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QUE PASA

WHAT'S HAPPENING

A Publication of International Children's Care
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A SPONSOR'S HEART

Sponsorship has come to mean so much to my wife and me. We got involved in sponsoring children at ICC about 14 years ago. Through the years we have realized just how vital sponsorships are not only to the ICC program, but to the children themselves. I have the privilege of visiting with some of the ICC Children on occasion and I always see and hear the excitement from them when they know they have a sponsor in their lives. The children's eyes light up when we talk to them about their sponsors. These people are more than a check or a name. The children think of them as their parents and family. The ICC children desperately need to feel the love of sponsors who care enough for them to financially provide for them each month. This is their touch with the outside world, and it is their hope of love for the future.

An added blessing to my wife and me is that sense of following God's call to each one of us to take care of the orphaned children in this world. What an amazing sense of satisfaction and appreciation we both feel when we receive little notes and cards from our sponsored chil-

dren! We even hear from some of our children who are now out in the real world establishing their own lives today. The bonds that have been forged are ones that will follow us for the rest of our lives. We just can't find a greater way to make a difference in the lives of children on this earth than we have found in sponsoring through ICC.

We continue to praise God for allowing

us the privilege to play a small part in the lives of His children!

*Doug Congleton
Executive Director, ICC Americas*



PLEASE SPONSOR ME!

I need a sponsor. I am 6 years old and live in The Dominican Republic. Please return this coupon to sponsor me each month. God bless you for helping me have a chance.

\$30 \$60 \$ _____

(800)422-7729

Sponsorship Department



A Personal Note

Editors Note: Five years ago, Alcyon expressed the feelings and pain in her heart to her ICC family after Ken passed away. Five years later, we feel this message is still powerful and appropriate as we remember again the tremendous contribution by Elder Ken Fleck as co-founder of ICC. We have many new members in our ICC family, and we thought it would be nice for them also to get this insight into our founders. Now in her 90's, Alcyon continues to promote and support the needs of orphaned children around the world as she fervently longs for the soon return of Jesus. Thank-you for joining her in supporting the children of ICC.

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Dear ICC Family,

I am sitting here in my office, wondering how to say what I have to say. It is news that I had hoped I wouldn't have to write. My house is quiet, too quiet. The room that Ken was using during his last days of life is empty. The finality of his death still seems like a bad dream.

On April 24, 2007 we received the dreaded news of the cancer that had invaded his bones, and on the afternoon of April 24, 2008, he breathed his last. For several months our hopes had soared that he was winning the fight. Even the medical reports were encouraging. Even though he was 92, he was full of life, walking two to three miles a day. My priority through those months was to do everything in my power to help him get well.

I was just 19 when we were married sixty-six years ago, and now I have no idea what it will be like to live without him, the love of my life. We shared in his ministry during those years, and then we shared in the venture to begin International Children's Care. Without his encouragement and support I never would have had the confidence to step into such a daunting venture.

During the last year, we have gone back over the events that propelled us to have the faith and courage to do what we believed God had led us to do, spend our retirement years building a program that would provide Christian homes for abandoned and orphaned children, actually God's special children. At first we were thinking of the children in Guatemala, victims of the devastating earthquake. But God's plans were much greater, more vast than we could have dreamed, and now ICC is caring for children around the world. We have thanked God over and over that He entrusted such an awesome task to us. We both agreed that the last thirty years have been greater and more rewarding than we could have dreamed.

Every one of these children is precious to us and we love them like our own. We pray for them every day, and our greatest hope is that we will find a crowd of children in Heaven, and they will flock to us, shouting, "Mommy and Poppy Fleck!"

I don't know if there is another woman living on this planet that has lived with and been loved and cherished by the kind of a man that was Kenneth Fleck. We faced problems in our years together, but those problems never divided us, but drew us closer together and to God, who was the center of our home and our marriage. I have told people that I don't remember a day that went by without his telling me how much he loved me and even listing the reasons. I don't remember a harsh or unkind word. Recently, I told him, "I wish every woman could know the happiness that you have given me. I would like to teach a group of men how to treat their wives."

The first time he told me that he loved me was out at the Oregon beach by moonlight, so bright that he took a stick and drew a large heart in the sand with the words, "I love you," in the middle of it. We went back to that same beach on our honeymoon and he drew the heart again. Whenever we were back on the beach, I knew there would be another heart with those words in it. He had lived to show me how much he meant it.

After the doctor let him know that his time was short, he talked to me, concerned about how I would manage. “What do you think you will do?” he asked.

Not really wanting to face that possibility yet, I asked him, “What do you think I should do?”

“I know your faith is strong and you will make it,” he replied. “I think you should continue to use your talents for God and the children.” He wrapped his arms around me, assuring me of his confidence in me and his undying love, and we prayed again, submitting our future to the God who has been with us through so much.

It has been over three weeks since our four children, our pastor and other family members surrounded the bed where Ken’s breathing was getting more shallow. Even at that time he seemed to be aware of us and would respond in some way. He even offered a prayer audibly during those last hours.

I have to confess that I am now experiencing what I have heard about from others, that no one can really understand what it means to lose that other half of yourself, the reality and finality of death, but I also know that I am really not alone. The same God who provided for us, who protected us from many real dangers, and who charted the path that we took is still with me. Our children, Ron, Carolyn, Alicia, Rick, and their spouses, along with our grandchildren, and all the rest of our large family have given me great support. They are grieving over the loss of a father who was one of a kind.

One time, when our girls were early teenagers, I asked them, “What kind of a man would you pick out for a husband?”

Carolyn was quick to reply, “Well, one like Dad of course, but there aren’t any more like him.” Ken talked to each of them about his desire to have our family united in Heaven. Each of them promised him, “Dad, don’t worry, I’ll be there!”

Ken and I talked about the condition of this old world; the signs of Jesus’ soon return that we had always read about in the Bible. When I hear the news and read the papers, I know that the early pioneers would believe that Jesus must be coming very soon. Satan has had his day on this planet, and the results of sin are alarming. What was at one time unthinkable is now common and accepted by the majority. Life seems to have little value on the streets. We just have to pray, “Come quickly, Lord Jesus!!”

But there is still work to be done. There are more and more children suffering around the world. I am grateful for our ICC family, for your faithful support through the years. I plan to do all that God gives me the strength to do in providing homes and love for children, and, more than anything else, to help them to know about the kind of love that their Heavenly Father has for them, and that Heaven must be busy right now getting homes ready for the day when God will say, “Son, go down to earth and get your children and bring them home!” When that Heavenly trumpet rings through the atmosphere that will awaken those who are sleeping in Jesus, I will once more see my beloved, and then we will be together through all eternity.



With my love and prayers,

Aleyou



THE YEAR OF THE SPONSOR

This year we are asking sponsors to share with all of us the blessings they have received through sponsorship. We are publishing a column that will be entitled "A Sponsor's Heart."

We are asking any sponsor that would be willing to share their personal journey in sponsorship with an ICC child to please write about your experience and send it to us. You may either mail it to our office, or you can send it to us via email to Doug@forhiskids.org

We may have to edit your testimonies in order for them to fit into the space available, so please keep that in mind as you write your stories. Thank you so much! We are looking forward to reading your experiences.

International Children's Care
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