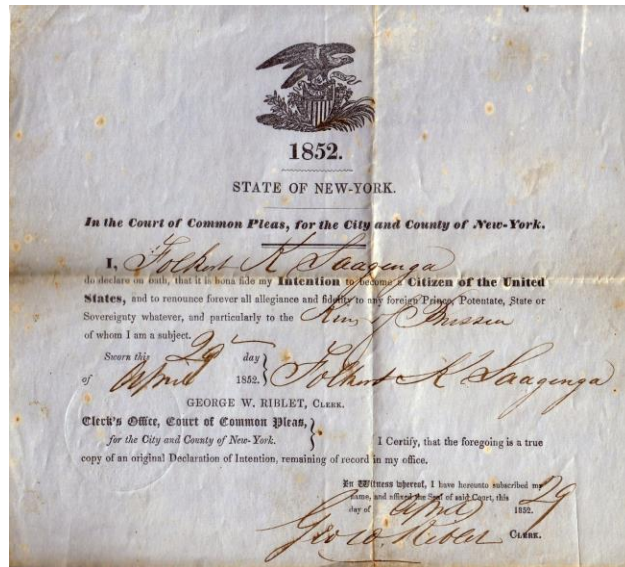


## The Rise and Fall of the Saaijenga Home

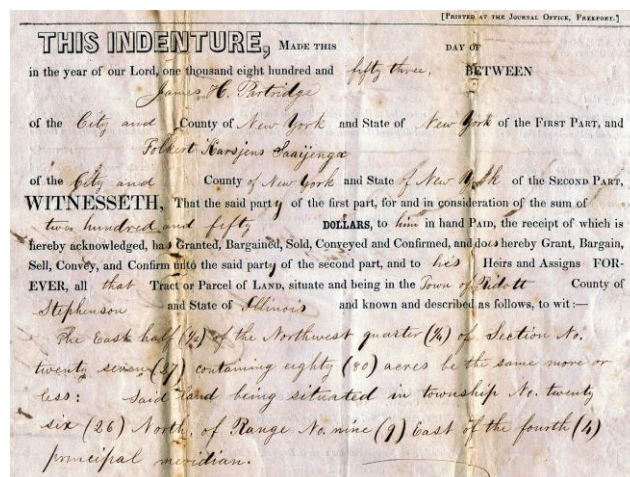
Cousin Sylvia Suess Hillman asked me to write a story about my childhood home. Some of this info appears in other stories but, as Jim often comments before launching into a story for the umpteenth time, "I know I have told you this before but I'd kind of like to hear it again myself." If you would like an enlargeable copy of any of these pictures, contact me. OK, Guys, fasten your seat belts and hang on.....

In 1850 my great grandparents, Folkert (1822-1855) and LukasDina (1813-1899) Saaijenga emigrated from Germany to the US with their daughter Haukedina (1850-1914). In 1852 Great Grampa became a US citizen and, I guess, LukasDina did, too, by default.



There Great Grampa was a welder by trade, using the skills he learned as an apprentice in his home country.

After about a 3-year stay in New York City, (and the birth of a son, George) they purchased an 80 acre farm (sight-unseen) northeast of German Valley, IL for \$250.



Lukas Dina's sister, Jacobina Ruter, was already in the German Valley area and she and her husband were charter members of Silver Creek Church. I often wonder how the two sisters managed to correspond...or even find each other, for that matter.

Once there, they started to build their new life in their new country. The first structure had to be a cabin for shelter but, according to a story written by Aunt Dena Saaijenga (1906-1997) that burned and was replaced by a second cabin, part of what I knew as my childhood home. In the summer of 1855 Great Grampa Folkert died but Great Gramma remained on the farm with her two children (and a second marriage that fizzled).

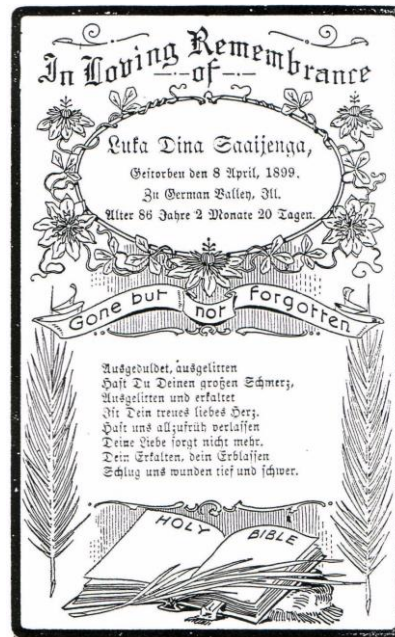


In 1870 Haukedina married Peter Hicken (1840-1916), moved to Missouri and raised a large family

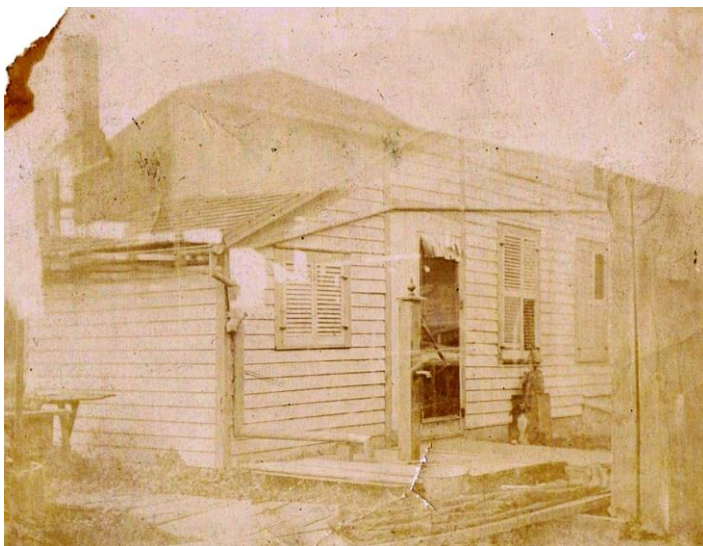


LukasDina and Grampa George lived on the homelace, hiring several young ladies to help with the housekeeping chores. A lean-to kitchen was added to the old cabin and a basement was dug under just the original structure.

In 1898 a large red barn was built south of the house. Great Gramma LukasDina passed away in 1899 and a new chapter in the life of the farm began to form.



Below: it was time to make improvements to the house. You are looking at the southeast corner of the lean-to kitchen. It is attached to the south wall of the 1 1/2-story cabin section.



The picture below shows the old house after some improvements:



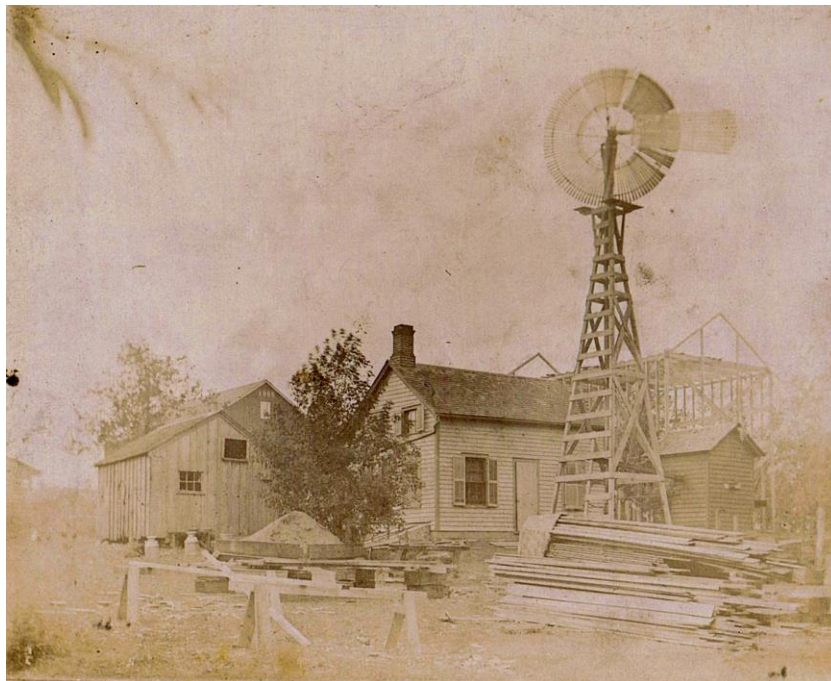
In the picture below you see Grampa George coming home from the creamery in 1900. Note his suit and tie for the occasion. This was taken on the east side of the new barn. Don't you just love all the flowers in the field around Grampa and his beautiful team?



Below is the southeast corner of the barn and the cows on the southwest corner.



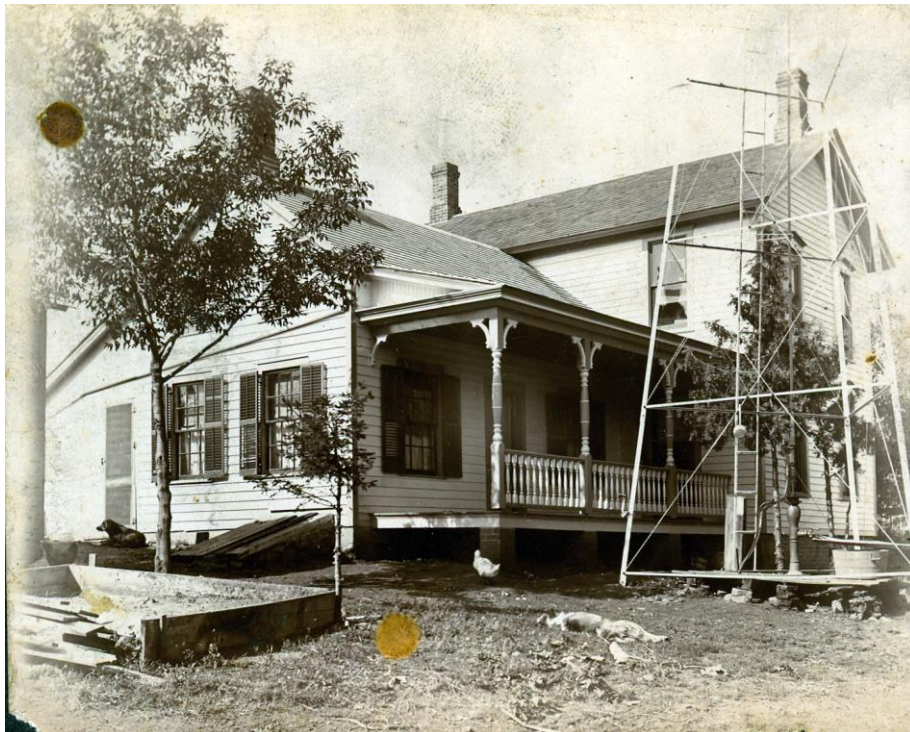
In 1900 Grampa added a large, 2-story wing onto the west side of the cabin. In this picture below you can see the construction in progress. The small building to the right of the wooden windmill was the smokehouse where meat was cured for preservation. You can see the barn in the background with “1898” painted near the peak. The building east of the house was called the grinder building.



In 1901 Gramma Hilka became part of the mix and things began humming at the farm along what was later called Edwardsville Road.



By 1902 the addition was finished, a nice long porch had been built along the north side of the original part and the wooden windmill had been replaced by a snazzy new steel one. The old lean-to kitchen was still on the south side of the house.



Below is the house December 17, 1902:



In addition to all the improvements a little boy (my dad, Folkert 1902 - 1989) was now in residence.





The 1904 picture below shows him and Grandma Hilka by the northeast corner of the house. All the lumber was being used to build a new kitchen south of the original part of the house. The smoke house has been moved to the east side of the house.





Picture below: After the kitchen was added, a nice open porch ran along its east side. Little Folkert is beside the porch and that scoop is taller than him. Dad looked lovely in the dress and bonnet.



Here is a prettier view of the house in 1904:



Below is Gramma Hilka (holding my dad) in front of the grinder building. You are looking toward the east from the house.



Below are Folkert and Hilvin. I can't ID the buildings but Dad has on a cast. He had a broken collar bone.



Grampa climbed the windmill with his camera one summer day. This first picture is looking

straight south.



The second one looks toward the southeast. I think the larger building to the right may have eventually become the chicken house. All those oat shocks look like a lot of work ahead.



Like all new parents George and Hilka took lots of pictures of their youngsters.

Below are Folkert and Hilvin. Dig those snazzy duds! Also see Hilvin and George. No chance Hilvin's sox will fall.



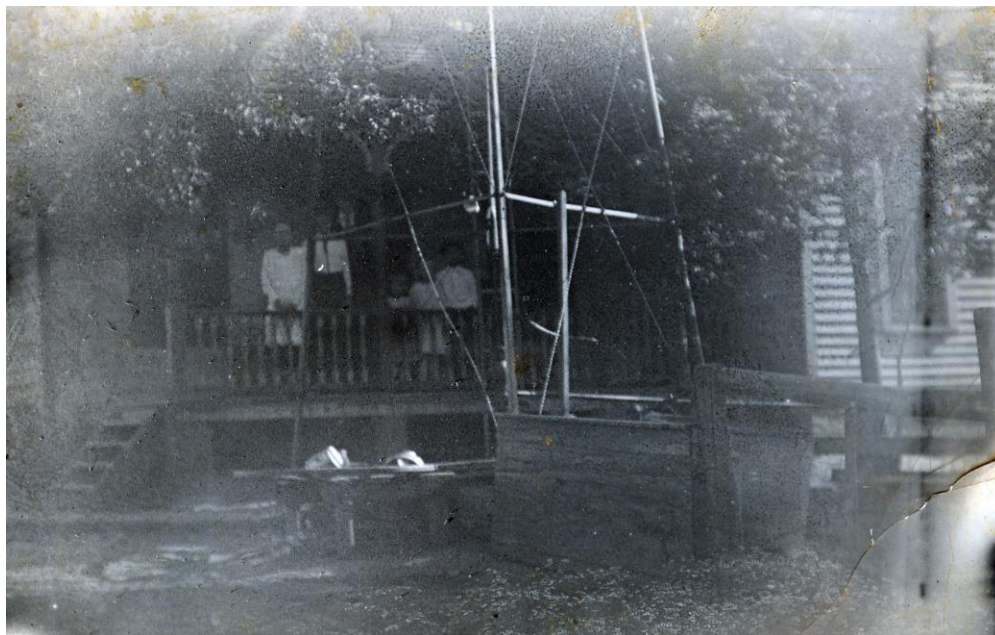
As the years passed, more children came along... a total of nine! The picture below shows Folkert (1902-1989), Dena (1906-1997, Hilvin (1904-1971) and Hilka in 1907. Love that fancy baby carriage with umbrella!



Below are Grampa George and his 3 eldest:



Pictured on the north porch below are six of the Saaijenga youngsters.



Below: Bertha (1915-2006), George (1909-1966), Rosa (1917-2003), Hattie (1912-1989) and Clarence (1919-1990) are posing east of the “new” kitchen. The porch had not yet been enclosed.



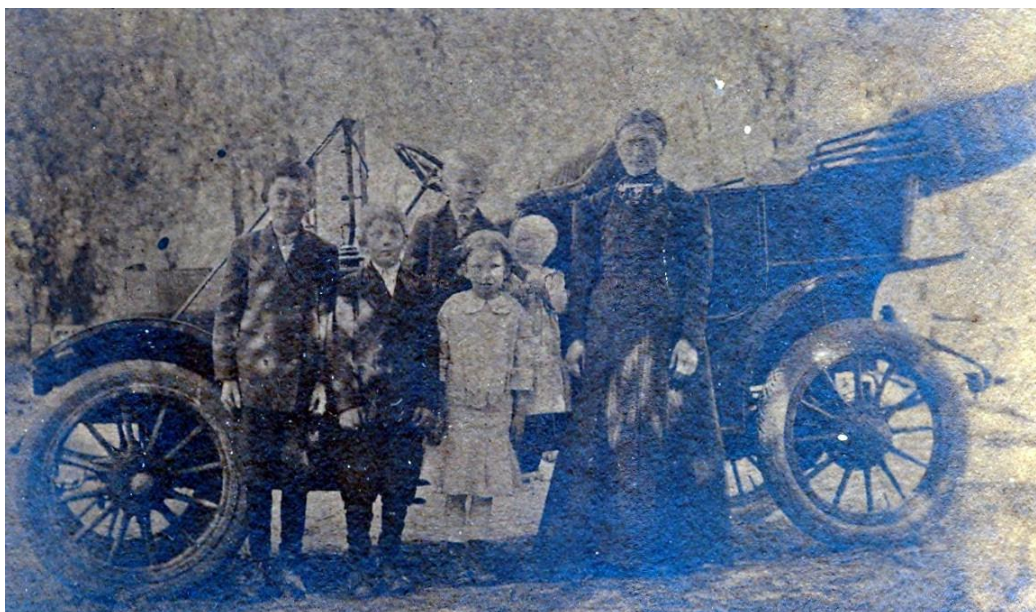
That same day Grampa and Gramma got into the picture too. That's Rosie in front of Grampa, then Hattie in the back, then Bertha and Gramma holding little Clarence. I'm betting Dena was taking this picture.



Below 1914 from left: Hilvin, Hattie, Dena, George and Folkert.



Below are Hilka, children and the Kissel car.



Hilka and George were kept busy with their young family. Their ninth child, Harold, was born April 21, 1921. At the time Hilka was 40 and George was 67 (yup, 67).



Life was good and they lived in fine style.

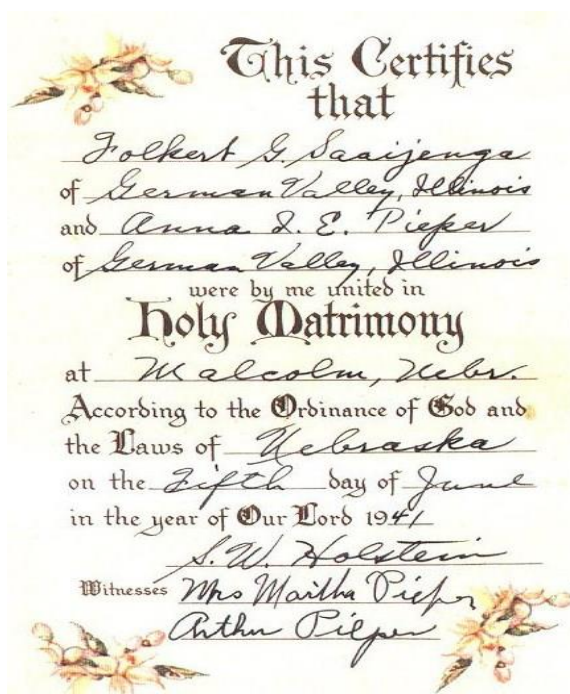


Grampa's health began to fail so the family moved to a big white house in German Valley and the original homeplace was empty.



In January of 1925 Grampa passed away and, in a few months, Gramma Hilka bought the Stratman farm (the first place east of the original homeplace) and moved her young family back out to the country. The old house still stood empty.

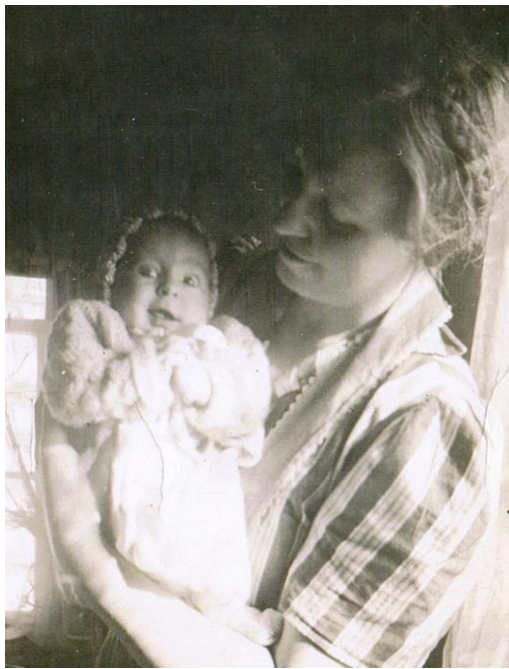
In December 1940 yet another chapter opened for the old house. Folkert met Anna Pieper and he always told me it was love at first sight. They were married June 5, 1941 and, once more, there was life in the old house as they painted and papered it.



These pictures below were taken in 1941. You are looking at the east side of the house. The porch along the kitchen had been enclosed. Note the flop-door cellar entry. The chimney above the porch along the north side of the house must have been used for the furnace years ago in the basement. (I don't ever remember seeing it.)



In 1943 a new generation (that would be me) invaded the old house.



The picture below was taken in 1948 on the south side of the house. Dad is in the background. You can see my folks were making improvements inside the house. The bottom half of the west kitchen window had been closed to make room for cupboards and a sink.

The fence behind me was fashioned from tree branches with long sticks for support along the top. The chicken netting fence kept the chickens out of Mom's flowers until fences were built around the henhouse. Those chickens seemed to understand that going out on the road was an unhealthy idea, even though traffic was much slower on the then-gravel road.

That boarded window up high behind Dad was the only access to the area above the kitchen (built in 1904). I remember my folks tossing all the stored "junk" out of it one day. They took a hayrack-load of old baby carriages, beds, and other furniture out to the field and burned it all.



Below: Eventually the house yard was fenced in, the cluckers were forced to be honest, and Mom promptly filled the area with oodles of now-safe-from-those blasted-chickens flowers. You can see the corner of the porch which ran along the north side of the old part of the house. In the background you can see the hedge that was along the road.



Below: taken about 1950. You are looking toward the south. Across the driveway from the house was the chicken house. Coming toward you, the first white building is the feed/cob shed. It and the white corncrib southeast of the chicken house were built in 1949.

Closest to you, north of the feed shed, is the brooder house. On the ground you can see the circle of shelled corn that was spread for the chickens.

Just to the left of the peak of the chicken house roof you can see the little shed that Dad used for his tractor. He also installed the most wonderful basketball hoop on the west end of it!

Almost straight south of the chicken house is Dad's shop. It was a marvelous place, full of tools and, best of all, an old forge that had a crank you could turn to make the bellows whizzzzzzzzzz and hum. Also in that shop were 3 or 4 tree-stump bases that had pipes extending up from them. Each pipe was topped with a steel foot, each a different size. These had long ago been used by Grampa George to repair his family's shoes.

The lane south of the barn led to the "back 40" at the far end of the farm.



In the 1950 pictures below you can see the shop to Mom's left. Dad's Wallace tractor is sitting in front of the first machine shed. Also, see Dad's '38 Buick!



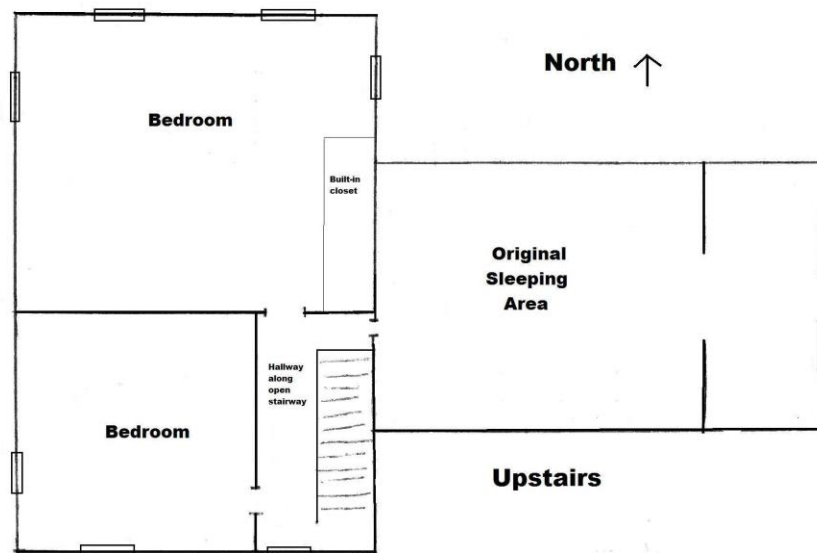
Now it is time to talk about the inside of that house. Old oral history accounts told that, when the original 1½ -story section of house was built, the only access to the upper floor was thru a trap door in the floor. When I was a kid that door was not used and I was warned NEVER to walk on it for fear of falling thru it. (Mom had put ceiling paper over it downstairs.)

Then the large 2-story addition was built (in 1900) and upstairs a small access hole (no door) was made to reach the old upstairs room. In the early 1900s my four aunts (Dena, Bertha, Hattie and Rosie) slept in the small room at the top of the steps and my dad and uncles (Hilvin, George, Clarence and Harold) slept in the room above the old section.

Grampa George was a photographer and printer so he used the large northwest room above the living room for his studio. Below is a picture of his printing press. I wish we could read the year on that calendar.



When I was a kid, I remember the house seeming to be so large. Below is the floor plan of the upstairs as I remember it but it is not to scale...just to give you an idea of how things were arranged. (Trust me, no architect was injured...nor employed...in the production of these drawings.) This stayed the same the last 88 years or so.



You walked up the wide, brown steps from the living room, (Mom had a clothes rod hanging over the base of the stairs so you usually had to navigate your way thru coats and out-of-season clothes. It was also the best place to store homemade Christmas candy with absolutely no danger of it getting too soft.) then turned to walk along the open stairway.

For many years there was a chalk drawing, maybe 8 feet long, on the wall above the stairway. It was the art project of Aunt Hattie Saaijenga's students. I have no idea how old it was but it was a drawing of a bunch of little kids and, I think, a Dutch windmill. It got pretty faded and Mom took it down in the late 50s. (Cousin Sylvia tells that they had one of Aunt Hattie's kids' projects too. It was a Santa and sleigh and it hung over the Sues family's stairway for a few years at Christmas.)

There was a small bedroom at the top of the steps. One of my first memories is helping Mr. Cleveland fish wires up through a tiny hole in the west wall of that room when the house was being electrified. My scrawny arms reached thru that hole just fine.

For a few years (1959 - 1961) I occupied the larger room closest to the road. That room was great in the summer because there were windows on three sides and you could always catch a cool breeze. Winter was a whole 'nuther story. The only heat source was the stove pipe that came from the living room below. (And you bet your sweet bippy, I had an electric blanket!) A closet had been built along the east wall of the room.

The pictures (1960) below show the northeast corner of the room. That window was the BEST place to watch for the school bus. You could spot it in plenty of time to grab your coat and books and still make it to the road in time.

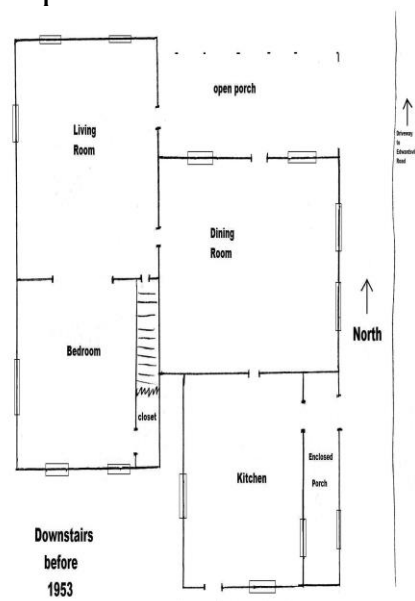
The girls are L to R: Shirley Dieken, Diane Buss, Elaine Heeren, Lyla Schoenhardt, Carol Jean Meyer, Betty Kitzmiller, some old bagwoman off the street, Nancy Buss and Sandy Gravenstein.



To get to the room above the old section, (above the dining room) you ducked thru the hole (no door) . Mom always called it the attic even though you had to go down 4 or 5 steps. That area was divided into 2 rooms. One was for storage (four generations of past-used treasures and the infamous box of used Christmas wrapping paper....that paper was used year after year after year) and the east-most part was my toy room when I was little. Oh, it was hot stuff to have your very own toy room! (A few years ago Judy Ross Greenfield reminisced about playing there.)

Besides avoiding walking on the trapdoor, you had to be very careful to step lightly. It was a fairly long expanse with no support under the center of the floor and it creaked and swayed. (When the room below was partitioned off to make a bedroom for me, the sag problem was solved.) The walls of that area followed the slant of the roof and an adult could only stand up straight in the center 5 feet or so.

OK, let's deal with the downstairs now. Below is a rough drawing of the floor plan as I first remember it before additions and improvements were made.



The original section of the house (My folks used it for a dining room.) was one long room...maybe 20 feet long... and there was a “Warm Morning” coal stove near the east end of the room for heat. Some kid (that would be me) practiced her printing with a crayon on the side of that stove and, for the rest of its existence, the word “oats” showed up in blue whenever it was being used.

The generation before us had a furnace in the basement and the closed-off 3'X 3' register remained in the floor. Aunt Rosie mentions this register in her story “Aunt Rosie’s Memories”. When I was a toddler, it was a grand place to perfect your skills of shoving toys (and whatever else fit) through those tiny grids. That habit backfired one day when I chose to play on a register just like it in a store in Freeport. That one was very much in use and I sported bandages for a while after that little episode. Shortly after that the register was moved outside, south of the kitchen, where it served as a mud catcher for about the next 45 years.



My folks had a round black walnut veneer dining room table in that room and I can still picture it extended as far as it would go, spread with a white tablecloth and set with Mom's "good" dishes, ready for a holiday dinner with the relatives. See the Cornelius family with us below.



To the left of the doorway hung the crank-type wall phone. You can see it in the background of the picture above. (We were on a party line with about 8 other families and you jolly well better not bother Central after 9PM to put thru a call unless it was an emergency!)

In 1949 my folks bought a new chest-type freezer and for about 3 years it stood along the west wall.

Dad's roll-top desk (Larry has it now) stood in the exact same spot along the south wall (to the right of the kitchen doorway) almost 48 years.





Grandma Saaijenga's small desk (filled with my crayons, jigsaw puzzles and toy dishes) was along the south wall. (That desk sits at the top of Lori's stairway in her Charlotte, NC, home now.



And my Victrola stood along the north wall. I can still see my Sues cousins and me climbing on a stool to reach the crank so it would play those big flat '33 and '78 records. The picture below is not my beloved Victrola but it gives you an idea of its appearance. Mine had a darker finish.



The beautiful china cabinet with its curved glass door graced the north wall. (It is in our Lynchburg home now; the antique dishes that were once inside it have been divided among my five kids and my own treasures are stored within it.)



Smack-dab in the middle of the north wall was the outside door to that long porch. The porch floor was so bad that my parents forbade me to play on it.

The living room and my folks' bedroom were west of the old section and you had to go up one step to get to it. As long as I can remember the same cream-colored round light fixture hung in the middle of the living room ceiling and, for many years, the floor was covered with a flowery linoleum rug. A big brown oil-burning stove stood along the north wall.

The couch, where Mom usually sat with her latest crochet project, was always along the west wall and in the corner was an old wooden forerunner-of-a-modern-recliner. That was Dad's spot with his smoke stand and magazine rack beside it. Gramma Pieper's chair was a wooden number with arm rests and a soft seat cushion and it sat beside the large bedroom doorway.

In the picture below see Dad with Dick Cornelius, sleeping off a 1954 Thanksgiving dinner. The second picture was taken in 1961. I just wanted to put this picture of Dad in here.



The door in the northeast corner led to the long porch along the dining room section and it had a beautiful etched glass inset (That door still exists in a home on Cranes Grove Road south of Freeport). See the door behind my folks (taken in 1955) below. The second picture (1949) below was put in here simply because there was room for it. It doesn't show the door insert but see Dad's smoke stand. That thing really got moved around. See also the round, hand-crocheted rag-rug at our feet. That footstool was one Mom wanged together with scrap lumber. She was pretty good at recycling before it became fashionable. The chair under us was around as long as I can remember and it got numerous facelifts and slipcovers. All windows were filled with plants.



Below is a picture taken about January 1950 with the Cornelius family. The open door led to the dining room and the closed door was to the stairway. That dark 'What-not' shelf beside the stair door is now in Lynchburg, VA. And many of the ornaments on the tree (see the plastic snowman near the trunk about two-thirds-way-up) still exist.

The Camel cigarette package over Dad's head was being held in place by that grinning rascal, Merle.

Front L to R: me and Donald Cornelius. Middle: Elgin Cornelius, Ann Saaijenga, Fan and Dick Cornelius. Back: Folkert Saaijenga, Wessel Wessels (Fan and Dick's neighbor) and Merle Cornelius.



Below is a picture of Sandy Hammer, Darlene Ross, Bonnie Greve and Ralph Fry playing Bingo at a 1957 birthday party. See the Siegler oil-burner and all the African Violets in the windows...and those wild plastic curtains with bamboo shades, no less.



I plopped in the picture below of the Suess kids and me just because I like it....and LOVE them.



Between the living room and bedroom were two sliding wooden doors. The door pockets were a wind tunnel in winter so Mom nailed tin over the openings and hung a curtain for privacy.

The bed and two dressers (Larry has the suite and has had it refinished.) stood in precisely the same spot from 1941 until the summer of 1988. The “high dresser” ALWAYS! had Mom’s Kewpie doll on top and stood in the southwest corner. Between the two south windows was the vanity with that round mirror. I can close my eyes and see Mom sitting at that dresser, daubing that awful pinkish-orange powder on her face.



To get to the kitchen from the long dining room you also had to go up one step. Dad got tired of bonking his head on the low doorway so they hacked the top of it higher. The kitchen floor was a pretty hardwood and Mom had to refinish it every couple of years. In between she used paste wax on it, which stunk to High Heaven.

Along the south wall stood the cob/coal/wood-burning cook stove. Behind it was the cob box

that had a flat top. The top of it was covered with a soft cushion. In winter I used to play with my paper dolls there and often fell asleep, absorbing the warmth of the fire and nestled in that secret world, out of the way from anything going on in the kitchen.

Back there also was stored a wooden ring, padded and wrapped with soft purple flannel. When Nature began to call, you placed that wooden ring inside the cook stove oven for a couple of minutes, then tucked it under your coat and headed for the outhouse. That warm ring was a welcome buffer between a bare bottom and a frosty seat on a cold winter day!

During the summer there was a kerosene cook stove set up in front of the east window but that caused a problem one day when the curtains caught fire. Not long after that Mom got her first modern electric range. It stood beside the old cook stove which was still used for heat on cold days.

The kitchen table had a drop leaf on both sides. We only needed to have one side up but it tended to tip so it was held in place by two hooks on the east kitchen wall. (That table sits in Cindy's Virginia dining room now.)

Along the east side of the kitchen was a long enclosed porch. The floor slanted and it was pretty much a heap but it kept coats and boots dry. It also stored the green wringer-type wash machine which was rolled into the kitchen on wash day. In those days an electric dryer was unheard-of and laundry was hung outside on numerous wash lines. (You had to be very careful not to hang underwear where it could be seen from the road or lane.) During winter or on rainy days, Mom strung a maze of lines across the living room. (She had quite a few hooks imbedded in the walls.) The clothes dried and we got a good dose of moisture in the air.

In 1951 running water came to the house and it was a big deal. No longer did my folks have to carry pails from the well south of the barn. (They always said the water from the well just north of the house, where the metal windmill stood, was "bad" and they had drilled the one south of the barn when they moved to the farm in 1941.)

Mom got an electric water heater which sat to the left of the kitchen sink. It had a lid at the top and was filled as needed with the now-modern cold running water. Now nice hot water came out of the spigot about ten inches above the floor. It was a huge improvement over heating water on the stove or in the reservoir of the old cook stove.

Lots of changes came during and after 1953. The old kitchen porch was replaced by a utility room and the house was covered with gray siding that had a black fibrous backing. That new siding made a vast improvement on appearance and staved off drafts in the uninsulated house.

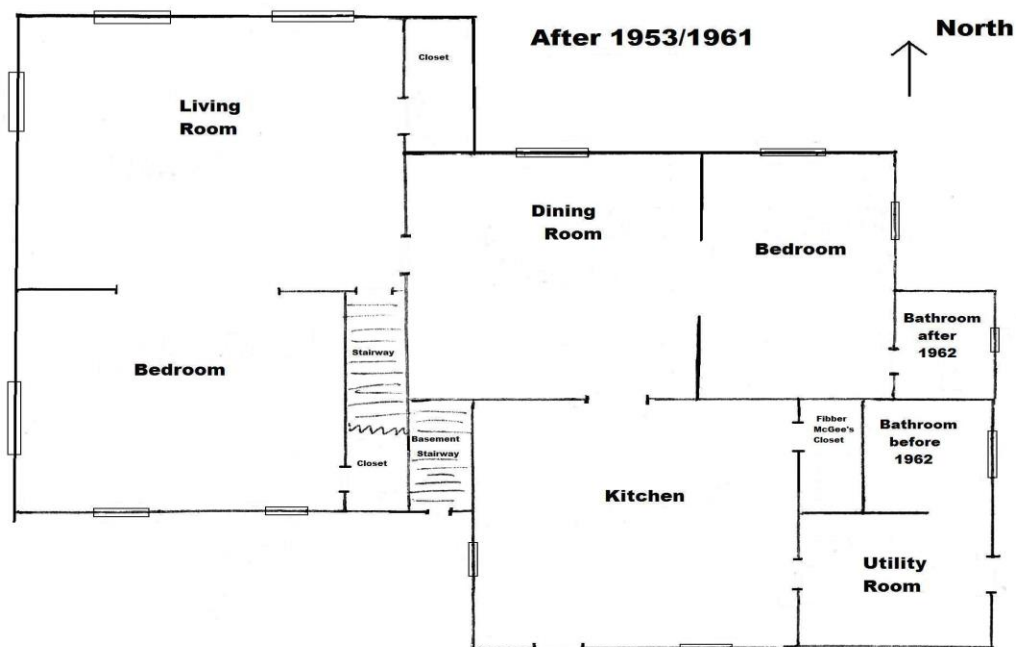
The rickety porch along the north side of the house was removed and a closet was built in front of the living room outside door. When they closed up the outside doorway on the north wall of the

dining room they found hand-hewn lumber and square nails.

Below is the east side of the house after the remodeling. See the large tree on the south side of the kitchen? It had a branch that ran almost flat toward the south and it was perfect for a swing until a windstorm blew it down. Bummer!



See below for yet one more cobbled (or should that be Redneck?) drawing. This illustrates the “modernized” floor plan.



Another inside change was the decision to partition the east part of the dining room for a bedroom for me (1953). I was so proud to have my very own room; before that my single bed was along the east wall of my parents' bedroom. My folks bought a desk and dresser at Montgomery Wards for me and those two items are still in use, now in my Virginia home. Two single beds JUST!!! fit, foot to foot, along the east wall. Gramma Pieper slept in one of them on her extended visits.

When my bed was moved to the new bedroom, Mom's sewing machine, which had been in the long dining room, was moved to the bed's former spot. It remained in that same place for the next thirty-five years. (The small chest next to the sewing machine that was used for sewing supplies now holds craft supplies in our Lynchburg basement.) The two pictures (1955 and 1957) below show the "new" dining room.



This was when the crank-type wall phone was moved to the north kitchen wall. Eventually, the cook stove was replaced with a little white Siegler oil-burner. The window on the east wall of the kitchen became a door to the handy new utility room and the freezer was moved along the south wall of the new room. The former outside door on the kitchen's east wall became the door into the Fibber McGee (Mom's name for that closet).

There was a bathtub in the new area and the water heater (cold water pipes were extended to that part of the room) was moved next to it. Wonderful! We now had a bathtub with a close source of hot water. (Yeppers, the old method was a summer Saturday night bath in a large washtub out on the front lawn. Other seasons you were treated to a "spit bath" in front of the kitchen sink.) The heater still had to be filled at the top and the hot water had to be pailed into the tub and wash machine but it was "high-living" for us. (There was a hose hooked to the wringer washer and waste water was directed down the driveway.) One drawback...Mom now had to carry hot water from the bathroom area to the kitchen for dishes.

We had a modern bathroom minus a commode. The two-holer was still west of the house beside the yellow rose bush.

The next year, 1954, my folks bought their first refrigerator and it took its place along the north wall of the new utility room. Before that, Mom's method of refrigeration was a tightly sealed jar, dropped into the ice-cold water of the milk cooler in the barn.

Oh, yes, and the first TV came into our house....and we had a whopping 3 channels to choose



from.



Another improvement was the replacement of the flop-door basement entry on the east side of the house with totally new steps. Now the basement did not flood every time it rained. See the 1954 picture of the south side of the house below.



The door to the right led to the kitchen. The white door that is in the center led to the new basement steps. Before that there was an offset between the kitchen and the bedroom section....just kind of an open space. It was the perfect spot to install and enclose steps.

One challenge was climbing over the kitchen sink drain pipe to get to the door. Most summers that pipe was redirected straight down along the wall and used an elbow to run the drain at ground level. This was not a good plan during winter when the drain would freeze if there was no angle to allow the water to run away.

Two more memories: for many years Mom had a row of mint plants along the base of the south kitchen wall and it smelled SOOOOOO good. Also, in the picture above you can barely see the cement bench. It was an eight foot by maybe 15 inch cement slab and was balanced atop cement blocks. It was tippy and wasn't all that comfortable to sit on. In the picture there are pots of flowers on it.

One more change was made that year. The '38 Buick shifted its gears for the last time, left us sit in the middle of an intersection in Freeport, and was replaced with a fancy, shiny, brand-spankin'-new, green Mercury.

In 1954 the township put in place plans for a new blacktopped road past our place and the beautiful old hedge that had proudly stood along the road west of the driveway was burned. Most of the trees were hedge apples (Osage oranges) and I loved playing among them when I was a little squirt. Since the hedge ran along the north side of the property, the early spring sun melted the snow and it was the BEST place to play house with my dog...but the persnickety dog refused to eat the mud pies I carefully prepared for him.

Back to the story... the township bulldozed down my magical playhouse trees and set the whole thing on fire. Problem was the men left before a storm moved in and my folks were up most of the night watching as sparks floated over our buildings. In the 1948 picture below you can see the hedge behind Dad.



In 1956 seven of the nine Saaijenga "kids" were at their childhood home for a birthday party. It may have been the last time they were all together at the old house.

Back L to R: Folkert, Harold, George and Clarence. The gals are Hattie, Dena and Rosa.



The next year Bertha joined her siblings at Rosie's home. Only Hilvin, who was in a hospital, was missing.

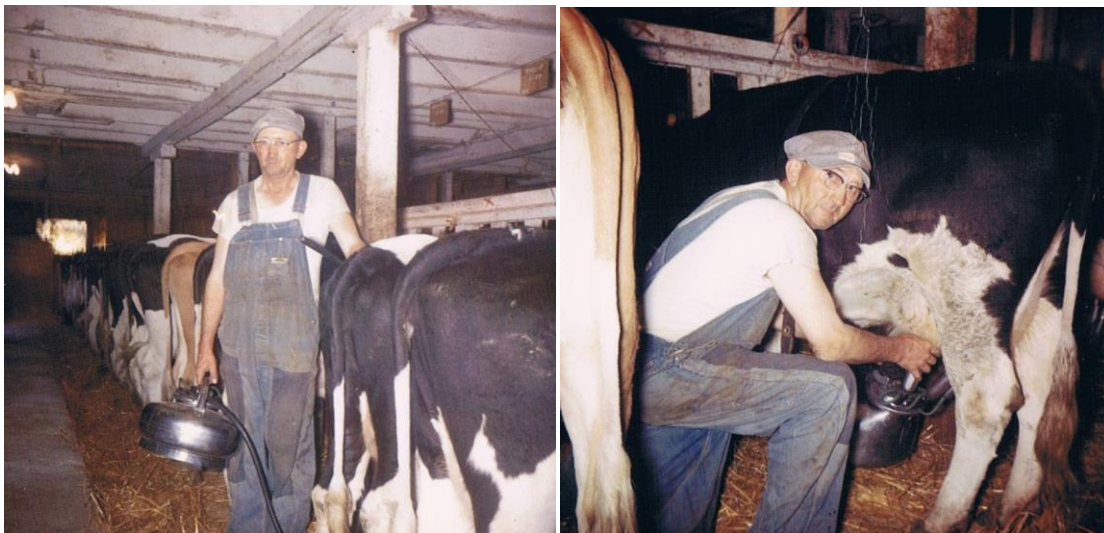


Other than minor changes, the house remained the same in the following years. As this world keeps turning, so life continued in the old house. In 1961 I got married and left my birthplace. Dad bought a rider mower and, because he said that mower didn't turn very short, many of Mom's flower patches were made smaller.



About a year later a new bathroom (this time it included a commode) was added to the east side of the original 1½ story section. A window of the bedroom was turned into a door to the new bathroom and a small basement was dug under it. A new water heater was installed in the new basement and pipes were run to the kitchen. At last there was hot running water all over the house and nobody had to fill the heater with buckets of cold water.

In 1963 Dad sold his dairy cows.



A fifth generation of the family visited the old house often.

See Larry (1962), Lori (1963), Cindy (1964), Sandi (1965), and Randy (1967) below:



In later years the brown oil-burner in the living room was replaced with a modern LP furnace and Dad got a fancy new recliner. Note that smoke stand to Dad's right. It looks like Mom had repurposed it to be a plant stand in this picture. And the windows were still full of African violets.

Dad also rode John Deere mowers as motorized wheel chairs after his bout with cancer in 1976.



Mom lost her battle with cancer in November 1987 and Dad remained alone in his beloved old home for about another 7 months. Then he moved to an assisted living apartment in Freeport. He followed Mom in January 1989.



The property was sold and the new owners chose to raze the old house and replace it with a doublewide. Then the barn, built in 1898, collapsed on a wind-still summer afternoon.

Today a new house stands south of the old house's site. All but three of the older buildings are gone and only a couple of the old trees remain. The newest owners keep the lawns beautifully mowed and the buildings are well-kept.

The Saaijenga house is gone but the memories of the lives that were spent there will live forever in my heart. And, don't you just know, Dad and Grampa George and Great Grampa Folkert are sitting there in Heaven, smiling at how pretty the old place looks now.



