

## Remembrances of Angelyn

### **Annie Bontekoe and Alan Struck (annual cottage visitors for the last 40 years or so):**

I remember always writing her (and before that both your mother and father) a note when we were getting ready to leave the cottage after our vacation. It was an easy note to write because we had always had such a wonderful time.

But even more than that reason, it was an easy note to write because I knew your mother would “get it”! Over the years I had learned that the things we love about the cottage and made being at the cottage so special were the same things that she and your dad loved.

I will miss not writing that note! We will miss not thinking about both your mother and dad enjoying themselves at the cottage.

In the book *A SHORT GUIDE TO A HAPPY LIFE*, Anna Quindlan quotes a homeless man she sees sitting on a bench on the boardwalk at Coney Island. This bench faces the ocean.

When she asks why he is there all day and night seemingly for months on end, he pauses and then replies:

“Look at the view, young lady. Look at the view.”

Your parents looked at the view!

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Although I have not seen your mother for a long time, I have such strong recollections of her. First of all, I hear her laughter in my head, especially as she told of getting as good deal on something. I hear you and me laughing with her years ago as she told of how children must crawl before they walk. At the time I had no idea what a special ed teacher was, but I believe that is what she was.

I can hear her frustration with the vacuum cleaner at the cottage. I visited one day when your father was still alive, and she was struggling to put the vacuum back together.

And I remember back in the early days how she made creamed asparagus on toast for us for lunch. Of course the asparagus came from your grandpa’s farm. I remember how appreciative she was when I would bring a coffee cake when I came for a weekend.

What I don’t remember is your mother ever sitting still; instead, she was always at a task—not running around but accomplishing things.

When Alan and I are at the cottage, we are always amused by little things where we see your mother's hand—whether it's a label on something or instructions for various things, or those needles on the green drapes in the bedroom. I remember when she made those!

**Barb McCune (niece):** Aunt Ange was always kind, loving and generous in her love. When Jimmy passed away, I'll never forget her eyes as she gathered me in her arms. She knew what I was facing – it had only been a week since Jimmy passed away. The empathy was obvious and so appreciated. She will always be in my heart.

**John and Anne Rock (neighbors in Stevens Point):**

Here are some memories the Rock Family would like to share with the Stielstra family.

We remember Ann patiently teaching our family how to play Othello and Michigan Rummy in the evenings at the cottage. It was always a fun evening playing the games.

Our form of exercise with Ann was climbing up and down the steps that went to the beach. We would always count the steps. Don't remember how many there were but there were enough us to be out of breath before reaching the top step.

The delicious health meals Ann prepared were always a treat, especially the fresh vegetables and fruit. It was important to her that we always had something fresh from the Orchard Market.

The children loved sleeping in the loft. She always fixed it so comfy for them. Patrick loved his own private sleeping area curtained off from the girls.

Rebecca says she always remembers whenever we would go visit Ann and Bill, after a day of blueberry picking, Ann would take us swimming at the Club House Beach and she would always wear her cute rubber swim cap. She always enjoyed going for a swim.

Patrick says he enjoyed the sunsets over the lake at the cottage and remembers Ann Making sure they watch the sunset and watch for the car ferries as they cross to and from Kewaunee. He remembers sleeping in the loft. The Morris chair Bill and Ann gave him when they moved from Stevens Point kept in his living room for everyone to use and enjoy.

Carolyn says she never liked cooked cabbage until Ann talked her into trying her cabbage dish cooked with apples. She values the silhouette picture Ann took of Patrick, Rebecca and her at sunset with the lake in the background.

**Lillian Ludema (Angelyn's cousin):**

Our cousin, your mother, was a sweet, loving, caring, beautiful, and intelligent person. When I was young and visited Uncle Orie and Aunt Tena, she would walk us to the Lake and take us for a paddle boat ride around the lake. She also taught me to play piano. She was a favorite cousin, that's for sure! Another saint has gone to Glory.

**Susan Chipper Van Fleit (daughter of Stan and Eva Chipper, good friends in Alma):**

Some of my very earliest memories include her - and, of course, you & your siblings. I remember so clearly playing at your house while she was sewing. She made me a red & white striped bathing suit - I couldn't have been more than 5 or 6 - and I thought I was a real fashion model. I think I wore it every day - whether or not swimming was planned! And the wonderful days at the lake - so many great memories!

**Bob Rossmiller (long-time Stevens Point friend):**

Elaine and I were both tightly connected to Ann and Bill. As the first Director of Student Aid at UWSP, I had the good fortune to serve under Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs, Dr. Wm. Stielstra. Ann became the cooperating teacher for Elaine when she completed a Master's degree in Special Ed-LD. As friends, we decided to survey the South for possible winter retreats. Of course, we settled on Gulf Shores, Alabama. Later, travelling to that destination in separate vehicles, we kept in touch via a CB radio that I acquired. It was Ann—"Steely to Rossi—Where are you?" We managed to arrive at the same destination at the same time each day. No small accomplishment!

Often those southern sessions were around a large restaurant table or one person's condo. That group usually included Joan and Oley, Alberta and Bernie, Alice and Dick, and the four of us. Sophisticated adults chose Rummikub, Dominoes, Uno or the "block town" four out of five times. All could play; all were equally inept and ready to laugh. Good food, laughter, and conversation were all we needed.

Sad to say, all but Joan, Alice and I have issued our final "over and out." We know Bill already knows everyone on the other side, Ann has lined up a practical place to meet, and Elaine is collecting recipes from many sources. Whatever heavenly games are new will be shared.

You were fortunate to call Ann and Bill "Mom" and "Dad." Thank you for sharing them for us to call friends. All of you are a wonderful testimony to their life.

Enjoy the enclosed photo from the cabin they loved by the lake we share.