

Linda Heusinkveld Profile



I was born May 10, 1952 in Sterling, IL. Some of you have probably been there or heard of it since I see on the roster a number in the Linda Club from the northern Midwest. I went through elementary school there and in 6th grade it hit me. There were 6 Lindas out of 24 students in Mr. Hill's 6th grade class. Not to worry, as in 7th grade we'd all be split up in middle school. But, at that point, I wished Grandpa had won the name battle with Zola Mae or named after Grandma Rosa would have been perfect.

I was given dance lessons, jazz, ballet and tap, starting at 5 years old. And

suddenly mama's 5 pound little darling grew to 5'8" in 7th grade. I set my sights on being a June Taylor Dancer after many viewings of Jackie Gleason Show. Then I thought, GO BIGGER and become a Radio City Music Hall Rockette. Being tall also led me to basketball. I loved to play and watch. At one of our JV games, our high school played Morrison. There was a player I'd chatted (ok flirted) with and told my mom when I got home that I'd met a guy who was funny and so nice. That was code for "he had a cute butt in those little red satin basketball shorts". I was 15 and little did I know my life plans had just swerved.

The relationship grew through 12 feet of long twisted cords attached to the hall wall phone. We dated and he went off to college in Oklahoma and I had my senior year in Sterling. I then headed to Kendall School of Design in Mich. His career path changed when he felt the Call into ministry. That suited me just fine, as I didn't get Grandma Rosa's name, but I got her genetic code for Wanderlust, always curious and wanting to travel.

After finishing college and seminary, we moved to Iowa for 4 years as he did youth ministry education for the Reformed Church, Synod of the West. We had 2 sons born 2 years apart and ended up moving to Idaho to start a church. 4 years later we were called to Kalamazoo, Mi. And as the trend continued, 4 years there and a church in Lansing, Mi. wanted us. My mom used to tease me about "just moving" instead of doing Spring Cleaning. So 4 years came and went. Then 14, the 24. We grew to love those people, the area, and Michigan State Univ. and all it had to offer. After 31 years there,

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retirement came upon us. Because we'd lived in the church owned parsonage all those years, we knew we had to buy a home. A ranch house with a small lake at the foot of the hill called our name. It was an hour from Lansing. Quick to be with friends, or at the grandchildren's dance recitals or band concerts.

My Wanderlust gift from Grandma was tamed by a 6 week Sabbatical out west in 1999. Then in 2008 we went on a 23 day trip to Turkey, Greece and Egypt. Istanbul had always been a desired destination for me. In 2011 we went on a cruise for our 40th wedding anniversary out of Barcelona, Spain. It became my new favorite city and planned to GO BACK for our 50th, supposedly this year. Depending on the remnants of Covid-19, we are in a holding pattern on that.

Our oldest son Joshua lives in Lansing with his wife and daughter (17) and son age 11. They are a very busy family. Son Aaron, lives in MN with his wife and 2 cats. He has his challenges as an Iraq War veteran, but fly tying and fishing has made a huge difference for him. Sadly, a couple of the Linda Convention dates were the same as our family fly fishing trip to Montana. I had to choose family, of course.

To add a little more fun to our family, on my 37th birthday I purchased a



1937 Buick Century. I worked hard on her and what I couldn't do, paid someone to do. She's big and purple and we went to many local car shows at drive-ins. I had hungry sons and could feed them 50 cent hot dogs. We did long distance trips too to National events and got our share of Been There, Done That t-shirts. My other joy



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was motorcycling with my husband. He bought us each one for our 25th anniversary, thus calming down that bug and creating many more adventures. We upgraded bikes 3 times and have done rides from Maine to Fla to the Calif. coast. Not only did I fall in the house and break my shoulder last Aug. but realized I'd never be strong enough to handle "Rosie" (yes, named after Grandma Rosa) and it broke my heart to sell my ride.

We are trying to settle into retirement but this Covid thing has made it beyond challenging to find our life here in a new town. Not what we had planned, but does LIFE ever go as planned... otherwise I'd be a Retired Rockette now.

PS I'd like to thank whatever Linda it was that told my mother about the Linda Club. Mom was on her way by train to visit us and mentioned to a lady passenger she was going to see her daughter Linda. The other passenger Linda said...let me tell you...