



# QUIE PASA

WHAT'S HAPPENING

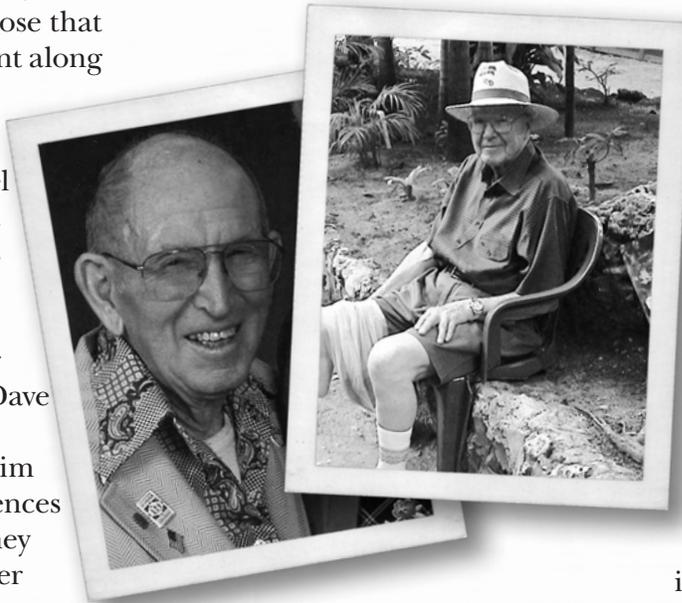
A Publication of International Children's Care  
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## Remembering Men of Honor and Passion

In the past months, we have lost two great men for God, men who loved life and those that they touched as they went along their own paths.

The thing I remember most about Dave Bechtel was his telling of stories. Dave loved to tell stories from his life. Whether I was on the phone with him or we were meeting here in the ICC office, Dave always told me stories. I never tired of hearing him tell of one of his experiences in his life. Sometimes they were serious things, other times they were very humorous, and Dave would laugh and laugh at himself and have a good time doing it. Those are great memories for me. To find someone that will laugh at himself is a rare thing, but it told me who Dave Bechtel was. He was an honest and humble man who felt he was never above anyone else. He was a man who loved others with great passion. Dave was a giving man who freely shared the blessings that God gave to him with those who needed it most. The greatest thing to me about Dave was that he was truly your friend.



Dave Bechtel and Bob Schultz

Bob Schultz was the first person I met at the Vancouver Church when we visited there shortly after arriving in the Northwest. I remember that so vividly because of his handshake. I feel that you can tell a lot about a man from his handshake. When Bob came up to me that day, he thrust his hand into mine and shook my hand with a vengeance, like he was thrilled to meet me, and I felt that he truly was. He had a way about him that let you know that he had a passion for life and for helping and caring about others around him. I will never forget the day that Bob

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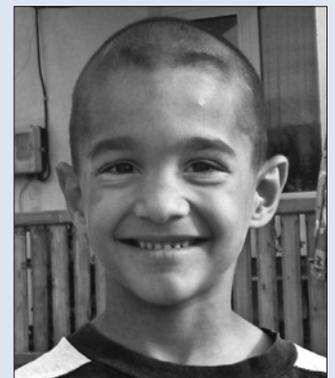
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# *A Personal Note*

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Dear ICC Family,

“What have you learned about Grizelda, the little girl that was dumped off in such a hurry?” I asked Juana on one of our regular phone calls. “You told me you thought she could be adopted.”

“Her mother promised to bring her documents back soon, but she hasn’t showed up, and I don’t have any idea how to find her.” Juana replied.

“Well, I have an excellent couple who want a little girl. I told them about Grizelda, and they begged for a picture of her. Of course they understand we have to wait until we find her mother to sign the papers.”

Juana promised to let me know as soon as she had any information. Jerry and Sue Patzer were willing to wait in hopes her mother showed up. “But can we have a picture, just in case?”

Time went on and Grizelda’s mother never showed up. We eventually found another baby girl for the Patzers.

Grizelda became part of a family in House One. At first she had many health issues. Juana told me, “The doctor says she has suffered a lot of neglect and malnutrition. But she is a plucky little thing, can almost be aggressive with other children, and she is very bright in spite of her background. We have no idea of what she may have gone through before she came to us, but you might say, ‘she is a survivor.’”

Recently, Grizelda told us, “I always had this feeling of something missing. I didn’t even know when I was born. Maybe that is the reason I was sort of aggressive. But that changed when I went to the baptismal class and learned more about God and how He is really my Father and loves me. When I was nine, I went down to the river with other children and was baptized in a beautiful Sabbath afternoon service with all the children and staff of The Pines singing songs from the riverbank. I can’t explain it, but my feelings changed. I felt at peace and happy.”

Meanwhile Milton and Estuardo quickly adjusted to their new home and their new life. When Juana gave me a report on them, she assured me, “They seem happy and the house parents tell me that these are two of the best behaved children they have. Milton, especially, can hardly wait to go to school every morning, and the teacher says that he is one little boy that wants to learn all he can.”

As time went on, their progress reports to our office were mainly positive. Estuardo was a little shy and quiet, but Milton was an eager beaver, wanting to be in every activity. He especially looked forward to the Sabbath afternoon missionary activities. The administrator, who was also a pastor, arranged to take the older children to nearby villages to visit the homes and hand out literature. Sometimes they also held meetings for the village people, who knew very little about Jesus. The children eagerly shared the Bible stories they had learned.

By the time he could read his new Bible, Milton joined the baptismal class where he learned how to study his Bible. The Children’s Church, as we called it, was an open air structure made of bamboo and palm branches, with enough simple wood benches to accommodate all the children and staff. On Sabbath mornings, from around the circle of homes, children came to Sabbath School and church along the trails from all directions, dressed in their best clothes. The classes and the sermons were geared to the understanding of children. It was amazing to me when I often visited there, how reverent and quiet they were, sitting with their house parents.

One Sabbath an announcement was made that caught Milton’s attention. “If any of you would like to learn how to speak in public or even to preach, you may attend the Preacher’s Class. Just speak to the pastor and he will tell you when and where to come.” Milton joined the class that very week.

I visited The Pines on a regular basis and often spent two or three weeks working with Juana on various problems or activities. There was always a Friday evening vespers. Children were encouraged to participate in all of the spiritual activities, such as leading in the song service, making announcements and offering the prayer. But Friday Vespers was a special time when children did everything, depending on their ages. On one of my visits, I sat near the back near the pastor. A group of children sang for the special music and they announced that

## *continued from last month*

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Milton Cassasola would be the speaker. Milton was around eight or nine years old, but small for his age. He had to stand on a stool to be seen above the pulpit! As he started to preach, I was amazed!

Telling Ken about it later I told him, "You can't believe what happened! Milton was the preacher that night. His vocabulary and the content of his sermon were equal to a much older young person. Maybe he will be a preacher some day! Not only that, but his sermon touched hearts. It was about the sacrifice that Jesus made for us. When he made a call, he said, "I am sure that when you think of what He did for us, you will want to stand up for Him. All who want to come forward for a special prayer, please do that."

The children filed up to the front, little ones and big ones, but all with a spirit of reverence. The pastor leaned over and whispered, I didn't teach him to do that!"

The little preacher prayed from his heart, especially for those who had come forward. It was a moment I would never forget. I thought to myself, *Just witnessing that scene makes all the effort I have made for ICC more than worth it.*

Milton stood out in his classes, in his work program, and in his behavior as an unusual little boy. I happened to be there when they had his graduation from the primary school. The Minister of Education for that area happened to be the speaker. At the close of his address, he said, "There is a student graduating who has earned highest honors, having achieved the highest grade average I have witnessed in this age group. Besides, he has finished both fifth and sixth grades this year." Milton stood up to receive the document of Highest Honors."

It was a great moment for Milton, and also for our school to be so honored. We had received government recognition, but now there was an added honor for our school and our teachers. Milton would now go on to the secondary Mission School. That was on the same property, a half mile down the road. There were dormitories there but Milton chose to stay in the home he had learned to call "Home." It meant he had to walk back and forth each day, but later on he said, "The food is better at home!"

The program at The Pines included physical activities, swimming in the river, ball games, and also a Pathfinder club, where children learned many skills. They practiced for competition with other Pathfinder clubs from different churches in the Guatemala Mission. When a Pathfinder event was scheduled for all the Pathfinders to attend, Milton and Estuardo had earned enough points to go. It would be in Chiqimula, several hours by car from The Pines. It was an exciting time. Milton could hardly wait. They would be camping out in tents.

On the day of the competitions, the boys stood by watching a race for the girls of a certain age. Grizelda, 10, would be one of the runners. Milton knew her as one of the younger children. On Saturday nights there were usually fun times at the gymnasium when all the children came to play. Growing up in this close knit Children's Village, they were like one big family in a way. But Milton had never especially noticed this slim, athletic and attractive little girl before. When the race was over, Grizelda won the trophy.

Milton was in some competitions too, and Grizelda thought to herself, That boy is the one Senorita Juana is always talking about. "You should be like Milton. He knows how to cooperate, get good grades, and never gets in trouble." *He must be some goody-goody!* She would never have dreamed what God had in mind for her future.

With our love,

*Alcyon and Ken*

*This story will continue over the next two months, concluding as Alcyon relates the last chapter as ICC celebrates its 30th year anniversary May 4th, 2008. For back issues of this story you can download them at our website: [www.forhiskids.org/newsletters.php](http://www.forhiskids.org/newsletters.php).*

# Save Date!

You don't want to miss the final chapter of Mrs. Fleck's story at ICC's 30th Anniversary Celebration on Sunday May 4th! Gathering time with light salad buffet for our ICC family 2:00-3:45 pm. Anniversary Celebration Program 4:00-6:00 pm featuring Chamber Music Group from Las Palmas Children's Orchestra; a look at 30 years; ICC children who are adults today; and a special surprise. The worship service on Sabbath May 3rd will also be dedicated to ICC. Both programs will be at Meadow Glade Seventh-day Adventist Church, 11001 NE 189th St., Battle Ground, WA 98604. If you plan to come for the free light salad buffet on Sunday please RSVP by April 15th to Liana at ICC (360) 573-0429 or e-mail Liana@forhiskids.org to help us plan.

This is a celebration! ICC board members are planning this event and it is being funded outside of ICC's normal fundraising efforts. No funds from our children's programs will be used for this event. For those who want to give a financial gift for the 30 Year Anniversary of ICC, there will be an opportunity at this celebration for a free will offering.

We hope you will be able to join us. If you can't attend, please watch for the May issue of the Qué Pasa where Mrs. Fleck will conclude this exciting story.



## Remembering Men of Honor and Passion - *continued*

was down at the ICC children's village in Mexico. He was attending a board of directors meeting on that campus and he was able to spend time with the children there that he had been so devoted to for years. As I visited with Bob that day, he told me, "This is a great day for me!" You could tell that, like his handshake of years before, Bob meant exactly what he said. It was a great day for him!

I am sure that everyone that knew both Dave and Bob will greatly miss them, I know that I certainly do. These were men of passion for their God and His work with His kids. These were men of hon-

esty, love for others and a true passion for their heavenly Father. What a tremendous example of Christianity they have been for us to witness. All of us at ICC are so grateful to have had the blessing of knowing both Dave and Bob, and we look with excitement to the day when we will again be with them. We will again be able to listen to the stories and shake the hand of these men who have been so instrumental in laying the foundation for God's work with the special children of ICC.

*Doug Congleton  
Executive Director  
ICC Americas*

## Memorials

### **Isabel Abawag**

By Ottis Edwards

### **Dave Ahlers**

By Zella Ahlers

Martha & Kathy Holeman

James & Lorna Will

### **Roland (Andy) Anderson**

By Jere & Susan Patzer

### **Elder Tom Ashlock**

By Herb & Lela Franzman

### **Marvin Ball**

By Ellen & Harold Enneberg

### **Lenard Ballance**

By Jeffrey & Nancy Ballance

### **Josiah Barrett**

By Jack Wood

Welch Allyn Protocol Inc.

### **Pastor Trudy Belcher**

By Irene & Francis Miller

### **George Bernard**

By Adam MR. / MRS. Fred Smith

### **Donald & Frances Bigger**

By Arnold & Dixie Plata Family

### **Caleb Evan Byers**

By LeRoy & Carolyn Byers

### **Evelyn Cabreira**

By Herb & Lela Franzman



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