



June 2008

# QUE PASA

WHAT'S HAPPENING

A Publication of International Children's Care  
P.O. Box 820610 Vancouver, WA 98682-0013

(360) 573-0429 • FAX: (360) 573-0491  
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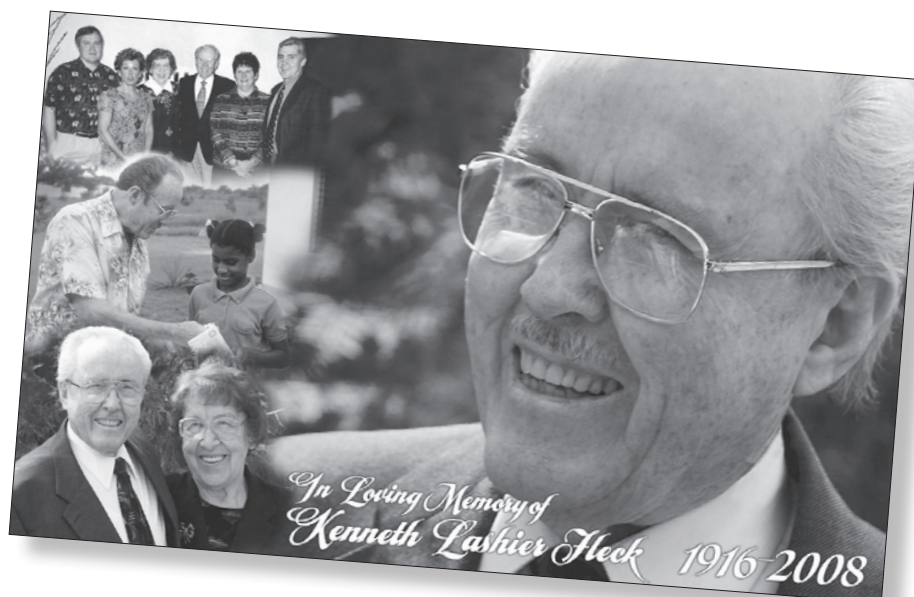
## KENNETH LASHIER FLECK

March 13, 1916 - April 24, 2008

**O**n April 24, 2008, ICC lost a great founder, spiritual leader, mentor and friend in Pastor Kenneth Fleck. After battling with cancer for 12 months, Pastor Fleck is at rest, awaiting Jesus' return. It will be a return which will put an end to the word orphan forever. What a thrill that will be for the pastor!

Ken was born in Brush Prairie, Washington, on March 13, 1916, to James and Ida Fleck. Four years later his sister Jean joined the family. Ken and his family lived on a Madras, Oregon, farm till Ken was 16. Then the family moved to Longview, Washington, where Ken's dad continued to farm, though this time it was a dairy farm. Ken graduated from Columbia Academy and then Walla Walla College.

Ken met Alcyon Logan at the Gladstone Campmeeting in 1938. It was in 1940, when he was a singing evangelist, that she became his favorite accompanist. On June 22, 1941, in Salem, Oregon, he married the love of his life. Their marriage of 66 years was one filled with love and mutual support, one for the other, as they literally traveled the world together in support of God's work.



The family grew quickly when one year later their son Ron was born, followed three years later by Carolyn. Ken's early years in the ministry were spent in the Idaho and Upper Columbia conferences as a church pastor. Their lives were changed forever with their decision to accept a call as missionaries to Guatemala, Central America, where Ken became the president of the Guatemalan Mission. While in Guatemala, their son Rick joined the family, and in September of 1955 they adopted six-year-old Alicia to complete their family of two boys and two girls.

After leaving Guatemala in 1956, Ken was asked to begin the Spanish language ministry in the Yakima Valley. The family settled in Granger, Washington. Four years later they made the decision to return to mission service, this time to Honduras. The family lived in Tegucigalpa for the next five years where Ken was not only the mission President in Honduras, but also served a year simultaneously as president of the El Salvador mission. Ken became very fluent in Spanish and he loved to travel; preaching and serving all the churches scattered throughout the coun-

—Continued on back page—

# A Personal Note

Dear ICC Family,

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

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

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

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

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

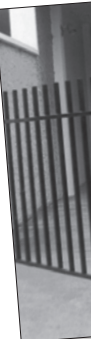
I don't know if there is another woman living on this planet that has lived with and been loved and cherished by the kind of a man that was Kenneth Fleck. We faced problems in our years together, but those problems never divided us, but drew us closer together and to God, who was the center of our home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



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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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



*With my love and prayers,*

*Alyson*

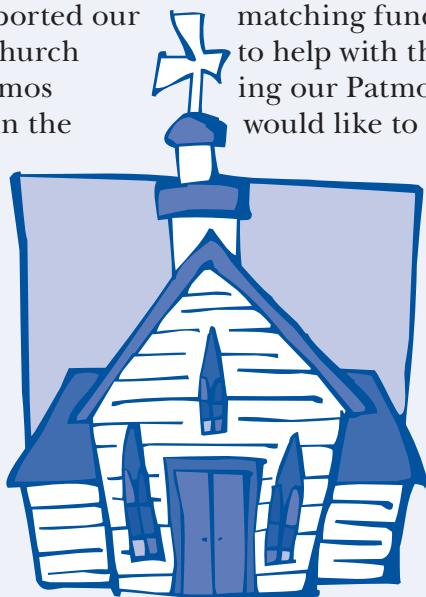




# CONGO CHURCH

## Matching \$\$\$

In our April addition of the Que Pasa, we reported our need for a new church building at our Patmos Children's Village in the D.R. Congo. We reported this after the current structure became unsafe to conduct services in. Our goal is to raise the \$50,000 to build a new church for the children.



Recently we received an offer of matching funds totaling \$5,000 to help with the cost of rebuilding our Patmos church. If you would like to take advantage of this generous offer and double your donation, please send your gift to ICC marked "Patmos Church Building Fund" at this address: PO Box 820610, Vancouver, WA. 98682-0013.

# MOTOR NEEDED

The Patmos Children's village is in need of a new boat motor. Our current boat motor is on it's last leg and we are renting a motor for each trip. Because the village is located on an island the motor is our life line to food and supplies. The new motor will cost \$6,485.

If you would like to make a donation to the motor fund, please send your donations to ICC marked "Congo Motor"



Our boat on the lake

## Kenneth Fleck - continued

tryside. His family often went along on these trips using jeeps, horses, boats or even walking to many remote places. He was greatly loved and respected by all of those he worked with throughout Latin America.

Upon their return to the United States in 1963, the Fleck family settled in the Upper Columbia Conference serving churches in Moses Lake and Othello, and later Spokane as well. Ken, Alcyon and Rick returned once again to mission service in the Dominican Republic where Ken was the conference president for two years. Ken then served as a pastor in the Oregon conference in the Cherry Park church in Portland and later the St. Helens/Scapoose district.

Ken and Alcyon officially retired from the ministry in

1978 to found International Children's Care. Though retired, their days and nights were devoted to establishing a true legacy of work with orphaned and abandoned children around the world. The work that began in Guatemala with one home and a few children has now grown to 17 countries around the world. In Latin America the names of Mommy and Poppy Fleck will live

for many years to come. Literally hundreds owe their lives, their education and their knowledge of Jesus and His love directly to Ken and Alcyon. Today thousands around the world join us in celebrating the life of a kind, wonderful, loving, faithful and devoted servant of God.

His well-known sense of humor, his love of music and nature, his devotion to his family and his undying trust in God are celebrated today. He leaves behind so many memories and so much love. His devoted wife Alcyon and his four children Ron, Carolyn, Alicia and Rick, his sister Jean, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nieces, nephews and friends the world over will continue to hold him forever in their hearts.



Alcyon & Ken Fleck in Mexico with the children