well, we left London, in all its turmoil, and headed to Italy for the next 7 days. So much happened in such a short time! We traveled through Milan, Genoa, Cinque Terre (Riomaggiore and Manarola – I would highly recommend these towns as ideal vacation spots for anyone traveling to

Italy), Rome, Naples and finally to Catanzaro, where we had the most interesting time finding our relatives. Unfortunately, because our trip was decided upon so last minute, we were unable to get directions to anyone's house or pre-arrange to meet someone at the train station. Elena, my Grandma's cousin, knew we were coming, but did not know exactly when. We certainly did not speak Italian and very few people in Catanzaro spoke English. Because we hadn't pre-arranged to meet anyone, you can imagine that we had quite the time trying to figure out how to find Elena and her family. We knew that the family lived in San Pietro – Magisano, but had no address for them, only a phone number. While we sat at the train station, we tried calling Elena, but because she speaks Italian and we didn't, it was very confusing for both of us. So, we hired a taxi to take us to San Pietro (only knowing our family lived in or next to an old church). Once we arrived in San Pietro, we saw a bright yellow Catholic Church (The Santuario or Sanctuary) and decided that would be a good starting place. As it turns out, the Catholic Church is not associated with Elena or the Danizio's, but Elena lives about two houses away! God led us right to her! It was amazing!



We quickly met Elena and she quickly called Teresa, her 25 year-old granddaughter, who speaks English, to come and meet us 😊. The next 36 hours, we spent time with Elena, Teresa (our personal translator), Teresa's sister, Stefania, and her parents, Giulia and Rosario Danizio. After talking a bit, we found out that the taxi driver who drove us into San Pietro is actually a friend of Rosario's, and that Giulia worked right across the street from the train station and had been working at the time we were waiting at the station wondering what to do. It's funny how things work out 😊. Teresa walked us back to her house (just down the street) and showed us the church that they do own.

Giulia made us delicious food while we were there; Rosario and Teresa took us up to the Sila Mountains, to a forest preserve and also to Bethel, the camp that Uncle Frank started years ago; Stefania played her flute with Jeff and also tried her hand at English; Elena made us feel right at home and provided us a place to stay; and Dario and Anna made a special trip up from the Seaside to come and meet us. Even more, the girls walked us through San Pietro. Rosario and Giulia treated us to Italian drinks and gilato by the sea while Dario and Anna told us numerous stories about the Scorza family history. We were showered with love and hospitality and were enriched by having met these wonderful people, who just so happen to be our family ☺. They invested many hours of their lives during those two days and even though we had never met, we talked as though we were family. Unfortunately, our time with them lasted only a short time, for we had to make our flight back to the UK. Even though we didn't even spend two full days with them, our time with the Danizio's and the Scorza's was certainly the highlight of our trip to Europe! We hope that one day, they will be able to come and visit us in the States and we will be able to show them the hospitality that they bestowed upon us.



Jeff & Stefania



Dario, Giulia, Elana, Sara, Stafania, Jeff & Anna

After talking about our encounter with the Scorza relatives, the rest of our trip seems a bit superfluous. But, in short, we flew to Ireland, stayed a couple of days in Dublin, traveled to Drumchapel, Scotland (trying to meet up with some friends who were currently doing missions work in Northern Scotland), and then we flew back to the States a couple of days later. Our trip to Europe was memorable to us for countless reasons: we enjoyed several flavors of Italian gelato, pesto pizza, gorgeous views, tremendous hospitality, sleeping on church steps in the rain ☺, being given breakfast and hot showers from a Scottish pastor we didn't know, sleeping outside of the Milan airport (the airport closes down

between 1 and 5am) and many other events. But, these don't quite compare to our enjoyment of the Scorza family! If you get the chance to travel to Europe, we would highly encourage you to make a stop in Catanzaro, where love and hospitality, beauty and majesty, overwhelm the senses!

Berniece's trip in 2006

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.

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU

By Phyllis Hansen-Taylor (granddaughter of Antonio)



A big storm hit the gulf coast of the United States in September of 2005. The storm was named Katrina. The wind ripped through the southland near the Gulf demolishing buildings, trees, and people. A little to the north of that area buildings had their roofs and walls torn off. People were hurt in many ways, including being left shocked and homeless. Then after about twenty four hours the Dam around New Orleans, LA broke in several areas flooding neighborhoods. Some of the population had evacuated but many remained. Some of these people were killed and many were sent out of the city to places unknown. It was a sad time for our nation. But being the great nation we are, we all rallied around those who were hurting. Funds were sent to the devastated areas. The homeless, displaced people were helped in the cities and towns of states through out America.

Our area of Texas got 300 people from New Orleans. We put them in a beautiful Baptist camp built on a man made lake. The area was a peninsula dotted with trees. It was more like a resort than a camp. For about a month we took care of these people. Many of them found jobs, and moved into more permanent living accommodations with the help of the government and individuals. Some wanted to go back home; but, their homes were gone, or at least uninhabitable.

Twenty years ago I had worked for the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA). I would travel into an area and help people after a disaster to rebuild their lives and homes. My area of expertise was Hazard Mitigation, (flood insurance) or in those days called the Map department. We located the victim's home on a map. It was a job which was emotionally and physically draining, working seven days a week,

twelve hours a day. After the first few months we could cut back our work schedule to six days a week and eight hour days. My living accommodations were not like home, and I missed my husband and children, and the lack of a social life.

Even after I had worked with the transported “Katrina” refugees in our town, and had given to many charities for their needs, I was still thinking about them. If FEMA needed me because of a shortage of people to work after the disaster perhaps they could use my experience. So, I offered my services. Thinking they probably would not need me, I bought a house and moved when FEMA contacted me. I was working my part-time job where I worked up to 40 hours a week when FEMA contacted me. They needed more workers and wanted me.

On a Sunday morning during Sunday school class in the month of January, a man told us to continue to remember the victims of Katrina. He went on to tell us the story of a team of volunteers including his brother, who were gutting and rebuilding houses for the victims of Katrina in MS. That team pulled up in front of a house and the team leader went to the door of a badly damaged house. An elderly man answered and the team leader told him they were finally there to rebuild his house. The man asked who he was and what agency they were from. The team leader gave him the name of the volunteer group. The elderly man did not know of the group, nor did he contact them with an application. The team leader went back to the van and looked again at the paperwork, thinking he had the correct address. The older man told the team leader that house was two doors down the street. But that he and his elderly wife desperately needed help. They could not rebuild the house by themselves. They had tried to get help, but none came. They did not know what to do, did not have anyone to help them, did not have money, and had given up hope. Just that morning they had prayed and decided to take their lives! Then the knock on the door came. He asked the team leader if they could rebuild their house too. The team leader of that volunteer organization said they would rebuild their house and the one down the street too.

I was in charge of prayer requests that morning in Sunday school, and I prayed that God would help the victims of Katrina as He saw fit.

Tuesday FEMA contacted me. They informed me I was assigned to be gone for a 30 day deployment. I was to be in Jackson MS on that Monday for training, and sent to Baton Rouge, LA., and then where ever they needed me. So, I had to get my life in order including telling my boss I was going away for 30 days. I had to buy my high blood pressure medicine, write checks for bills due during that time, and pack.

That next Sunday morning as I led our Sunday school class in prayer, I was on the prayer list. My prayer was for physical and emotional strength and safety during my entire trip. I also asked for prayer that God would use me as a blessing to other Christians, to share God's gift of salvation through Jesus Christ, with those who did not know Him as Lord and Savior.

It was pretty much an exhausting adventure from the beginning. An overload of change is like that. I was finding my way to new locations, learning the ways of a new car, learning new materials for a job, changing my motel or hotel every night, and finding new places to eat. Not being a shy person, I always found someone to ask for help when my needs were beyond my expertise. But sometimes, no one was available. It was just me and God. We got to be very close. Driving cross country to a new city was a challenge but finding my way around a new city was more stressful. When a group of us were to relocate to Baton Rouge from Jackson, MS, God provided for me. During training I had made some contacts and three of us decided to drive together. When I arrived for training at the regional field headquarters in Baton Rouge, I knew my way around. Unfortunately for me, that very morning a coordinator decided to send me to New Orleans after training that afternoon. They warned me of the difficulties in New Orleans, signs down, traffic lights not working, street lights out, deserted areas, not many gas stations, etc. So outfitted with a map, and directions from the internet, a quick phone call to advise my husband of my plans, I prayed and committed the trip to God. My prayer was that God would take care of me. That He would put an angel on my front bumper who would guide me right to the door of the Sheraton on Canal St. in downtown New Orleans; and an angel on my back bumper to keep me safe from an accident. I also asked to arrive before dark, for protection and safety while I worked there, and an enjoyable trip to New Orleans. Because I knew my way out of town, even though it was rush hour in

Baton Rouge, I had a full tank of gas, felt rested, had snack food in the car, cell phones, and a radio to keep me company, I was doing fine! It was a beautiful dry sunny day and I enjoyed the scenery. My map and instructions were handy as I hit rush hour bumper to bumper traffic in New Orleans.

My directions told me to look for exit 234B stay left. So, I was in the left lane. The exit in Baton Rouge to go to the field office exited to the left as well. I know of left exits in Chicago, even though almost every other exit on an interstate in the U. S. is on the right side of the road. There were five lanes of bumper to bumper traffic as I spotted the Superdome just to my left. I did not see an exit but I was downtown. The only exit to the right was 234A. I thought my exit should be next. I could not see it as I scanned the horizon. Plus there was no moving over. It was a sea of cars. My exit never came. In fact, it turned dark while I sat in bumper to bumper traffic. I ended up on a very long bridge. When I got across the bridge, a road that went to the city of Slidell was to the left and unmarked exits on Hwy 90 were to the right. It was official, I was lost! I could not get over the nagging question of "What happened to my exit?" I crossed five lanes of traffic as I watched dark exits into the abbess go by. Now, I found myself calling out loud to God for guidance. After I asked Him "what exit should I take" and "how am I ever going to find my way back" and "please find me help", and "please send me a neon sign to tell me the way, so I will know it is from you". I spotted the golden arches of McDonalds several exits up the road. They would have a bathroom and hopefully someone to give me directions. As I pulled into the parking lot there was only one empty parking spot. It was next to a big green van with big white writing on the back doors. As I was pulling into the spot I was reading the words on the back doors. I quickly realized I was reading God's Word! They were Bible verses! God gave me what I was asking for. This was my neon sign from heaven! God made it very clear this was my help. God took the load from my mind when I saw those Bible verses.

After walking around my car to the green van I stopped, noticed a short haired black woman with her head down. I knocked on the window. I'm an older white woman and was pleased to see God sent me a middle aged black woman. She would understand and most likely know where I needed to go. When I told her I saw the Bible verses on her vehicle and

asked her if she were a Christian, she said yes. I told her I was a Christian too. Now, we had the strongest bond possible, sisters in the Lord. I next told her I was from out of state and lost. Would she be so kind, as to tell me how to get to where I needed to go? After I told her the Sheraton on Canal Street in downtown New Orleans, she confirmed my understanding of how lost I was! While she was telling me how to get to where I needed to go, my phone rang. It was my husband Ron, who had not been able to reach me. My phone was in my purse which had fallen to the furthest place on the front floor board, and was out of reach. I asked Ron to pray because I was lost. I told him God sent me help, to keep praying and I would phone him when I arrived at the hotel in New Orleans. Pauline, my new found friend, told me she was waiting for her granddaughter to be dropped off. Then she, her daughter, and granddaughter would drive across the street and buy gasoline. If I could wait, she would lead me onto the highway and to a police car. Then the police person would lead me the rest of the way to the Sheraton.

During my pit stop at Mc Donalds, Pauline's family arrived and I followed her van across the street. We sat through at least two traffic lights, and still no one would let her vehicle out. She started to honk the horn of her van. Although I could not see an opening, one was made. I kept my eyes on those Bible verses and stuck closer than a brother behind her! Next we were on the highway and driving toward New Orleans. I was reading those verses and praising the Lord for His provision. One verse was from Matthew 6:33, "But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well." And, John 3:7 "You should not be surprised at my saying, 'You must be born again.'" Suddenly we were off the highway and driving in the dark through the narrow deserted city streets. We passed not one but two police cars. Then we were on Canal Street and had street lights and traffic lights. Before I knew it Pauline had double parked in front of the Sheraton, and I pulled my rental car into the side drive of the hotel garage. When I got out of the car I realized I was shaking like a leaf, and my blood sugar was low. But I realized God had answered my prayer, sent me an angel to take me to the door. I told this to the valet and then to the bell man. When Pauline arrived I hugged her and thanked her. Then I introduced her as my angel to the valet. She again refused to take any money from me. Instead she handed me a paper with her name, address and phone

number, and asked me to pray for her family. I agreed to do just that and keep in touch.

That experience was the opening of a wonderful testimony of God's provision for me. It was to open the conversation between me and countless people who God has brought into my path ever since. God could have brought me to that hotel through my own map reading, but He had other plans for my life. God knew I was stressed, and he took care of my concerns about driving into Algiers, LA the next morning also. The woman I would be working with the next day offered to pick me up in the morning, as we were only two blocks away from each other.

The next morning I met the man who would be sitting next to me in the Disaster Center, who was a native of New Orleans. He worked for the Post Office and was an assistant minister at a large Baptist church there as well; so, I shared my testimony about the night before. He became a friend and a source of information to help Pauline. After working the first night, I phoned Pauline to see how I could pray for her family. What was her situation, and what were her needs? I believe God wants us to be specific when we pray.

Pauline had been victimized by the storm and a building contractor. She asked me to pray that God would send her a Christian contractor, someone to hang sheetrock, and someone to finish the electrical work that had been started. A contractor said he would do work for her for a specific amount of money. Then, he told her it would cost much more. They had settled on an amount of money but the remaining work would have to go undone. She could not afford to sue him and she needed help. While I worked at the center, I was able to find a Christian contractor and a woman lawyer who would help Pauline without charge with the previous contractor. We found a Christian organization that might be able to help her rebuild her damaged home. When my husband Ron shared with our church and Sunday school class my experience and Pauline's needs, they were able to help both Pauline and her church. God was working.

As I was sharing my testimony of God's provision for me, It dawned on me, that Pauline had driven past not one but two police cars. She had taken me directly to the door of the hotel. I wondered why! When I asked her, she told me when I knocked on her window that night she had her head down and was listening to Christian music and was praying. She was discouraged by what had happened with the contractor and seeing all her money go out without the job being finished. She had just given the situation to God when the knock came. She looked up to see me. As she was driving and leading me to my destination, her daughter pointed out the police not once but twice. Maria, Pauline's daughter, asked why she had not stopped to let them lead me to the Sheraton. Pauline told her daughter she felt strongly she should take me all the way to the door of the hotel, and she was not going to miss out on God's blessing in her life. I shared with her, what my prayer was when I left Baton Rouge the night we met; and how God had answered my prayers. So, we could clearly see that God brought us together to answer both our prayers. What a great God we serve! And, what a blessing we have each been to the other.

God continued to take care of me, even through the difficulties of the New Orleans Mardi Gras. The event was one and a half weeks long, which was shorter than in past years, but it caused a lot of stress and inconvenience for many of the workers. It definitely kept me in prayer. The Mardi gras would take two weekends. Because of the drunkenness of the big parades on Fat Tuesday the Disaster Centers in and around New Orleans chose to close down. However, the Joint Field Office for FEMA in Baton Rouge was not aware of this until I mentioned it to them. Although they were not happy, we were happy not to be out trying to get back to our hotel that day. As that first Saturday came, I was convinced I should not go to Algiers to work, as I would be trying to get back to the hotel during the third parade. I was afraid the streets would be closed near the hotel and I would end up on a deserted street in the dark. However, my coordinator in Baton Rouge wanted me to go to work and figure something out during the day. I followed orders and prayed. God sent a wind and a cold hard rain. I prayed all the way back to my hotel when I realized there was no parade and the streets were open. I then changed my prayer to one of praise. The third parade could not get a permit and was cancelled as well, allowing me to get safely back again.

During that week, I was transferred to another Center in the area where the levy broke. This neighborhood was worse than the first. Few people were living in the area and no businesses were open. There was more trash on the streets, and the water lines on the buildings were much higher and noticeable. Things there were bad. At lunch, we ate food provided by a Red Cross truck. We were busier here than at the Algiers location. My partner in the Hazard Mitigation department was also staying at my hotel. There were only three hotels available for us and I could not get closer to where I worked. We all were still inconvenienced by the Mardi gras. We left early from the center in order to get back into the parking garage before the street was closed.

On Thursday, the hotel gave us all written instructions how to survive the week end and through Fat Tuesday. We were to be in a lock down with all doors but one locked. Guards were to be stationed at that entrance and we were to wear a purple wrist band to identify us as hotel guests. We were to keep our vehicles in the parking garage as it would be full and streets closed. They suggested we take public transportation. Of course the city had very little public transportation. Saturday was really going to be a problem. There were three of us from that Center who were housed at the Sheraton, and one woman intended to drive to work that Saturday. So, my partner and I asked to go with her. I was at ease as I knew I would not be alone in a car and not able to get back to the Sheraton.

After the parade on Thursday night, the street below my hotel room on the 37th floor was quiet and I was able to sleep. At 3:00 AM, I was awakened by my heart beating unusually fast. I could not figure out what was wrong with me. I knew if there were anything seriously wrong, I was in trouble, as the only two hospitals in New Orleans were closed. I prayed fervently to God to stop the unusually fast beating of my heart. Since I needed to get up in just two hours, I really needed to sleep. My heart went back to a normal quiet beat, and I fell back to sleep until my alarm went off. As I was praying I thought of Philippians 4:6 & 7 from the Bible "Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus."

On Friday, we contacted our Joint Field Office in Baton Rouge and advised them of the hotel lockdown and our plans for Saturday. A few hours later the coordinator phoned me and asked if I could stay beyond my 30 day deployment (which was one week away). Since I have a job back home and told my boss that I would be back in a month, I turned them down. A few hours later she phoned back to tell me they were closing some centers and I should drive back to Baton Rouge the next day (Saturday). I had to book an airline flight from there. So again, I could see God taking care of me. I did not have to work in New Orleans on that Saturday, and be concerned about getting back into the hotel during the parade. In fact I could avoid the madness of the Mardi gras celebration completely.

When I left New Orleans that morning, it was a beautiful sunny day. I was happy to be going home. After a short time on the highway, traffic became only a crawl. After some time, I realized traffic was being led by the floats heading toward another town for a parade. So, now I was in a parade! Eventually they went down a different road. While crossing a very long bridge with a swamp on each side, the heavens opened up and the rain was so hard I could hardly see out my window. With God's help he kept me safe and I arrived at the "JFO" in Baton Rouge to check out. Then it was off to the airport where all the flights were going out without all their passengers. Between the heavy rain and the heavy load of passengers with luggage, the flights were not able to carry everyone. When I made my reservation, I got one of the last seats on the last flight of the day. I was sad I would have to wait around from 3:30 PM until 7:30 PM when my flight was scheduled to depart. In the end, God took care of all of us trying to get out of Baton Rouge that day. The airline was able to send a large plane to take all the people from the other flights plus our passengers. It was a full flight, but I for one was happy to be home again!

Time has passed and Pauline and I have kept in touch. God has provided in many ways. Pauline, her daughter Maria and granddaughter Aa-Ria are living in a FEMA mobile home behind their house, which has had much work done on it so far. Anytime now, a volunteer group will come to finish rebuilding her house.

I am reminded of the Bible verse from Ps 46:1 (NIV) "God is our refuge and strength, an ever present help in trouble." And the song, "God Will Take Care of You." God has proved himself to me many times in many ways. He is very much alive, real and He loves me very much. I can trust Him, and His Word. I am very blessed that someone told me about Him. I pray that if you are reading this now and do not know Him, you will pray to Him to forgive you of your sins, and He will forgive you of your sins and save you for eternity, even now. Because, that is what His Word promises us all.

Family Chronicles 9



SINCE I BEGAN THIS ADVENTURE, WRITING THE NEWS LETTER AND UPDATING THE FAMILY TREE; I HAVE FINALLY DISCOVERED WHO YOU ARE. I HAD VAGUE MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER'S MENTION OF YOU BUT I COULD NOT CONNECT EVERYONE UNTIL I DECIPHERED UNCLE SYL'S SYSTEM WITH REFERENCES TO WHO IS WHO AND IN WHICH FAMILY YOU ALL BELONG.

LET ME BEGIN WITH THE FIRST OF THE ORIGINAL THREE SONS OF DOMINIC SCORZA, WHO CAME TO THIS COUNTRY WIDE EYED AND READY FOR CHANGE. HOW EAGER HE WAS FOR THE WORKING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT THROUGH D.L. MOODY'S MINISTRY TO ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS. ANTONIO BECAME SO ZEALOUS AND HARD WORKING FOR THE SAKE OF THE GOSPEL AND HIS SEVEN CHILDREN FOLLOWED HIS EXAMPLE.

I VAGUELY REMEMBER PHILIP SCORZA, ANTON'S OLDEST SON. MY MOTHER SPOKE OF HIM AND HIS WIFE ANNETTE OFTEN. HOWEVER, IT HAS BEEN A GREAT PLEASURE TO KNOW PHYLLIS AND PRISCILLA, PHILLIP'S DAUGHTERS. PHYLLIS HAS BEEN GRACIOUSLY SENDING ME ARTICLES FOR THIS NEWS LETTER. I ALSO SAW THEIR BROTHER PHILIP AS I 'SURFED THE WEB,' LOOKING FOR MORE SCORZA FAMILY MEMBERS. PHILIP IS AN AVID HISTORIAN OF CASAIC, CALIFORNIA AND I HOPE HE WILL SEND ME AN ARTICLE ABOUT IT SOME TIME.

SAD TO SAY, ROBERT SCORZA HAS PASSED ON AND I NEVER KNEW HIM. I AM HOPING HIS SON, ROBERT, WILL CONTACT ME WITH NEWS ABOUT THEIR FAMILIES AND JANICE WILL SEND ME HER NEW ADDRESS WITH HER UPDATED NEWS.

TO SAY THE LEAST, ARNOLD AND LORRAINE HAVE BEEN DEAR TO OUR FAMILY FOR MANY YEARS AND I AM ALWAYS THINKING AND PRAYING FOR THEM AND FOR THEIR HEALTH. THEIR CHILDREN, MIRIAM, DAVID, KEN, AND RICHARD, HAVE SO MUCH TO SHARE. IT IS MY HOPE THAT THEY WILL SEND ME NEWS OF THEIR FAMILIES AND THEIR MINISTRIES. I KNOW DAVE AND JACKIE HAVE RETIRED FROM THE MISSION FIELD IN PAPUA, NEW GUINEA AND ONE CAN SEE THEIR NEWS LETTER VIA THE INTERNET. HOWEVER, I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THEM SEND AN ARTICLE ABOUT THEIR FAMILY'S PERSONAL NEWS WITH PICTURES OF THEIR GRANDCHILDREN.

ERVING AND SALLY SCORZA ARE MINISTERING VIA THE INTERNET AS WELL. ERVING IS TIRELESSLY SHARING HIS TESTIMONY AND IDEAS WITH FAMILY AND STRANGERS ALIKE. THEY HAVE SUFFERED THE LOSS OF THEIR DAUGHTER, CAROLYNN RECENTLY AND THEIR SON JIM SOME YEARS AGO.

WHO CAN IMAGINE THE NEWS FROM THE FAMILY OF MATRIARCH, JANET GLEASON. HER MANY CHILDREN HAVE FOLLOWED HER AND HER DEAR HUSBAND, CLARE'S EXAMPLES IN MANY WAYS. SEVERAL OF HER CHILDREN ARE MARRIED TO PASTORS. I LOOK FOR ARTICLES FROM THE BITAKIS CLAN TO UPDATE US ON ALL THE COMINGS AND GOINGS OF THE REST OF THE GLEASON FAMILIES; MARRIAGES, BABIES AND THE LIKE.

MY HUSBAND AND I HAD A WONDERFUL EVENING WITH RUTH AND VIC PETERSEN SEVERAL YEARS AGO, WHEN THEY CAME TO ST. PETERSBURG FOR A SPECIAL CONFERENCE. IT WAS SO GOOD TO GET TO KNOW THEM AND WE LONG TO HEAR FROM THEM WITH UPDATED NEWS ABOUT THEIR FAMILIES.

THE LOSS OF BERNICE BIEBER WAS VERY SAD BUT WE DID GET TO KNOW SOME OF HER FAMILY MEMBERS THROUGH AN ARTICLE FROM HER GRANDCHILDREN ABOUT THEIR TRIP TO ITALY. WE LONG FOR MORE NEWS ABOUT BERNICE'S HUSBAND, AL, AND HER CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN.

Here is an article that Paul Scorza has written about his father, Nicola (brother 2).

LIFE OF NICOLA SCORZA



Nicola was the second of nine children born to Domenico and Guiseppina Scorza, a strict and devout family in Catanzaro, Italy on July 7, 1887. Both families had relatives who entered the priesthood.

His father had spent 5 years in America working as a railroad foreman and returned to Italy, however his older brother Anton remained in Chicago. In March 1905, Nicola at age 17 was permitted to travel to America and was entrusted to bring his 15 year old cousin Nick Alberto with him. They stayed with the Garcia family in Chicago, good Christians who along with his brother Anton encouraged the young lads to attend Moody Church.

Nicola gave his heart to the Lord, and went back to Italy in 1909 to tell his folks of his salvation. He couldn't convince

them at the time, but the seeds planted by Anton, and now by Nicola continued to grow.

He attended an Italian Pentecostal church in Chicago, and had a great love for music. He took piano and violin lessons from Dr. Schuller of Moody Church. He played the piano for church services, then began to translate the English hymns into Italian, poetically fitting the music and the notes. He had a good voice and would sing the translated hymns to the congregation. He converted over 100 of the great English hymns into Italian. The great gospel hymns helped fan revival in the Italian churches. His first song translated into Italian was "He Cleanseth Me".

He married Theresa Zicaro in May 1914, they had 6 children, the first child Phoebe died at 8 months, the others Samuel, Gertrude, David, Paul and Violet were brought up in a loving Christian environment.

Nick, as he was often called by his friends, worked at the YMCA in downtown Chicago for 40 years, and witnessed to and encouraged many young men in Christian living. He studied the scriptures and felt led to be a lay preacher at 2 Italian missions in Chicago, at 35th and Wells, and later at 57th Ave. and Grand. He preached, played the piano and sang some of his translated hymns.

He gave piano and violin lessons to his children, and also to many nieces, nephews and great nieces, as well as to children of church members. He never had an automobile, so all his traveling was by street car and bus, and after leaving early in the morning for work, would very seldom come home before 9 P.M. He enjoyed his lay and music ministry and was pleased

when his students did well. He envisioned them playing for Christian churches and help spread the gospel.

During the war years, when all three of his sons went into service, all on July 20, 1942, he began victory gardens at neighboring vacant lots, also one more garden in a vacant lot on Sayre Ave. near his Brother and Sister In Law, George and Mary Triunfol. He transported all equipment and vegetables by street car and bus.

On November 5, 1955 he had a stroke, but fought bravely to regain his strength. He could not talk, but had a strong determination to help himself, although for 5 years Theresa had to help bathe, shave and dress him. In the 5th and 6th years he started to read out loud from the Bible and he started to read and sing his Italian songs. He visited his old friends at the YMCA, and visited his younger cousin Nick Alberto, who also had a stroke. Then the last year he wanted to go to his little Mission where he preached, prayed and played the piano. But this time he would only play the piano for them, and he would sing one song each Sunday. The last song he sang was "Teach Me To Pray". For the next Sunday he planned to sing "There's No Disappointment In Heaven". He never got to sing that song at the little mission because God called him home on September 20, 1961, but he is singing it up in Heaven.

IT WAS SO GOOD THAT PATRICIA SCHAFFER FOUND US AND WE FOUND HER FAMILIES. I AM GLAD THIS PRECIOUS PART OF OUR FAMILY HAS BEEN JOINED TO US, AS SHE IS THE FIRST DAUGHTER BORN TO NICOLA'S ELDEST SON, SAMUEL. WE LOOK FOR NEWS FROM THEM EAGERLY. JUNE'S CHILDREN, BARRY AND DARIN, ARE PRECIOUS TO US AS WELL AND WE WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM THEM. I DID RECEIVE SOME COMMUNICATION FROM TERRY'S WIFE LINDA AND WOULD LOVE

SOME UPDATED INFORMATION ABOUT HER CHILDREN, DAVID AND JENNIFER.

THEN THERE IS MY MOTHER'S DEAR COUSIN AND FRIEND, GERTRUDE. PLEASE SEND NEWS ABOUT YOURSELF, YOUR HUSBAND AND CHILDREN, FRED AND JUDY ANN.

OUR FAMILY HAS A DOUBLE RELATIONSHIP TO CLAUDINE SCORZA AS DAVID WAS MY MOTHER'S COUSIN AND CLAUDINE WAS MY FATHER'S COUSIN. THEY MET AT MY PARENTS WEDDING. HOW MUCH I WOULD LIKE TO GET AN ARTICLE FROM YOU AND NANCY ABOUT YOUR FAMILY'S NEWS. I WAS SO BLESSED TO GET EMAIL FROM MICHELLE ABOUT HER WEDDING TO ANDREW CRANE. I WOULD LIKE PICTURES TOO. ANY NEW BABIES?

THANK YOU SO MUCH, PAUL AND TALMA, FOR THE BEAUTIFUL ARTICLE ABOUT YOUR FATHER, NICOLA. PLEASE SEND MORE FAMILY NEWS ABOUT THE WENDT'S AND JIM AND LORRAINE'S FAMILIES.

I HAVE COME TO KNOW THE SWEET, SWEET SPIRIT OF JOHN AND VIOLET COLLINS THROUGH EMAIL AND CORRESPONDENCE. THEIR TRIP TO ITALY WAS ENVIABLE TO SAY THE LEAST. THEY HELPED US GET TO KNOW OUR FAMILIES IN ITALY IN SUCH A SPECIAL WAY. PLEASE SEND US MORE INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN. ANY WEDDINGS OR NEW BABIES FOR YOUR CLAN? SEND PICTURES!

Our Family comes next as the descendents of Joseph Scorza, third son of Dominico and Giuseppina Scorza:

AS YOU MAY OR MAY NOT KNOW, MY MOTHER, VERA, (FIRST DAUGHTER OF JOSEPH SCORZA) HAS MOVED TO MARYLAND. SHE SOLD HER HOME IN FLORIDA LAST YEAR AND IS LIVING IN AN ASSISTED LIVING HOME NEAR MY SISTER, JACKIE. SHE IS

DOING FAIRLY WELL, BUT EXPERIENCING SOME PAIN DUE TO BONE DEGENERATION, RESPIRATORY PROBLEMS AND HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.

- JACKIE, VERA'S OLDEST, LIVES NEARBY AND HER HUSBAND IS BUILDING A NEW HOUSE ON SOME WATER FRONT PROPERTY. JACKIE LOST ONE OF HER SON'S TO CANCER SEVERAL YEARS AGO BUT SHE IS BLESSED WITH HIS SON AS HER SPECIAL PROJECT. HER FIVE CHILDREN ARE DOING WELL.

JUDY, (THAT'S ME) IS QUITE WELL. I AM ALSO BLESSED WITH MY DAUGHTER VERA'S SON AS MY SPECIAL PROJECT. I CARE FOR HIM DAILY WHILE MY VERA WORKS. MY HUSBAND AND I HAD THE PRIVILEGE TO CARE FOR OUR FOUR GRANDCHILDREN OF JOSHUA IN ILLINOIS THIS SUMMER AND I WILL TRAVEL TO CALIFORNIA IN OCTOBER FOR THE BIRTH OF RONNIE'S NEW BABY. HARRY WORKS AND TEACHES IN NEW YORK AND HERE IS AN UPDATE ON BERNIECE'S RECENT TRIP.

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.

More family news from Vera's daughters

- Sisters, Joan and June, live and work in Illinois, while sister, Joyce, lives and works in Carbondale, Ill. Joyce's son, Luke, graduated from Southern Illinois this year.
- My sister, Jan's son, Mark, came to live around the corner from our house this summer and is doing well in the heat of the summer in Florida.

Uncle Syl and Aunt Phyl need to send some news of their families with pictures as well. I'm sure you have a lot to tell about your children and grandchildren.

Ann and Lee Plas should have a lot to update us about with their many children and grandchildren.

How about Edna Brooks, who has another great grandchild to update us about. Come on! Send me those recent pictures!

Now we come to our Italian families

Elena Alberto and her daughter Giulia and son-in-law Rosario Danizio hosted several families who made the journey to Italy recently. We need more information about her families but the language barrier is somewhat a

hindrance. Elena is the daughter of Pietro Scorza, fifth child of Guiseppina and Dominico Scorza.

We also need information about Margie, Carol and Valdo in Genoa, Italy. Margie was the wife of Dominico Scorza who died several years ago – son of Pietro.

Dear Violetta, who graciously hosted and entertained all of the families that ventured to Italy, is also in our prayers as she lost her son recently. We want to know more about Violetta's sister Ninnette, her husband Alfonso Fasulo and their two sons. They live in Bergamo, Italy

We were glad to be introduced to Caterina Lia, Matriach of her family and daughter of Maria Scorza-Parrotta. Violet and John Collins told us about Caterina's family in Traverna, Italy. Violet and John also visited Alba and Luciano Alberto in San Pietro. Alba is Maria's second daughter. Maria's son, Dominico and his wife Maria, live in Catanzaro, Italy. They were also especially kind to John and Violet Collins. Maybe Violet has news from all of them.

Carmella Scorza-Levato's clan seem to have been more remote from the others but we hope to get more information about them. They have several families in San Pietro.

Ernesto Scorza leaves us a great gift in Dario Scorza. Dario is always ready to welcome family members into his home. He is always ready to show family members around and introduce them to the Italian culture. His wife, Anna, and daughter, Patrizia, continue the Scorza traditions in Catanzaro and they are pillars of the church that the four brothers established there.

Of course, Frank had no children but his legacy is strong in the family. I have several copies of his book that I would be glad to send anyone who would like one.

Family Chronicles 10



ANN, EDDIE, VERA, SYL

GRANDCHILDREN)



EDEN NOVISEDLAC

RYAN & KIMBERLY YOST
(EDDIE'S GRANDDAUGHTER AND GREAT



MICHELLE SCORZA AND ANDREW CRANE WERE MARRIED IN
JULY



MICHELLE IS GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER OF NICOLA,
GRANDDAUGHTER OF DAVID AND CLAUDINE AND DAUGHTER OF
LARRY DAVID SCORZA. SHE IS SENIOR ENGINEERING
TECHNICIAN FOR THE CITY OF ELK GROVE, CALIFORNIA.

**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 3rd, 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.

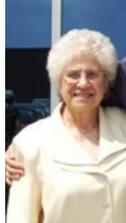
Jesus has led me on from victory to victory these four years and I am saying in all things 'amen' to His will. He is more than life to me. Jesus is my all in all. He is my savior, sanctifier, keeper and healer. I know He heals both soul and body. Dear souls, if you are trying to serve God in your own 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 for ever and ever. Brothers and sisters in Christ and unsaved souls, you have my prayers.

Yours for Jesus, Helena Kopp, Fairview, Kansas

Here is another article about Nicola Scorza

by Violet Collins



One hundred years ago, in 1905 my father Nicola Scorza came to America at age 17. He was sponsored by the Garcia family who took him into their home. The conditions of him living there meant that he had to attend Moody church with them. He soon found the Lord, as did his older brother Anton. They both took every advantage of Moody. My dad took music lessons from George S. Schuler who was the author of many hymns that are in our hymn books. My dad learned how to play the piano and violin there. He also became a great student of the bible.

Having this new found faith he went back to Italy to share the good news of the gospel with his family. The Moody Sunday school class supplied him with a suitcase full of Italian language bibles. When he got to Italy, they thought he was out of his mind and that he had become a heretic. The priest burned the suitcase and the bibles. My

grandmother had secretly taken one of the bibles and hidden it under her mattress. My father returned to America broken hearted, but prayed that God would somehow save his family. His brother Anton also went back to Italy with another suitcase of bibles, hoping that they would accept the gospel message. But again, the bibles were burned by the priest. My father made two trips before he was married, in order to bring the gospel to his family.

A third brother, Uncle Joseph, came to America and found the Lord. He studied at Moody also. When he went back to Italy, he did not bring bibles, but he sang gospel songs, hymns and also classic Italian songs. With brothers, Nicola and Anton, praying in America, the light of the gospel was first received by my grandmother. I was told that when it happened it was like an explosion in her. She told everyone about her new found faith in Christ. It was a small village, and the priest led the villagers to stone my grandmother as a heretic. She did not die. Her remark after that incident was that she was glad that she was the one stoned, and not a newer Christian. Uncle Joseph came back to America and ministered here. When he married, he and his wife went back to Italy to minister to the family there. The extended families in Italy came to know the Lord and were zealous for the Gospel. Again, Uncle Joseph returned to America where he became pastor of an Italian Reformed Church in Roseland, which is on the south side of Chicago. He was sponsored by the Dutch Reformed Church. Uncle Anton became the pastor of the Italian branch of Moody Church on Elm Street in Chicago. The three brothers in America grew in their knowledge of the Lord, as did the parents, and five other children in Italy.

My father heard of a small group of Pentecostal believers that were meeting in a store front church. He joined them, and was the pianist, and there he translated English speaking hymns into the Italian language. That storefront church became too small and they then

worshipped at a church on Erie Street. They soon had about 500 Italian worshippers. My father, who worked as a janitor at the YMCA, would give lessons to any child in the congregation who wanted to learn how to play the piano. He did this because he wanted young people to be able to play for the Lord. After work every night, he would take the streetcar to some church members home and give piano lessons for 50 cents an hour. Several times in later years, I have had people come up to me and tell me that my father taught them how to play, and that they were the church pianist in different churches. My father would have been pleased. My dad also taught violin. I can remember how, in our home my sister would be at the piano, and two of my brothers and dad on the violins, with my oldest brother on the saxophone. My brother Samuel used to play saxophone solos at Midwest Bible Church where he was a member. My father taught young men how to play the violin and then they would be able to join in playing all the old gospel songs. Our living room rang with Christian music. My sister was the pianist at the Church that Rev. J. Robert Ashcroft pastored. He was the father of the former Attorney General John David Ashcroft. Side note: My husband John was a teenaged Sunday school teacher then, and John David Ashcroft was one of the young students in his class.

Uncle Frank the youngest of my dad's siblings was preaching the gospel in Italy. He was imprisoned many times under the Mussolini regime. Usually the priest would complain to the authorities as there was many converts, and Uncle Frank would be put in prison. They finally told him that if he would leave the country they would release him from prison. The three American brothers quickly put up the funds and brought him to America. That was in 1939, just before World War II. Uncle Frank went to Northwestern Baptist Seminary in Minnesota. After the war Uncle Frank took a bride and went back to Italy as the head of the Southern European Mission. He was the translator for Billy Graham, whenever Billy spoke in Southern Europe. Uncle Frank, with

help from my dad and his two brothers, was able to establish a church in Catanzaro, Italy. He also built, with the help of my grandfather, a chapel on the first floor of my grandparents' home in San Pietro Magisano.

After World War II ended, Uncle Ernest asked help from the families in America as he wanted to establish a place in the mountains as a religious retreat for young people. Communism was sweeping the cities, and he wanted a place that young people from different villages could come away and be built up in the faith. It was our privilege to contribute to this undertaking. I was a young person at the time, and with our family we were happy to have a part in what is now Bethel Village. This is a beautiful retreat way up in the mountains of Calabria. We enjoyed seeing Bethel Village on our recent trip to Italy.

When we first got to Italy we spent five days with my cousin Dario and his wife, in Catanzaro and at his seaside home. John had the privilege of ministering in the church in city of Catanzaro on Sunday. There is a large plaque in the Catanzaro Church that lists the names of my dad and his three brothers who made possible this lighthouse for the Gospel.

Then we went to San Pietro Magisano where we stayed in the home that my grandfather built. On the ground floor of that home is a chapel. My cousins Violetta and Elena were our hosts. Three of my cousins and a second cousin each have an apartment in this house. We stayed in Violetta's apartment. San Pietro is a very small village in the mountains. We were able to spend six days there, and what a pleasure. As you sit on the balcony, to the west you have nothing but mountains. There is an unobstructed view that was breathtaking. At the base of the house were fig trees, olive trees, grape vines, and then open space and mountains. To the east of the house, one block north, was a huge Catholic church that rises high above the village, and

dominates the landscape. However, on Wednesday night the chapel that Uncle Frank built in my grandfather's house, was packed with people wanting to hear the Gospel, and songs went out through the open windows for all to hear. Again John was able to minister, through an interpreter. What a blessing for John and I to be a part of this wonderful community of believers. All of my relatives, and there were many, are the only Evangelicals in the town. If you are not Catholic you are called an Evangelical. What a great title. We wear it proudly.

Let me tell you a little bit about my father. He worked as a janitor at the YMCA for 40 years. He loved it there as he had opportunity to witness to young men. Many were despondent during the depression, but my dad loved talking to them. I know of two young men he talked out of suicide attempts. He also was an avid Cubs fan, so he made a good connection with the young men, and was able to present the Gospel to them. The best memory I have of my father is during the period of 1941 to 1945. I had just entered high school in '41. You all know what happened on Dec.7, 1941. Then in January, my three brothers enlisted in the service and I was the only one home with my parents, as my sister had married the year before. I can visualize me sitting at one side of the dining room table doing my homework every night. My mom was at another side of the table writing three letters every day to her sons. My dad sat across from me reading his bible. He would read a chapter many times to find out what God was saying in those verses. When he found the key verse to the chapter he was satisfied, and then would study the next chapter. I will always remember the war years and the many prayers that went up at our home. I can still see my father. Dad was a lay preacher. When he wasn't at the Italian church which now met on Wolcott Street, he was singing and preaching at a mission on 31st street and also one mid-week service at a small group on Grand Avenue.

My dad had a stroke in 1955, and was completely paralyzed. My mother was the best therapist, and she helped him to be able to use his legs and hands. In fact, he was able after awhile to do everything but talk. His speech did not return. After two years he was able to play the piano. One day he began to sing, and everyone was thrilled. He still could not talk, but he could sing. He went to the little Italian Mission on 31st street and played the piano and sang a solo each Sunday. The song he was preparing to sing for his solo was "There's No Disappointment in Heaven" the next Sunday in Sept. 1961, but God took him home with a quick heart attack as he sat in the back yard, before he could sing that song.

From my grandfather Domenic, and grandmother Josephina, there are now over 300 descendents. There are many ministers and missionaries here and abroad. We have a Wycliffe Translator in Papua, New Guinea. My cousin James Scorza was a Missionary Pilot to Haiti, but he died of cancer several years ago. My cousin Sylvio Scorza was the President of the Reformed Church of America in the 90's. He is now a retired professor of a Seminary. I had cousins in Italy who were ministers. We are in many different denominations, but all with a great love for God's work.

When I think of the result of my dad and his two brothers bringing the Good News of the Gospel to their family in Italy, I am overjoyed. They sacrificed much to bring the Gospel overseas. To worship with my cousins, and second cousins, many of us not able to communicate fully, but able to worship as one, was a thrill and a blessing for me. When John & I returned, we remarked about how wonderful it was that my dad was so in love with Jesus that he went back to his hometown to be sure his family came to know the Lord. From that dedication, many hundreds are now with him in heaven and there still is a multitude of Scorza family members who are in the service for the Lord in various parts of the globe. Our prayer is that we will continue

to carry the Good News of the Gospel to those who have not heard.

Family Chronicles 11

DAVE AND JACKIE SCORZA; MISSIONARIES IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA FOR OVER 30 YEARS



David Scorza's 'Bio'

Dave was born in Chicago on Nov.11, 1942 at St. Lukes Hospital. He was the first male grandchild, so his Grandfather (Rev. Anton Scorza) called him "King David." When Dave was 4, his parents, Arn and Lorraine Scorza left Chicago to take up a teaching position at Ben Lippen High School, an academy sponsored by Columbia Bible College, now CIU (Columbia International University). Here he had contact with many missionary kids from Central and South America, and heard special speakers from around the world. Dave spent over eight (8) years in the beautiful mountains of Western North Carolina.

In 1955 the family returned to Chicago, and it was here at Dave finished high school and attend his first year of college. During this year, Dave felt a strong desire to serve the Lord through missions, so at the end of the school year he transferred to Columbia International University where he earned his BA in Biblical Education 3 years later. He also met his future wife, Jackie, at CIU, and found his life mate. She was a year behind him.

Jackie was born in Garberville, California on September 17, 1943. She was the 3rd of 5 children. The kids were all raised in the Sierra foothills above Auburn, CA. and lived on a small ranch in Greenwood, CA. Jackie came to know the Lord at age 12. In 11th

grade she felt the call of missions, and was later mentored by her pastor, Rev. Lyle Birkey, under Rural and Village missions. He helped her locate a place to train: Columbia International University, clear across the country in South Carolina. She worked at a local Ranger Station in Georgetown, CA. each summer to earn tuition money, and eventually graduated from CIU in 1966.

During their years at CIU, Dave attended a Wycliffe prayer group and this sparked his deep interest in translation work. Upon Graduation, he attend SIL school at the University of Oklahoma, and was accepted into Wycliffe at the end of Summer, 1965. Jackie attended a year later, and was also accepted as a member of Wycliffe. At the end of summer 1966 Dave and Jackie were married. Within three months, they were in Mexico doing a jungle survival training course in Ixtapa, in the southern State of Chiapas, Mexico, living among Tzeltal Indians. They remained in Mexico for 4 months.

After speaking at numerous churches, Dave and Jackie raised enough financial support to head to Papua New Guinea, where they were assigned as a translation team. They settled among the Au people, hidden along the Torricelli Mountain ranges of the Sandaun Province. They learned the language, did literacy and community development, and dedicated a translation of Old Testament stories and the complete New Testament in the Au language in 1983.

The PNG Bible Translation Association invited Dave and Jackie to work with them over the next 11 years. Dave was program coordinator and a translation teacher and consultant during that time. He also began initial training of PNG translation consultants. There are now 12 men who have either completed that training or are still working toward becoming full consultants. Dave has traveled widely in the country helping teams complete their translations and preparing them for publication through checking manuscripts for naturalness, clarity and accuracy.

**David Scorza's son Kurt continued in his father's ministry in
Papua New Guinea
Kurt, Melinda, Nadia & Isabella**



Kurt was born in Papua New Guinea (PNG) on July 27, 1970 in a town called Goroka. He spent the first 13 years of his life in the village in the West Sepik where his parents were translators; from 1970 until 1983 when his dad finished the translation of the New Testament into to Au language. Kurt traveled back and forth between the village and Ukarumpa with his parents every four months. Starting in 1983, Kurt was in Ukarumpa where he went to school until graduation in 1989. After graduation Kurt left for Phoenix, Arizona to take a two year automotive program. After finishing school he worked in several shops, until deciding he didn't enjoy automotive work very much. Kurt then got a job doing general maintenance at a hotel. After that he worked at an apartment complex until 1996 when he joined Wycliffe Bible Translators. In 1998 Kurt returned to PNG as a plumbing trainer for national apprentices. When he got to Ukarumpa he was also asked to take over running the security department. He did both of these jobs up till January of 2004. At that time he moved over to our automotive shop (from doing the plumbing training) and took over purchasing and receiving of the parts and helping with implementing a new inventory program. Kurt did this job as well as the security job through November 2004 when he was moved from the shop over to our store where he became Operations Manager. In 1998 Kurt met his future wife, Melinda.

Melinda is a California Native, born in Westminster where she spent all her growing-up years. She went to Ocean View High School and graduated in 1990. She studied cosmetology at

Golden West College and graduated a year later with a hairdressing license. She worked at Carlton Hair from 1991 until 1995. She visited PNG in 1994 for a month's holiday and that was when she first felt called as a missionary. Immediately after she came home from her holiday in PNG she started the paperwork as a short-term assistant (STA) with Wycliffe. She went to Quest for Wycliffe training in 1995. The next year she quit her job and went to Bible College at Calvary Chapel Bible College in Lake Arrow Head for one year. She studied teacher training for early childhood education. At the end of that year she left for PNG as a preschool teacher and served in Ukarumpa for two years. While in PNG she went to Nissan Island and helped a translation team with literacy. This is where she felt called to do literacy work with nationals. She went on furlough for six months in 1998 to raise more support and to do doctrinal statement for membership with Wycliffe. In 1999 she left for Melbourne, Australia for a year of literacy training. In November 1999 she graduated and went back to PNG. Unfortunately at that time my plans changed. Melinda and Kurt were married in September 2000 and that pretty much finished up being able to do literacy work! They were stuck at Ukarumpa due to Kurt's jobs so she helped out in the schools until Nadia was born in 2002 when Melinda became a stay at home mom.

Kurt and Melinda met in August 1998 while Melinda was on furlough and Kurt was preparing to leave for PNG. At that time, Melinda already knew Kurt's Parents, David and Jackie from Ukarumpa. Kurt, along with his sister Kristi, came over from Arizona to see Melinda. They went out for a few hours then met again at Kurt's cousin's house a month later. Kurt left for PNG in 1998 and Melinda went to see him off. Melinda went back to PNG on her school break in June for the high school graduation at Ukarumpa and started hanging out with Kurt again. Their relationship started on their first motorcycle ride and they started dating officially July 15th 1999. At that time they realized David and Jackie Scorza had already arranged our marriage! There are positives about arranged marriages. Melinda left for Melbourne for the last four months of school. During that time they got to know each other well by email and phone calls. Kurt was faithful in emailing Melinda every day. They believe they were blessed to have this time. Melinda came back to Ukarumpa November 22,

1999. On December 2 Kurt and Melinda and his parents left for Lae for a week's holiday. Kurt proposed to Melinda there on December 3rd and she happily accepted. They came back on December 5th and Kurt called Melinda's parents to ask her dad's permission on the 6th. They were married on September 9, 2000.

Kurt and Melinda have two wonderful children. Nadia was born in Cairns Australia on June 7, 2002 and Isabella was also born in Cairns Australia on June 12, 2005.

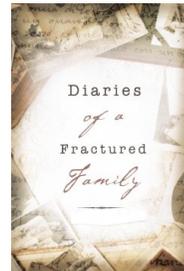
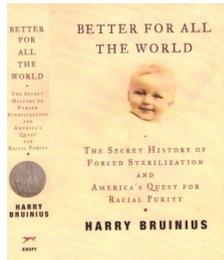
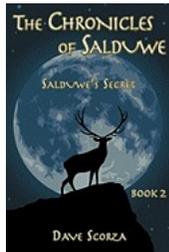
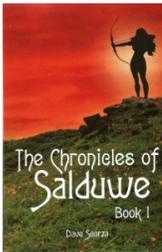
Kurt and Melinda will be leaving PNG June of 2006 for a new assignment (still with Wycliffe Bible Translators) in Temecula Ca where Kurt will take up the role of Facilities manager there. Melinda is looking forward to this move to Temecula as she hopes to be able to be more involved again.

Book Corner:

Dave Scorza

Harold Bruinius

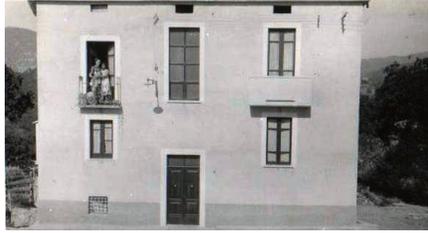
Judith Bruinius
(Pen name:
Sarah Galati)



Old Pictures from the USA & Italy:



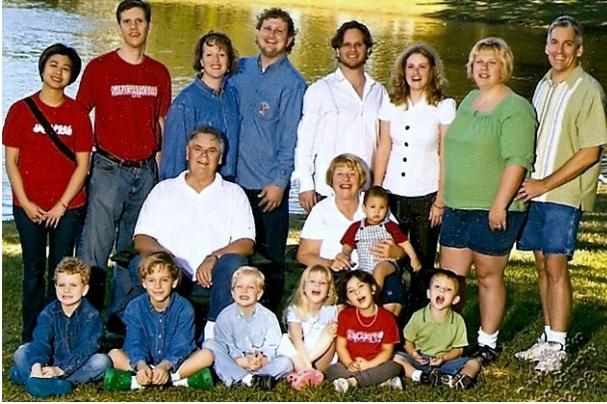
Family members of Giuseppina and Domenico Scorza



In Italy:



Family Chronicles 12



**Greetings from the Bruinius/Capotrio clan
It's been a wonderful year getting to know some of you via Facebook**

The Story of Janet Scorza Gleason



Janet, Bernice & Ruth



Janet Scorza Gleason

Janet Scorza was born in 1927, the sixth child of Antonio and Emilia. The Scorzas were devout evangelicals who ministered in the heart of Chicago. They had seven living children (nine altogether). Antonio worked out of Moody Church as the missionary- pastor of the Moody Italian Mission Church, having graduated from Moody Bible Institute.

Janet learned to play the piano and sing at an early age. She ministered in the church her father pastored. Janet

was 14 when her father left his church of 27 years to affiliate with the American-European Fellowship, a mission to Europe. He still had a heart for Italy and family members there. Janet spent the summer that year caring for brother Arn's baby girl Miriam, while Arn was getting his master's degree and Lorraine was working. When Janet came home, she asked where the family was attending church and was told the Epiphany Baptist Church, a couple of blocks away.

It was at Epiphany Janet met Clare Gleason, a Moody student who visited their church. He soon became a regular as it became his practical work assignment. While Janet became a member of the radio choir and assisted Mary in playing the piano, Janet's mother noticed an attraction between Janet and Clare. Emilia informed Clare he would have to wait for Janet to graduate from high school.

Although Janet received Christ at an early age, she gave her heart to God at a Youth for Christ Rally downtown that year. It was also in 1941 when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Clare left school to join the Navy in 1942. He was ordained that year and later became a Navy Corpsman. He was attached to Fleet Air-Wing (before there was a U.S. Air Force). Clare and Janet were writing to each other but after witnessing the war, Clare wrote Janet a 'dear Janet letter' to free her to date others. He didn't want to tie her down in case something happened to him.

When Clare came to Chicago in 1945, Janet's parents invited Clare to stay at their home overnight. When Clare got ready to leave, he asked Janet, "Do you want me to come back?" All in a minute, 18 year old Janet had to decide which direction her life was going. She said, "Yes." Soon they became engaged.

August 4, 1945, Janet and Clare were married on his 10 day leave from the service. He was stationed in Chicago at what became Wright Junior College, which had become a radio school. Janet told everyone she and Clare were going to have 12 children. After the war was over, which happened on their honeymoon, Janet was disappointed when she didn't get pregnant immediately. For nine months she

petitioned the Lord for a child and then gave her dream back to God to accept His will for her. Soon she became pregnant and had a child each year for ten years.

Clare and Janet lived with her parents in Chicago for a while. They spent a few months in Gridley, Illinois. When the factory where Clare was working went belly up, they moved to Charlevoix, Michigan and lived with Clare's family. He soon got a job and an invitation from Eastport Baptist Church to come and help them. Clare pastored several Baptist churches in Michigan. He also worked in Charlevoix hospitals because of his experience as a corpsman and other places to support his family. They spent time on Lake Michigan and Lake Huron, a short time in the western Upper Peninsula, and several years in southern Michigan. When Clare was considering cutting down on his work, they moved to Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan; going north as opposed to going south. Janet says they loved the cold weather in the Upper Peninsula.

Janet and Clare had 14 children.

Janet's first child is Patricia.



Patti married Nick Bitakis, a pastor in Chicago. Patti and Nick have two sons, James and John. James and Faye have three children. John and Lisa have two (no pictures).



James & Faye



Kayla, Calvin & Amber

Richard or Rick is number two. He married Patricia and they have four children, Jennifer, Juliann, Gregory and Richard Jr. Jennifer and Juliann are both married. Jennifer has three children, Amber, Bethany & Christine. They live in Colorado.



Number three is Clare Wilson Jr. They call him Bill. Bill married Carole and they have three children, Douglas, Heather and Alicia. Heather married Justin Braun and they have four children. Douglas married Julie and they have three children. They live in Michigan.



Kathryn, Janet's fourth child, married twice. She had four children with Bill Mooshshabad. Rameena, her first child, married Tony Baldarrama and had six children. Tammy Sue married Oliver Stephan and moved to Germany. Raman and 'Bobby' are married and have children. They live

in California. Then, Kathy married Michael McGee and they have six children, Michael, Joseph, David, Stephan, Daniel, and Christine.

Paul is number five. He married Cathy Ragan, who came into the marriage with Christina. Paul and Cathy had Jonathan in 1998. Christina was married to John in August of 2008. They live in Michigan.



Christina's wedding

Victor, number six, married Karen and they have five children, all starting with the letter M. Michelle married Todd Lamay and they have two children. Matthew married Crystal and they have one child. Michael and 'Chrissy' have one child as well. Mark is not married. Morgan married Kristi and they have three children. They all live in Michigan.

Dan, number seven, married Laurel. They have twin sons, Jeremiah and Joshua and live in Nevada.

After the three boys, Janet had Carole, baby number eight. Carole married Harry Somers, a pastor in Missouri. They had Jason, Justin and Michelle. Jason married Dana and they have several children. Michelle has three children as well.

Another baby girl, Ruth was born in 1955. Janet's ninth child, Ruth, married Michael Smith. They both brought a daughter into the marriage. Michael had Nicole and Ruth had Jessica. Ruth and Michael had twins, Vicky and Mandy. Ruth's first born, Jessica, has two boys, Derek and Weston. Jessica is a photographer and we've gotten to know her via Facebook.

Ruth



Derek and Weston

Later, Ruth married Mitchell Johnson and had Ryan, Cody and Ashley. They live in Minnesota.

Number ten, David was born in 1956. David married Edith and they have four children, Justin, Sarah, Anna & Angel. Sarah has two children and Anna has a baby. They live in Nevada.

Janet and Clare skipped a year and John Calvin was born in 1958. John is a pastor in Michigan and he married Laura Beth. They have four children, Courtney, Ashley, Anton & Chelsea. They live and minister in Michigan. Courtney plans to marry this fall.



Next, Philip was born while Janet was a very busy mom and Clare a busy provider. Philip married Renee and they had two children, Krista & Brandon. They live in Iowa.

Lydia is the youngest. She married Lewis Stone, a Christian School administrator. They have five children, Philip, Daniel, Valerie, Robert & Benjamin. They spent time in Erie, PA where Lewis is from in a Christian School and church. They now reside in Michigan.

Lastly, Janet had Matthew, who was stillborn in 1964. She still remembers him fondly.

The Gleason families have great memories of their time together ministering in song. The family was invited by many churches in Michigan to sing for their worship services and present sacred concerts. Janet, of course, was playing the piano and accordion with Rick on the guitar, while the many children would blend beautiful harmonies singing popular gospel music.

How soon those busy years passed and one by one the children left the nest to begin their own lives and families. Janet and Clare must have spent many days on their knees in prayer for each of their children.

Clare died suddenly in 2001. He was still busy filling pulpits in northern Michigan and in Canada. Janet lives in the upper peninsula of Michigan near Sault Ste. Marie. She has 13 children, 52 grandchildren, 46 great grandchildren and counting.

Janet has a great legacy of faith and faithfulness to give her children. God bless you, Janet Scorza Gleason with many more happy years or until the Lord comes again.

My new family friends on Facebook from Italy:



Cristina Alberto lives in Rome. She is the daughter of Carmine Alberto, grandson of Pietro Scorza.



Marco Parrotta is Stefano's brother and they are grandchildren of Maria Scorza Parrotta.



Stefano Parrotta's wedding in Rome. He is the son of Dominico and Maria Parrotta.



Sergio Alberto is grandson of Pietro Scorza; youngest son of Elena Alberto.



Teresa Danizio is the daughter of Giulia and Rosario Danizio and sister of Stefania.



Stefania and Tommy are engaged. Stefania is the granddaughter of Elena Alberto.

New American cousins I have been blessed to know on Facebook



Jess Oullis is Ruth Gleason's daughter.



Jeff Ramquist is Bernice Scorza Bieber's grandson. He is engaged to Ebony.



Sara Ramquist is Jeffrey's sister.

What an exciting adventure this computer has contributed to my life. I've been able to do extensive research without ever leaving my house. I've learned so many things about my family and been able to communicate with those in Italy as well as here in the USA.

God bless you all as we anticipate what will transpire in the year 2010.