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 15th December 1905 - 25th August 2001.
 Father (born 1877) and mother (born 1881) arrived in Fremantle in 1928.

*Memories of our
 Life in Australia*

My brother and I have often been asked, "what made your father migrate to Australia as early as 1928?. This is how it happened.

Our father Jurjen Peter Freese had a joinery factory in Groningen, a city in the north of Holland. He manufactured doors, window and frames as well as kitchen cupboards etc. One contract I remember was for pews in a large church. Timber off cuts and saw dust was fed into a boiler for steam to drive all the machinery in the workshop. We lived above the workshop, the next story was an extra living quarter which was used by the foreman this left dad free for to obtain other contracts. This factory was situated in the Tuinbouw Straat 118 which had a side entrance in the Tuinbouw Dwaas Straat. After some time it was decided to improve the factory layout so materials could be moved in and out to the yard or workshop in this side street. To raise money to finance this work some property was sold. The funds received for this project was deposited with a well known solisicitor, who was now responsible for the extention project payments.

The family was shocked when they were informed that this well known and trusted solicitor Mr Sanders had committed suicide, he had shot himself in Monte Carlo where he had gambled his money as well as that of his clients. Many of the victims were from Groningen and dad was one of them. Dad was now bankrupt and building operations ceased immediately.

This is the time in ones life, that if you became bankrupt it was looked upon as a crime, because this could only happen if you lived above your means making it impossible to pay your debts.

Being members of the Reformed Church the session assumed that dad had conducted his business in an irresponsible manner and placed our parents under discipline, and could not take part in the Lords supper. After a time when session became aware of the full facts of this bankruptcy and how it occurred the minister informed our parents that the discipline was lifted. As there was no apology this left mum with very bitter feelings in her heart as this discipline should never ever have taken place.

Because of the now financial circumstances every thing had to be sold, the factory and home, furniture and of course, things we were very much attached to, all had to go to clear outstanding debits. This was something that hurt very much.

What to do now? Dad is now fifty years old, too old to start another business in Holland. Many people were migrating to Canada in those days and dad thought this may be something for us.

It happened that an aunty of mine went to a Baptist Church where a minister spoke about his travels through Australia. He suggested that anybody thinking of migrating to think of Australia, especially Western Australia as this was a new part in this big country. When dad heard about this he wanted to know more and so he got on his bike and paid this minister a visit. As dad was a carpenter by trade Perth was an ideal place, a young city and plenty of work for tradesmen it was what dad wanted to hear. Dad came home very enthusiastic and was convinced this was the place to go.

My mother was not so sure, it took a long time for her to agree. It was then during morning devotions, using the scripture calendar meditation she was confronted with this text, "The Lord said to Abram leave your country and your people and your fathers house and go to the land I will show you" After mum had read this, she was convinced that this was also part of God's plan for us. Now it was much easier to decide about leaving her home country.

For myself, I was not so sure, in a way it seemed a great adventure, I was just 23 years old and it would mean leaving all my friends, grand parents, uncles, aunts and cousins. It was a big thing. My blood mother had died when she was 39 years old in 1918 when I was 13 years old. Dad had remarried in 1920 and there was my little brother he was born in 1927 I was very fond of him. My new mother was a lovely person and I got on very well with her, a person I had known all my life, she having been a very close friend of my mother.

Up to this stage I had enjoyed life very much. After primary school I went to a technical school where I learned dressmaking, embroidery, art (painting) etc. When my schooling was completed I remained home and learned the skills of house keeping, cooking and helping around the house. I had lots of friends and mum encouraged me to bring my friends home. One of us would play the organ and we would sing, or talk and we had lots of fun. Dad was often away to buy timber or he could be travelling all over the country to secure more contracts. This would be the time when mum and I were often together at night, not having a radio or T V as we do now, we entertained ourselves by reading to each other. We were both fond of reading and enjoyed this very much. But now I had to make a decision, I was at a stage of life and capable of looking after myself, but then I would miss my family very much. What should I do now was the big question?.

I finally decided to go to Australia too. Dad would go first to see what Australia was like. Mum and the baby were going to stay with her sister in the Hague, I would stay with my grand parents. I had found work dressmaking in a first class boutique.

Mum and I left Groningen 28th August 1928. Mum had come back to Groningen to say goodbye to relatives and friends. We all stayed with mum's brother and his wife in the Hague til we left late in October 1928 from Rotterdam for England then Australia. We sailed on the Orient liner "S S Oronsay" arriving in Fremantle 26th November 1928.

Dad had left for Australia in January on a cold miserable day and he remembers arriving by ship SS Orvieto at Fremantle on an extremely hot day, 24th January 1928. Just imagine this man who could not speak a word of English with a big suit case and

a heavy overcoat over his arm. He found his way to the Fremantle railway station, finally arriving in Perth. The Baptist minister in Holland had given dad the address of the minister of the Perth Church situated then in Museum St Perth. Some how dad arrived at this church but the ministers manse was in North Perth. A lady must have noticed that dad was in some sort of trouble and came to dad to see if she could be of some help. She was wonderful, when she was shown the address which dad got from the minister in Holland. This lady wrote down the directions where dad had to get off the tram, and also the address of the Rev. Ewing in Woodville Street in North Perth. One of the lady's children took dad to the 22 tram in Beaufort Street.

The Rev. Ewing made dad very welcome. Just imagine, a lot of body language in their communication??. This man Mr. Ewing really went out of his way to help dad find accommodation and a job. Shortly after he worked for two Dutch fellows who were building wheat silos in the country. Later he managed to find work with a Dutch builder in Perth which suited him much better.

On Sundays dad would go to the Museum St. Church where the Rev. Ewing was minister. To dad's great sorrow he lost this friend shortly after, he had caught pneumonia and died very suddenly.

As time went by dad was able to purchase a block of land on time payment in Mt Hawthorn near Mongers Lake as it was known then. (Now it is Lake Monger) It was cheap, just twenty pounds for two blocks each 40 feet wide. Across the road was this lovely lake with a beautiful view across the water. Unknown to dad of course that in the hot summer months swarms of insects known as midges would swarm around electric lights at night and were flying pests. These insects looked very much like mosquitoes, but fortunately they didn't bite.

In the meantime dad had drawn a plan of our future home in Mt Hawthorn, approval was obtained from the Perth City Council and so things had started to move in the right direction with the help of his employer who organised the supply of bricks etc. As soon as the stone foundation was laid bricklayers did the brickwork. Dad set up the door frames and window frames and floor joists after he had finished his days work. When the brickwork was completed dad worked on the roof and so gradually the new home started to take shape. This was the time for the family to come across from Holland. Looking back I recall that this was no pleasure cruise, in fact it was a very rough voyage. Dickie, my little brother now 18 months old was rather heavy and had to be carried around, because of the rough conditions at sea.

Dad met us in Fremantle. The Dutch builder Leo Canne-mijer brought dad to Fremantle in his car. We were glad to see each other again, especially dad who had been very lonely. We were brought to our new home which was far from completion, the glass windows and doors were in place but only one room had a floor. Dad had organised mum to stay at his boarding house but mum would have none of it and there we stayed.

Dad had bought some chairs and a table and cooking utensils etc. For me this was quite an adventure. I remember the following morning, here was dad busy with a camp fire boiling the billy to make tea. I don't know if mum enjoyed it so much, but she was a very brave woman. When I think back I admire them both for the way they

took it all. This was a new experience for us all but I am sure mum must have quietly shed many a tear now and then, but she was always cheerful. I am also amazed that I never noticed dad ever being bitter about what had happened to him in Holland.

This home that dad built in his spare time situated in Anzac Rd. Mt. Hawthorn with Lake Monger just opposite, a beautiful spot with a lovely view. In the evenings we would sit on the front veranda and we saw the lovely reflections from the street lamps on the surface of the lake. Many times when we were home sick for Holland we sang Hymns and psalms here on the veranda.

Our toilet was at the back of the block some distance from the house, in those early days it was called a lavatory, it had various names, dunny for instance, it was the dunny man who changed the pan with a clean one each week, We would say in jest that it was the library, because the local news paper was used as toilet paper and it was in these moments of meditation you could read snippets you would not normally read.

Dad was always busy at night after work and on Saturdays and so gradually the house was finished. The kitchen had a horrible wood stove which did not burn very well, this was no wonder as dad was cutting the trees down near our house and gave the wood to mum to burn. This fire wood was so green and full of sap and poor mum would try to dry it in the oven, this semi dry wood would smoke a lot and bellows were used to pump air into the fire to get it to burn, a job mum really hated. In the evenings mum would ask, "does anyone want a cup of tea? if you do, you will have to blow your self" meaning of course with out using the bellows there would be no hot water for the tea pot.

We were also living in a time before the refrigerator. To keep food fresh we used what was called a coolgardie cooler. This was a metal framed cupboard covered with hessian, on the top was a tank with sides about 75 mm high filled with water. Material would be draped from this tank to moisten the hessian cooler covering allowing the breeze to flow through, this became an effective cooler for food. Some people had ice chests but the ice man would not deliver ice for the weekend just when it was needed most. Butter was difficult to keep cool in summer, mum kept the butter in a glass container which was he placed in a large terra-cotta flower pot which had been soaked in water and then placed somewhere where there was a draught. A container called a billy was left on the front veranda for milk which was delivered in the very early hours of the morning, this had to be boiled on the stove, and also had to be used the same day during the summer months. Meat was delivered most days but also had to be eaten the same day. The grocer, greengrocer and butcher would come to the door and get their orders and deliver the following day. The baker delivered bread six days a week.

We kept hens in the back yard so we had fresh eggs every day. It is interesting these hens also knew the weather pattern, if it was going to rain all day they would be out in the yard, but if it was only showers of rain these hens would rush Indian file quickly into the shed to shelter.

The neighbours Mr and Mrs Andrews had a widowed daughter Mrs Cust with her young daughter Shirley living with them. Shirley often came to our place and played

with my young brother. They were nice helpful people, often they would bring us surplus grapes or other fruit they had growing.

Soon after our arrival in Australia I had to do the shopping in three different shops, mum had given me this new currency which I had never seen before, so when I had made all the purchases and got back home we discovered I had more money than when I went away. I received the wrong change somewhere but I had no idea where. Not like Holland where we had decimal currency, here the money is quite different. We found it hard to understand at first, we now had pound notes and ten shilling notes, silver coins two shilling piece, one shilling piece with $\frac{1}{2}$ a shilling called sixpence and $\frac{1}{2}$ a sixpence was called three pence. Then the copper coins were penny and $\frac{1}{2}$ penny.

Twenty shillings to the pound, 12 pennies to the shilling 240 pennies to the pound. Strange but oranges and bananas were sold by the dozen in those days. (twelve of , was called a dozen)

There was an occasion when mum was doing the washing in the wash house which was attached to the house but still needed to have a cement floor put down. While she was wringing the clothes in the trough she spotted a creature with a long neck working it's body out of the ground, it's a snake she thought and yelled out to dad (who happed to be chopping wood at the time) "a snake, a snake" dad came quickly and chopped off it's head. When he dug it up out of the ground it was seen to be a long necked turtle, a harmless creature who had apparently laid it's nest of eggs in the ground, it is something they do and then return to the lake.

Another time we heard some creature moving around on the ceiling, we told our neighbour about this and they thought it could be a goanna, another harmless creature, they eat flies and mosquitos.

Not far from our home was a dairy, a man would bring the cows along the shore of the lake, the cows would feed on the grass as they passed by our home. Some cows wore cow bells around their necks and they would jingle away, a lovely peaceful sound. The fence around the house would keep the cows out, but, if by chance the front gate was left open the cows would come in and clean up every thing, flowers and all.

The midges which breed in the lake were a real problem, especially after Christmas, our summer time when it can get really hot. With just a few houses around our area, these flying pests would form huge swarms around the street lighting, as well as the windows of homes ,it was just terrible to walk through these swarms. Fly screens on your windows were not adequate to keep these pests out of your home. It was important to close the windows and draw the curtains closed at night to block out any electric light shining through.

Little Dicky as we called my young brother at the time, but became Dirk as soon as he went to school, was a lovely little boy, fair hair with lots of curls. He always played outside in the yard building something or sitting on the back veranda mimicking bird calls, or playing with Shirley our neighbours daughter. When he was older he would play with other boys his own age mostly around the lake.

As there were no Christian Schools in this country, Dirk went to the Mt. Hawthorn

public school, and to get there he had to walk through the bush. Most children went bare footed but mum did not like this at all. Dirk had to wear shoes, but often he came home with shoes tied together hanging around his neck, or they were left at school

It was a worry to mum that Dirk could not attend a Christian School but to her surprise Dirk's teacher was a Christian and her class started with a bible reading and prayer, to mum this was a real blessing of the Lord.

In those early years the nearest public transport was just one kilometre from our home where we caught the tram in Oxford Street. The last bit of Anzac Road to Oxford Street was a hill and we were glad to get to the top to the tram stop. It was always referred to as "the top". The tram terminus in the city was William Street and St Georges Terrace. We went to St. Andrews Presbyterian Church which became our church as recommended by the Reformed Church in Holland. When walking to the tram stop there were times we were caught in a heavy shower of rain and were soaked to the skin, it was no joke, back home we would go. The minister of this church was the Rev. Geo. Tulloch and his wife made us very welcome, and over the very many years helped us in many ways.

I found my first job with a first class dressmaker, Miss Kneebone who made dresses for the Elite of Perth. She was very deaf and as I could not speak much English it was not easy but the other girls were most helpful. We did embroidery and beading to these dresses all by hand which made these dresses very expensive. I was there two years and then the depression came, there was less work now and prices came down so much that Miss Kneebone decided to retire. Work was now difficult to get so I had to stay at home and help in the house. Mum had been very sick and had to go to hospital and have part of her bowel removed. This was a very difficult time for her and speaking English was not yet easy. This was the time when we received valued friendship from the minister and his wife.

After a while mums health improved and she could manage with out me, I started to look for work which was still very hard to get, I decided to start my own business. I was fortunate enough to rent a large room in the city with cheap rent in Royal Arcade building, the corner of Hay and Barrack Street in Perth. Dad partitioned this room so I had a large work room and fitting - consulting area. My name now on the board outside, I was in business, and quite soon clients came along. I became quite busy and had to employ a girl to help me. I also had clients from the church we attended including the ministers wife and her three daughters. It was good to have all this work but because of this depression period I did not earn that much money, I decided to give cutting lessons in the evenings and so earned a little more.

Dad was suffering from this depression, jobs were now hard to get and the building trade had now come to a complete stand still. A few small repair jobs were done here and there but no body had any money to spend. Someone asked dad if he would draw up some plans for a house and this he did. As payment dad received a load of old but very good railway sleepers. This timber is a quality hard wood which he decided to make into some furniture. All this timber was ripped up by hand and planed up to finished size, what a job!. A complete dining sweet was made, when finished and polished it was beautiful. When our minister saw what dad had made he insisted that he put it into a craft exhibition displaying what could be made from old material, he

did and was awarded first prize

The depression was still really bad, no work locally but the government created some work in the bush. One project was to cover the Wicherena dam with a roof to prevent water evaporation. A big job which employed a lot of men. The men had to cook for themselves in these hot conditions. Dad worked on this project, a man who had never learnt to cook. Men were able to come home every three weeks for a couple of days. When dad returned to the bush mum would load dad with as much food as possible, non perishables. Dad was known as Peter and it seemed that while dad was cooking he was always cooking rice. (It was easier to take rice rather than potatoes) "You still cooking rice Peter?" Dad would reply in broken English, "Doctor say ja, eat plenty rice, very good."

Prospecting for gold in Meekatharra was another area for work, shovelling sand in creek beds, some gold was found but dad found very little. Here, too, the men lived in tents as before. It was important to secure your tent as quite often camels walked around the tents and if possible help themselves to your food. At one time a camel poked his head into dads tent while he was resting.

Another Government project was building the Wanneroo road. The method of paying the workforce was done this way, the men would receive some cash and the balance of the earnings were coupons for families at home. Mum found this to be a very good system. Fortunately a bus service was now available and ran very close to our home. Mum with other ladies would go to Perth, carrying suitcases to the very first super market called Charlie Carters. in Wellington Street. In this place you could buy all that was needed, groceries, meat and vegetables with this coupon system. We never went hungry.

I have just referred to a bus service we had. Shortly after our home was built more homes were built in the area, and of course road works extended. The Scarborough Bus Co extended their service into Mt. Hawthorn which ran every 20 minutes which was good for us. Bus fares were 3d (three pence) for adults and one penny for children.

Australia was one of the first countries to come out of this depression, the building trade started to move again, more homes were being built in our area too, and this meant the gas services were being extended. Dad had work which was steady and improving all the time. Mum was able to buy a gas stove, a gas heater for the bath room and not long after that a gas copper for washing in the laundry. Mum has always been cheerful but now she was really happy with these gas appliances.

In 1937 I received a letter from an aunt in Holland telling me that my grandfather was very ill and as he was now 83 years of age they were afraid it could be the beginning of the end. I dearly wanted to see my dear Opa again. I had saved enough money so I decided I would go back to Holland see my dear Opa. I was indeed very fortunate that there was a cancellation on one of the ships and I could have it, sailing the next week. Now there was a lot to do, such as getting a dressmaker to take over the business and much more, how every thing fell into place was just wonderful. King George the 5th was to be crowned in England so there was a big demand on shipping to take passengers to see this coronation.

The trip was great, I met a girl Margaret a lovely person who knew some of my friends in Perth and we were together most of the time and sat side by side in the dining room. Unfortunately our ship lost part of its propeller when we were near Malta which caused it to vibrate, it sailed on to England at a reduced speed. After 5 weeks we finally arrived in London early evening and now had great difficulty trying to get a bed for the night. A relative had booked Margaret into a boarding house, and would pick her up the following day but there was no room anywhere so Margaret said I could share the double bed with her.

The next morning I booked my passage on the Batavier Ferry to Holland and sailed that evening, a smooth crossing. I disembarked and contacted my relations in the Hague by telephone telling them of my arrival and in no time they were there to pick me up. After a very short visit I then took the train to Groningen where I was met by one of my uncles who told me of opa's death just two weeks before, this was a great disappointment for me, but of course it was now ten weeks since I heard of opa's illness.

How wonderful to be back in Groningen, I had missed these dear people, aunts, uncles and cousins, seeing them just once more was great. To get around easily I bought a good second hand bike, Holland, being so flat the bike came in handy to get around and see the country as well. How time flies, it was now time to spend time with the family in the Hague. There was a boy scout jamboree held near by, so with two cousins we cycled there and I spoke to some Australia scouts as well. It was a lovely summer, very little rain and yet the country side looked so lovely and fresh.

In no time the three months had just flown by and it was time to return to Australia, so back to London and the boat the T.S. Jervis Bay was the ship that brought me back to Fremantle. Welcomed home by the family, but now mum was not enjoying good health. The holiday was over, I had to think about work and dressmaking again. I decided to work from home and in this way I could also help mum and some of my old clients had me sewing in their own homes, this worked out well.

The war broke out in Europe in 1939 as we all know, many children were evacuated from England to Canada and Australia. Holland was invaded on the 10th of May 1940 by the Germans. Just before this happened we bought our first radio, and that night of May 10th our ears were glued to that radio for the latest news. We stayed up all night thinking of our loved ones in Holland, to think that Holland had capitulated in five days was hard to understand, we of course were very upset. Mail from Holland was always regular but now all this had changed.

Australian troops were very much involved in this war. Troops were sent to Nth. Africa, Syria, Greece, and air force boys were sent to England. Now Australia with all its service men overseas was now a country which would not be able to defend itself.

Very few Dutch people lived in Western Australia before the war, in Perth five or six families but the war changed all that. Now that Holland was occupied. Dutch folk living in the Dutch East Indies now came to Australia for their holidays.

When the Japanese started the war in Pearl Harbour and the Far East we knew vry

well that the Japanese also had their eyes on Australia. We were a very concerned people now, all our fighting men were overseas. Women and children from Singapore and the Dutch East Indies were sent to Australia by their husbands. It is an anxious time now, all sort of things were happening, air raid shelters were being built in the Perth on footpaths in Murray Street, Forrest Place and railway station. Shop fronts were transferred into brick air raid shelters, street lights had shades on them and all homes had to be blacked out at night time. There were air raid exercises and training for civil defence and so on.

All of a sudden something marvellous happened, men from U.S. forces appeared in town. This certainly lifted the moral of those living in Perth, they were very welcome indeed.

The port of Fremantle became a very important navel base for ships and submarines. When finally the Dutch East Indies was taken by the Japanese, quite a few Dutch vessels and submarines were stationed here. The sub. K14 was beyond repair and was scuttled in Navel Base, other subs. 021, 022, 023 and 024 were here as well as the war ships Tromp, Heemskerk, van Galen and Tjerk Hiddes.

One sailor from the Heemskerk visited the church one Sunday evening and we invited him home. He told us that he was from the Reformed Church in Holland. Thijs and his friend Bertus became part of the family during their stay in Fremantle.

On one occasion I met a Dutch Jewish family in Boans, one of the Perth's large stores. These folk were speaking Dutch with a Groningens accent, I just had to talk to these people and I was able to help them with their purchases etc. They were invited to our home and they told their story how they had escaped from Holland but now they were on their way to the Dutch East Indies.

Later, another experience we had when the Japanese had taken all of the Indies, some people from Ambon had escaped to Australia, most were women and children. The Dutch Consul came and asked if we could take two ladies and their little boys about 4 years old. We did not really have rooms for them but converted our dining room into a large bed room which they would have to share. The Chinese lady felt rather superior because her husband was the boss of the Javanese lady's husband in the work place, they were always fighting. After a while mum could not stand this nonsense any longer and asked the Consul to find other accomodation for them, he did, we were glad to have the place to ourselves again. After a time we heard that these refugees were transferred to Adelaide.

Mum and I joined the Red Cross, mum was in a group who did knitting for the soldiers and sailors, I was with a group who could train as nursing aids, we were known as V.A.Ds (Voluntary Aid Division) our teacher was a nurse in the first world war. To gain a bit of practical experience just in case the Japanese should bomb Perth I was directed to St. John of God Hospital in Subiaco so that I could get familiar with the place where I could work if needed, one week now and then. This is a Roman Catholic Hospital and the girls some how did not feel comfortable with these nuns. Could it be possible that they didn't even know that there is a war out there!!! What were we doing here on their territory so to speak. We were not even given a cup of tea and had to supply our own lunches. We were at times allowed to go to Royal Perth

Hospital, this was much better, here I learned more about practical nursing, I could see some minor operations, at one time I had to hold a mans leg while the doctor operated on it. The trained nurses were standing by just in case I should faint, I didn't, but when I had to empty left over food into a pig food drum I nearly did, that was revolting. Saturdays was for drill, marching and putting on gas masks and so on.

A large city store 'Foy and Gibson' allowed the Red Cross to use part of its shop front premises in St. Georges Terrace to raise funds for the war effort. Here we had a snack bar where you could buy hamburgers, snacks and coffee, it was an ideal situation, right opposite the Fremantle - Perth bus stop. This was very handy for seaman returning to Fremantle. When I was on duty here I often chatted with Dutch service men.

Dutch service men had married Australian girls and they wanted to learn Dutch. A few Dutch ladies got together and offered to teach them, I was also part of this, and we had wonderful assistance from the Dutch consul who gave us books for this purpose. Some of these teachers later had to move on to Adelaide but I continued with my class. We had lots of fun when the girls tried to translate Dutch letters from their boy friends. Shirley from next door married a Dutch sailor and was one of my class.

Some time later in 1944 a person representing the Dutch Indies Government came to Perth to recruit Dutch women to join a newly formed Nedtherlands Indies Womans Army. The plan was that these woman could be trained for all sort of special duties and then go to the Indies as soon as the Japanese had surrendered these areas. Nursing was listed and this appealed to me so I volunteered for this. This training took me to Brisbane, Casino and Sydney. Two other woman from W.A. also joined, Jo Mol and Joan Butler, they chose other duties. Men and women from Canada, America and the Dutch West Indies were also recruited.

The three of us from W.A. left for Brisbane by train in August 1944, a very long journey indeed. This was the time when trains were hauled along by steam locomotives, you got very dirty from all the black soot. Another thing was that each state had its own rail track guages, this meant that at different sections we had to change trains, this seemed to make the journey even longer.

When we finally arrived in Brisbane we had accomodation in a Nissan hut at a American womans camp. Jo Mol and I were together in one of these huts which was very comfortable . Here we did some basic army drill training such as marching etc. I also had lessons in tropical nursing by an army doctor.

During our stay here, Jo mol and I became friends with a Mr. and Mrs. Post, American missionaries who had come from New Guinea with some natives from their mission station. We often visited each other. While in Brisbane they worked for the Dutch Indies Government as translators. The matron at this military hospital was also a Christian, and on Sundays we would go together to the Baptist Church. One particular Sunday we were in a bus with the Post family and some of their native friends, when we noticed that these natives were talking about us. Mr. Post laughed and said, "they are wondering if he now had two extra wives". The Post's did not have any children and they were always telling Mr. Post to take another wife so that he could have some children. There were times when we could have a Dutch church

service in the camp and would have coffee after the service. The money received went to the Red Cross. Gezellig, real Dutch.

As I had volunteered for nursing I was transferred to Sydney, I had to work in the Willemina Hospital. There was also a Dutch clinic in Sydney harbour called Princess Juliana Clinic used by Dutch navel personnel and Dutch people living in Sydney also could also use this facility. I have many good memories working in both the hospital and clinic here.

I had some very fine friends in Sydney, a family Visser who were refugees from Ambon who managed to flee from Timor to Australia in a small sail boat. This man was a pastor in one of the churches in Ambon. Mr Vissor was also pastor to the Dutch folk living in Sydney, their home was always open to service personel. Then I met the family Alblas in the Presbyterian Church. Mr Alblas was manager of the Phillips factory in Newcastle, also Basil Tulloch, the son of our Perth minister, attended this church. The Neals who used to live in Mt.Lawley was another family I visited in Parramatta, and Jeff Fraser a service man from Perth whom I knew visited there as well.

The Womans Weekly had a large things building in Sydney which was made available to women service personnel. Here one could buy a cheap lunch or have use of reading or writing facilities, a hair dresser, or if you were travelling through you could stay the night for just (2/-) two shillings. There was of course a Dutch Club where one could go for coffee, lunch or dinner.

My time in Sydney sadly came to an end and I was transferred to a place called Casino, a country place north of Sydney not far from the Queensland border. We lived in an old boarding house but the place was filthy and full of bugs. This matter was quickly dealt with. Two other nurses from the West Indies lived here as well as a dentist and his wife. Just a small group who got on well with each other. Our nursing duties allowed us to work one morning shift and the following day the after noon shift, this way we had a lot of free time. The natives would have the night shift so to speak and deal with any calls, if any. There was a Dutch militry camp in this area but women were not allowed to be quartered there.

This hospital had Nissin huts built just out of town, some patients were natives from New Guinea or natives from the Dutch East Indies. The male nurses were from Ambon or nearby islands. The concrete floors in these huts were very rough and uneven, the native orderlies used so much water to clean them which left large pools of water so we wore military boots to keep our feet dry. The army doctor would come each day and check the patients and direct the treatment and medication. When I first came to this hospital I could not understand why the hospital sheets felt so gritty. I discovered later that the native boys were using sand soap instead of laundry soap, this practice was changed immediatly. They were good boys really and we got along fine. On some Sunday mornings they would treat me to some chicken they had cooked up, later I discovered that they had boiled their chickens in the laundry copper which was used to boil the bed linnen. I don't recall eating any more of their chicken after that.

I attended the Baptist Church in Casino and made more friends. The minister and his

wife invited me to their home a few times. When he was to preach in a country town on occasions I was invited to come along which was wonderful. After the church service there would be a lunch which was very enjoyable. I also saw more of this country Queensland which is very beautiful, so green and lush.

Along the grapevine word came that we would be moving to New Guinea, I immediately applied for leave to see the family in Perth. Leave was granted and arrangements were made to fly to Perth in a R A A F transport plane. We had to stop overnight at a refuelling place called Forrest. When we landed I was met by an Australian girl who treated me with much respect as if I had a rank of officer or something and apologised for not having sheets on the bed. She told me that she was going off duty but another girl would be looking after me and she would call me on time for breakfast. I was wondering what all the fuss was about until I heard this girl talking on the telephone to one of the night staff. "I have an officer from the Dutch army here, I don't know her rank but will you look after her etc". Now I understood what was going on, it was my beautiful American uniform, I wonder what would have happened if she had known that I was just a humble sergeant.

It was lovely to be home again, I had a lovely time with family and friends and also went to St. Andrews church again on the Sunday. Too soon I had to return, and the plane would be leaving early in the morning, Dad and Dirk brought me to a house in Stirling Street East Perth, here I could sleep the night. This was a place where service men and women would be picked up early in the morning and brought to the airport.

I was back in Casino a week or so after my leave when I was woken up during the night by a train blowing its whistle loud and long. I was wondering what was going on out there, but I didn't have long to wait. A knock on the door and the dentist came telling me to get up and get dressed as the war was over. This took place on the 15th August 1945. Japan had lost the war and we had to celebrate which we did only to find out the next day that we had celebrated too early. A few days later the official signing was done and now the war was really over. We had another party but it was not the same.

Now we knew for certain that soon we would be on the move to the East Indies, so I began to pack my trunk with my civilian clothing and uniforms and other extra things like soap, tooth paste, washing powder, small gifts for the patients coming out of their camps. Before departure our captain who was going with us on the plane told us to take only hand luggage, our trunks would follow later.

A group of about 25 people mostly men from the South of Holland, that part which was liberated first, also came to the Indies to help build it up again. Once on the plane we discovered that the captain had his trunk on board the plane, can you imagine what I thought, I had just three working uniforms?, next we landed in Singapore.

What a mess Singapore was. It is just indescribable what we saw, the whole place was a shambles because of the bombing. Bullocks were just feeding in what was once a beautiful park now destroyed. We were taken to the Raffels Hotel where we saw for the first time former prisoners English officers who had just been released from a P O W camp, they were just walking skeletons with hardly any clothes on them. To recognize their rank they had sewn their tokens on some tape which they wore around

their arms. It did not take long getting used to seeing people like this.

The Hotel Singapore had been occupied by the Japanese and they had stolen about every thing of value. The table ware and cutlery and the nice table cloths were all gone. We had worn out table cloths, old forks and fish knives to eat with. Food was still very scarce, but I must say that we did eat in style, a waiter would bring a small amount of food on a large platter and would wait and take our plates, when we had eaten he would return with another spoonfull and this went on it seemed for hours. We talked it over with our captain so he suggested to the hotel staff that they should put all the little bits on to one plate so that we could feel we had eaten something and then we could go.

We were later transferred to the K P M building (Dutch- Royal Merchant Marine) which had been occupied by the Japanese. This place had also been vandalized, everything had been turned up side down, books and stationary strewn about, ink bottles emptied, the lift cables were cut and much much more. The 7th floor area made available for us. I was surprised to see that the Dutchmen who had just arrived from Holland were grabbing anything that appeared useful, they were stuffing it in their pockets and we discovered later that what they had taken was then unprocurable in Holland, They reasoned 'how could this stuff be just thrown out?'.

Because the end of the war came so suddenly nothing was organised, especially air transportation. Every day we would go to the airport hoping that all would be in order to get to the Indies and get to work. If nothing happened that day we would return to town and walk up those dreaded stairs to the 7th floor and hope that tomorrow would be a better day, eventually a plane took us to Sumatra.

When we arrived we were taken to a small country place and stayed in a Chinese Hotel, this was to be our base for the time being. It was not bad but here they had electricity problems, and after the evening meal there would be no electric power and we could do nothing at night. One of the men I had met in Sydney and I would walk up and down the road in the front of the hotel. Every morning we would be picked up by an army truck and taken to the woman's P O W camp.

What we saw here was simply dreadful, woman dressed in rags and with bodies swollen from hunger. Many would run up to us crying and laughing, they wanted to know if we had any news of their husbands or the outside world, but all we could do for them was to give them a hug. We were there for a week, each day travelling up and down this dusty unmade roads with handkerchiefs over our mouths and noses so we could breathe. We had our meals with these poor ladies, big drums of food were brought in which reminded me of stump pot, (Mashed potatoes with cabbage and German sausage) said to be very nourishing with added vitamins, a man would stir this with a big pole. The x P O W women thought it was delicious, but I was not so keen on it, it reminded me of the drums of pig slosh at the Royal Perth Hospital. I did eat it and it was really quite tasty, what these woman had been eating these last three and a half years was far worse. Our job at this camp was to assess the health of each person, those who were fit enough would soon be repatriated to Holland, those who were sick would be sent to a hospital for further treatment. Sometimes a message would come from a husband and there would be rejoicing, others would learn that their husband had died in a camp and I felt like crying with them. After one week a

group of ladies would be ready to go to a hospital in Medan and I was to go too.

The Japanese had now become servants at the airport. They had to help patients get settled in the plane, we were really surprised to see how polite they were, these very same soldiers I was told had beaten these ladies when they worked in the fields even if they hardly had any strength left.

When you are in the army you obey orders, my duties now would be clerical work in an office. Not having been trained for this type of work there was not much I could do. On the Sunday I heard there would be a church service at the hospital. I asked one of the officers where we lived if he could bring me to the hospital which he did. Arriving there I was made welcome by the matron and she seemed to be interested about my work in the army, especially in the area of nursing because her hospital was very short of nurses. The following day the matron approached the officer in charge and asked if it was possible to transfer me to her hospital as she was so short of nurses and the position was getting worse every day.

So then, I was on loan to the hospital and I worked here for eight months. I was paid by the army 30 Japanese cents per day. Every body who worked in Sumatra received the same. This was really a bit of extra pocket money, my real army pay was paid to me in Australia. I worked in this hospital with pleasure, the three doctors and the matron were nice people to work with. The surgeon, Dr. Smook a Groninger had never been in a concentration camp but worked in this hospital operating on Japanese patients and the matron was kept on as well as theatre sister. There were also Japanese nurses which they did not like very much but they never suffered any hunger. After I arrived here two more doctors joined the staff.

The patients were mostly people from the camps, it was lovely to do things for them, they too had such sad stories to tell, having to work very hard with very little food and lots of beatings, or you may have to stand out in the sun for hours for no reason at all. Many patients had hernias caused by the heavy work they had to do. After their operations it was great to see these patients come to life again. There were others who could not believe that this freedom could last, they would hide food away in their beds or lockers. The mothers, you wondered how they kept going especially having the extra burdon of caring for the children as well.

One lady told me that she had a baby just one week old and two toddlers when the Japanese came and took her away with many others in a truck packed like sardines in a tin. With all this she had lost the suitcase with her clothing as well as that for the children. Her little girl had lost her dolly many times on this journey but it always turned up again, nobody was interested in stealing it. Now she was here in Medan a very sick lady, unable to walk, so her children were looked after by the Salvation Army. When this patient became stronger she had to learn to walk all over again. Once we walked in the garden and we saw lots of snails and she told me this, "Do you know that I can hardly leave them alone, in the camp we used to cook them, and I with the children ate them, so we could get some protein. One evening I had gathered a small bucket full of snails, I put it down on the ground and looked around for the children. I went to pick up the bucket of snails but the bucket of snails was gone. People were stealing from each other, we all were hungry". One day a lady came to visit this lady friend from the camp and brought with her a doll. "Is this your little

girls doll?" she asked. It was this same doll turned up again. The amazing thing later was that she cut it open and out came this patients jewellery. She had packed it in this doll before she was picked up and sent to the concentration camp, I was so pleased for her.

A strange thing is this that the Japanese were kind to the children and also played with them, another time they would beat the mothers. It doesn't make sense.

A Chinese man had to have a stomach operation and I was surprised to see that the people who had come to see him the evening before the operation did not go home but settled on the floor around the room. I asked Dr. Smook what do we do with these people, should I tell them to go home? I was told to just leave them, this is their custom.

While we were working here at the hospital it was a peaceful atmosphere, things were not so peaceful outside though. The Indonesians wanted their freedom and break all ties with the Dutch and become a republic. When I first arrived here I had seen the flags every where with 'Merdeca' which meant Freedom but this had no meaning for me. Now and then we saw men in groups marching like soldiers, we were told these were the rebels, every now and again you would hear some shooting. Some of the servants we had left the hospital to join the rebels but most seemed glad to continue working here. Matron was very good to them and supplied them with food.

What seemed strange to me is this, the war is over with the Japanese and now Indonesian rebels were at war with the Dutch, but now, they were fighting for their independence. We were told it's not safe now to walk on the streets in army uniform. These rebels hated the sight of Dutch uniforms, but while you were in civilian clothes there was no problem, I have civilian clothes in a trunk but where is it I wondered. The Red Cross had sent a lot of clothing for those folk coming out of the camps. The matron talked me into using some of them, not that I went out very much, to church on my free day or to see a film now and then but the seating here was very uncomfortable.

Because of the insecurity around us the hospital required security guards, what did we get?, armed Japanese soldiers. I must say that they did their job well, but there were awkward moments, when you would have to walk from one building to another and had both hands full with hospital equipment. If you passed one of these guards they stood to attention, banging his rifle on the ground and saluted, I would have to return his salute. I had to put whatever I was carrying on the ground to do this, what a nuisance. Dr. Smook spoke to the commander explaining the problem of saluting on hospital grounds, the problem was solved.

It was always wonderful to receive mail from home, mum had read about the trouble with Indonesian freedom fighters causing her to worry and she was very anxious for me to come home as soon as possible. To me there were no immediate problems, I spent most of my time at the hospital because there was no place to go. At times there was a lot of shooting about, so for added security windows were locked and external doors were barricaded with table and chairs, but we were never ever troubled.

Once we had to go with a group of people leaving for Holland to a port Balwan which

was some distance away, with soldiers patrolling the main road all the way to the ship.

One day the hos[ital staff were called together for a special meeting. Dr. Smook walked into the room with a document in his hand and of course we were all wondering what this was all about.

He then reads "This document says.....Sergeant B. A. Freese this now qualifies you to recieve the Remembrance Cross for services rendered in the Netherlands East Indies etc. etc." but no cross was available due to a shortage of them. The Doctor however pinned a little Dutch flag on my uniform making it look official. To me all this was very funny at the time. Eventually I did receive this cross but I had to write for it, the year 1994.

Eight months later it was possible to sign on for a longer period of service but I felt it was no longer necessary, trained nurses were now arriving from Holland, it was time for me to go home.

To return to Australia I had to go to Batavia first to be discharged together with a Canadian girl. We stayed at the Ursula Klooster a convent, and we both slept in a big dormitory. During this time something was making me sick, I was far from well and vomiting a lot. In this hot and humid climate we had to go from one office to another it was just terrible. Returning to the convent I would lay on my bed hoping I would not be sick again. A girl suggested that I must be pregnant which annoyed me very much as I was feeling so terribly miserable.

At last almost all the discharge documents were ready to leave the country and I was looking forward to be back in good old Australia. Thinking all my troubles were over I just had one more person to see and that was the doctor. This doctor took just one look at me and said "You can't travel in your condition, you have hepatitis" Of course, I was yellow as a lemon but I thought this came from those Atabrine tablets which reduced the chance of getting Malaria.

I was sent to a military hospital accompanied by my Canadian friend, but as in all hospitals we had to wait and wait. My friend could not stay with me any longer because she had to be on time for the boat which would take her home. On the way she informed the captain that I was now at a military hospital, we said goodbye. After a lot more waiting I was told that they were unable to admit any more women patients, I would have to go to a civilian hospital. Thankfully an ambulance took me there and was admitted, I was glad to be in a bed at last. I was treated very well, but the funny part was , I was put into a maternity ward, the only place with a spare bed.

My health improved after some time and I was able to sit out in the garden, suddenly somebody I knew in Medan walked by. He was surprised to see me here and told me that nobody seemed to know where I was. They did not know any better that I was admitted into a military hospital. The mail addressed to Medan was sent on to the Batavia military hospital and they returned it to Medan. The folk in Medan were wondering what had happened, maybe kidnapped???. I wrote to Medan and soon received all my mail.

One day while sitting out on the lawn I saw Dr. Smook passing by, he too was also on

his way home. He had heard where I was and came to visit me, he told me of the many changes that had taken place. Many of the staff had returned to Holland and these had been replaced with new staff from Holland. Fully recovered now I was discharged and could go home.

It did not take long to get a plane to Darwin but there I had to wait a few days in a large American camp. The Americans had laid good roads here, I remember going to an outdoor film at night, the screen was huge and I was well looked after. On the move now I was flown on to Cloncurry with one overnight stop and then on to Perth W. A. It was good to be home again.

There were lots of letters from Holland, all news about the war years, mums brother had died but all the others had survived.

I found it difficult to settle down, I was restless. I liked nursing and then a opportunity came to train as a midwife at King Memorial Hospital, I applied, interviewed and accepted. I lived at the hospital and because of studies this worked out well. It was good to be nursing again together with other ex army nurses. I loved this work very much specially the premature ward which was a lot different to what it is today in 1997.

After I had graduated I worked at the Kensington Private Hospital but later I went to the Hawthorn Private Hospital. This suited me very well as now I was close to home.

There was some changes in our church, as the Rev. Geo. Tulloch had died and now we had another minister, Rev. Neil McLeod (A Calvinist) a nice man and had been an army padre during the war.

I was a member of the church choir, and one time I noticed a man sitting next to my father. He is a Dutchman I thought, and wondered if dad would invite him home, he did. From that day on he became a regular visitor, his name was Sijbe Knol, a former Marine in the Royal Netherlands Navy on board the destroyer Tromp.

Sijbe and I had very much in common, we both had war experiences, we both came from the North of Holland, he a Friesian and I a Groninger. Being a Christian of the Reformed faith and got to know each other better, we became engaged and a wedding date was set for 12th November 1949.

There was one thing that worried us, would mum be well enough?. Mother at this time was in much pain, the specialist advised an operation to remove a growth in her abdomen. She was to go to

St. John of God Hospital Subiaco, but there was a shortage of beds so the operation was delayed a fortnight. This was indeed a crisis period, and by the time mum could be admitted it was too late before they could operate, this growth had burst. She was very sick and in much pain, eased by morphine injections. The Rev. McLeod visited her often, and once when he had read scripture to her and prayed she pointed to heaven, she knew that her time here had come to an end, the family were together with her and we said our goodbyes and mum went to sleep. Our mother passed away peacefully at 2.45pm 16th September 1949 aged 68 years. She is with her Saviour now, this was an end to all her suffering, but for us a great loss, especially

dad.

The Rev. Neil McLeod conducted the funeral service. After the burial the minister conducted a thanks giving service with the family in our home. This was the time that we missed mum very much, especially dad, so he asked Sijbe and me if we would stay with him after the wedding which we did. Our minister advised us to have the wedding as planned, this we did on the 12th of November 1949, a very quiet wedding. Sijbe and I went away for a fortnight, we then lived with dad and Dirk and the household went on as before. Our lives had changed, but I had my husband and my life had changed which helped me in my grieving.

We became aware that dad would love to go to Holland and see his brothers and sisters, maybe Dirk would like to go with him, he would then be able to meet all his relations, this they did in 1950.

After three years of marriage God answered our prayers and gave us a son we called Neil. We lived with dad eight years and Neil was growing up and needed more room. Sijbe had drawn plans of our new home which we had built in Dianella in 1957. We found a Dutch family who came to live with dad and looked after his needs, he had his own room at the front of the house where he had a lovely view over Mongers Lake.

In the meantime Dirk was married to Guus, a Dutch girl in 1955 and they have three children, Jannet (je) named after mum, then Judy and Peter. Dirk built a home in Mt. Hawthorn quite close to dad.

We were now living in the period when many migrants came to Australia. Our minister would meet these migrant ships and if he met Reformed people he invited them to his church. We met new arrivals on different Sundays and invited them to our home. After a time Mr. McLeod suggested the Dutch migrants meet together after the evening service for a cup of coffee in the church hall. We had some very nice times together singing Dutch psalms and hymns together. Mr Cor. Storm would give this group a brief outline of the evening sermon in Dutch.

We made some good friends at these evenings, Dick and Tine de Vries who were married by Proxy and Rev. McLeod did the church wedding. After this ceremony the bridal couple together with many Dutch friends we knew were invited to a special after noon tea at our home We became close friends with the Bergsma families, Sjally and Rim are still living and we visit often.

In 1952 our friend Rev. Neil McLeod received and accepted a call to Hamilton, Victoria. We were very sorry to see him and his family go. Another minister was called who was very different in his teaching as he was "liberal" causing a lot of members to leave the church.

Dutch people who had come from Reformed Churches in Holland could not agree with the Presbyterian Churches as some of the younger ministers were often liberal as well, and so the Reformed Church was instituted in April 1952.

Sijbe and I did not join this church at first, that happened later. We found it hard to

leave St. Andrews, so many memories over the last 20 odd years, we were married here, also Neil was baptised here as well.

Dad had now joined the Dutch congregation which then met in a basement in Barrack Street in Perth. The Rev. G. van Wilgenberg was the first Dutch minister called to Perth in 1953. On Sundays he had English services in the morning and Dutch in the afternoon. The minister spoke fairly good English but it was funny when he spoke about a flock of cattle and a herd of sheep. Another location was needed and church services were held in a hall behind the Church of Christ in Lake Street North Bridge. Later in 1956 we moved to a dance hall in King Street, Perth. The Rev Peter van der Schaaf was minister here and later moved again to the Bert Memorial in St. Georges Tce. Perth. Eventually we move to our own location, the church was built in Colombo Street Victoria Park 1959.

My father now had many friends among Dutch people and this took a lot of loneliness out of his life. He loved his trade as a carpenter, he made the front doors of the Colombo St . church and other items such as desks, sewing tables and lots of ironing boards from timber. Excellent relationships with the minister who always managed to find something for dad to do. This was good but at the same time it was noticed that he was really slowing down. Well, he was now in his eighty's.

The Rev. van der Schaaf served this congregation for eight years, he and his wife were good friends of ours and they were liked by this congregation very much. In 1959 a country church in Harvey was established and our minister would go there once a month to conduct a church service for the Dutch people there and to teach catechism to the young people. In 1962 he accepted a call to Christchurch New Zealand.

Up til this time dad remained in his own home which worked out quite well. But now the people who looked after dad bought a home for themselves. The new people proved to be unsatisfactory, so after some time we asked them to leave. Another elderly couple were going to take their place so we asked dad to stay with us while these people moved into the house. He liked that and I think he was glad to settle down with us. It was now noticed that he was a bit confused at times and he laid down on the bed a lot.. We had some good talks when he could not sleep at night, he now longed to go and was ready. He told me. "My case is packed for the journey" we soon realised that dad would not go back to his home, after four weeks with us he went to his heavenly home. That Sunday afternoon Dirk, Guus and family said their goodbye's , that evening at 11.45pm 19th May 1963 he passed away, aged 86 years.

In 1963 our next minister and his family came from South Africa, Dr. P. G. Geertsema and stayed three years. His son Paul together with Warren Braam and Wim Burgraaf, all friends were regular visitors to our home on Sundays.

A few years before dad died Sijbe had trouble with his thyroid gland which it seems was over worked, amazingly this was cured with Isotope radium treatment. Later it was discovered that Sijbe also had diabetes, quite some time went bye before this was detected by the doctor. This diabetes was hard to control, he was a very sick man and lost a lot of weight. He was unable to work for six months. I was told to give him plenty of red meat, eggs and etc. to build him up as he was only eight stone in weight

about 50kg. We had very little income, a special time when God displays his wonderful care. A big parcel of meat was delivered by friends who's son was a butcher, we also received fruit and all sort of things that Sijbe needed. Our fridge was always full. Of course he was not cured from diabetes, but this has been a very difficult time for him over the years, but otherwise he is healthy.

In 1970 we received a letter from Holland saying that Sijbe's mother was very sick, could we come over?. This was a difficult decision to make as Neil had Just finished high school and applied to continue studies at a teachers training college. All sort of questions arose, where would he stay while we were away and so on. We found a young family needing a home for six months, would they live in our house and look after Neil? Yes, every thing worked out fine with this young couple and Neil could have his own bedroom.

We went by ship to Holland via Sth. Africa. In the meantime Sijbe's mother had picked up and we were able to visit her every day while we were in Friesland, I had never met Sijbe's mother or other members of the family but a wonderful relationship being together developed. We also met up with uncles, aunts, cousins and friends in Groningen and the Hague. It's now 33 years since I was last here. After a time we were glad to be off home again, especially to see Neil, he had written to us every week and he too was looking forward to our home coming.

In 1971 Sijbe had two light strokes each lasting only a day, thankfully it never happened again. Later we heard that Sijbe's mother had passed to be with her Lord. We were so glad we had the opportunity to see her before she died.

Since then we have made several trips to the eastern states where Sijbe has a brother living in Geelong, married with three sons and one daughter.

Neil became a school teacher and is now at the Rehoboth Christian School. He is married to Nikke, a girl from Canberra in 1958. They now have three children, Belinda, Daniel and Ian.

Dirks children are also married, Jannet to Henry, Judy to Keith and Peter to Christine. Dirk and Guus now have eight grand children.

In 1986 I had a hip replacement and now my left leg is shorter than the other. Two years later we moved from Dianella to "Manoah" in Gosnells, a complex connected to the Reformed Church for senior citizens. We have a lovely small home with a beautiful gardens and trees. Since coming here I had a back operation after which I found it difficult to walk, but with the help of a walking frame I manage quite well. At this stage of our lives Sijbe and I are hand and foot to each other, and I thank God that we are still together.

When I look back on our life here in Australia as a family and also on my own life, and marriage I cannot thank God enough for His loving care and guidance and blessings we received every day. All Dirk's children and our son Neil are married to Christian partners, all belonging to the Reformed faith. What a blessing! To Him be all praise and glory.

For all who read this, my wish is found in
Philippians 1:9-11

And this is my prayer: that your
Love may abound more and more in
Knowledge and depth of insight,
so you may be able to discern
What is best and may be pure and
blameless until the day of Christ,
Filled with the fruit of righteous-
ness that comes through Jesus
Christ - to the glory and praise of God.

August 1997

Berendina Annagena (Dien) Knol - Freese
15th December 1905 - 25th August 2001

Thursday evening 23rd August while Sijbe, Neil and Dirk were together Dien was able to indicate farewell with a little wave and then went into her final sleep. We thank the Lord that she suffered no pain in these last days. Saturday afternoon at 4.15 pm Dien breathed her last, now she would be sadly missed but with certain knowledge she was with her Lord.

Our thanks go to those dear people who in their love, gave of their time to make Dien so comfortable in these last days.